

THE WORKS
OF THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;
WITH
PREFACES
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FOURTH;

CONTAINING

GARTH,
ROWE,
HUGHES,

ADDISON,
SHEFFIELD, (DUKE
OF BUCKINGHAM.)

PRIOR,
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THE WORKS

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VERSES TO DR. GARTH.

TO
DR. GARTH,

UPON THE
DISPENSARY.

OH that some genius, whose poetic vein
Like Montague's could a just piece sustain,
Would search the Grecian and the Latin store,
And thence present thee with the purest ore:
In lasting numbers praise thy whole design,
And manly beauty of each nervous line:
Show how your pointed satire's sterling wit,
Does only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
Who're gravely dull, *insipidly serene*,
And carry all their wisdom in their mien;
Whom thus expos'd, thus stripp'd of their disguise,
None will again admire, most will despise!
Shew in what noble verse Nassau you sing,
How such a poet's worthy such a king!
When Somers' charming eloquence you praise,
How loftily your tuneful voice you raise!
But my poor feeble muse is as unfit
To praise, as imitate what you have writ.
Artists alone should venture to commend
What Dennis can't condemn, nor Dryden mend:
What must, writ with that fire and with that ease,
The beaux, the ladies, and the critics, please.

C. BOYLE.

TO
MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR,

DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

ASK me not, friend, what I approve or
blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

VOL. IV.

Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,
Must judge by rules what they want force to
taste.

I would a poer, like a mistress, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;
But by some nameless power, to give me joy.
The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's
charms,

If with resistless fires my soul she warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her
arms.

Such is thy genius, and such art is thine,
Some secret magic works in every line;
We judge not, but we feel the power divine.
Where all is just, is beautiful, and is fair,
Distinctions vanish of peculiar air.

Lost in our pleasure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
And yet 'tis thought, some critics in this town,
By rules to all, but to themselves, unknown,
Will damn thy verse, and justify their own.

Why let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
Facetious Mirmil * and the City Bard,
So near ally'd in learning, wit, and skill,
Should not have leave to judge, as well as kill?
Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
And hope the motley piece may rival thine.

Safely despise their malice, and their toil,
Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy generous pride to please the best,
Whose judgment, and whose friendship, is a test.
With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd;
Search thoughtful Ratcliffe to his inmost mind;

Unite, restore your arts, and save mankind:
Whilst all the busy Mirmils of the town
Envy our health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou would'st a tempting Muse engage,
Judicious Walsh can best direct her rage.

To Somers and to Dorset too submit,
And let their stamp immortalize thy wit.
Consenting Phœbus bows, if they approve,
And ranks thee with the foremost bards above.
Whilst these of right the deathless laurel send,
Be it my humble business to commend
The faithful, honest man, and the well-natur'd
friend.

CHR. CODRINGTON.

* Dr. Gibbons.

B

VERSES TO DR. GARTH.

TO MY FRIEND

DR. G A R T H,

THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

TO praise your healing art would be in vain;
The health you give, prevents the poet's
pen.

Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me waive, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire:
Which its diffusive virtue does dispense,
In flowing verse, and elevated sense.

The town, which long has swallow'd foolish
verse,

Which poetasters every where rehearse,
Will mend their judgment now, refine their taste,
And gather up th' applause they threw in waste.
The play-house shan't encourage false sublime,
Abortive thoughts, with *decoration-rhyme*.

The satire of vile scribblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves severe:
While yours centemns the gall of vulgar spite;
And when you seem to smile the most, you bite.

THO. CHEEK.

TO MY FRIEND
UPON THE DISPENSARY.

AS when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they see the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:

Thus we, who lately, as of summer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful shore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full lustre shine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your first essay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the sun, and towers it to the sky.

Others proceed to art by slow degrees,
Aukward at first, at length they faintly please;
And still, whate'er their first efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive, or an infant Muse:
Whilst yours, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full-grown, with noblest pace to move.
What ancient poets to their subjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great,
They could describe, but you alone create.

Now let your Muse rise with expanded wings,
To sing the fate of empires and of kings;
Great William's victories she'll next rehearse,
And raise a trophy of immortal verse:
Thus to your art proportion the design,
And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
A second Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

THE ENGLISH POETS.

THE POEMS OF SAMUEL GARTH.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddess! since 'tis thou that best
canst tell,
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why Physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey, o th' Elysian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry * Justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state; 10
There stands a † dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim, 15
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they view'd,
And, as she disappear'd, their search pursued. 20
Wrapt in the shade of night the Goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life; 25
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 19. —they still pursued.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
Here she's too sparing; there profusely vain.

* Old Bailey. † College of Physicians.

And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn, 30
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps
arise,

And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers; 35
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on, 40
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and stretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau; 45
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire; 50
Why Scarfsdale rages to survive desire;
When Milo's vigour at th' Olympick's shown,
When tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the vary'd shape of pores,
Or ideots frames, or solemn senators. 55

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft' our soul declare, 60
And how the passions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure, and a form unseen;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53 Why Atticus polite, Brutus severe,
Why Methwin muddy Montague why
clear.

How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will;
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand enquiries are descry'd,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge should
preside,

Feyds are increas'd, and learning laid aside.
Thus synods oft' concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings shew a zeal:
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching,
drown'd;

The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.

This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The God of Sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his Godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue, and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.

As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in ease, and slumbering life away;
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn * flint engage,
Till, urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move;
These furnaces erect, and those approve;
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you spy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos grofs eruptions rise,
And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies.

The slumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again.
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs:

How impotent a deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share
A grateful negligence, and ease from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I withheld
The northern monarchs from the dusty field!
How I have kept the British fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough dangers of the seas!
Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.

* The building of the Dispensary.

I swains to sylvan solitudes convey,
Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away }
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own!
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they strut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and blossom in decay;
Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of
prayer.

Urim † was civil, and not void of sense,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox:
He pass'd his easy hours, instead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phyllying the fair;
Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
And, soon as the desert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancy'd, for his gay impertinence.
But see how ill-mistaken parts succeed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well;
In convocation language could excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation disagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched scribbler, of a rare buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,
Too oft' to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I ask are shades and silent bowers,
To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.
Oft' have my fears some distant villa chose,
O'er their *quietus* where fat judges dose,
And lull their cough and conscience to repose:
Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 170.

Sometimes among the Caspian cliffs I creep,
Where solitary bats and swallows sleep;
Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
Still Nassau's arms a soft repose deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.
Since he has blest'd the weary world with
peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona cease;
I sought the covert of some peaceful cell,
Where silent shades in harmless raptures dwell;
That rest might past tranquillity restore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

* See Boileau's *Lutrin*. † Dr. Atterbury.

The peals of * Nassau's arms these eyes unclofe,
 Mine he molests, to give the world repose.
 That ease I offer with contempt he flies,
 His couch a trench, his canopy the skies. 175
 Nor climes nor seasons his resolves control,
 Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
 With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
 And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies.

But, as the slothful God to yawn begun, 180
 He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on :

'Twas in this reverend dome I fought repose,
 These walls were that asylum I had chose.
 Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with broils,
 And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils. 185
 My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
 With easy insignificance of thought.
 But now some busy, enterprizing brain
 Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
 And labours to dissolve my easy reign. }

With that, the God his darling Phantom calls, 191
 And from his faltering lips this message falls :

Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
 Who has the greatest empire, they or I.
 Find Envy out, some prince's court attend, 195
 Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend;
 Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
 Or where stale maids, or meagre eunuchs, dwell;
 Tell the bleak fury what new projects rain
 Among the homicides of Warwick-lane; 200
 And what th' event, unless she strait inclines
 To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.

More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
 And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO II.

SOON as the evening veil'd the mountainsheads,
 And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
 Whilst sickening flowers drink up the silver dew,
 And beaux for some assembly dress anew;
 The city faints to prayers and play-house haste; 5
 The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest:
 Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
 To slide on tender pipions through the air.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 183.

Nought underneath this roof but damps are
 found,
 Nought heard but drowsy beetles buzzing round.
 Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and dust the
 floors,
 And midnight silence guards the noiseless doors.

Ver. 196.

Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
 Or where ill poets pennyless confer,
 Or in the senate-house at Westminster.

* See Boileau's *Lutrin*.

Of! he attempts the summit of a rock,
 And oft the hollow of some blasted oak; 10
 At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
 The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.

Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
 That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew;
 No verdant beauty entertains the sight, 15
 But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
 In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
 Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
 But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
 When Accius has applause, Dorsennus shews. 20
 The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forsook,
 And basilisks fate brooding in her look;
 A bald and bloated toad-stool rais'd her head;
 The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
 From her chapp'd nostrils scalding torrents fall, 25
 And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
 Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
 While seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.

Around the fiend in hideous order fate
 Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate; 30
 Gruff Discontent, through ignorance mislead,
 And clamorous Faction at her party's head;
 Restless Sedition still disseminating fear,
 And fly Hypocrisy with pious leer.

Glouting with sudden spite the fury shook 35
 Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look;
 Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant scrolls,
 Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrols;
 And as the rent-records in pieces fell,
 Each scrap did some immortal action tell. 40

This show'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus stood,
 That, the fam'd passage of the Granic flood;
 The Julian eagles, here, their wings display,
 And there, like setting stars, the Decii lay;
 This does Camillus as a God extol, 45
 That points at Manlius in the capitol;
 How Cocles did the Tiber's surges brave,
 How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
 Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Persians join,
 And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne. 50

As the light messenger the fury spy'd,
 Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide:
 Confusion on his fainting vitals hung,
 And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue:
 At length, assuming courage, he convey'd 55
 His errand, then he shrunk into a shade.

The Hag lay long revolving what might be
 The blest event of such an embassy:
 Then blazons in dread smiles her hideous form;
 So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm. 60

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 60.

Then she: Alas! how long in vain have I
 Aim'd at these noble ills the fates deny?
 Within this isle for ever must I find
 Disasters to distract my restless mind?
 Good Tenison's celestial piety
 At last has rais'd him to the sacred see.
 Somers does sickening equity restore,
 And helpless orphans are oppress'd no more

Thus she—Mankind are blest, they riot still
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devastation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten most when famine reigns;
For sickly seasons the physicians wait, 65
And politicians thrive in broils of state;
The lover's easy when the fair-one sighs,
And Gods subsist not but by sacrifice.

Each other being some indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes. 70
My present pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.
A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear,
With arms shall vanquish earth, and heaven with
prayer.

She on the world her clemency shall shower, 75
And only to preserve exert her power.
Tyrants shall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Aetna's fear.

Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprizes of the great, 80
I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd snakes have teeth or stings.

She said; and straight shrill Colon's * perion
took,

In morals loose, but most precise in look.
Black-friars annals lately pleas'd to call 85
Him warden of Apothecaries-hall;
And, when so dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics ease, and makes the ladies fair.

In trifling show his tinsel talent lies;
And form the want of intellect supplies. 90
In aspect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren superfluity of words; 95
The patient's ears remorseless he assails,
Murders with jargon where his medicine fails.

The Fury thus assuming Colon's grace,
So flung her arms, so shuffl'd in her pace.

VARIATIONS, (Ver. 60.) CONTINUED.

Pembroke to Britain endless blessings brings.
He spoke; and Peace clapp'd her triumphant
wings.

Great Ormond shines illustriously bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal fire
Inspires the generous breast of Devonshire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant sons divinely clear, }
Portland and Jersey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemisphere.
Worth in distress is rais'd by Montague;
Augustus listens if Mæcenas sue;
And Vernon's vigilance no slumber takes,
Whilst faction peeps abroad, and anarchy
awakes.

Ver. 95.

In haste he strides along, to recompense
The want of business with its vain pretence.

* Lee, an apothecary.

Onward she hastens to the fam'd abodes, 100
Where Horoscope† invokes th' infernal gods;
And reach'd the mansion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This visionary various projects tries,
And knows that to be rich is to be wise. 105
By useful observations he can tell
The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell;
How gold makes a patrician of a slave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Therites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place 110
Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace;
It guides the fancy and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.

So truly Horoscope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows; 115
And fancies such bright heraldry can prove,
The vile Plebeian but the third from Jove.

Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply.
His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs 120
With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys.
Here mummies lay most reverently stale;
And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail;
Not far from some huge Shark's devouring head
The flying fish their funny pinions spread; 125
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were strung,
And near, a scaly alligator hung;
In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd;
In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.

An inner room receives the numerous shoals 130
Of such as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
The sage, in velvet chair, here lolls at ease,
To promise future health for present fees; 135
Then, as from tripod, solemn flame reveals,
And what the stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage-fetters on;
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof, 140
Enquire when courteous fates will strike them off.
Some by what means they may redress their wrong,
When fathers the possession keep too long.
And some would know the issue of their cause,
And whether gold can folder up its flaws. 145
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To lose by art what fruitful Nature gave;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curse, and begs a son:
Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try, 150
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some ask for charms, and others philtres choofe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.
Young Hylas, botch'd with stains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame: 155
Cloy'd with desire, and surfeited with charms,
A hot-house he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.

Bleak Envy these dull frauds with pleasure sees,
And wonders at the senseless mysteries. 161
In Colon's voice she thus calls out aloud
On Horoscope environ'd by the croud;

† Dr. Barnard.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain amusements cease,
 Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile release; 165
 And to that dire misfortune listen well,
 Which thou should'st fear to know, or I to tell.
 'Tis true, thou ever wast esteem'd by me
 The great Alcides of our company.
 When we with noble scorn resolv'd to ease 170
 Ourselves from all parochial offices;
 And to our wealthier patients left the care
 And draggled dignity of scavenger;
 Such zeal in that affair thou didst express,
 Nought could be equal, but the great success. 175
 Now call to mind thy generous prowess past,
 Be what thou should'st be by thinking what thou
 wast:

The faculty of Warwick-lane design,
 If not to storm, at least to undermine.
 Their gates each day ten thousand night-caps
 croud,

And mortars utter their attempts aloud. 181
 If they should once unmask our mystery,
 Each nurse, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
 Our art expos'd to every vulgar eye;
 And none in complaisance to us, would die. 185
 What if we claim their right t' assassinate,
 Must they needs turn apothecaries straight?
 Prevent it, Gods! all stratagems we try,
 To croud with new inhabitants your sky.
 'Tis we who wait the Destinies' command, 190
 To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
 And dare the college insolently aim
 To equal our fraternity in fame?
 Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
 Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie; 195
 So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
 And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's streams.
 Our manufactures now they meanly sell,
 And their true value treacherously tell;
 Nay, they discover too, their spite is such, 200
 That health, than crowns more valued, costs not
 much;

Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
 To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools.

At this fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight
 In silence tumbled from his chair of state: 205
 The croud in great confusion fought the door,
 And left the Magus fainting on the floor;
 Whilst in his breast the fury breath'd a storm,
 Then fought her cell, and re-assum'd her form.
 Thus from the fore although the insect flies, 210
 It leaves a brood of maggots in disguise.

Officious Squirt * in haste forsook his shop,
 To succour the expiring Horoscope.
 Off' he essay'd the Magus to restore,
 By salt of Succinum's prevailing power; 215
 Yet still supine the solid lumber lay,
 An image of scarce-animat'd clay;
 'Till Fates, indulgent when disasters call,
 By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 202.

Whilst we, at our expense, must persevere,
 And for another world, be ruin'd here.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

The wight no sooner did the stream receive, 220
 But rous'd, and bless'd the stale restorative.
 The springs of life their former vigour feel;
 Such zeal he had for that vile utensil.

So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
 He knew the sea-weed scent, and th' azure Goddess
 own'd. 225

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO III.

ALL night the sage in pensive tumults lay,
 Complaining of the slow approach of day;
 Oft' turn'd him round, and strove to think no
 more

Of what shrill Colon said the day before.
 Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread, 5
 And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
 But those bless'd opiates still in vain he tries,
 Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
 Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breast,
 And thus his anxious thoughts the sage express'd. 10

Oft' has this planet roll'd around the sun,
 Since to consult the skies I first begun:
 Such my applause, so mighty my success,
 Some granted my predictions more than guess.
 But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain 15
 This faith, there can be no mistake in gain.
 For the dull world must honour pay to those,
 Who on their understanding most impose.
 First man creates, and then he fears the elf;
 Thus others cheat him not, but he himself; 20
 He loaths the substance, and he loves the show;
 You'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so:
 He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
 And still the only pleasure's the deceit.
 So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye, 25
 Which no existence has, but in the eye.
 As distant prospects please us, but when near
 We find but desert rocks and fleeting air;
 From stratagem to stratagem we run,
 And he knows most, who latest is undone. 30

Mankind one day serene and free appear;
 The next, they're cloudy, fullen, and severe:
 New passions new opinions still excite;
 And what they like at noon they leave at night.
 They gain with labour what they quit with ease; 35
 And health, for want of change, becomes disease.
 Religion's bright authority they dare,
 And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.
 They counsel others, but themselves deceive;
 And though they're cozen'd still, they still be-
 lieve. 40

So false their censure, fickle their esteem,
 This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.
 Shall I then, who with penetrating sight
 Inspect the springs that guide each appetite;
 Who with unfathom'd searches hourly pierce 45
 The dark recesses of the universe;

Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppress;
Or fear their fury, or their name care?
If all the fiends that in low darkness reign
Be not the fictions of a sickly brain, 50
That prospect, the Dispensary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, shall fall.

With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the crystal kingdoms of the skies.
The savage kind in forests cease to roam, 55
And fots, o'ercharg'd, with nauseous loads, reel
home;

Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the slumbering
pair,
Whilst bridegroom sighs, and think the bride
less fair;

Light's cheerful smiles o'er th' azure waste are
spread;

And Mifs from inns of courts bolts out unpaid; 60
The Sage, transported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had access,
His trust was great, his vigilance no less.

To him thus Horoscope: 65

My kind compassion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, since you assume a share;
Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
When clyster was in danger to be cold;
With expedition on the beadle call, 70
To summon all the company to the hall.

Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial steams of harts-horn rife.
The Magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to some infernal power, }
And draws mysterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring spright
Ascends, to blast the tender bloom of light.
No mystic sounds from hell's detested womb
In dusky exhalation's upwards come. 80

And now to raise an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Disease:
Then flowers in canisters he hastes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted spring; 85
With cold soianum from the Pontic shore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore;

The griper fenna, and the puker rue,
The sweetener assafras, are added too;
And on the structure next he heaps a load
Of sulphur, turpentine, and mastic wood; 90
Gums, fossils too, the pyramids increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the east;
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with prescriptions lights the solemn pile.

Feebly the flames on clumsy wings aspire, 95
And smothering fogs of smoke benight the fire.
With sorrow he beheld the sad portent,
Then to the hag these orisons he sent:

Disease! thou ever most propitious power,
Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour! 100
Thou well canst boast thy numerous pedigree,
Begot by sloth, maintain'd by luxury.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 101.

Thou that would'st lay whole states and regions
waste,
Sooner than we thy cormorants should fast.

In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns.
But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains.
To you such might and energy belong 105
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vassals only kind.

If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your sway, 110
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-street end, to fam'd St. Giles's Pound;
Behold this poor libation with a smile,
And let auspicious light break through the pile.

He spoke; and on the pyramid he laid 115
Bay-leaves and vipers' hearts, and thus he said:
As these confume in this mysterious fire,
So let the curs'd Dispensary expire!

And as those crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its vessels burst, and glasses fly! 120

But a sinister cricket straight was heard;
The altar fell, the offering disappear'd.

As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the company was met.

Nigh where Fleet-ditch descends in fable
streams,

To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames; 126

There stands a structure on a rising hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.

Some pictures in these dreadful shambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Python fell; 130

And how Medea did the philtre brew,
That could in Æson's veins young force renew;

How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hysteric matrons still with tears;

How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more, 135
Revive in sacred plants, and health restore;

How sanguine swains their amorous hours repent,
When pleasure's past, and pains are permanent;

And how frail nymphs oft, by abortion, aim
To lose a substance, to preserve a name. 140

Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
The assembly Diaphana * thus address'd:

My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis sincere, has been but prevalent,

We here had met on some more safe design, 145
And on no other business but to dine;

The Faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
And interest then had bid us but obey;

This only emulation we had known,
Who best could fill his purse, and thin the town. 150

But now from gathering clouds destruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:

Mists from black jealousies the tempest form,
Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm.

Know, when these feuds, like those at law, were
past,

The winners will be losers at the last. 156

Like heroes in sea-fights we seek renown;
To fire some hostile ship, we burn our own.

Whoe'er throws dust against the wind, describes
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes. 160

That juggler which another's sleight will show,
But teaches how the world his own may know.

Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
When dear as burgundy, pitans were sold;

* Gillsorp, an apothecary.

When patients chose to die with better will, 165
 Than breathe, and pay th' apothecary's bill :
 And, cheaper than for our assistance call,
 Might go to Aix or Bourbon, spring and fall.
 Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
 Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
 Their lives and doctrine slaves and atheists made. }
 The laws were but the hireling judge's sense;
 Juries were sway'd by venal evidence.

Fools were promoted to the council-board,
 Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword. 175
 Pensions in private were the senate's aim;
 And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.

But now no influencing art remains,
 For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns.
 And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow, 180
 And suffer by a reformation too.

For now late jars our practices detect,
 And mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.
 Diffusions, like small streams, are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run : 185
 So lines that from their parallel decline,
 More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.

'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
 And beg the Faculty to be our friend ;
 Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end. }
 So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat, 191
 Straight turn familiar, and their fashions quit.
 In vain we but contend, that planet's power
 Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.

As he prepar'd the mischief to recite, 195
 Keen Colocynthus * paus'd, and foam'd with
 spite.

Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
 Works up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim :
 Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
 Or nose should redden in the drawing-room ; 200
 Or lovers that mistake th' appointed hour,
 Or in the lucky minute want the power.

Thus he—Thou scandal of great Pæan's art,
 At thy approach the springs of nature start,
 The nerves unbrace : nay, at the sight of thee, 205
 A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy.
 Could'st thou propose, that we, the friends of fates,
 Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
 Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives, 209
 Whilst Ruffel †, as we please, or starves or thrives,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 182.

But now late jars our practices detect,
 For mines, when once discover'd, lose th' effect.
 Diffusions, like small streams, are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.
 So lines that from their parallel decline,
 More they advance, the more they still disjoin.
 'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
 And beg the Faculty to be our friend.
 As he revolving stood to say the rest,
 Rough Colocynthus thus his rage express'd.

* Dare, an apothecary.

† A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
 Who out of consolation scarce can kill ?
 The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
 And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
 Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel, 215
 And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal !
 Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
 And Monmouth-street, Versailles with riding-
 hoods !

The Sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
 And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish air ! 220
 Our properties must on our arms depend ;
 'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.

'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears ;
 The ill we feel is only in our fears. 224

To die, is landing on some silent shore,
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar : }
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er. }
 The wife through thought th' insults of death defy ;
 The fools, through blest insensibility.
 'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave ; 230
 Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the
 brave.

It eases lovers, sets the captive free ;
 And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
 Our force increases, as our funds grow less ; 235
 And what requir'd such industry to raise,
 We'll scatter into nothing as we please.
 Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
 Shews no less wondrous power than to create.
 We'll raise our numerous cohorts, and oppose 240
 The feeble forces of our pigmy foes ;

Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,
 From great Kirleus down to doctor Case.
 Though such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise ;
 Directors still secure the greatest prize. 245
 Such poor supports serve only like a stay ;
 The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.

So patriots, in time of peace and ease,
 Forget the fury of the late disease :
 On dangers past serenely think no more, 250
 And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.

Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's
 call ;

Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall !
 To this the session seem'd to give consent,
 Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
 At length, the growing difference to compose, 256
 Two brothers, nam'd Ascarides*, arose.
 Both had the volubility of tongue,
 In meaning faint, but in opinion strong.
 To speak they both assum'd a like pretence ; 260
 The elder gain'd his just pre-eminence.

Thus he : 'Tis true, when privilege and right
 Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
 But ere we once engage in honour's cause,
 First know what honour is, and whence it was. 265

Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave,
 The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave ;
 Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,
 And both exists by hope and by despair ;

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain, 270
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies :
But when his safety he consults, it dies.
Bigoted to this idol, we disclaim
Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name. 275

Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know, if the gods our enterprize approve.
Suppose th' unthinking Faculty unveil
What we, through wiser conduct, would conceal :

Is't reason we should quarrel with the glass 280
That shews the monstrous features of our face ?
Or grant some grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create ;
Soon they'll repent what rashly they begun :
Though projects please, projectors are undone. 285
All novelties must this success expect,
When good, our envy ; and when bad, neglect :
If reason could direct, ere now each gate
Had born some trophy of triumphal state ;
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe 290
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Nassau.

Then, since no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing good ;
The project that we vainly apprehend
Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end. 295
Some members of the Faculty there are,
Who interest prudently to oaths prefer.
Our friendship with feign'd airts they poorly court,
And boast, their politics are our support :
Them we'll consult about this enterprize, 300
And boldly execute what they advise.

But from below, while such resolves they took,
Some Arum Fulminans the fabric shook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their safety, and their rage forget. 305
So when at Bathos earth's big offspring strove
To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove ;
Soon as the ass of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confusion fled.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five
repair ;
Where purple emperors in buskins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread ;
Where Bentley *, by old writers, wealthy grew, 5
And Briscoe * lately was undone by new ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 288.

If things of use were valued, there had been
Some workhouse where the Monument is seen.

* Two bookfellers.

There triumphs a physician of renown,
To none, but such as rust in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
His known experience, and his healing art. 10
When Burgefs deafens all the listening prels
With peals of most seraphic emptiness ;
Or when mysterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his parish to a lethargy ;
This Æsculapius waits hard by, to ease 15
The martyrs of such Christian cruelties.

Long has this darling quarter of the town,
For lewdness, wit, and gallantry, been known.
All forts meet here, of whatsoe'er degree,
To blend and juggle into harmony. 20
The critics each adventurous author scan,
And praise or censure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull ;
So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull !
The politicians of Parnassus prate, 25
And poets canvass the affairs of state ;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and stock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
First find a spark, and after lose a nose. 30
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in th' cloister pensive Strephon waits,
Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats ; 34
And if th' ungenerous nymph a shaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a sparkling eye,
Mirmillo *, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.

The trading tribe oft' thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room supply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they surfeit there, 40
Whilst the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterprize to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And stern Mirmillo in these words begun : 45
'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here ;
No grievance you can know, but I must share.
'Tis plain, my interest you've advanc'd so long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have strove to rend 50
Those statutes, which on oath I should defend ;
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind :
Great services, as great returns should find.
And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandish arms as well as urinals. 55

Oxford and all her passing-bells can tell,
By this right-arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole months to slay,
I oft' dispatch'd the patient in a day :
With pen in hand I push'd to that degree, 60
I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill.
For, save or slay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit suffers, the reward's the same. 65

What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that designs it least, is most a friend.
Into the right we err, and must confess
To oversights we often owe success.

* Dr. Gibbons.

Thus Bessus got the battle in the play; 70
His glorious cowardice restor'd the day.
So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its desert
To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.

Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
Of any arms but such as pen and ink: 75
But th' enemy, at their expense, shall find
When honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said; and seal'd the engagement with a kiss,
Which was return'd by younger Ascaris*;
Who thus advanc'd: Each word, Sir, you impart,

Has something killing in it, like your art; 80
How much we to your bounteous friendship owe,
Our files can speak, and your prescriptions show.
Your ink descends in such excessive showers,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.

Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case, 85
You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
O that near Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium first Achaian fury felt!

The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his stream with
slain;

No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise; 91
Their ten years toil, you'd finish in ten days.
Fate smiles on your attempts; and, when you list,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave resist.

Then let us arm, we need not fear success; 95
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military ensigns we'll display;
Conquests pursue, where courage leads the way.

To this design shrill Querpo † did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty; 100
His fire's pretended pious steps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint succeeds.

A conventicle fleth'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour shares.
Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray. 106

Slow Carus ‡ next discover'd his intent,
With painful pauses muttering what he meant.
His sparks of life, in spite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat. 110

In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his fable brows.
Legions of lunatics about him press;
His province is, lost reason to redress.

So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, restore. 116
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books besieg'd around.

The gazing throng acknowledge their surprize,
And, deaf to reason, still consult their eyes. 120
Well he perceives, the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.

Thus a weak state by wise distrust inclines
To numerous stores, and strength in magazines.
So fools are always most profuse of words, 125
And cowards never fail of longest swords.

Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to dust and worms retreat.

Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,
Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane. 130
And up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swift's philosophy, and Runic rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Blome.
Where would the long-neglected Collins fly, 135
If bounteous Carus should refuse to buy?
But each vile scribbler's happy on this score:
He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.

Nor must we the obsequious Umbra* spare,
Who soft by nature, yet declar'd for war. 140
But when some rival power invades a right,
Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.

With him, the present still some virtues have; 145
The vain are sprightly; and the stupid, grave;
The slothful, negligent; the foppish, neat;
The lewd are airy; and the sly, discreet;
A Wren, an Eagle; a Baboon, a Beau;
Colt †, a Lycurgus; and a Phocion, Rowe ‡. 150

Heroic ardour now th' assembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory while the scheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoscope thus offers to dissuade:

Since of each enterprize th' event's unknown, 155
We'll quit the sword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives Vagellus ||, one reputed long
For strength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.

For fees, to any form he moulds a cause,
The worst has merits, and the best has flaws. 160
Five guineas make a criminal to-day;
And ten to-morrow wipe the stain away.

Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, Clodius th' Homicide;
Cato pernicious, Catiline a saint, 165
Orford suspected, Dupcomb innocent.

To law then, friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellus, and our money, shall succeed.
Know, when I first invok'd Disease by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms, 170

Ill omens did the sacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sybil from her grot ascend.

As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a Bard §:

In vain your magic mysteries you use, 175
Such sounds the Sybil's sacred ears abuse.

These lines the pale divinity shall raise,
Such is the power of sound, and force of lays.

" ¶ Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fau-
chions clash,

" And sparks of fire struck out from armour flash.

" Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,

" ¶ And hideous war o'er all the region brays.

" Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,

" Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs
Of cinders bore. 185

* Dr. Gould. † Sir H. Dutton Colt.

‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe. § Sir Barth. Shower.

§ Sir Richard Blackmore.

¶ King Arthur, p. 307.

¶ King Arthur, p. 327.

C 2

* Mr. Parrot.

† Dr. Howe.

‡ Dr. Tyson.

JMD

" * Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous
 " wreck
 " Affright the skies, and fry the ocean's back."
 As he went rumbling on, the Fury straight
 Crawl'd in, her limbs could scarce support her
 weight.
 A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound, 190
 And faintly her furr'd lips these accents found :
 Mortal, how dar'st thou with such lines address
 My awful feat, and trouble my recess?
 In Effex marshy hundreds is a cell,
 Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell : 195
 Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
 And shivering quartans shake the sickly air.
 There, when fatigu'd, some silent hours I pass,
 And substitute Physicians in my place.
 Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse 200
 The dissonance of such untuneful verse ;
 But in your lines let energy be found,
 And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound.
 Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear ;
 None please the fancy, who offend the ear. 205
 In sense and numbers if you would excel,
 Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
 In one, what vigorous turns of fancy shine !
 In th' other, Syrens warble in each line. 209
 If Dorset's sprightly Muse but touch the lyre,
 The Smiles and Graces melt in soft desire,
 And little Loves confess their amorous fire. }
 The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown,
 To bind th' immortal brows of Addison. 214
 As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
 Pan quits the woods, the listening Fawns the
 plains ; }
 And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
 And Britain, since Pausanias † was writ,
 Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
 When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings, 220
 Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior sings :
 The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
 And silver Sequana forgets to flow.
 Such just examples carefully read o'er,
 Slide without falling ; without straining, soar. 225
 Oft' though your strokes surprize, you should not
 choose
 A theme so mighty for a virgin Muse.
 Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline ;
 His Alexander was his last design.
 'Tis Montague's rich vein alone must prove, 230
 None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove.
 The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful sound
 A rising whirlwind burst the unhallow'd ground.

After ver. 212. these lines are omitted :

The Tiber now no gentle Gallus sees,
 But smiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 232.

The Fury said ; and vanishing from sight,
 Cry'd out, To arms ; so left the realms of light.
 The combatants to th' enterprize consent,
 And the next day smil'd on the great event.

* Prince Arthur, p. 130.

† Pausanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Then she—The Deity we Fortune call,
 Though distant, rules and influences all. 235
 Straight for her favour to her court repair ;
 Important embassies ask wings of air.
 Each wondering stood ; but Horoscope's great soul,
 That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
 Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind, 240
 Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.
 The evening now with blushes warms the air,
 The steer resigns the yoke, the hind his care.
 The clouds above with golden edgings glow.
 And falling dews refresh the earth below. 245
 The bat with footy wings flits through the grove,
 The reeds scarce rustle, nor the aspines move,
 And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of
 love. }

Through the transparent region of the skies,
 Swift as a wish, the missionary flies : 250
 With wonder he surveys the upper air,
 And the gay gilded meteors sporting there ;
 How lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
 Shoot through the æther in a trail of light ;
 How rising steams in th' azure fluid blend, 255
 Or fleet in clouds, or soft in showers descend ;
 Or, if the stubborn rage of cold prevail,
 In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail ;
 How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
 And the fair oak with luscious sweats adorn ; 260
 How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
 Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze ;
 Why nimble corruscations strike the eye,
 And bold tornados bluster in the sky ;
 Why a prolific Aura upwards tends, 265
 Ferments, and in a living shower descends ;
 How vapours hanging on the towering hills
 In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills ;
 Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
 And river-gods their thirsty urns supply. 270
 The wondering sage pursues his airy flight,
 And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night :
 He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
 To settle seasons here, and fates above ;
 The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas, 275
 The stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades ;
 The shining Lyre with strains attracting more
 Heaven's glittering mansions now than Hell's be-
 fore ;

Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky,
 And each fair Churchill of the galaxy. 280

Aurora, on Etesian breezes borne,
 With blushing lips breathes out the sprightly
 morn :

Each flower in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps,
 And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps.
 As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way, 285
 Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day ;
 Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
 And bend beneath the burden of the skies ;
 His towering brow aloft no tempests know,
 Whilst lightning flies, and thunder rolls below. 290

Distant from hence beyond a waste of plains,
 Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns ;
 With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow,
 As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow.
 Around this hoary prince, from watery beds, 295
 His subject islands raise their verdant heads ;

The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
The land seems floating, and the ocean still.

Eternal Spring with smiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful
year.

From crystal rocks transparent rivulets flow; 301
The tuberoſe ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undreſs'd her ſwelling cluſters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Blooſoms and fruit at once the citron ſhews, 305
And, as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill the oves.

The orange to her fun her pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful ſky,
The ſprings but murmur, and the winds but ſigh.
The tuneful ſwans on gliding rivers float, 311
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And ſcatters odours from his purple wings;
Whiſt birds from woodbine bowers and jaſmine
groves

Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves. 316
Mild ſeaſons, riſing hills, and ſilent dales,
Cool grottos, ſilver brooks, and flowery vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy ſhrubs, in pomp appear,
And ſcent with gales of ſweets the circling year. 320

Theſe happy iſles, where endleſs pleaſures wait,
Are ſtil'd by tuneful bards—The Fortunate
On high, where no hoarſe winds, nor clouds reſort,
The hoodwink'd Goddeſs keeps her partial court.
Upon a wheel of amethyſt ſhe ſits, 325
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by ſits.
In this ſtill labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and ſchemes of palmiſtry:
A ſigil in this hand the gipſy bears,
In th' other a prophetic ſieve and ſheers. 330

The Dame, by divination, knew that ſoon
The Magus would appear—and then begun:
Hail ſacred ſeer! thy embaſſy I know:
Wars muſt enſue, the fates will have it ſo.
Dread fates ſhall follow, and diſaſters great, 335
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both ſides ſhall conquer, and yet both ſhall fail;
The mortar now, and then the uriſal.

To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where Nature has deny'd, my favours flow. 340
'Tis I that give, ſo mighty is my power,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wiſh, the rook's pretence,
The ſluggard's eaſe, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a ſupple ſmiling ſlave, 345
Looks lofty now, and inſolently grave;
Builds, ſettles, purchaſes, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curſes from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table ſerv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tockay himſelf, and eats in plate; 350
Has levees, villas, miſtreſſes in ſtore,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heavenly born my faithleſs boons deſy;
The brave is to himſelf a deity.
Though bleſt Aſtrea's gone, ſome ſoil remains 355
Where Fortune is the ſlave, and Merit reigns.

The Tiber boaſts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Naſſau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future ſway deſign'd,
ſhall, for a Heſſe, a greater Mordaunt find. 360

Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She loſt a hero, and ſhe found a god.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO V.

WHEN the ſtill night with peaceful poppies
crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady pinions o'er the ground;
And ſlumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and ſtreams are the ſoft virgin's
theme;

The ſurges gently daſh againſt the ſhore, 5
Flocks quit the plains, and gally-ſlaves the oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;
He finds no reſpite from his anxious grief;
Then ſeeks from this ſoliloquy relief. 10

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppreſs'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.

None e'er could die with due ſolemnity,
Unleſs his paſſport firſt was ſign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd: 15
I give reverſions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial ſtate ſupport,
But I, to make it eaſy, make it ſhort.

I ſet the diſcontented matrons free, 20
And ranſom huſbands from captivity.
Shall one of ſuch importance then engage
In noiſy riot and in civil rage?

No: I'll endeavour ſtraight a peace, and ſo
Preſerve my character, and perſon too.

But Diſcord, that ſtill haunts with hideous mien
Thoſe dire abodes where Hymen once hath been, 26
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguiſh; then begun
In peeviſh accents to expreſs her own:

Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy peace
From her dark ſolitude, and lov'd reſceſ? 30
Have I made South and Sherlock diſagree,
And puzzle truth with learn'd obſcurity?

And does the faithful Ferguſon profeſs
His ardour ſtill for animoſities?
Have I, Britannia's ſafety to enſure, 35
Expos'd her naked, to be moſt ſecure?
Have I made parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous leagues of amicable ſpite,
To curſe their country, whiſt the common cry
Is freedom; but their aim, the miniſtry? 40
And ſhall a daſtard's cowardice prevent
The war, ſo long I've labour'd to foment?

No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.

With that, the Hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,

And, taking Querpo's meagre ſhape, ſhe ſaid: 46

At noon of night I haſten to diſpel
Thoſe tumults in your penſive boſom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving ſighs,
Nay, ſaw the tears debating in your eyes 50
O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
In your looks, and rankle in your mind.

Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,
That shakes your soul, and troubles your repose.
Mistakes in practice scarce could give you pain; 55
Too well you know, the dead will ne'er complain.

What looks discover, said the homicide,
Would be a fruitless industry to hide.
My safety first I must consult, and then
I'll serve our suffering party with my pen. 60

All should, reply'd the Hag, their talent learn;
The most attempting oft' the least discern.
Let Peterborough speak, and Vanbrugh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinnia fight:
Such must succeed; but, when th' enervate aim 65
Beyond their force, they still contend for shame.

Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold of the town.
Asses and owls, unseen, their kind betray,
If these attempt to hoot, or those to bray. 70
Had Wesley never aim'd in verse to please,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still censures will on dull pretenders fall;
A Codrus should expect a Juvenal.

18 lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd, 75
'To set off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a lustre from their foil;
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.

Consider well the talent you possess;
To strive to make it more, would make it less; 80
And recollect what gratitude is due,

To those whose party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your stars your magazine of sense.
Hapt in a tombril, aukward have you shin'd, 85
With one fat slave before, and none behind.
Then haste and join your true intrepid friends,
Success on vigour and dispatch depends.

Labouring in doubts Mirmillo stood; then said,
'Tis hard to undertake, if gain dissuade; 90
What fool for noisy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harvests more would all I wish for give.

True, man! reply'd the elf; by choice diseas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
A present good they slight, an absent choose; 95
And what they have, for what they have not, lose.
False prospects all their true delights destroy,
Resolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
In restless hurries thoughtlessly they live,
At substance oft' unmov'd, for shadows grieve. 100
Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;
And in effect both covet but the same.

This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years;
And first for rattles, then for worlds shed tears.

The Fury spoke; then in a moment fir'd 105
The hero's breast with tempests, and retir'd.

In boding dreams Mirmillo spent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his sight,
'Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light. }

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 87—104. Originally thus,
But soon what they've exalted they'll discard,
And set up Carus, or the city Bard
Alarm'd at this the Hero courage took,
And storms of terror threaten'd in his look.
My dread resolves, he cry'd, I'll straight pursue;
The Fury, satisfy'd, in smiles withdrew.

At length gay morn glows in the eastern skies, 110
The larks in raptures through the æther rise,
The azure mists feud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells. 115

As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn defies,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their post;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the most.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame, 120
By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.
Of temper'd stibium the bright shield was cast,
And yet the work the metal far surpass'd.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
Grav'd round the brim, the wondering fight
deceives.

Around the centre Fate's bright trophies lay, 126
Probes, saws, incision-knives, and tools to slay.

Emboss'd upon the field, a battle stood
Of leeches spouting hæmorrhoidal blood,
The artist too express'd the solemn state 130
Of grave physicians at a consult met;

About each symptom how they disagree,
But how unanimous in case of fee.

Whilst each assassin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the sick expires. 135

Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo shone;
Himself an Atlas, and his shield a moon.

A pestle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a close-stool pan.

His crest an Ibis, brandishing her beak, 140
And winding in loose folds her spiral neck.

This when the young Querpoïdes beheld,
His face in nurse's breast the boy conceal'd;

Then peep't, and with th' effulgent helm would
play,

And as the monster gap'd, would shrink away. 145
Thus sometimes joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear;
And tears and smiles alternate passions were.

As Querpo towering stood in martial might,
Pacific Carus sparkled on the right.

An Oran Outang o'er his shoulders hung, 150
His plume confess'd the capon whence it sprung.

His motley mail scarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war:

Fam'd chiefs,
For present triumphs born, design'd for more, 155
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.

If battle be resolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out Destiny, and Fate command.

Our foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
And their Apollo interpose in vain. 160

Though Gods themselves engage, a Diomed
With ease could show a deity can bleed.

But war's rough trade should be by fools profess'd,
The trusty rubbish fills a trench the best.

Let quinsies throttle, and the quartan shake, 165
Or dropries drown, and gout and cholics rack;

Let sword and pestilence lay waste, while we
Wage bloodless wars, and fight in theo y.

Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raise, my chivalry proclaim; 170

Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd,
In Fame's bright list my victories record.

More lives from me their preservation own,
Than lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.

Your cures, still *Querpo* cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wisely your miscarriages conceal. 176

Zeno, a priest, in *Samothrace* of old,
Thus reason'd with *Philopidas* the bold :

Immortal Gods you own, but think them blind
To what concerns the state of human kind. 180

Either they hear not, or regard not prayer ;

That argues want of power, and this of care.

Allow that wisdom infinite must know ;

Power infinite must act. " I grant it so."

Haste straight to *Neptune's* fane ; survey with zeal
The walls. " What then?" reply'd the infidel. 186

Observe those numerous throngs, in effigy,

The gods have fav'd from the devouring sea.

" 'Tis true, their pictures that escap'd you keep,

" But where are theirs that perish'd in the deep?"

Vaunt now no more the triumph of your skill, 191

But, though unsee'd, exert your arm, and kill,

Our scouts have learn'd the posture of the foe ;

In war, surprises surest conduct show.

But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,

That *Pembroke's* worth, and *Ormond's* valour
tells ;

How truth in *Burnet*, how in *Cavendish*, reigns,

Varro's magnificence with *Maro's* strains ;

But how at church and bar all gape and stretch

If *Winnington* but plead, or *South* or *Only*
preach ;

On nimble wheels to *Warwick-lane* repairs, 201

And what the enemy intends, declares.

Confusion in each countenance appear'd,

A council's call'd, and *Stentor** first was heard ;

His labouring lungs the thron'd *prætorium* rent,

Addressing thus the passive president : 206

Machaon †, whose experience we adore,

Great as your matchless merit, is your power.

At your approach, the baffled tyrant *Death*

Breaks his keen shafts, and grinds his clashing
teeth.

To you we leave the conduct of the day ; 211

What you command, your vassals must obey.

If this dread enterprize you would decline,

We'll send to treat, and stifle the design.

But, if my arguments had force, we'd try 215

To humble our audacious foes, or die :

Our spite, they'll find, to their advantage leans ;

The end is good, no matter for the means.

So modern casuists their talents try,

Uprightly for the sake of truth to lie. 220

He had not finish'd, till th' out-guards descry'd

Bright-columns move in formidable pride ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 205.

True to extremes, yet to dull forms a slave,

He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.

With indignation, and a daring air,

He paus'd awhile, and thus address'd the chair.

Ver. 221.

What *Stentor* offer'd was by most approv'd :

But several voices several methods mov'd.

At length th' adventurous heroes all agree

T' expect the foe, and act defensively.

* Dr. Goodall.

† Sir Thomas Millington.

The passing pomp so dazzled from afar,

It seem'd a triumph, rather than a war.

Though wide the front, though gross the phalanx
grew,

It look'd less dreadful, as it nearer grew. 226

The adverse host for action straight prepare ;

All eager to unveil the face of war.

Their chiefs lace on their helmets, and take the
field,

And to their trusty Squire resign the shield : 230

To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,

Would ask the Muse that sang the frogs in arms.

And now the signal summons to the fray :

Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play.

Their patron God his silver bow-string twangs ; 235

Tough harness rustles, and bold armour clangs ;

The piercing caustics ply their spiteful power ;

Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics scour ;

The deadly drugs in double doses fly ;

And pestles peal a martial symphony. 240

Now from their level'd syringes they pour

The liquid volley of a missive shower.

Not storms of fleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,

Push'd on by northern gusts, such horror give.

Like spouts in southern seas the deluge broke, 245

And numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous stroke.

So when Leviathans dispute the reign

And uncontrol'd dominion of the main ;

From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,

And isles of sea-weed on the waves are borne ; 250

Such watery stores from their spread nostrils fly,

'Tis doubtful which is sea, and which is sky.

And now the staggering braves, led by *Despair*,

Advance, and to return the charge prepare.

Each seizes for his shield a spacious scale, 255

And the brass weights fly thick as showers of hail.

Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,

With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd ;

Whilst empty jars the dire defeat resound.

Thus when some storm its crystal quarry rends,

And *Jove* in rattling showers of ice descends ; 261

Mount Athos shakes the forests on his brow,

Whilst down his wounded sides fresh torrents

flow,

And leaves and limbs of trees o'erspread the vale

below.

But now, all order lost, promiscuous blows 265

Confus'dly fall ; perplex'd the battle grows.

From *Stentor's** arm a massy opiate flies,

And straight a deadly sleep closed *Carus*' eyes.

VARIATIONS, (Ver 221.) CONTINUED.

Into the shop their bold battalions move,

And what their chief commands, the rest approve.

Down from the walls they tear the shelves in

haste,

Which on their flank for palisades are plac'd ;

And then behind the compter rang'd they stand,

Their front so well secur'd, t' obey command.

And now the scouts the adverse hosts descry,

Blue aprons in the air for colours fly :

With unresisted force they urge their way,

And find the foe embattled in array.

* Dr. Goodall against Dr. Tyson.

At Colon * great Sertorius Buchthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like those of Death, was
flung;

But with a dauntless and disdainful mien 271
Hurl'd back steel pills, and hit him on the spleen.
Chiron † attack'd Talthibius with such might,
One yass had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who straight retreated to evade the wound, 275
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Psylas ‡ saw, and to the victor said,
Thou shalt not long survive the unwieldy dead,
Thy fate shall follow; to confirm it, swore,
By th' image of Priapus, which he bore: 280
And rais'd an eagle-stone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver cloud:

Great Queen of night, and empress of the seas,
If, faithful to thy midnight mysteries,
If, still observant of my early vows, 285
These hands have eas'd the mourning matron's
throws,

Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright:
So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light.
He said, and let the ponderous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by. 290

Though the haranguing God survey'd the war,
That day the Muses' sons were not his care;
Two friends, adepts, the Trismegists by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame;
As simpling near fair Tweed each sung by turn,
The listening river would neglect his urn.
Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,
Their Muse could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd enquiries after Nature's state
Dissolv'd the league, and kindled a debate. 300
The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.

At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
That from his birth had slept unseen till now;
Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd Bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a simile expir'd. 306

And now the cohorts shake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confess the victory.
Stentor, undaunted still, with noble rage
Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage. 310
Fierce was the onset, the dispute was great,
Both could not varquish, neither would retreat;
Each combatant his adversary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans, and stav'd urinals.
On Stentor's crest the useful crystal breaks, 315
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks:
But whilst the champion, as late rumours tell,
Design'd a sure decisive stroke, he fell:
And as the victor hovering o'er him flood,
With arms extended, thus the suppliant sued: 320

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.
But, to the lost, if pity might be shown,
Reflect on young Querpoïdes thy son;
Then pity mine, for such an infant grace 325
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compassion he'd create,
Or else lament his wretched parent's fate.

* Dr. Birch. † Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley.
‡ Dr. Chamberlain.

Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Dispensary I resign. 330

At this the victors own such extasies,
As Memphian priests if their Osiris sneeze:
Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd;
Or simpering prudes with sprightly Nantz inspir'd;
Or sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown; 335
Or fasting zealots when the sermon's done.

Awhile the chief the deadly stroke declin'd,
And found compassion pleading in his mind.
But whilst he view'd with pity the distress'd,
He spy'd Signetur * writ upon his breast. 340
Then tow'rd the skies he toss'd his threatening
head,

And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, said:
Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge desist,
His Holiness shall turn a Quietist;
Janfenius and the Jesuits agree, 345

The inquisition wink at heresy,
Warm convocations own the church secure,
And more consult her doctrine than her power.

With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the still supplicating fage. 350
But, while his thoughts that fatal stroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fec.

The Chief great Pæan's golden tresses knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd arm withdrew.

Thus often at the Temple-stairs we've seen 355
Two Tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruise'd, and face besmear'd in
blood;

But, at the first appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair. 360

The Hero so his enterprize recalls,
His fist unclinchs, and the weapon falls.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the shrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auspicious Health appear'd on Zephyr's
wings;

She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than air, more gay than morning-light.
A charm she takes from each excelling fair, 5
And borrows Carlisle's shape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams dispense,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 342.
Faith stand unmov'd through Stillingfleet's de-
fence,
And Locke for mystery abandon sense.

* Those members of the college that observe
a late statute, are called by the apothecaries,
"Signetur men."

On Iris thus the differing beams bestow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow; 10
From the fair nymph a vocal music falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddess calls:

Enough, th' achievement of your arms you've
shown,

You seek a triumph you would blush to own.

Haste to the Elysian fields, those blest abodes,
Where Harvey sits among the dem-gods. 16

Consult that sacred sage, he'll soon disclose
The method that must mollify these woes.

Let Celsus* for that enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the shades shall be my care. 20

Aghast the heroes flood dissolv'd in fear,
A form so heavenly bright they could not bear;

Celsus, alone unmov'd, the sight beheld,
The rest in pale confusion left the field.

So when the pygmies, marshal'd on the plains,
Wage puny war against th' invading cranes; 26

The puppets to their bodkin spears repair,
And scatter'd feathers flutter in the air;

But, when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his founding pinions from above, 30

Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian Squadron seeks the clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below; }
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough. }

Thrice did the goddess with her sacred wand 36
The pavement strike; and straight at her command

The willing surface opens, and descends
A deep descent that leads to nether skies.

Hygeia to the silent region tends; 40
And with his heavenly guide the charge descends.

Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inspir'd.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie, 45

Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.

Hence Pancies trick themselves in various hue,
And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant dew;

Hence the Carnation and the bashful Rose 50
Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;

Hence the chaste Lily rises to the light,
Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight;

Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their shade; 55

And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Nassau.

The insects here their lingering trance survive:
Benumb'd they seem'd, and doubtful if alive. 60

From winter's fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder skies and softer air.

Down to these cells obscure reptiles creep,
Where hateful Nutes and painted Lizards sleep;

Where shivering snakes the summer solstice wait;
Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state. 65

Here their new form the numb'd Erucæ hide
Their numerous feet, in slender bandage ty'd:

Soon as the kindling ear begins to rise,
This upstart race their native clod despise, }

And proud of painted wings attempt the skies. }

* Dr. Bateman.

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Now those profounder regions they explore, 71
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.

Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy mass of lumpish lead.

There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are seen
The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin. 76

The copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.

The silver then, with bright and burnish'd grace,
Youth and a blooming lustre in its face, 80

To th' arms of those more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.

So close they cling, so stubbornly retire;
Their love's more violent than the chemist's fire.

Near these the Delegate with wonder spies 85
Where floods of living silver serpentine;

Where richest metals their bright looks put on,
And golden streams through amber channels run;

Where light's gay god descends, to ripen gems,
And lend a lustre brighter than his beams. 90

Here he observes the subterranean cells,
Where wanton nature sports in idle shells.

Some helicocoids, some conical appear:
These, mitres emulate, those turbans are.

Here marcasites in various figure wait, 95
To ripen to a true metallic state:

Till drops that from impending rocks descend
Their substance petrify, and progress end.

Nigh, livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
And, whilst enrag'd, their fiery furies glow, 100

Convulsions in the labouring mountains rise,
And hurl their melted vitals to the skies.

He views with horror next the noisy cave,
Where with hoarse dins imprison'd tempests rave;

Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight. 106

The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celsus fear'd.

Andromeda so, whilst her hero sought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot. 110

And now the goddess with her charge descends,
Whilst scarce one cheerful glimpse their steps

befriends.

Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps;
And, undisturb'd by form, in silence sleeps;

A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye, 115
An awkward lump of shapeless anarchy.

With fordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waste.

To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton safe in silence sleeps; 120

Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, soon as born, like other monsters, die.

Upon a couch of jet, in these abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy consort, nods.

No ways and means their cabinet employ; 125
But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.

Nigh this recess, with terror they survey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic sway.

In the close covert of a cypress grove,
Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove, 130

Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the Monarch's triumphs are display'd;

Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;

D

Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow; 135
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;
R. flecks Anxiety, forlorn Despair,
And all the faded family of Care;
Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and distress,
Make up the frightful horror of the place. 140

Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
Which execute the harsh decrees of Fate.
Febris is first: the hag relentless hears
The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign; 145
And restless ferments revel in each vein.

Then Hydrops next appears amongst the throng;
Bleated, and big, she slowly fails along.
But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
And pines for thirst amidst her watery store. 150
Now loathsome Leprosy, that offensive spright,
With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
Still deaf to Beauty's soft persuading power;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.

Whilst meagre Pthisis gives a silent blow, 155
Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow:
No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults, are shown;
She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
Behind flood crowds of much inferior fame,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name; 160
The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.

Now Celsus, with his glorious guide, invades
The silent region of the fleeting shades;
Where rocks and rueful deserts are deserv'd, 165
And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
Then shews the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his passage to the further shore.
To whom the Stygian pilot, smiling, said,
You need no passport to demand our aid. 170
Physicians never linger on this strand:
Old Charon's present still at their command.
Our awful monarch and his consort owe
To them the peopling of the realms below.
Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar, 175
Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from shore.

Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air,
Upon the left they spy a pensive shade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head: 180
Pale grief sat heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:

Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
Burst from your breast, and torrents from your eyes:
And who those mangled Manes are, which show
A sullen satisfaction at your woe? 186

Since, said the ghost, with pity you'll attend,
Know I'm Guaićum*, once your firmest friend;
And on this barren beach in discontent
Am doom'd to stay, till th' angry powers relent.
Those spectres, seam'd with scars, that threaten
there,

The victims of my late ill-conduct are.
They vex with endless clamours my repose:
This wants his palate; that d. nands his nose:
And here they execute stern Pluto's will, 195
And ply me every moment with a pill.

Then Celsus thus: O much-lamented state!
How rigid is the sentence you relate!

* Dr. Morton.

Metthink I recollect your former air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you
were!

Insipid as your late ptisans you lie, 201
That once were sprightlier far than mercury.
At the sad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable souls asleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine, 205
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.
But still the offspring of your brain shall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall
rise

In rockets, till they reach the wondering skies 210
If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,
Intreaties to their awful seats I'd send.

But, since no human arts the Fates dissuade,
Direct me how to find blest'd Harvey's shade.
In vain th' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay; 215
Then, rising from the ground, he shew'd the way.
Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
That with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone. 220
To gain the summit the bright goddess try'd;
And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.

Th' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tower on
high,
And taste th' indulgence of a milder sky. 224
Loose breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
And roses blush their fragrant lives away. }
Cool streams through flowery meadows gently
glide;

And, as they pass, their painted banks they chide.
The blissful plains no blights nor mildews fear, 230
The flowers ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles
here.

The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride the decks her head,
Rob'd in rich dye the triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen. 235
So, when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
And every grace unsung, the waves conceal.

The Delegate observes, with wondering eyes,
Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise; 241
Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
The silent mansion of disastrous love.
Here jealousy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears. 245
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.
No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears;
Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears.
Their wounded bark records some broken vow, 250
And withow-garlands hang on every bough.

Olivia here in solitude he found,
Her down-cast eyes fix'd on the silent ground:
Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the dying image of despair. 255
How lately did this celebrated thing
Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring;
Till the green-sickness and love's force betray'd
To Death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid!

All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood, 260
The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror shiver'd in his look,

'As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he spoke:
Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anxious
care,

Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare? 265
Why thus you languish like a drooping flower,
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless shower?
Your languid looks, your late ill-conduct tell;
Oh that, instead of trash, you'd taken steel!

Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the con-
scious maid

Thus to her late insulting lover said: 271
When ladies listen not to loose desire,
You stile our modesty, our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You still find reasons to believe we love: 275

Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean th' peevish things we say.
Few are the fair-ones of Rutilia's make,
Unask'd she grants, uninjur'd she'll forsake:
But several Celia's, several ages boast, 280

That like, where reason recommends the most.
Where heavenly truth and tenderness conspire,
Chaste passion may persuade us to desire.

Your sex, he cry'd, as custom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties such haughty slaves. 285
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulses are but weak, where reason's strong.
Some want the courage; but how few the flame!

They like the thing, that startle at the name.
The lonely Phoenix, though profess'd a nun, 290
Warms into love, and kindles at the fun;
Those tales of spicy urns and fragrant fires
Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires.

Then, as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confess'd th' impassive air. 295
From his embrace th' unbody'd spectre flies,
And, as the mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bless'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow 300
Immortal youth on heroes' shades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable sage her presence knew:

Thus he —
Hail, blooming goddess! thou propitious power,
Whose blessings mortals more than life implore! 306
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where those appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown. 310

With just resentments and contempt you see
The foul dissensions of the Faculty;
How your sad sickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a science, is become a trade.

Her sons ne'er rifle her mysterious store, 315
But study nature less, and lucre more.
Not so when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incense blaz'd.
Off father Tiber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd son is worship'd like the fire; 320

The sage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the same.

D 2

I show'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of the reflux tide.

Then, Willis, why spontaneous actions here, 325
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the spirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cause.

Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Glisson, lie
In the abyss of blind obscurity. 330

But now such wondrous searches are forborn,
And Pæan's art is by divisions torn.
Then let your Charge attend, and I'll explain
How her lost health your science may regain.

Haste, and the matchless Atticus address, 335
From Heaven and great Nassau he has the mace.
Th' oppress'd to his asylum still repair;
Arts he supports, and learning is his care.
He softens the harsh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy
claws;

And graciously he casts a pitying eye 341
On the sad state of virtuous poverty.

Whene'er he speaks, Heaven! how the listening
throng

Dwells on the melting music of his tongue!

His arguments are emblems of his mien, 345
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though serene;
And, when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here lightning strikes you; there soft breezes sigh.

To him you must your sickly state refer,
Your charter claims him as your visiter. 350
Your wounds he'll close, and sovereignly restore
Your science to the height it had before.

Then Nassau's health shall be your glorious aim;
His life should be as lasting as his fame.

Some princes' claims from devaluations spring; 355
He condescends in pity to be king;

And, when amidst his olives plac'd he stands,
And governs more by candour than commands;
Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears. 360

Would Phæbus, or his Granville, but inspire
Their sacred vehemence of poetic fire;

To celebrate in song that god-like power,
Which did the labouring universe restore: 364

Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the strain,
And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main. }

Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his blessings endless as they're great:

Whilst malice and ingratitude confess 370
They've strove for rain long without success.

When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile shall rise
To bear the victor to the boundless skies,

Awhile the God puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a star. 375

Near thee, Alcides, shall the hero shine;
His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.

Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good, 380

But thus preserv'd the Latian liberties,
Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies:

Loud lo's the proud capitol had shook,
And all the statues of the gods had spoke.

No more the Sage his raptures could pursue:
He paus'd; and Celsus with his Guide with

drew.

385

CLAREMONT:

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF CLARE,
AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

"—Dryadum sylvas, saltusque sequamur
"Intactus, tua, Mæcenæ, haud mollia iussa." VIRG.

P R E F A C E.

THEY that have seen those two excellent poems of Cooper's-hill and Windsor-forest; the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The situation is so agreeable and surprizing, that it inclines one to think some place of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and Echo. It is probable he had observed some spring arising amongst woods and rocks, where echos were heard; and some flower bending over the stream, and by consequence reflected from it. After reading the story in the third book of the *Metamorphosis*, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had dispossessed her,

"—vox tantùm atque ossa supersunt,"

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare say the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleased to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can say the same of: experience shews us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother should succeed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconsiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their priests, may consult Pliny, Ovid, and the other classic authors that have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late possess'd the brain?
Though few can write, yet fewer can
refrain.

So rank our soil, our bards rise in such store,
Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more.
The last indulge the fault the first commit;
And take off still the offal of their wit.
So shameless, so abandon'd are their ways;
They poach Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.

None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a pension or a place to give,
Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and power;
No Muse is proof against a golden shower.
Let but his Lordship write some poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggerel like his own;

Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
False Fame cries—Athens; honest Truth—Moor-
fields.

Thus fool'd, he flounders on through floods of ink;
Flags with full-sail; and rises but to sink. 20

Some venal pens so prostitute the bays,
Their panegyrics lash; their satires praise.
So nauccouly, and so unlike, they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——, a saint.

Metius with those fam'd heroes is compar'd, 25
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.

But such a shameless Muse must laughter move,
That aims to make Salmonæus vie with Jove.

To form great works, puts Fate itself to pain;
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty man, 30

And, to perpetuate her Hero's fame,
She strains no less a Poet next to frame.
Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens rise but once an age.

With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipse produc'd Alcmena's son. 36
The fire of Gods o'er Phœbus cast a shade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.

No bard for bribes should prostitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign, 40
To grant big Thrafo valour. Phormio sense,
Should indignation give, at least offence.

I hate such mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to rescue poetry.
Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art, 45
And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part.

What then—You'll say, Must no true sterling
pass,
Because impure allays some coin debase?
Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, scribble too. 50

The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himself severe;

Though earnest, easy; civil, yet sincere;
Who seldom but through great good-nature errs;
Detesting fraud as much as flatterers; 56
'Tis he my Muse's homage should receive;
If I could write, or Hollies could forgive.

But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine. 60

When Pelham you resign'd, what could repair
A loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir?
Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
From his bright urn in purest crystal glides;

But, when new-gathering streams enlarge his
course, 65

He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.

Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler Muse,
That for her theme thy late recess may choose; 70
Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress,
Such vary'd scenes, such pleasing images,

That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs
their bowers,

And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours. 74

But say, who shall attempt th' adventurous
part

Where Nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's
art?

If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
And rocks are animated with his fire. 80

'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,
Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills;
Close groves, and opening glades with verdure
spread,

Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balm
bleed;

With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
And all the bright Horizon smiling round. 85
Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient Fame
Records from whence the Villa took its name.

In times of old, when British nymphs were
known

'To love no foreign fashions like their own;
When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the
mode,

And quality put on no paint but woad; 91

Of Spanish red unheard was then the name
(For cheeks were only caught to blush by shame);
No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,

Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves; 95
Not yet lead-comb was on the toilet plac'd;

Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste;
No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade

To mend the work wife Providence had made;
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom, 100
And thrifty silk worms spun for time to come;

Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
All like Diana were below the knee.

The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
Surly in show, unfashion'd in address; 105

Upright in actions, and in thought sincere;
And strictly were the same they would appear.

Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.

None travel'd to return politely mad; 110
But still what fancy wanted, reason had.

Whatever Nature ask'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.

No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees,
Nor serv'd up Death in soup and fricasees; 115

Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.

Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore;
And conscience had its rate like common whore;

Or tools to great employments had pretence; 120
Or merit was made out by impudence;

Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty ministers;

In those good days of innocence, here stood
Of oaks, with heads unhorn, a solemn wood, 125

Frequented by the Druids, to bestow
Religious honours on the Mistletoe.

The naturalists are puzzled to explain
How trees did first this stranger entertain;

Whether the busy birds ingraft it there; 130
Or else some deity's mysterious care,

As Druids thought; for, when the blasted oak
By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.

So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waste,

Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd stood; 136
So sacred was the mansion of a God.

Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars rose.

To Hermes oft' they paid their sacrifice; 140
Parent of arts, and patron of the wife.

Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures said.

None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite. 145

The people's peace they studied, and profess'd
No politics but public interest.

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.

No mitred priests did then with princes vie, 150
Nor o'er his master claim supremacy;

Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being several centuries obscure,

None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none understood. 155

Nor simony, nor sine-cure, were known;
Nor would the Bee work honey for the Drone.

Nor was the way invented, to dismiss
Frail Abigails with fat Pluralities.

But then, in fillets bound, a hallow'd band 160
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the seasons travel'd with the sun;
When his dim orb seem'd wading through the air,
They told that rainon dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would
try,

When reddening clouds reflect his blood-shot eye:
All their remarks on Nature's laws require
More lines than would even Alpin's readers tire.

This sect in sacred veneration held 170
Opinions, by the Samian Sage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from these tenements to those
For when the plastic particles are gone,
They rally in some species like their own; 175
The self-same atoms, if new-jumbled, will
In seas be restless, and in earth be still;
Can, in the truffle, furnish out a feast,
And nauseate, in the scaly squill, the taste.

Those falling leaves that wither with the year, 180
Will, in the next, on other stems appear.
The sap, that now forsakes the burbling bud,
In some new shoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jasmine blows,
Will, when the season offers, scent the rose; 185
And those bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow.

They hold that matter must be still the same,
And varies but in figure and in name;
And that the soul not dies, but shifts her seat, 190
New rounds of life to run, or past repeat.
Thus, when the brave and virtuous cease to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
Again shall Romulus in Naisau reign;
Great Numa, in a Brunswick prince, ordain
Good laws; and Halcyon years shall hush the
world again.

The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or Gods descending in a morning dream.
Pais'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold: 200
Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they spoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The story of thy villa is their song.

The fair Montano, of the sylvan race, 205
Was with each beauty bless'd, and every grace.
His sire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a swift Naiad of the flood.
Her silver urn supply'd the neighbouring streams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames. 210

Not lovelier seem'd Narcissus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boast more fragrantcy:
His skin might with the down of swans compare,
More smooth than pearl; than mountain-snow
more fair:

In shape so poplars or the cedars please; 215
But those are not so straight, nor graceful these:
His flowing hair in unform'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, persuasive was his tongue;
The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound,
But sunk to softness at the melting sound. 220

The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and spread the toils,
And knew no pleasures but in sylvan spoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace; 225
Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chase:
For, though possession be th' undoubted view,
To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.
Those nymphs, that yield too soon, their charms
impair,

And prove at last but despicably fair. 230
His own undoing glutton Love decrees;
And palls the appetite he meant to please:
His slender wants too largely he supplies;
Thrives on short meals, but by indulgence dies.

A groat there was, with hoary moss o'ergrown, 235
Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with mould-
ering stone;
Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall,
And weeping rills but whisper as they fall;
The clapping ivies round the ruin creep,
And there the bat and drowsy beetle sleep. 240

This cell sad Echo chose, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the Sylvan flies,
To shun the calenture of sultry skies;
But feels a fiercer flame: Love's keenest dart 245
Finds through his eyes a passage to his heart.
Pensive the virgin fate with folded arms,
Her tears but lending lustre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himself the pity he bestows. 250

Oh whether of a mortal born! he cries;
Or some fair daughter of the distant skies;
That, in compassion, leave your crystal sphere,
To guard some favour'd charge, and wander
here:

Slight not my suit, nor too ungentle prove; 255
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not; see my suppliant tears;
Nor disregard those dumb petitioners.

From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Asserting all the empire of her eyes. 260
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor seeks from sleep, or sustenance, relief.
The lamp of life now casts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his setting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapless lover tries; 265
Invoking thus his kindred deities:

Haste, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears replenish each exhausted urn;
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a just victim to an injur'd shade. 270
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and stopp'd unfinished on his tongue.

For him the Graces their sad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wish'd for eyes to weep.
What Gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries; 275
A mount erecting where the Sylvan lies.
The rural powers the wondrous pile survey,
And piously their different honours pay.
Th' ascent with verdant herbage Pales spread; 279
And pymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their
shade,

Her stream a Naiad from the basis pours;
And Flora flows the summit with her flowers.

Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.

Sad Echo now laments her rigour, more 285
Than for Narcissus her loose flame before.

Her flesh to sinew shrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks she hides her head.

Soon as the evening shews a sky serene,
Abroad she strays, but never to be seen. 290

And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the Nymph repeats the same;

With them she joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.

Her sex's privilege she yet retains; 295
And, though to nothing wasted, voice remains.

So sung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphick God inspir'd:

Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway. 300

No more fair Liberty shall mourn her chains;
The Maid is rescu'd, her lov'd Perseus reigns.

From Jove he comes, the captive to restore;
Nor can the thunder of his Sire do more.

Religion shall dread nothing but disguise; 305
And Justice need no bandage for her eyes.

Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
Her safety to secure, two powers accord,

Her Neptune's trident, and her Monarch's }
sword.

Like him, shall his Augustus shine in arms, 310
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.

Ages with future heroes she shall bless;
And Venus once more found an Alban race.

'Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage:
Example must reclaim a graceless age. 315

Where guides themselves for guilty views mis-
lead;

And laws even by the legislators bleed;
His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,

None but the virtuous are of noble blood:
For Tyrants are but Princes in disguise, 320

Though sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend;

The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.
Great Edward's order early he shall wear;

New light restoring to the sully'd star. 325
Oft' will his leisure this retirement chuse,

Still finding future subjects for the Muse;
And, to record the Sylvan's fatal flame,

The place shall live in song, and Claremont be the
name.

TO

THE LADY LOUISA LENOS:

WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

IN moving lines these few Epistles tell
What fate attends the Nymph that likes too
well:

How faintly the successful lovers burn;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The Fair you'll find, when soft entreaties fail,
Assert their uncontested right, and rail.

Too soon they listen, and resent too late;
'Tis sure they love, when'er they strive to hate.

Their sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding slaves.

In differing breasts what differing passions glow?
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.

The fire we boast, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns:

But yours, like incense, mounts by soft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame consumes to please.

Your sex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in patience, and persuading well.

Impartial Nature equally decrees:
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.

Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft' you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.

But, Madam, long will your unpractic'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.

Though infant graces sooth your gentle hours,
More soft than sighs, more sweet than breathing

flow'ers;
Let rash admirers your keen lightning fear;

'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.
The time ere long, if verse presage, will come.

Your charms shall open in full Brudenell bloom.
All eyes shall gaze, all hearts shall homage vow,

And not a lover languish but for you.
The Muse shall string her lyre, with garlands

crownd'd,
And each bright Nymph shall sicken at the sound.

So, when Aurora first salutes the fight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;

But, when with riper red she warms the skies, }
In circling throngs the wing'd Musicians rise,

And the gay groves rejoice in symphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted Beauty shines;

And every star its fading fire resigns.

TO

RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON,

WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,

OUR Poet's rules, in easy numbers, tell,
He felt the passion he describes so well.
In that soft art successfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæsar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ill from love, from tyrants malice, flow;
Jove thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow.

Ovid both felt the pain, and found the ease:
Physicians study most their own disease.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would listen then, and lovers lye.
Who flatter'd most the fair were most polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly so, aton'd for all.
Breeding was banish'd for the fair-one's sake,
The sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours should take.

Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring;
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming
spring.
Though you possess all Nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her snare.
On all that Goddess her false smiles bestows;
As on the seas she reigns, from whence she
rose.

Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft
gales
Guide her gay barge, and swell the silken sails:
Each silver wave in beautiful order moves,
Fair as her bosom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too surely finds
A sudden sky, black storms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguish, hovering on the coast,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly lost.

When coming Time shall bless you with a
bride,

Let passion not persuade, but reason guide;
Instead of gold, let gentle Truth endear;
She has most charms who is the most sincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but disease;
Weak appetites are ever hard to please.
The nymph must fear to be inquisitive;
'Tis for the sex's quiet to believe.
Her air an easy confidence must show,
And shun to find what she would dread to
know;

Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

TO

THE DUTCHESS OF BOLTON,

ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE
COUNTRY.

CEASE rural conquests, and set free your
swains,
To Dryads leave the groves, to Nymphs the
plains.

In pensive dales alone let Echo dwell,
And each sad sigh she hears with sorrow tell.
Haste, let your eyes at Kent's pavilion * shine,
It wants but stars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals, and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, states vanquish'd, provinces o'er-

run,
And all Alcides' labour summ'd in one.

The brave must to the fair now yield the
prize,

And English arms submit to English eyes:
In which bright list among the first you stand;
Though each a Goddess, or a Sunderland.

* A gallery at St. James's.

TO

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

ON

HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

GO, mighty prince, and those great nations see,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name en-
grav'd

Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd,
Point out that marble where thy worth is shown,
To every grateful country but thy own.

O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!

Who strove to lessen him who made her great:
Which, pamper'd with success and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name.

But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault's in the beholder's eye;

Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,

Flies from no danger but domestic jars,

Smiles at the dart which angry Envy shakes,

And only bears for Her whom he forsakes:

He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,

Blushing to see our blood no better lost;

Disdains in factious parties to contend,

And proves in absence most Britannia's friend.

So the great Scipio of old, to shun

That glorious envy which his arms had won,

Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,

Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cause requir'd,

To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her
ills,

And where the sword destroys not, famine kills;

Our ill enjoys, by your successful care,

The pomp of peace, amidst the woes of war.

So much the public to your prudence owes,

You think no labours long for our repose:

Such conduct, such integrity are shown,

There are no coffers empty, but your own.

From mean dependance, merit you retrieve,

Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give:

Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,

And yet conceals the source from whence it flows.

No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve:

A people at their ease is what you love:

To lessen taxes, and a nation save,

Are all the grants your services would have.

Thus far the state-machine wants no repair,

But moves in matchless order by your care;

Free from confusion, settled and serene;

And, like the universe, by springs unseen.

But now some star, sinister to our prayers,
Contrives new schemes, and calls you from affairs:

No anguish in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to steer.
Thus, like a victim, no constraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.

Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
The god of day, and your own lot's the same;
The vapours you have rais'd, obscure your flame:
But though you suffer, and awhile retreat,
Your globe of light looks larger as you set.

ON

HER MAJESTY'S STATUE

IN

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name;
With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form that glad's a nation's eyes;
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.
Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
And even wild India wears a smiling face.

But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
The sad attendant of so good a Queen:
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon,
All that great Anna for thy sake has done;
When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws;
For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword,
For thee she broke her General—and her word:
For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could she more?
She lost the honour she had gain'd before;
Lost all the trophies which her arms had won
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son);
Resign'd the glories of a ten years' reign,
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could
gain.

For thee in annals she's content to shine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON THE

NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—
how high

Will your fond folly and your madness fly?
Are scenes of death, and servile chains so dear,
To sue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curst,
To court a change—though certain of the worst?

There is no climate which you have not sought,
Where tools of war, and vagrant kings, are bought;

VOL. IV.

O! noble passion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the refuse of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your schemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her asylum openly provides
For every ruffian every nation hides.

Will you still tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loath to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you seek new Prestons and Dumblains?
If vengeance loses its effects so fast,
Yet those of mercy sure—should longer last.

Say, is it rashness or despair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to these repeated strokes?
Reply:—Behold, their looks, their souls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep despair.

Hear then, you sons of blood, your destin'd fate,
Hear, ere you sin too soon—repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And stem the stream of Providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders made our own,
The hand that gave it shall preserve his throne.
As vain your hopes to distant times remove,
To try the second, or the third from Jove;
For 'tis the nature of that sacred line,
To conquer monsters, and to grow divine.

ON

THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, destructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd their proud walls, though built by
hands divine:

But Love's bright goddess, with propitious grace,
Preserv'd a hero, and restor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna rose.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN FOR

THE TOASTING-GLASSES

OF THE

KIT-KAT-CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every Muse inspire;
To Carlisle fill the glass, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the God of Day shall crown
A wit and lustre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the Sun and Carlisle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties she bestow'd.

E

GARTH'S POEMS.

LADY ESSEX.

THE bravest hero, and the brightest dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Effex fill the sprightly wine;
The health's engaging and divine.
Let purest odours scent the air,
And wreaths of roses bind our hair:
In her chaste lips these blushing lie,
And those her gentle sighs supply.

LADY HYDE.

THE God of Wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and smiles to see
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

HYDE, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thousand charms the nymph's complaints
adorn;
In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offspring is the cheerful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

WHEN Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet blest'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feast.

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR

TAMERLANE.

TO-DAY a mighty hero comes, to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons,
arm.
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
He strains no text, nor makes dragoons persuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they, by his labour live;
Their property is his prerogative.
His sword destroys less than his mercy saves,
And none, except his passions, are his slaves.
Such, Britons, is the prince that you possess,
In council greatest, and in camps no less:
Brave, but not cruel; wise without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, disdaining to be too secure,
Ask his protection, and yet grudge his power.
With you a monarch's right is in dispute;
Who give supplies, are only absolute.
Britons, for shame! your factious feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line:

Assert lost rights, an Austrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spanish throne.
A cause no less could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:
He shows you your lost honour to retrieve;
Our troops will fight, when once the senate give.
Quit your cabals and factions, and in spite
Of Whig and Tory in this cause unite:
One vote will then send Anjou back to France;
There let the meteor end his airy dance:
Else to the Mantuan soil he may repair,
Ev'n abdicated Gods were Latium's care,
At worst, he'll find some Cornish borough here.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MUSICK-MEETING IN YORK-BUILDINGS.

WHERE musick and more powerful beauties
reign,
Who can support the pleasure and the pain?
Here their soft magick those two Syrens try,
And if we listen, or but look, we die.
Why should we then the wondrous tales admire,
Of Orpheus's numbers, or Amphion's lyre;
Of walls erected by harmonious skill,
How mountains mov'd, and rapid streams stood
still!
Behold this scene of beauty, and confess
The wonder greater, and the fiction less.
Like human victims here we stand decreed
To worship those bright altars where we bleed.
Who braves his fate in fields, must tremble here;
Triumphant Love more vassals makes than Fear.
No faction homage to the fair denies;
The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
That empire's fix'd, that's founded in desire;
Those flames, the vestals guard, can ne'er expire.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE CORNISH SQUIRE.
A COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome.
Their ears so sanctify'd, no scenes can please,
But heavy hymns, or pensive homilies:
Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound.
Young rakes must, like old patriarchs, expound;
The painted punk the profelyte must play,
And bawds, like *filles de cour*, procure and pray.
How nature is inverted! soon you'll see
Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and Monks at mystery.

Let characters be represented true,
 An airy Sinner makes an awkward Prue.
 With force and fitting freedom vice arraign;
 Though pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain.
 If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
 Call that the robber, this the parasite.
 Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl;
 Cinna's a statesman; Sydrophel, a tool.
 Our censures with want of thought dispense,
 But tremble at the hideous sin of sense.
 Who would not such hard fate as ours bemoan,
 Indicted for some wit, and damn'd for none?
 But if, to-day, some scandal should appear,
 Let those precise Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
 Poet, and Papist too, they'll surely maul,
 There's no indulgences at Hick's-hall.
 Gold only can their pious spite allay,
 They call none criminals that can but pay:
 The heedless shrines with victims they invoke,
 They take the fat, and give the gods the smoke.

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE

QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

SUCH was our builder's art, that soon as nam'd,
 This fabrick, like the infant world, was fram'd.
 The architect must on dull order wait,
 But 'tis the Poet only can create.
 None else, at pleasure, can duration give:
 When marble fails, the Muses' structures live.
 The Cyprian fane is now no longer seen,
 Though sacred to the name of love's fair queen.
 Ev'n Athens scarce in pompous ruin stands,
 Though finish'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
 More sure presages from these walls we find,
 By Beauty * founded, and by Wit design'd.

In the good age of ghostly ignorance,
 How did cathedrals rise, and zeal advance!
 The merry monks laid orisons at ease,
 Large were their meals, and light their penances;
 Pardons for sins were purchas'd with estates,
 And none but rogues in rags dy'd reprobates.
 But, now that pious pageantry's no more,
 And stages thrive, as churches did before;
 Your own magnificence you here survey,
 Majestic columns stand, where dunghills lay,
 And cars triumphal rise from carts of hay.
 Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to
 fear,

And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here.
 Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
 And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
 Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
 He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
 Though to the sun his towering eagles rise,
 They scarce could bear the lustre of these eyes.

* Lady Sunderland.

E P I L O G U E

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!
 Who would not listen when young lovers
 woo?

What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
 Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
 To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
 Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
 Too oft' they're cancel'd, though in convents
 made.

Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may
 Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
 We hate you, when you're easily said nay.
 How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
 Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
 Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would
 choose,

Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
 We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
 He sighs with most success that settles well.
 The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
 Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
 Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
 Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
 But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms.
 What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
 To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
 At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
 Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now;
 There golden idols all your vows receive;
 She is no goddess who has nought to give.
 Oh may once more the happy age appear,
 When words were artless, and the thoughts sin-
 cere;

When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs,
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth com-
 plains,
 And constancy feel transport in its chains;
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal;
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And beauty fear no enemy but time:
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

S O L I L O Q U Y,

OUT OF ITALIAN.

COULD he whom my dissembled rigour
 grieves,
 But know what torment to my soul it gives;
 He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
 And want myself the pity he would give.

Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs should
bleed?

Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom destiny divides;
Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cause,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.

Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each sigh you utter wounds my tenderest part,
So much my lips misrepresent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops distil,
My vital blood in every tear you spill:
And all those mournful agonies I hear,
Are but the echoes of my own despair.

AN

IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that strow the vales,
When groves are stript by winter-gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or —n's charms?

ANACREONTIC EPISTLE

TO MR. GAY,

ON HIS POEMS.

WHEN Fame did o'er the spacious plain
The lays she once had learn'd repeat;
Or listen'd to the tuneful strain,
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

TO THE

MERRY POETASTER

AT

SADLER'S-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY pedant, let thy aukward Muse,
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.
To last, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy school-boys,
smart.

Then be advis'd, and scribble not again;
Thou'rt fashion'd for a snail, and not a pen.

If B——l's immortal wit thou would'st decry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN

TO

DR. GARTH,

UPON THE LOSS OF MISS DINGLE:

IN RETURN TO THE DOCTOR'S CONSOLATORY
VERSES TO HIM, UPON THE LOSS OF HIS ROD*.

THOU, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
Could'st, with thy never-dying verse, as-
suage;

Immortal verse, secure to live as long
As that curs'd prose that did condemn thy song:
Thou, happy Bard, whose double-gifted pen,
Alike can cure an aking corn, or spleen;
Whose lucky hand administers repose
As well to breaking heart, as broken nose;
Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
In recompense of thine, when I was sad.

What though it comes from an unpractis'd Muse,
Bad at the best, grown worse by long disuse;
In silence lost, since once I did complain
Of Wiv—I's cold neglect in humble strain;
When, check'd by slavish conscience, she deny'd
To throw aside the niece, and act the bride:
Yet sure I may be thought among the throng,
If not to sing, to whistle out a song:
Then take the kind remembrance of my verse,
While Dingle's loss with sorrow I rehearse.

Dingle is lost, the hollow caves re-sound
Dingle is lost, and multiply the sound;
Till Echo, chaunting it by just degree,
Shortens to Dingle, then softens it to D.

Dingle is lost: where's now the parent's care,
The boasted force of piety and prayer?
No more shall she within thy spacious hall
Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
Deserted thus, no more shalt thou engage
Under the roof to Whartonize the age.

Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
Early she learnt to scorn the nuptial bed;
In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her mind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her kind:
For Dingle thou didst bless the nether skies;
In hopes a mingled race might once arise,
To sooth thy hoary age, and close thy dying
eyes.

Learn, ye indulging parents, learn from hence:
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly give her up the other nine:
Yet she, though that, and that alone, was press'd,
Regardless of your will, the fifth transgress'd.

* See above, p. 24.

But oh! my friend, consider, though she's gone,
 She left no coffers empty but her own;
 Her mind, that did direct the great machine,
 Mov'd, like the universe, by springs unseen;
 And, though from thy instructions she retreats,
 Her globe of light grows larger as she sets:

For nought could brighter make her lustre shine,
 Than to withdraw, and single it from thine.
 Then think of this; and pardon, when you see,
 Those virtues you so late admir'd in me.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

NOW Glaucus, with a lover's haste, bounds
 o'er

The swelling waves, and seeks the Latian shore.
 Messena, Rhegrum, and the barren coast
 Of flaming Ætna, to his sight are lost:
 At length he gains the Tyrrhene seas, and views
 The hills where baneful philtres Circe brews;
 Monsters in various forms around her press;
 As thus the God salutes the Sorceress:

O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
 And give a love-sick deity relief.
 Too well the mighty power of plants I know,
 To those my figure and new fate I owe.
 Against Messena, on th' Ausonian coast,
 I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was lost.
 In tenderest sounds I sued; but still the fair
 Was deaf to vows, and pitiless to prayer.
 If numbers can avail, exert their power;
 Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
 I ask no cure; let but the virgin pine
 With dying pangs, or agonies, like mine.

No longer Circe could her flame disguise,
 But to the suppliant God Marine, replies:
 When maids are coy, have manlier aims in
 view;

Leave those that fly; but those that like, pursue.
 If love can be by kind compliance won;
 See, at your feet, the Daughter of the Sun.

Sooner, said Glaucus, shall the ash remove
 From mountains, and the swelling surges love;
 Or humble sea-weed to the hills repair;
 E'er I think any but my Scylla fair.

Straight Circe reddens with a guilty shame,
 And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
 Fierce liking oft a spite as fierce creates;
 For love refus'd, without aversion, hates.
 To hurt her hapless rival, she proceeds;
 And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.

Some fascinating beverage now she brews,
 Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.
 At Rhegium she arrives; the ocean braves,
 And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.

Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
 Shelter'd from seas, and shaded from the skies:
 This station Scylla chofe; a soft retreat
 From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.
 The vengeful Sorceress visits this recess;
 Her charm infuses, and infects the place.
 Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
 Turn into dogs; then at herself she starts.
 A ghastly horror in her eyes appears;
 But yet she knows not who it is the fears;
 In vain she offers from herself to run,
 And drags about her what she strives to shun.

Oppress'd with grief the pitying God appears,
 And swells the rising surges with his tears;
 From the distressed Sorceress he flies;
 Her art reviles, and her address denies:
 Whilst hapless Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
 Destruction to those barks that beat the seas.

THE

VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS

CONTINUED.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulysses' fleet;
 But good Æneas 'scap'd the fate he met.
 As to the Latian shore the Trojan stood,
 And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
 He weather'd fell Charybdis: but ere-long
 The skies were darken'd, and the tempest strong.
 Then to the Lybian coast he stretches o'er;
 And makes at length the Carthaginian shore.
 Here Dido, with an hospitable care,
 Into her heart receives the wanderer.
 From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies;
 The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
 Then to her folly falls a sacrifice.

Æneas now sets sail, and, plying, gains
 Fair Eryx, where his friend Acestes reigns:
 First to his fire does funeral rites decree;
 Then gives the signal next, and stands to sea;
 Out-runs the islands where volcanos roar;
 Gets clear of Syrens, and their faithless shore:
 But loses Palinurus in the way;
 Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta.

THE
TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS
INTO APES.

The galleys now by Pythecusa pass;
The name is from the natives of the place,
The Father of the Gods, detesting lies,
Oft', with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beasts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with grimace they grin;
And look to what they were too near akin:
Merry in make, and busy to no end;
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this species of their past retains;
Though lost the language, yet the noise remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope:
His left, Misenus jutting in the sea:
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe survey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid;
Begs leave through black Avernus to retire,
And view the much-lov'd manes of his fire,
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes;
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:
O thou, whose worth thy wondrous works pro-

claim;
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame.
Though great be thy request, yet shalt thou see
Th' Elysian fields, th' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's shade: this arm thy steps shall guide:
To suppliant virtue nothing is deny'd.

She spoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in th' Avernian grove resplendent grew,
Seize that, she bids: he listens to the maid;
Then views the mournful mansions of the dead;
The shade of great Anchises, and the place
By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race.

As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus salutes the visionary dame:

O, whether some propitious deity,
Or lov'd by those bright rulers of the sky!
With grateful incense I shall stifle you one,
And deem no godhead greater than your own.
'Twas you restor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light;
To feel the breezes of congenial air,
And nature's blest benevolence to share.

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

I am no deity, reply'd the Dame,
But mortal, and religious rites disclaim.
Yet had avoided Death's tyrannic sway,
Had I consented to the God of Day.
With promises he sought my love, and said,
Have all you wish, my fair Cumæan maid.

I paus'd; then, pointing to a heap of sand,
For every grain, to live a year, demand.
But ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth, and prime.
The smiling bloom, I boasted once, is gone,
And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
Seven centuries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
The period of the years to finish still.
Who'll think, that Phœbus, drest in youth divine,
Had once believ'd his lustre less than mine?
This wither'd frame (so Fates have will'd) shall
waste

To nothing, but prophetic words, at last.

The Sibyl mounting now from nether skies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma rise.
He fail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cajeta, from his nurse's name.
Here did the luckless Macareus, a friend
To wife Ulysses, his long labours end.

Here, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
And sudden thus his late associate greets:
Whence came you here, O friend, and whither
bound?

All gave you lost on far Cyclopean ground;
A Greek's at last aboard a Trojan found.

THE

ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—with thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim.

I 'scap'd the Cyclops through the Hero's aid,
Else in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When first your navy under sail he found,
He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the sound.
Raging he stalk'd along the mountain's side,
And vented clouds of breath at every stride.

His staff a mountain ash; and in the clouds
Oft', as he walks, his grisly front he shrouds.
Eyeless he grop'd about with vengeful haste,
And jostled promontories, as he pass'd.
Then heav'd a rock's high summit to the main,
And bellow'd, like some bursting hurricane:

Oh! could I seize Ulysses in his flight,
How unlamented were my loss of sight!
These jaws should piece-meal tear each panting
vein,

Grind every crackling bone, and pound his brain.
As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror shook;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forsook.
I saw him once disgorge huge morsels, raw,
Of wretches undigested in his maw.
From the pale breathless trunks whole limbs he
tore,

His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I pass'd in caves; my food
Was forest fruits, and wildings of the wood.
At length a sail I watch'd, and aboard
My fortune found an hospitable lord.

Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, since first you put to sea, befall.

THE ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

Then Macareus—There reign'd a prince of fame,
 O'er Tuscan seas, and Æolus his name.
 A largess to Ulysses he consign'd,
 And in a steer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
 Nine days before the swelling gale we ran;
 The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:
 When now the merry mariners, to find
 Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
 Forthwith out-rush'd a gust, which backwards bore
 Our gallees to the Læstrigonian shore,
 Whole crown Antiphates the tyrant wore.
 Some few commision'd were with speed to treat;
 We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
 Two friendly flight preserv'd; the third was doom'd,
 To be by those curs'd cannibals consum'd.
 Inhumanly our hapless friends they treat;
 Our men they murder, and destroy our fleet.
 In time the wife Ulysses bore away,
 And dropp'd his anchor in yon faithless bay.
 The thoughts of perils past we still retain,
 And fear to land, till lots appoint the men.
 Polites true, Elpenor given to wine,
 Eurylochus, myself, the lots assign.
 Design'd for dangers, and resolv'd to dare,
 To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE

ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

Before the spacious front, a herd we find
 Of beasts, the fiercest of the savage kind.
 Our trembling steps with blandishments they meet,
 And fawn, unlike their species, at our feet.
 Within upon a sumptuous throne of state,
 On golden columns rais'd, th' Enchantress sate.
 Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
 Her aspect awful, and she look'd a queen.
 Her maids not mind the loom, nor household care,
 Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war;
 But cull in canisters disastrous flowers,
 And plants from haunted heaths, and fairy bowers,
 With brazen sickles reap'd at planetary hours.
 Each dose the Goddess weighs with watchful eye;
 So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
 Entering she greets us with a gracious look,
 And airs, that future amity bespoke.
 Her ready Nymphs serve up a rich repast,
 The bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste.
 Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
 Her power we prove, and shew the sorcery.
 Soon, in a length of face, our head extends;
 Our chin stiff bristles bears, and forward bends.
 A breadth of brawn new burnishes our neck;
 Anon we grunt, as we begin to speak.

Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taste,
 Nor to a beast obscene the man debas'd.
 Hither Ulysses hastes (so Fates command),
 And bears the powerful Moly in his hand;
 Unsheaths his scymitar, assaults the dame,
 Preserves his species, and remains the same.
 The nuptial right, this outrage straight attends;
 The dower desir'd is his transfigur'd friends.
 The incantation backwards she repeats,
 Inverts her rod, and what she did defeats.

And now our skin grows smooth, our shape upright;
 Our arms stretch up, our cloven feet unite.
 With tears our weeping general we embrace;
 Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face;
 Twelve silver moons in Circe's court we stay,
 Whilst there they waste th' unwilling hours away.
 'Twas here I spy'd a youth in Parian stone;
 His head a pecker bore; the cause unknown
 To passengers. A Nymph of Circe's train
 The mystery thus attempted to explain.

THE

STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

Picus, who once th' Ausonian sceptre held,
 Could rein the steed, and sit him for the field:
 So like he was to what you see, that still
 We doubt if real, or the sculptor's skill.
 The Graces in the finish'd piece, you find,
 Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
 Four lustres scarce the royal youth could name,
 Till every love-sick nymph confess'd a flame.
 Oft' for his love the mountain Dryads su'd,
 And every silver sister of the flood:
 Those of Numicus, Albulæ, and those
 Where Almo creeps, and hasty Nar o'erflows:
 Where sedgy Anio glides through smiling meads,
 Where shady Farfar rustles in the reeds:
 And those that love the lakes, and homage owe
 To the chaste Goddesses of the silver bow.
 In vain each nymph her brightest charms put on,
 His heart no sovereign would obey but one:
 She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,
 To Janus bore, the fairest of her line.
 Nor did her face alone her charms confess,
 Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less,
 Whene'er she sung, so melting were her strains,
 The flocks unfed seem'd listening on the plains;
 The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend;
 And birds neglect their pinions to attend:
 The savage kind in forest-wilds grow tame;
 And Canens, from her heavenly voice, her name.
 Hymen had now in some ill-fated hour
 Their hands united, as their hearts before.
 Whilst their soft moments in delights they waste,
 And each new day was dearer than the past;
 Picus would sometimes o'er the forests rove,
 And mingle sports with intervals of love.
 It chanc'd, as once the foaming bear he chanc'd,
 His jewels sparkling on his Tyrian vest,
 Lascivious Circe well the youth survey'd,
 As simpling on the flowery hills she stray'd.

Her wishing eyes their silent message tell,
And from her lap the verdant mischief fell,
As she attempts at words, his courser springs
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wish outwings.

Thou shalt not 'scape me so, pronounc'd the
dame,

If plants have power, and spells be not a name.
She said—and forthwith form'd a bear of air,
That fought the covert with dissembled fear.
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chase the visionary prey.

Now she invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices smear, and charms recite;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or shade the golden lustre of her fire.
In filthy fogs she hides the chearful noon;
The guard at distance, and the youth alone:
By those fair eyes, she cries, and every grace
That finish all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the sun's soft lineage sue in vain.

Whoe'er thou art, replied the king, forbear,
None can my passion with my Canens share.
She first my every tender wish possess,
And found the soft approaches to my breast.
In nuptials blest, each loose desire we shun,
Nor time can end what innocence begun.

Think not, she cry'd, to saunter out a life
Of form, with that domestic drudge a wife;
My just revenge, dull fool, ere long, shall show
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do:
Think me a woman, and a lover too.
From dear successful spite we hope for ease,
Nor fail to punish, where we fail to please.

Now twice to east the turns, as oft' to west;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft' a charm express.
On the lost youth her magic power she tries;
Aloft he springs, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he seeks, and still
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.

The winds from drizzling damps now purge the
air,

The mists subside, the settling skies are fair:
The court their sovereign seek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their Lord demand.
Quick she invokes the spirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun waves repair
To charnels, and th' unhallow'd sepulchre.

Now, strange to tell, the plants sweat drops of
blood,

The trees are tofs'd from forests where they stood;
Blue serpents o'er the tainted herbage slide,
Pale glaring spectres on the æther ride;
Dogs howl, earth yawns; rent rocks forsake their
beds,

And from their quarries heave their stubborn
heads.

The sad spectators, stiffen'd with their fears,
She sees, and sudden every limb she smears;
Then each of savage beasts the figure bears.

The sun did now to western waves retire,
In tides to temper his bright world of fire;
Canens laments her royal husband's stay;
Ill suits fond love with absence, or delay:

Where she commands, her ready people run;
She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Reflèx in mind, and dying with despair,
Her breasts she beats, and tears her flowing hair.

Six days and nights she wanders on, as chance
Directs, without or sleep, or sustenance.
Tiber at last beholds the weeping fair;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear;
Stretch'd on his banks, she to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying strains.

The sickening swan thus hangs her silver wings,
And, as she droops, her elegy she sings:
Ere-long sad Canens wastes to air; whilst Fame
The place still honours with her hapless name.

Here did the tender tale of Picus cease,
Above belief the wonder, I confess.
Again we sail, but more disasters meet,
Foretold by Circe, to our suffering fleet.
Myself, unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refus'd here.

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a funeral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurse's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd; and setting sail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at every gale.

He steer'd at distance from the faithless shore
Where the false Goddess reigns with fatal power
And sought those grateful groves, that shade the
plain,

Where Tiber rolls majestic to the main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair campaign.

His kindred Gods the Hero's wishes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne:
But not without a war the prize he won.
Drawn up in bright array the battle stands:
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune share;
And doubtful long appears the face of war.
Both powers from neighbouring princes seek
supplies,

And embassies appoint for new allies.
Æneas, for relief, Evander moves;
His quarrel he asserts, his cause approves.

The bold Rutilians, with an equal speed,
Sage Venelus dispatch to Diomedes.
The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
These reasons for neutrality assign'd:

Shall I, of one poor dotal town possess,
My people thin, my wretched country waste,
An exil'd prince, and a shaking throne;
Or risk my patron's subjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the harshness of our law to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finish'd what the sword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, pursued us to the main;
In vengeance of her violated sanc.

Alone Oileus forc'd the Trojan maid,
 Yet all were punish'd for the brutal deed.
 A storm begins, the raging waves run high,
 The clouds look heavy, and benight the sky;
 Red sheets of lightning o'er the seas are spread,
 Our tackling yields, and wrecks at last succeed.
 'Tis tedious our disastrous state to tell;
 Even Priam would have pitied what befel.
 Yet Pallas saved me from the swallowing main;
 At home new wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.
 Chac'd from my country, I once more repeat
 All suffering seas could give, or war compleat;
 For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
 Still new calamities should pass succeed.
 Agmon, impatient through successive ills,
 With fury, Love's bright Goddess thus reviles:
 These plagues in spite to Diomedes are sent;
 The crime is his, but ours the punishment.
 Let each, my friends, her puny spleen despise,
 And dare that haughty harlot of the skies.

The rest of Agmon's insolence complain,
 And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
 About to answer, his blaspheming throat
 Contracts, and shrieks in some disdainful note.
 To his new skin a fleece of feathers clings,
 Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
 The lower features of his face extend,
 Warp into horn, and in a beak descend.
 Some more experience Agmon's destiny;
 And, wheeling in the air, like swans they fly.
 These thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
 And here I reign a poor precarious king.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes. Venulus withdraws;
 Unsped the service of the common cause.
 Puteoli he passes, and survey'd
 A cave long honour'd for its awful shade.
 Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
 Here streams in gentle falls through windings
 stray,
 And with a passing breath cool Zephyrs play.
 The goat-herd God frequents the silent place,
 As once the wood-nymphs of the sylvan race,
 Till Appulus, with a dishonest air,
 And gross behaviour, banish'd thence the fair.
 The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
 Their motion mimicks, but with gestic obscene.
 Loose language oft' he utters; but ere long
 A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
 Thus chang'd, a base wild olive he remains;
 The shrub the coarseness of the clown retains.

THE

TROIAN SHIPS TRANSFORMED TO
SEA-NYMPHS.

Meanwhile the Latians all their power prepare,
 'Gainst fortune and the foe to push the war.
 With Phrygian blood the floating fields they stain;
 But short of succours, still contend in vain.

VOL. IV.

Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-man'd,
 Unguarded, and at anchor near the strand;
 He thought, and straight a lighted brand he bore,
 And fire invades what 'scap'd the waves before.
 The billows from the kindling prow retire;
 Pitch, rosin, fearwood, on red wings aspire,
 And Vulcan on the seas exerts his attribute of
 fire.

This when the mother of the Gods beheld,
 Her towery crown she shook, and flood reveal'd;
 Her brindled lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
 And, hovering o'er her favour'd fleet, she said;
 Cease Turnus, and the heavenly powers respect,
 Nor dare to violate what I protect.
 These galleys, once fair trees, on Ida stood,
 And gave their shade to each descending God;
 Nor shall consume; irrevocable Fate
 Allots their being no determin'd date.

Straight peals of thunder Heaven's high arches
 rend,

The hail-stones leap, the showers in spouts descend.
 The winds with widen'd throats the signal give;
 The cables break, the smoaking vessels drive.
 Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
 The timber softens into flesh and blood;
 The yards and oars new arms and legs design;
 A trunk the hull; the slender keel, a spine;
 The prow a female face; and by degrees
 The galleys rise green daughters of the seas.
 Sometimes on coral beds they sit in state,
 Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
 The barks, that beat the seas, are still their care,
 Themselves remembering what of late they were;
 To save a Trojan fail, in throngs they press,
 But smile to see Alcinous in distress.

Unable were those wonders to deter
 The Latians from their unsuccessful war.
 Both sides for doubtful victory contend;
 And on their courage, and their Gods, depend.
 Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
 Warm their great soul to war, like fair renown.
 Venus at last beholds her godlike son
 Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
 Brave Turnus slain; strong Ardea but a name,
 And buried in fierce deluges of flame;
 Her towers, that boasted once a sovereign sway,
 The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
 A famish'd heron from the ashes springs,
 And beats the ruin with disastrous wings;
 Calamities of towns distress the feigns,
 And oft', with woeful shrieks, of war complains.

THE

DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by Fate,
 Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate:
 And, by a sure irrevocable doom,
 Fix'd the immortal majesty of Rome.
 Fit for the station of his kindred stars,
 His mother Goddess thus her suit prefers:
 Almighty arbiter, whose powerful nod
 Shakes distant earth, and bows our own abode;

F

To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the Goddess-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether skies.

Forthwith a conclave of the Godhead meets,
Where Juno in the shining senate sits.
Remorse for past revenge the Goddess feels;
Then thundering Jove th' almighty mandate seals;
Allots the prince of his celestial line
An apothecosis, and rights divine.

The crystal mansions echo with applause,
And, with her graces, Love's bright queen with-
draws;

Shoots in a blaze of light along the skies,
And, borne by turtle, to Laurentum flies;
Alights where through the reeds Numicius strays,
And to the seas his watery tribute pays.

The God she supplicates, to wash away
The parts more gross, and subject to decay, }
And cleanse the Goddess-born from seminal allay.
The horned flood with glad attention stands,
Then bids his streams obey their fire's commands.

His better parts by lustral waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to æthereal mind,
With gums of fragrant scent the Goddess strews,
And on his features breathes ambrosial dews.
Thus deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,
Shrines, festivals; and stiles him Indiges.

THE

LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Afcianus now the Latian sceptre sways;
The Alban nation Sylvius next obeys.
Then young Latinus: Next an Alba came,
The grace and guardian of the Alban name.
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
Then Capetis the regal power sustain'd.
Next he who perish'd on the Tuscan flood,
And honour'd with his name the River God.
Now haughty Romulus began his reign,
Who fell by thunder he aspir'd to feign.
Meek Acrota succeeded to the crown;
From peace endeavouring, more than arms, }
renown,
To Aventinus well resign'd his throne.
The Mount on which he rul'd preserves his name,
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE

STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A Hama-dryad flourish'd in these days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could so excel,
Or form the pliant souls of plants so well;
Or to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.

The Nymph frequented not the flattering
stream,
Nor meads, the subject of a virgin's dream;

But to such joys her nursery did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.
A pruning-hook she carry'd in her hand,
And taught the stragglers to obey command;
Lest the licentious and unthrifty bough,
The too-indulgent parent should undo.
She shows, how stocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
To mend the salvage teint; and in its stead
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.

Now hourly she observes her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:
Then opens her streaming sluices, to supply
With flowing draughts her thirsty family.

Long had she labour'd to continue free
From chains of love, and nuptial tyranny;
And, in her orchard's small extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity she still secur'd.
Oft' would loose Pan, and all the lustful train
Of satyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he that frights the thieves with stratagem }
Of sword, and something else too gross to name.
Vertumnus too pursued the maid no less;
But, with his rivals, shar'd a like success.
To gain access a thousand ways he tries;
Oft', in the hind, the lover would disguise.
The heedless least comes shambling on, and seems
Just sweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harvest, oft' the mimic swain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dresser of the vine he feigns,
And lawless tendrils to their bounds restrains.
Sometimes his sword a soldier shews; his rod,
An angler; still so various is the God.
Now, in a forehead cloth, some crone he seems,
A staff supplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the store
Of fairest fruit; the fair possessor more;
Then greets her with a kiss: Th' unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandame kiss'd with such a flame.
Now, seated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in amorous foldings twine.
If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone should stand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the
hand;

Or if that vine without her elm should grow,
'T would creep a poor neglected shrub below.

Be thou, fair Nymph, by these examples led;
Nor shun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.
Not she for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boast such heavenly
charms.

And, if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct so well as I.
Though old, so much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair self alone his breast inspires,
With softest wishes and unsoil'd desires.
Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The God of Seasons only worth your love:
On my assurance well you may repose;
Vertumnus scarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looser flames he flies;
Nor for new faces fashionably dies.

The charms of youth, and every smiling grace,
 Bloom in his features, and the God confess.
 Besides, he puts on every shape at ease;
 But those the most that best Pomona please.
 Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
 Their likings and aversions are the same.
 Not the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
 Nor all the youthful product of the year,
 Could bribe his choice; yourself alone can prove
 A fit reward for so refin'd a love.
 Relent, fair nymph; and, with a kind regret,
 Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
 A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove
 How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE

STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
 Fair Anaxaret: of Teucer's blood.
 Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
 Ere the bright sparkle kindled into flame.
 Oft' did he struggle with a just despair,
 Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear.
 But Love, who flatters still his own disease,
 Hopes all things will succeed, he knows will please.
 Where-e'er the fair-one haunts, he hovers there;
 And seeks her confident with sighs and prayer;
 Or letters he conveys, that seldom prove;
 Successful messengers in suits of love.

Now shivering at her gates the wretch appears,
 And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
 Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
 The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf
 than seas,

Derides his prayers; insults his agonies;
 Arraigns of insolence th' aspiring swain;
 And takes a cruel pleasure in his pain.
 Resolv'd at last to finish his despair,
 He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair:

O Anaxaret, at last forget
 The licence of a passion indiscreet.
 Now triumph, since a welcome sacrifice
 Your slave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
 My life, without reluctance, I resign;
 That present best can please a pride like thine.
 But, O! forbear to blast a flame so bright,
 Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
 And you, great powers, do justice to my name;
 The hours, you take from life, restore to fame.

Then o'er the poils, once hung with wreaths,
 he throws
 The ready cord, and fits the fatal noose;
 For Death prepares; and, bounding from above,
 At once the wretch concludes his life, and love.

Ere long the people gather, and the dead
 Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
 First, like some ghastly statue, she appears;
 'Then bathes the breathless corse in seas of tears,
 And gives it to the pile; now, as the throng
 Proceed in sad solemnity along,
 To view the passing pomp, the cruel fair
 Hastes, and beholds her breathless lover there,

Struck with the sight, inanimate she seems;
 Set are her eyes, and motionless her limbs:
 Her features without fire, her colour gone,
 And, like her heart, the hardens into stone.
 In Salamis the statue still is seen,
 In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
 Warn'd by this tale, no longer then disdain,
 O Nymph belov'd, to ease a lover's pain.
 So may the frosts in spring your blossoms spare,
 And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear!

The story oft' Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
 But then assum'd his heavenly form again.
 Such looks and lustre the bright youth adorn,
 As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
 The sight so warms the fair admiring maid,
 Like snow she melts: so soon can youth persuade.
 Consent, on eager winds, succeeds desire;
 And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the Fates, his son
 Mild Numitor succeeded to the crown.
 But false Amulius, with a lawless power,
 At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
 Then Ilia's valiant issue, with the sword,
 Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
 Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
 The joyous time of Pales' feast arrives;
 He give the sword to seize the Sabine wives.
 The fires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
 Bold to revenge their violated bed.
 A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
 Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
 This by the false Tarpeia was betray'd;
 But Death well recompens'd the treacherous maid.
 The foe on this new-bought success relies,
 And silent march the city to surprize.
 Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
 But Venus countermines the vain design;
 Intreats the nymphs that o'er the springs preside,
 Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
 To send their succours; every urn they drain,
 To stop the Sabines progress, but in vain.

The Naiads now more stratagems essay;
 And kindling sulphur to each source convey.
 The floods ferment, hot exhalations rise,
 Till from the scalding ford the army flies.
 Soon Romulus appears in shining arms,
 And to the war the Roman legions warms:
 The battle rages, and the field is spread
 With nothing but the dying and the dead.
 Both sides consent to treat without delay,
 And their two chiefs at once the sceptre sway.
 But, Tatius by Lavinian fury slain,
 Great Romulus continued long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now Warrior Mars his burnish'd helm puts on,
 And thus addresses Heaven's imperial throne:
 Since the inferior world is now become
 One vassal globe, and colony to Rome,

This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim,
Admit him to the skies, from whence he came.

Long hast thou promis'd an æthereal state
To Mars's lineage; and thy word is fate.

The Sire, that rules the thunder, with a nod
Declar'd the fiat, and dismiss'd the God.

Soon as the power armipotent survey'd
The flashing skies, the signal he obey'd;
And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
His fiery courfers lashing through the air.
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his son
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
The scales of heavenly justice holding high,
With steady hand, and a discerning eye.
Then vaults upon his car, and to the spheres,
Swift, as a flying shaft, Rome's founder bears.
The parts more pure in rising are refin'd,
The gross and perishable lag behind.
His shrine in purple vestments stands in view;
He looks a God, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Ere long the Goddess of the nuptial bed,
With pity mov'd, sends Iris in her stead
To sad Hersilia—Thus the Meteor Maid:

Chaste relief! in bright truth to Heaven ally'd,
The Sabines' glory, and the sex's pride;
Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
Of such a spouse as now resides above;
Some respite to thy killing griefs afford;
And, if thou would'st once more behold thy lord,
Retire to yon' steep Mount, with groves o'er-
spread,

Which with an awful gloom his temple shade.

With fear the modest matron lifts her eyes,
And to the bright Ambassadors replies:

O Goddess, yet to mortal eyes unknown!

But sure thy various charms confess thee one:

O quick to Romulus thy votress bear!

With looks of love he'll smile away my care:

In whate'er orb he shines, my Heaven is there.

Then haste with Iris to the holy grove,

And, up the Mount Quirinal as they move,

A lambent flame glides downward through the

air,

And brightens with a blaze Hersilia's hair.

Together on the bounding ray they rise,

And shoot a gleam of light along the skies.

With opening arms Quirinus met his bride,

Now Ora nam'd, and press'd her to his side.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XV.

THE

STORY OF CIPPUS.

OR as when Cippus in the current view'd
The shooting horn that on his forehead stood,
His temples first he feels, and with surprise
His touch confirms th' assurance of his eyes;

Straight to the skies his horned front he rears,
And to the Gods directs these pious prayers:

If this portent be prosperous, O decree
To Rome th' event; if otherwise, to me.

An altar then of turf he hastes to raise,

Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;

The panting entrails crackle as they fry,

And boding fumes pronounce a mystery.

Soon as the augur saw the holy fire,

And victims with presaging signs expire,

To Cippus then he turns his eyes with speed,

And views the horny honours of his head:

Then cry'd, Hail, conqueror! thy call obey,

Those omens I behold preface thy sway.

Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,

And owns thy sovereign power as Fate's decree.

He said—and Cippus starting at th' event,

Spoke in these words his pious discontent:

Far hence, ye Gods, this execration fend,

And the great race of Romulus defend.

Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,

Than e'er the capitol should stile me lord.

This spoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd

head;

Then prays, the senate next convenes, and said:

If augurs can foresee, a wretch is come,

Design'd by destiny the bane of Rome.

Two horns (most strange to tell) his temples

crown;

If e'er he pass the walls, and gain the town,

Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,

And liberty must yield to lawless power.

Your gates he might have enter'd; but this

arm

Seiz'd the usurper, and with-held the harm.

Haste, find the monster out, and let him be

Condemn'd to all the senate can decree;

Orty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;

Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.

The crowd such utter as they as they stand,

As swelling surges breaking on the strand:

Or as when gathering gales sweep o'er the

grove,

And their tall heads the bending cedars move.

Each with confusion gaz'd, and then began

To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.

Cippus then shakes his garland off, and cries,

The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.

The anxious throng look'd down, and sad in

thought,

All wish'd they had not found the sign they

fought.

In haste with laurel wreaths his head they bind;

Such honour to such virtue was assign'd.

Then thus the senate; Hear, O Cippus, hear;

So God-like is thy tutelary care,

That, since in Rome thyself forbids thy stay,

For thy abode those acres we convey

The plough-share can surround, the labour of a

day.

In deathless records thou shalt stand enroll'd,

And Rome's rich poets shall shine with horns of

gold.

THE

POEMS OF NICHOLAS ROWE.

THE
GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS,
TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.
TO THE READER.

I Hope the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject. The sense of the Author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the Author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of laws obey;
Perform thy vows; observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath. 4
The heroes next demand thy just regard,
Renown'd on earth, and to the stars prefer'd, }
To light and endless life, their virtue's sure
reward.
Due rights perform and honours to the dead,
To every wise, to every pious shade. 10
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred shew:
For what concerns the rest of human kind,
Choose out the man to virtue best inclin'd; }
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind.
Possess of such a friend, preserve him still; 15
Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart, so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash word, nor light offences tear. 20
Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive,
And to the utmost still, and still forgive;
For strong necessity alone explores
The secret vigour of our latent powers,
Rouzes and urges on the lazy heart, 25
Force, to itself unknown before, t' exert.

By use thy stronger appetites assuage,
Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage:
From each dishonest act of shame forbear;
Of others, and thyself, alike beware. 30
Let reverence of thyself thy thoughts control,
And guard the sacred temple of thy soul.
Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,
And reason ev'n thy meanest actions guide:
For know that death is man's appointed doom, 35
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill most justly be }
repaid.
For wealth, the perishing, uncertain good, 40
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding-place,
But wandering loves from hand to hand to pass;
Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain. 45
Of all those sorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls Fortune is from God.
In what thou may'st, from wisdom seek relief, 50
And let her healing hand assuage thy grief;
Yet still whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
Let not those pains as ills be understood;
For God delights not to afflict the good. 55
The reasoning art, to various ends apply'd,
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring guide.
Thy judgment therefore sound and cool pre-
serve,
Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve;
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive, 60
And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.
When fools and lyars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern; 65
Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's song,
'To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.
Of good and ill by words or deeds express,
Choose for thyself, and always choose the best. 70
Let wary thought each enterprize forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun,
Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.

Fools huddle on, and always are in haste, 75
Act without thought, and thoughtless words they waste.

But thou, in all thou dost, with early cares
Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs;
That sorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late. 80

Beware thy meddling hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But seek to know, and bend thy serious thought
To search the profitable knowledge out. 84

So joys on joys for ever shall increase,
Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless
Thy life with pleasure, and thy end with peace. }

Nor let the body want its part, but share
A just proportion of thy tender care :

For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful wants be all supply'd. 90
Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare
Decaying nature's wasted force repair ;
And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer. }

In all things still which to this care belong,
Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong.
By virtuous use thy life and manners frame, 96
Manly and simply pure, and free from blame.

Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curse of her malicious eye.

Seek not in needless luxury to waste 100
Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste.
Yet flying these, be watchful lest thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to sordid avarice inclin'd. }

Distant alike from each, to neither lean, 105
But ever keep the happy Golden Mean.

Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.

Let not the stealing God of Sleep surprize,
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes, 110
Ere every action of the former day

Strictly thou dost and righteously survey,
With reverence at thy own tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own demand.

Where have I been ? In what have I transgress'd ?
What good or ill has this day's life express'd ? 116

Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do ?
In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe ?

Inquire severe what-e'er from first to last,
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has 120
past.

If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn.
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret self with pleasure say,
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day. }

These thoughts, and chiefly these thy mind
Should move, 126

Employ thy study, and engage thy love.
These are the rules which will to virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread.
This by his name I swear, whose sacred lore
First to mankind explain'd the mystic Four, }

Source of eternal nature and almighty power.
In all thou dost first let thy prayers ascend,
And to the gods thy labours first commend :
From them implore success, and hope a prosper-
ous end. }

So shall thy abler mind be taught to soar, 136
And wisdom in her secret ways explore ;
To range through heaven above and earth below,
Immortal gods and mortal men to know.

So shalt thou learn what power does all control, 140
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole ;
And rightly judge in all this wondrous frame,
How universal Nature is the same ;

So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
On hopes of what shall never come to pass. 145

Man, wretched man, thou shalt be taught to
know,

Who bears within himself the inborn cause of woe.
Unhappy race ! that never yet could tell,
How near their good and happiness they dwell. 149

Depriv'd of sense, they neither hear nor see ;
Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free, }

But stupid, to their own sad fate agree :
Like ponderous rolling-stones, oppress'd with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll
on still,

Bereft of choice, and freedom of the will ;
For native strife in every bosom reigns, 156

And secretly an impious war maintains :
Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,
And every yielding passion sue for peace.

Would'st thou, great Jove, thou father of man-
kind,

Reveal the Dæmon for that task assign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find. }

And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,
And of the gods celestial essence part.

Nor sacred nature is from thee conceal'd, 165
But to thy race her mystic rules reveal'd.

These if to know thou happily attain,
Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.

Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore,
And free from every pain she felt before. 170

Abstain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul ;

So rightly judge ; thy reason so maintain ;
Reason which heaven did for thy guide ordain, }

Let that best reason ever hold the rein.
Then if this mortal body thou forsake, 176

And thy glad flight to the pure æther take,
Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,

Immortal, incorruptible, divine :
The tyrant death securely shalt thou brave, 180

And scorn the dark dominion of the grave.

P O E M

ON

THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESES; &c.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counsels
wait,

And Anna trusts to thee the British state ;
While fame, to thee, from every foreign coast,
Flies with the news of empires won and lost,

Relates whate'er her busy eyes beheld,
And tells the fortune of each bloody field;
While, with officious duty, crowds attend,
To hail the labours of the god-like friend,
Vouchsafe the Muse's humbler joy to hear;
For sacred numbers shall be still thy care;
Though mean the verse, though lowly be the strain,
Though least regarded be the Muse, of all the tuneful train,

Yet rise, neglected nymph, avow thy flame,
Assert th' inspiring god, and greatly aim
To make thy numbers equal to thy theme.
From heaven derive thy verse; to heaven belong
The counsels of the wife, and battles of the strong.

To heaven the royal Anna owes, alone,
The virtues which adorn and guard her throne;
Thence is her justice wretches to redress,
Thence is her mercy and her love of peace;
Thence is her power, her sceptre uncontrol'd,
To bend the stubborn, and repress the bold;
Her peaceful arts fierce factions to assuage,
To heal their breaches, and to sooth their rage;
Thence is that happy prudence, which presides
In each design, and every action guides;
Thence is she taught her shining court to grace,
And fix the worthiest in the worthiest place,
To trust at home Godolphin's watchful care,
And send victorious Churchill forth to war.

Arise, ye nations rescued by her sword,
Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
Arise, and join the heroine to bless,
Behold she sends to save you from distress;
Rich is the royal bounty she bestows,
'Tis plenty, peace, and safety from your foes.
And thou, Iberia! rous'd at length, disdain
To wear enslav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain.
For see! the British genius comes, to cheer
Thy fainting sons, and kindle them to war.
With her own glorious fires their souls she warms,
And bids them burn for liberty and arms,
Unhappy land! the foremost once in fame,
Once lifting to the stars thy noble name,
In arts excelling, and in arms severe,
Thy western kingdoms' envy, and their fear:
Where is thy pride, thy conscious honour, flown,
Thy ancient valour, and thy first renown?
How art thou sunk among the nations now!
How hast thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
And drop the warrior's wreath inglorious from
thy brow!

Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,
But, oft, alternate, made the victors yield,
And prov'd their might in many a well-fought field;

Bold in defence of liberty they stood,
And doubly dy'd their crosses in Moorish blood:
Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd,
The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd.
Then every nobler thought their minds did move,
And those who fought for freedom, sigh'd for love.
Like one, those sacred flames united live,
At once they languish, and at once revive;

Alike they shun the coward and the slave,
But bless the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
Nor frown, ye fair, nor think my verse untrue:
Though we disdain that man should man subdue,
Yet all the free-born race are slaves alike to you

Yet once again that glory to restore,
The Britons seek the Celtiberian shore,
With echoing peals, at Anna's high command,
Their naval thunder wakes the drowsy land;
High at their head, Iberia's promis'd lord,
Young Charles of Austria, waves his shining sword;
His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow,
Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe:
With joy he reads, in every warrior's face,
Some happy omen of a sure success;
Then leaps exulting on the hostile strand,
And thinks the destin'd sceptre in his hand.

Nor fate denies, what first his wishes name,
Proud Barcelona owns his juster claim,
With the first laurel binds his youthful brows,
And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath bestows.

But soon the equal of his youthful years,
Philip of Bourbon's haughty line appears;
Like hopes attend his birth, like glories grace,
(If glory can be in a tyrant's race)
In numbers proud, he threatens no more from far,
But nearer draws the black impending war;
He views his host, then scorns the rebel town,
And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.

Now fame and empire, all the nobler spoils
That urge the hero, and reward his toils,
Plac'd in their view, alike their hopes engage,
And fire their breasts with more than mortal rage.
Not lawless love, not vengeance, nor despair,
So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
As when ambition prompts the great to war;
As youthful kings, when, striving for renown,
They prove their might in arms, and combat for
a crown.

Hard was the cruel strife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the chiefs suspended conquest hung;
Till, forc'd as length, disdaining much to yield,
Charles to his rival quits the fatal field.
Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
And ev'n the British valour seems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
Conscious of virtue, liberty, and fame,
They vow the youthful monarch's fate to share,
Above distress, unconquer'd by despair,
Still to defend the town and animate the war.

But, lo! when every better hope was past,
When every day of danger seem'd their last,
Far on the distant ocean, they survey,
Where a proud navy plows its watery way.
Nor long they doubted, but with joy desert,
Upon the chief's tall top-masts waving high,
The British cross and Belgic lion fly.
Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear
Their cries of ecstasy, and rend the air;
In peals on peals the shouts triumphant rise,
Spread swift, and rattle through the spacious skies;
While, from below, old ocean groans profound,
The walls, the rocks, the shores, repel the sound,
Ring with the deafening shock, and thunder all
around.

Such was the joy the Trojan youth express'd
 Who, by the fierce Rutilian's siege distress'd,
 Were by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd;
 When young Ascanius, then in arms first try'd,
 Numbers and every other want supply'd,
 And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd:
 Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
 And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome. 135

But oh! what verse, what numbers, shall reveal
 Those pangs of rage and grief the vanquish'd feel!
 Who shall retreating Philip's shame impart,
 And tell the anguish of his labouring heart!
 What paint, what speaking pencil shall express 140
 The blended passions striving in his face!
 Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorse,
 With thoughts of glory past, the loser's greatest
 curie.

Fatal ambition! say what wondrous charms
 Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms! 145
 When all thy spoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
 The pride of power, and glory of a crown,
 When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
 Ev'n thy whole pleasure, pays not half thy pain.

All hail! ye softer, happier arts of peace, 150
 Secur'd from harms, and blest'd with learned ease;
 In battles, blood, and perils hard, unskill'd,
 Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field;
 But chief, thee, Goddess Muse! my verse would
 raise,

And to thy own soft numbers tune thy praise; 155
 Happy the youth inspir'd, beneath thy shade,
 Thy verdant, ever-living laurels laid!
 There, safe, no pleasures, there no pains they
 know,

But those which from thy sacred raptures flow,
 Nor wish for crowns, but what thy groves bestow.
 Me, nymph divine! nor scorn my humble prayer,
 Receive unworthy, to thy kinder care, 162
 Doom'd to a gentler, though more lowly, fate,
 Nor wishing once, nor knowing to be great;
 Me, to thy peaceful haunts, inglorious bring,
 Where secret thy celestial sisters sing,
 Past by their sacred hill, and sweet Castalian
 spring.

But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
 And raise his heart with high triumphant joy;
 From hence a better course of time rolls on, 170
 And whiter days successive seem to run.
 From hence his kinder fortune seem to date
 The rising glories of his future state,
 From hence!—But oh! too soon the hero mourns
 His hopes deceiv'd, and war's inconstant turns. 175
 In vain, his echoing trumpets loud alarms
 Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
 Careless of fame, as of their monarch's fate,
 In sullen sloth supinely proud they fate;
 Or to be slaves or free alike prepar'd, 180
 And trusting heaven was bound to be their guard,
 Untouch'd with shame, the noble strife beheld,
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the field;
 But fought in the cold shade, and rural seat,
 An unmolested ease and calm retreat: 185
 Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
 Then with a lazy dull indifference
 Turn'd to their rest, and left the world to chance.

So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,
 Thaumantian Iris left the realms above, 190
 And swift descending on her painted bow,
 Sought the dull god of sleep in shades below;
 Nodding and flow, his drowsy head he rear'd,
 And heavily the sacred message heard;

Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain, 195
 And sunk to his first sloth and indolence again.
 But oh, my Muse! th' ungrateful toil forsake,
 Some task more pleasing to thy numbers take,
 Nor choose in melancholy strains to tell
 Each harder chance the juster cause beset. 200

Or rather turn, auspicious turn thy flight,
 Where Marlborough's heroic arms invite,
 Where highest deeds the poet's breast inspire
 With rage divine, and fan the sacred fire.

See! where at once Ramillia's noble field 205
 Ten thousand themes for living verse shall yield.
 See! where at once the dreadful objects rise,
 At once they spread before my wondering eyes,

And shock my labouring soul with vast surprize;
 At once the wide-extended battles move, 210
 At once they join, at once their fate they prove.

The roar ascends promiscuous; groans and cries,
 The drums, the canons' burst, the shout, supplies
 One universal anarchy of noise.

One din confus'd, sound mixt and lost in sound, 215
 Echoes to all the frighted cities round.

Thick dust and smoke in wavy clouds arise,
 Stain the bright day, and taint the purer skies;
 While flashing flames like lightning dart between,
 And fill the horror of the fatal scene. 220

Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
 Hate, fury, and insatiate slaughter roam;
 Discord with pleasure o'er the ruin treads,
 And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds; 224

While fierce Bellona thunders in her car,
 Shakes terribly her steely whip from far,
 And with new rage revives the fainting war.

So when two currents, rapid in their course,
 Rush to a point, and meet with equal force, 229
 The angry billows rear their heads on high,

Dashing aloft the foaming surges fly,
 And rising cloud the air with misty spray;

The raging flood is heard from far to roar;
 By listening shepherds on the distant shore, 234
 While much they fear, what ills it should portend,

And wonder why the watry gods contend.
 High in the midst, Britannia's warlike chief,
 Too greatly bold, and prodigal of life,

Is seen to press where death and dangers call,
 Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest
 fall,

He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul.
 Like heat diffus'd, his great example warms,
 And animates the social warriors' arms,

Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold, 244
 Makes the young heroes, and renews the old.
 In forms divine around him watchful wait
 The guardian genii of the British state;

Justice and Truth his steps unerring guide,
 And faithful Loyalty defends his side; 249
 Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough

guard,
 And pleasing Liberty his labours cheer'd;

But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,
The union-cross his silver shield did bear,
And in his decent hand he shook a warlike spear. }
While Victory celestial soars above, 256
Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
Hangs o'er the chief, whom she delights to bless,
And ever arms his sword with sure success,
Dooms him the proud oppressor to destroy, 260
Then waves her palms and claps her wings for joy.
Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
Or such the painter * did the hero feign,
Where rushing on, and fierce, he seems to ride,
With graceful ardor, and majestic pride, }
With all the gods of Greece and fortune on his side

Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain
Labours the fight unequal to maintain;
He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
Shall share the shame, and in one ruin fall; 270
Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd,
And heaven contending on the victor's side;
Then mourns his rash ambition's crime too late,
And yields reluctant to the force of fate. 274
So when Æneas, through night's gloomy shade,
The dreadful forms of hostile gods survey'd,
Hopeless he left the burning town, and fled: }
Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
Or save what heaven had destin'd to destroy.

What vast reward, O Europe, shalt thou pay 280
To him who sav'd thee on this glorious day!
Bless him, ye grateful nations, where he goes,
And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.

In every land, in every city freed
Let the proud column rear its marble head, }
To Marlborough and Liberty decreed;
Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raise, 287
To teach your wandering sons the hero's praise!
To him your skilful bards their verse shall bring,
For him the tuneful voice be taught to sing,
The breathing pipe shall swell, shall sound the }
trembling string.

O happy thou! where peace for ever smiles,
Britannia! noblest of the ocean's isles,
Fair queen! who dost amidst thy waters reign,
And stretch thy empire o'er the farthest main: 295
What transports in thy parent bosom roll'd,
When fame at first the pleasing story told!
How didst thou lift thy towery front on high!
Not meanly conscious of a mother's joy, 299
Proud of thy son, as Crete was of her Jove,
How wert thou pleas'd heaven did thy choice }
approve,

And fixt success where thou hast fixt thy love!
How with regret his absence didst thou mourn!
How with impatience wait his wish'd return! 304
How were the winds accus'd for his delay!
How didst thou chide the gods who rule the sea,
And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on }
his way!

At length he comes, he ceases from his toil!
Like kings of old, returning from the spoil;
To Britain and his queen for ever dear, 310
He comes, their joy and grateful thanks to share;

Lowly he kneels before the royal seat,
And lays its proudest wreaths at Anna's feet.
While, form'd alike for labours or for ease,
In camps to thunder, or in courts to please, 315
Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their care,

In all his dangers, all his triumphs share.
Conquering he lends the well-pleas'd fair new grace,
And adds fresh luster to each beauteous face;
Britain preserv'd by his victorious arms,
With wondrous pleasure each fair bosom warms, }
Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their charms.

Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauty's store
So rich, she seem'd incapable of more, }
Now shines with graces never known before.
Fierce with transporting joy she seems to burn,
And each soft feature takes a sprightly turn;
New flames are seen to sparkle in her eyes,
And on her blooming cheeks fresh roses rise;
The pleasing passion heightens each bright hue, 330
And seems to touch the finish'd piece anew,
Improves what nature's bounteous hand hath given,
And mends the fairest workmanship of heaven.

Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
But spreads to all the grateful people round; 335
Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil,
To tend the flocks and turn the mellow soil,
In homely guise their honest hearts express,
And bless the warrior who protects the peace,
Who keeps the foe aloof, and drives afar 340
The dreadful ravage of the wasting war.

No rude destroyer cuts the ripening crop,
Prevents the harvest, and deludes their hope;
No helpless wretches fly with wild amazement,
Look weeping back, and see their dwellings blaze;
The victor's chain no mournful captives know, 346
Nor hear the threats of the insulting foe,
But Freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
The cheerful voice of mirth is heard to sound, }
And Plenty doles her various bounties round.
The humble village, and the wealthy town, 351
Consenting join their happiness to own:
What heaven and Anna's gentlest reign afford,
All is secur'd by Marlborough's conquering sword.

O sacred, ever honour'd name! O thou! 355
That wert our greatest William once below!
What place soe'er thy virtues now possess
Near the bright source of everlasting bliss,
Where-e'er exalted to æthereal height,
Radiant with stars, thou tread'st the fields of light,
Thy seats divine, thy heaven a-while forsake, 361
And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight,
To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,
How fail'd oppression, and prevail'd the right. }
What once below, such still thy pleasures are, 366
Europe and Liberty are still thy care;
Thy great, thy generous, pure, immortal mind, }
Is ever to the public good inclin'd,
Is still the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind.
Behold where Marlborough, thy last best gift, 371
At parting to thy native Belgia left,
Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
Thy watchful counsels, and laborious wars;

Le Brun.

Like thee aspires by virtue to renown,
Fights to secure an empire not his own,
Reaps only toil himself, and gives away a crown.
At length thy pray'r, O pious prince! is heard, 380
Heaven has at length in its own cause appear'd;
At length Ramillia's field atones for all
The faithless breaches of the perjurd Gaul;
At length a better age to man decreed,
With truth, with peace, and justice, shall succeed;
Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed.

One triumph yet, my Muse, remains behind,
Another vengeance yet the God shall find;
On Lombard plains, beyond his Alpine hills,
Louis the force of hostile Britain feels: 390
Swift to her friends distress'd her succours fly,
And distant wars her wealthy sons supply:
From slow inactive courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a name to every Briton dear,
By tedious languishing delays is held 395
Repining, and impatient, from the field:
While factious statesmen riot in excess,
And lazy priests whole provinces possess,
Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
And the starv'd soldier sues for bread in vain; 400
At once with generous indignation warm,
Britain the treasure sends, and bids the hero arm,
Straight eager to the field he speeds away,
There vows the victor Gaul shall dear repay }
The spoils of Calcinato's fatal day:
Chear'd by the presence of the chief they love, 406
Once more their fate the warriors long to prove;
Reviv'd each soldier lifts his drooping head,
Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead;
Again their crests the German eagles rear, 410
Stretch their broad wings, and fan the Latian air;
Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul.
The chief commands, and soon in dread array
Onwards the moving legions urge their way; 415
With hardy marches and successful haste,
O'er every barrier fortunate they pass'd,
Which nature or the skilful foe had plac'd. }
The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
To mark which way the wary leader bends, 420
Vainly in war's mysterious rules is wise,
Lurks where tall woods and thickest coverts rise,
And meanly hopes a conquest from surprize. }
Now with swift horse the plain around them beats,
And oft advances, and as oft retreats; 425
Now fixt to wait the coming force, he seems,
Secur'd by steepy banks and rapid streams;
While river-gods in vain exhaust their store;
From plenteous urns the gushing torrents pour,
Rise o'er their utmost margins to the plain, 430
And strive to stay the warrior's haste in vain;
Alike they pass the plain and closer wood,
Explore the ford, and tempt the swelling flood,
Unshaken still pursue the steadfast course, 434
And where they want their way, they find it or
they force.

But anxious thoughts Savoy's great Prince infect,
And roll ill-boding in his careful breast;
Oft he revolves the ruins of the great,
And sadly thinks on lost Bavaria's fate, 439

The hapless mark of fortune's cruel sport,
An exile, meanly forc'd to beg support
From the flow bounties of a foreign court.
Fore'd from his lov'd Turin his last retreat,
His glory once and empire's ancient seat,
He sees from far where wide destructions spread,
And fiery showers the goodly town invade, 446
Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd state,
And curse the unrelenting tyrant's hate.

But great Eugene prevents his every fear,
He had resolv'd it, and he would be there; 450
Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
Nor all the Gallic powers his promis'd aid delay.
Like truth itself unknowing how to fail,
He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.
Thus ever certain does the son appear, 455
Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
Thus constant to his course, sets out at morn,
Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is
born,

And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.
Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
Their friendly succour for the brave prepare,
And on the foe united bend the war.
O'er the steep trench and ramparts guarded height,
At once they rush, and drive the rapid flight;
With idle arms the Gallic legions seem 465
To stem the rage of the resistless stream;
At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
Headlong are push'd and swept along the field;
Resistance ceases, and 'tis war no more,
At once the vanquish'd down the victor's power; 470
Throughout the field, where-e'er they turn their
sight,

'Tis all or conquest or inglorious flight;
Swift to their rescued friends their joys they bear, }
With life and liberty at once they cheer,
And save them in the moment of despair. }
So timely to the aid of sinking Rome, 476
With active haste did great Camillus come:
So to the Capitol he forc'd his way, }
So from the proud Barbarians snatch'd his prey, }
And sav'd his country in one signal day.

From impious arms at length, O Louis, cease! 481
And leave at length the labouring world in peace,
Left heaven disclose some yet more fatal scene,
Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;
Left from thy hand thou see thy sceptre torn, 485
And humbled in the dust thy losses mourn:
Left urg'd at length thy own repining slave,
Though fond of burdens, and in bondage brave, }
Pursue thy hoary head with curses to the grave. }

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA.

ON THE SIGHT OF TWO PINDARIC ODES ON
THE SPLEEN AND VANITY

WRITTEN BY A LADY * HER FRIEND.

FLAVIA, to you with safety I commend
This verse, the secret failing of your friend.
To your good-nature I securely trust,
Who know, that to conceal, 's to be just.

* Ann Countess of Winchelsea.

The Muse, like wretched maids by love undone,
From friends, acquaintance, and the light would
run;

Conscious of folly, fears attending shame,
Fears the censorious world, and loss of fame.
Some confident by chance she finds (though few
Pity the fools, whom love or verse undo),
Whose fond compassion soothes her in the sin,
And sets her on to venture once again.

Sure, in the better ages of old time,
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime;
From heaven they both the gods best gifts were
sent,

Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
Then were bad poets and loose loves not known;
None felt a warmth which they might blush to
own.

Beneath cool shades our happy fathers lay,
And spent in pure untainted joys the day:
Artless their loves, artless their numbers were;
While Nature simply did in both appear,
None could the censor or the critic fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what heaven
bestow'd,

Nor were too curious of the given good.
At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
We lost being happy, to be thought more wise.
In one curs'd age, to punish verse and sin,
Critics and hangmen, both at once, came in.
Wit and the laws had both the same ill fate,
And partial tyrants sway'd in either state.

Ill-natur'd censure would be sure to damn
An alien-wit of independent fame,
While Bayes grown old, and harden'd in offence,
Was suffer'd to write on in spite of sense;
Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along

A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
To ruin and enslave the free-born English song;
Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
And to four volumes let his Plays run on;
Then a lewd tide of verse, with vicious rage,
Broke in upon the morals of the age.

The Stage (whose art was once the mind to move
To noble daring, and to virtuous love)
Precept, with pleasure mix'd, no more profess,
But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jest:
The shocking sounds offend the blushing fair,
And drive them from the guilty Theatre.

Ye wretched bards! from whom these ills have
sprung,

Whom the avenging powers have spar'd too long,
Well may you fear the blow will surely come,
Your Sodom has no Ten to avert its doom;
Unless the fair Ardelia will alone

To heaven for all the guilty tribe atone;
Nor can Ten Saints do more than such a One.
Since the alone of the poetic crowd
To the false gods of wit has never bow'd,
The empire, which she saves, shall own her sway,
And all Parnassus her blest laws obey.

Say, from what sacred fountain, nymph divine!
The treasures flow, which in thy verse do shine?
With what strange inspiration art thou blest,
What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breast?
Our sordid earth ne'er bred so bright a flame,
But from the skies, thy kindred skies, it came.

To numbers great like thine, th' angelic quire
In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
Viewing, with pitying eyes, our cares with thee;
They wisely own, that "All is Vanity;"
Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know,
And find Ardelia's verse the least vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to those blest'd mansions reach,
And mortal Muses may immortal teach,
In verse like his, the heavenly nation raise
Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praise:
Nor shall celestial harmony disdain,

For once, to imitate an earthly strain,
Whose fame secure, no rival e'er can fear,
But those above, and fair Ardelia here.
She who undaunted could his raptures view,
And with bold wings his sacred heights pursue;
Safe through the Dithyrambic streams she steer'd;
Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd;
Not so the rest, who with successful pain
Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.

So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
While the Etruscans struck with wonder stood:
Amidst the waves her rash pursuers dy'd,
The matchless dame could only stem the tide,
And gain the glory of the farther side.

See with what pomp the antic masque comes in!
The various forms of the fantastic spleen.

Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
False joy, bred by false hope, and falser fears;
Each vice, each passion which pale nature wears,
In this odd monstrous medley mix'd appears.

Like Bayes's dance, confus'dly round they run,
Statesman, Coquet, gay Fop, and pensive Nun,
Spectres and Heroes, Husbands and their Wives,
With Monkish drones that dream away their
lives

Long have I labour'd with the dire disease,
Nor found, but from Ardelia's numbers, ease:
The dancing verse runs through my sluggish
veins,

Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.
Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haste,
And to returning joy resign my breast;
Then free from every pain I did endure,
I bless the charming author of my cure.
So when to Saul the great musician play'd,
The sullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the monarch's breast, to seek some safer
shade.

S O N G.

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
Her dear Philenis charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Dissolving in his arms.

Thus to themselves alone they are
What all mankind can give;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant, and all receive.

Like the Twin-stars, so fam'd for friends,
Who set by turns, and rise;
When one on Thetis' lap descends,
His brother mounts the skies.

With happier fate, and kinder care,
These nymphs by turns do reign,
While still the falling does prepare
The rising to sustain.

The joys of either sex in love,
In each of them we read;
Successive each to each does prove,
Fierce youth and yielding maid.

E P I G R A M

TO THE

TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER,
1708.

THOUGH in the Commons House you did
prevail,
Good Sir Cleeve Moore, and gentle Master Hale;
But on good luck be cautious of relying,
Bramber for Bramber is no place to die in.
Your predecessors have been oddly fated;
Asgill and Shippen have been both *translated*.

VERSES MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

WHILE at our house the servants brawl,
And raise an uproar in the hall;
When John the butler, and our Mary,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
In sneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them silent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And scatters tempests brewing there.
Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
And one scold makes another cease.

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S FIRST COMING
TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

AMPHION strikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and stone conspire
To raise the Theban wall.
In emulation of his praise
Two Latian Signors come,
A sinking theatre to raise
And prop Van's tottering dome.
But how this last should come to pass
Must still remain unknown.
Since these poor gentlemen, alas!
Bring neither brick nor stone.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT;

OR,

THE WAY TO WIN HIM:

A COMEDY. BY MR. FARQUHAR.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL
IN DRURY-LANE, 1703.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKES.

FROM Fletcher's great Original *, to-day
We took the hint of this our Modern Play:
Our author, from his lines, has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free gallant:
With a gay soul, with sense and will to rove,
With language, and with softness fram'd to
move,

With little truth, but with a world of love.
Such forms on maids in morning slumbers wait,
When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat,
When first they wish, and sigh for what they
know not yet.

Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way;
Let Villeroi's misfortune make you wise,
There's danger still in darkness and surprize;
Though from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With easy freedom, and a gay address,
A pressing lover seldom wants success:
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down,
And waits a ten years siege before one town,
For her own sake let no forsaken maid,
Our wanderer for want of love, upbraid;
Since 'tis a secret, none should e'er confess,
That they have lost the happy power to please.
If you suspect the rogue inclin'd to break,
Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a
week;

As princes when they resty statesmen doubt,
Before they can surrender, turn them out.
What-e'er you think, grave uses may be made,
As much, ev'n for Inconstancy be said.
Let the good man for Marriage Rites design'd,
With studious care and diligence of mind,
Turn over every Page of Womankind;
Mark every Sense, and how the Readings vary.
And when he knows the worst on't—let him marry.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER:

A COMEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

IF humble wives, that drag the marriage-chain,
With curst dogged husbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
They may, at least, for alimony sue.

* See, The Wild-Goose Chase:

Knew, we resolve to make the case our own,
Between the plaintiff stage, and the defendant
town.

When first you took us from our father's house,
And lovingly our interest did espouse,
You kept us fine, carefs'd, and lodg'd us here,
And honey-moon held out above three year;
At length, for pleasures known do seldom last,
Frequent enjoyment pall'd your sprightly taste;
And though at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to respect.
Sometimes, indeed, as in your way it fell,
You stopp'd, and call'd to see if we were well.
Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched place you
shun,

Like bad wine, bus'ness, duels, and a dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race?
Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace?
And borne you many chopping babes of grace?
Some uply toads we had, and that's the curse,
They were so like you, that you far'd the worse;
For this to-night, we are not much in pain,
Look on't, and if you like it, entertain:
If all the midwife says of it be true,
There are some features too like some of you:
For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
We mean to run away, and let the parish take it.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY,

*At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, April 7,
1709, at her playing in "Love for Love"
with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the Benefit of
Mr. Betterton.*

AS some brave knight, who once with spear
and shield
Had fought renown in many a well-fought field;
But now no more with sacred fame inspir'd,
Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd:
There, if by chance, disastrous tales he hears,
Of matrons wrongs, and captive virgins tears,
He feels soft pity urge his generous breast,
And vows once more to succour the distress'd.
Buckled in mail, he sallies on the plain,
And turns him to the feats of arms again.

So we to former leagues of friendship true,
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,
To aid Old Thomas, and to pleasure you.
Like errant damsels, boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you see, for the defenceless stage.
Time was when this good man no help did lack,
And scorn'd that any should hold his back;
But now, so age and frailty have ordain'd,
But two * at once he's forc'd to be sustain'd,
You see what failing nature brings man to;
And yet let none insult, for ought we know,
She may not wear so well with some of you.

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him
round the waist.

Though old, yet find his strength is not clean past,
But true as steel he's metal to the last.

If better he perform'd in days of yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his power;
What can the youngest of you all do more?

What he has been, though present praise be
dumb,

Shall haply be a theme in times to come,
As now we talk of Roscius, and of Rome.

Had you withheld your favours on this night,
Old Shakespeare's ghost had ris'n to do him right.

With indignation had you seen him frown
Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless town;

Griev'd and repining, you had heard him say,
Why are the Muse's labours cast away?

Why did I write what only he could play?

But since, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you
meet,

Go on, and make the generous work compleat:
Be true to merit, and still own its cause,

Find something for him more than bare applause.
In just remembrance of your pleasure past,

Be kind, and give him a discharge at last;

In peace and ease life's remnant let him wear,

And hang his consecrated Buskin * there.

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT:

A TRAGEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN
DRURY-LANE, 1715.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

WELL—'twas a narrow 'scape my Lover
made,
That Cup and Message—I was sore afraid—
Was that a present for a new-made Widow,
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something
good,

There was—Oh! Gad! a nasty Heart and Blood†,
If the old man had shewn himself a father,
His Bowl should have inclos'd a cordial rather,
Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'Eau de Barde—or comfortable Nantz‡!
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And, to be witty, cry'd, he'd send the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover
Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look'd for in a Lover.
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a Bride,
So he make good the Jewels and the Jointure,
To miss the Heart, does seldom disappoint her.
Faith, for the fashion Hearts of late are made in,
They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.

* Pointing to the top of the stage.

† This tragedy was founded upon the story of
Segismonda and Guiscardo, one of Boccace's
novels; wherein the Heart of the Lover is sent
by the Father to his Daughter, as a present.

‡ i. e. Citron-Water and good Brandy.

Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
 With Hearts of Oak, so much of old renown'd?
 How many worthy gentlemen of late
 Swore to be true to Mother-church and State;
 When their false Hearts were secretly maintaining
 Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
 Shame on the canting crew of Soul-Infurers,
 The Tyburn Tribe of speech-making Non-jurors;
 Who, in new-fangled Terms, old Truths explaining,
 Teach honest Englishmen, damn'd Double-meaning.

Oh! would you lost integrity restore,
 And boast that faith your plain fore-fathers bore;
 What surer pattern can you hope to find,
 Than that dear pledge * your Monarch left behind!
 See how his Looks and his honest Heart explain,
 And speak the blessings of his future Reign!
 In his each feature, truth and candour trace,
 And read Plain-dealing written in his Face.

PROLOGUE TO THE NON-JUROR:

A COMEDY. BY MR. CIBBER.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL
 IN DRURY-LANE, 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO-NIGHT, ye Whigs and Tories, both be
 safe,
 Nor hope at one another's cost to laugh.
 We mean to loose old Satan and the Pope;
 They've no relations here, nor friends, we hope.
 A tool of theirs supplies the comic stage
 With just materials for satiric rage:
 Nor think our colours may too strongly paint
 The Stiff Non-juring Separation Saint.
 Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
 To those who give the nation to the devil;
 Who at our surest best foundation strike,
 And hate our monarch and our church alike;
 Our church—which, aw'd with reverential fear,
 Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here,
 Long may she these her worst of foes defy,
 And lift her mitred head triumphant to the sky:
 While theirs—but satire silently disdains
 To name, what lives not, but in madmen's brains.
 Like bawds, each lurking pastor seeks the dark,
 And fears the justice's enquiring clerk.
 In close back-rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
 And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies:
 There, safe, he lets his thundering censures fly,
 Unchristens, damns us, gives our laws the lye,
 And excommunicates three stories high.
 Why, since a land of liberty they hate,
 Still will they linger in this free-born state?
 Here, every hour, fresh, hateful objects rise,
 Peace and prosperity afflict their eyes;
 With anguish, prince and people they survey,
 Their just obedience and his righteous sway.

* The Prince of Wales, then present.

Ship off, ye slaves, and seek some passive land,
 Where tyrants after your own hearts command.
 To your Transalpine master's rule resort,
 And fill an empty abdicated court:
 Turn your possessions here to ready rhino,
 And buy ye lands and lordships at Urbino.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL
 OF SCARSDALE.

I.

DO not, most fragrant earl, disclaim
 Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
 To Bracegirdle the brown;
 But publicly espouse the dame,
 And say, G—— d—— the town,

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
 With drabs have deeply smitten been,
 Although right good commanders;
 Some who with you have Hounslow seen,
 And some who've been in Flanders.

III.

Did not base Greber Peg * inflame
 The sober earl of Nottingham,
 Of sober fire descended?
 That careless of his soul and fame,
 To play-houses he nightly came,
 And left church undefended.

IV.

The monarch who of France is hight,
 Who rules the roast with matchless might,
 Since William went to heaven;
 Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
 Who was but Scarron's leaving.

V.

Though thy dear father kept an inn
 At grisly head of Saracen,
 For carriers at Northampton;
 Yet she might come of gentler kin,
 Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had she,
 Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
 Which she with scorn rejected;
 And can a nymph so virtuous be
 Of base-born blood suspected?

VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguish eye,
 Her slender waist, and taper thigh,
 I always thought provoking;
 But, faith, though I talk waggishly,
 I mean no more than joking.

* Signora Francesco Marguareta de l'Epine, an
 Italian songstress.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, friend : for why ?
My lady marchionefs is nigh,
To fee I ne'er should hurt ye ;
Besides, you know full well that I
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.

THE

RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN JACOB
TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my house in Fleet-street once you
lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, time pass'd away ?
While " I partook your wine, your wit, and
mirth,
" I was the happiest creature on God's yearth*."

CONGREVE.

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not such a passion ;
While yet you did not use (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords, and toast their ladies ;
Thou, Jacob Tonson, wert to my conceiving,
The chearfullest, best, honest fellow living.

TONSON.

I'm in with captain Vanburgh at the present,
A most *sweet-natur'd* gentleman, and pleasant ;
He writes your comedies, draws schemes, and
models,
And builds dukes houses upon very odd hills :
For him, so much I dote on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to heaven, would die.

CONGREVE.

Temple † and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte* ;
And though for them I shall scarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six nights in seven.

TONSON.

What if from Van's dear arms I should retire,
And once more warm my Bunnians ‡ at your fire ;
If I to Bow-street should invite you home,
And set a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, will you come ?

CONGREVE.

Though the gay sailor, and the gentle knight,
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Though civil persons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing-bear ;
Yet for your sake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob, with only you.

* The dialect of the elder Tonson.

† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards lord Cobham.

‡ Jacob's term for his corns.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle Cask, whose venerable head
With hoary down and ancient dust o'er-
spread,
Proclaims, that since the vine first brought thee
forth,
Old age has added to thy worth.
Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain,
Thy votaries will to wit and love,
Or senseless noise and lewdness move,
Or sleep, the cure of these and every other pain.

II.

Since to some day propitious and great,
Justly at first thou wast design'd by fate ;
This day, the happiest of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares :
To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
And longer age would bring decay)
Till every anxious thought in the rich stream be
drown'd.

III.

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,
And Socrates himself a while forget.
Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend
The rugged stiffness of his mind,
Stern and severe, the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm,
And blest'd the sprightly power that chear'd his
gloomy soul.

IV.

With kind constant ill-nature thou dost bend,
And mould the snarling cynic to a friend.
The sage reserv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
And by thy power unlock'd, grows easy, gay,
and free.
The swain, who did some credulous nymph per-
suade
To grant him all, inspir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow-fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

V.

The wretch who, press'd beneath a load of cares,
And labouring with continual woes, despairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd sense invade,
From earth he rears his drooping head,
Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn ;
His flying cares give way to haste,
And to the god resign his breast,
Where hopes of better days, and better things
return.

VI.

The labouring hind, who with hard toil and
pains,
Amidst his wants, a wretched life maintains ;
If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,
Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,

Of kings, and of their arbitrary power,
And how by impious arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,
And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch, no more.

VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine,

Hear every grace, and all ye powers divine,
All that to mirth and friendship do incline
Crown this auspicious Cask, and happy night,
With all things that can give delight;
Be every care and anxious thought away;
Ye tapers still be bright and clear,
Rival the moon, and each pale star,
Your beams shall yield to none, but his who
brings the day.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the Queen of Love invades my breast

Late, with long ease and peaceful pleasures blest;
Spare, spare the wretch, that still has been thy slave,

And let my former service have
The merit to protect me to the grave.
Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under Cynera, the good and fair,

With joy I did thy fetters wear,
Bless'd in the gentle sway of an indulgent queen.

Stiff and unequal to the labour now,
With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why

Dost thou not much rather fly
To youthful breasts, to mirth and gaiety?

Go, bid thy swans their glossy wings expand,
And swiftly through the yielding air

To Damon thee their goddess bear,
Worthy to be thy slave, and fit for thy command.

Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue.

Skill'd in a thousand soft prevailing arts,
With wondrous force the youth imparts

Thy power to unexperienc'd virgins hearts,
Far shall he stretch the bounds of thy command;

And if thou shalt his wishes bless,
Beyond his rivals with success,

In gold and marble shall thy statues stand.
Beneath the sacred shade of Odel's wood,

Or on the banks of Ouse's gentle flood,
With odorous beams the temple he shall raise,

For ever sacred to thy praise,
Till the fair stream, and wood, and love itself

decays.
There while rich incense on thy altar burns,

Thy votaries, the nymphs and swains,
In melting soft harmonious strains,

Mix'd with their softer flutes, shall tell their flames
by turns.

As love and beauty with the light are born,
So with the day thy honours shall return;

Some lovely youth, pair'd with a blushing maid,
A troop of either sex shall lead,
And twice the Salian measures round thy altar tread.

Thus with an equal empire o'er the light,
The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,

Together rise, together sit:
But, goddess, do thou say, and bless alone the night.

There may'st thou reign, while I forget to love;
No more false beauty shall my passion move;

Nor shall my fond believing heart be led,
By mutual vows and oaths betray'd,

To hope for truth from the protesting maid.
With love the brightly joys of wine are fled;

The roses too shall wither now,
That us'd to shade and crown my brow,

And round my chearful temples fragrant odours
shed.

But tell me, Cynthia, say, bewitching fair,
What mean these sighs? why steals this falling

tear?
And when my struggling thoughts for passage

strove,
Why did my tongue refuse to move!

Tell me, can this be any thing but love?
Still with the night, my dreams my griefs renew,

Still she is present to my eyes,
And still in vain I, as she flies,

O'er woods, and plains, and seas, the scornful
maid pursue.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE IV.

IMITATED.

TO

RICHARD THORNHILL, ESQ.*

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my heart
commend,

The critic's art, and candour of a friend,
Say what thou dost in thy retirement find,

Worthy the labours of thy active mind;
Whether the tragic Muse inspires thy thought,

To emulate what moving Otway wrote;
Or whether to the covert of some grove

Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove,
Where to thyself thou all those rules dost show,

That good men ought to practise, or wise know.
For sure thy mass of men is no dull clay,

But well-inform'd with the celestial ray.
The bounteous gods, to thee compleatly kind,

In a fair frame inclos'd thy fairer mind;
And though they did profusely wealth bestow,

They gave thee the true use of wealth to know.
Could ev'n the nurse wish for her darling boy

A happiness which thou dost not enjoy:
What can her fond ambition ask beyond

A soul by wisdom's noblest precepts crown'd?

* Who fought the duel with Sir Cholmondeley
Deering.

To this fair speech, and happy utterance join'd,
 To unlock th' secret treasures of the mind,
 And make the blessing common to mankind.
 On these let health and reputation wait,
 The favour of the virtuous and the great :
 A table chearfully and cleanly spread,
 Stranger alike to riot and to need :
 Such an estate as no extremes may know,
 A free and just disdain for all things else below.
 Amidst uncertain hopes, and anxious cares,
 Tumultuous strife, and miserable fears,
 Prepare for all events thy constant breast,
 And let each day be to thee as thy last.
 That morning's dawn will with new pleasure rise,
 Whose light shall unexpected bless thy eyes.
 Me, when to town in winter you repair,
 Battering in ease you'll find, sleek, fresh, and
 fair ;
 Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,
 To snatch the blessings of the flying hour,
 Whom every Friday at the Vine* you'll find
 His true disciple, and your faithful friend.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brightest red the blushing
 Rose
 Her freshest opening beauties did disclose ;
 Her, the rough Thistle from a neighbouring field,
 With fond desires and lover's eyes beheld :
 Straight the fierce plant lays by his pointed darts,
 And woos the gentle flower with softer arts.
 Kindly she heard, and did his flame approve,
 And own'd the warrior worthy of her love.
 Flora, whose happy laws the seasons guide,
 Who does in fields and painted meads preside,
 And crown the gardens with their flowery pride.
 With pleasure saw the wifing pair combine,
 To favour what their Goddess'd did design,
 And bid them in eternal Union join.
 Henceforth, she said, in each returning year,
 One stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear :
 The Thistle's lasting grace, thou, O my Rose !
 shalt be,
 The warlike Thistle's arms, a sure defence to thee.

ON CONTENTMENT.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD †.

MANY that once, by Fortune's bounty rear'd,
 Amidst the wealthy and the great appear'd ;
 Have wisely from those envy'd heights declin'd,
 Have sunk to that just level of mankind,
 Where nor too little nor too much gives the true
 peace of mind.

* A Tavern in Long-Acre.
 † In his Meditationes Sacrae.

VOL. IV.

ON

THE LAST JUDGMENT,

AND

THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that bless'd day, from every part, the just,
 Rais'd from the liquid deep or mouldering dust,
 The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
 All of past ages, present and to come,
 In full assembly shall at once resort,
 And meet within high heaven's capacious court :
 There famous names rever'd in days of old,
 Our great forefathers there we shall behold,
 From whom old stocks and ancestry began,
 And worthily in long succession ran ;
 The reverend sires with pleasure shall we greet,
 Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
 Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble
 feat.
 There all those tender ties, which here below,
 Or kindred, or more sacred friendship know,
 Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow.
 Refin'd from passion, and the dregs of sense,
 A better, truer, dearer love from thence,
 Its everlasting Being shall commence :
 There, like their days, their joys shall ne'er be
 done,
 No night shall rise, to shade heaven's glorious
 sun,
 But one eternal holy-day go on.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF "GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS."

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
 And while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
 And the brook in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was !
 Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue ;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great,
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet !

H

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town?
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
 Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
 Though the Muses my temples have crown'd;
 What though, when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around.
 Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy false-one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
 Though through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas her's to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day;
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

I.

YE winds to whom Colin complains,
 In ditties so sad and so sweet,
 Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
 He's wretch'd, to shew he has wit.
 No charmer like Colin can move,
 And this is some pretty new art;
 Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
 And likes to play tricks with my heart.

II.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
 Seem doleful and alter his face,
 Can tremble, and alter his tale,
 Ah! Colin has every pace:

The willow my rover prefers
 To the breast where he once beg'd to lie,
 And the stream, which he swells with his tears,
 Are rivals below'd more than I.

III.

His head my fond bosom would bear,
 And my heart would soon beat him to rest;
 Let the swain that is slighted despair,
 But Colin is only in jest:
 No death the deceiver designs,
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair;
 For Colin but dies in his lines,
 And gives himself that modish air.

IV.

Can shepherds, bred far from the court,
 So wittily talk of their flame?
 But Colin makes passion his sport,
 Beware of so fatal a game:
 My voice of no music can boast,
 Nor my person of ought that is fine,
 But Colin may find, to his cost,
 A face that is fairer than mine.

V.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
 To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep,
 And die in the much-favour'd brook,
 Where Colin does now sit and weep:
 Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
 In sonnets so smooth and divine;
 Perhaps, I may rise from my grave,
 To hear such soft music as thine.

VI.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
 The heart's ease, the lily, and pink,
 Did thy fingers a garland compose,
 And crown'd by the rivulet's brink;
 How oft, my dear swain, did I swear,
 How much my fond love did admire
 Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
 Though deck'd in thy rural attire!

VII.

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
 That all your small subjects obey'd;
 And still you reign'd king of this heart,
 Whose passion you falsely upbraid;
 How often, my swain, have I said,
 Thy arms are a palace to me,
 And how well I could live in a shade,
 Though adorned with nothing but thee?

VIII.

Oh! what are the sparks of the town,
 Though never so fine and so gay?
 I freely would lay beds of down,
 For thy breast on a bed of new hay:
 Then, Colin, return once again,
 Again make me happy in love,
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove.

EPIGRAM

ON A LADY WHO SHED HER WATER AT SEEING
THE TRAGEDY OF CATO; OCCASIONED BY AN
EPIGRAM ON A LADY WHO WEPT AT IT.

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's
fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia fate:
But though her pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The gushing waters found a vent below.
Though secret yet with copious streams she
mourns,
Like twenty River-gods with all their urns.
Let others screw an hypocritic face,
She shews her grief in a sincerer place!
Here Nature reigns, and passion void of art;
For this road leads directly to the heart.

IMITATED IN LATIN.

PLORAT fata sui dum cætera turba Catonis,
Ecce! oculis siccis Cælia fixa sedet:
At quamquam lacrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,
Invenere viam quæ per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor
abundè,
Numinis ex urnâ, cœu fluvialis aqua.
Distorquent aliæ vultus, simulantque dolorem:
Quæ magis sincera est Cælia parte dolet.
Quæ mera natura est, non personata per artem,
Quæque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.

MÆCENAS.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE HONOURS CONFER-
RED ON THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF
HALIFAX, 1714,
BEING THAT YEAR INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE
MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

PHÆBUS and Cæsar once conspir'd to grace
A noble knight of ancient Tuscan race,
The monarch, greatly conscious of his worth,
From books and his retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the patriot with the Civic crown,
The Consul's Fasces and Patrician gown:
The world's whole wealth he gave him to bestow,
And teach the streams of treasure where to flow:
To him he bade the suppliant nations come,
And on his counsels fix'd the fate of Rome.
The God of Wit, who taught him first to sing,
And tune high numbers to the vocal string,
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.
Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my share;
Our common favourite is our common care.
Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give;
But Phæbus only bids the poet live.
The service of his faithful heart is thine;
There let thy Julian Star an emblem shine;
His mind, and her imperial seat are mine.
Then bind his brow, ye Thespian maids, he said:
The willing Muses his command obey'd,
And wove the deathless laurel for his head.

EPIGRAM

ON THE
PRINCE OF WALES'S, THEN REGENT, APPEARING
AT THE FIRE IN SPRING-GARDEN, 1726.

THY Guardian, blest Britannia, scorns to
sleep,
When the sad subjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increase distress;
He faces danger, and so makes it less.
Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy;
He knows, to save, is greater than destroy.

S O N G

ON

A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL
HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bless their light divine;
I stand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they shine.

II.

On one vile clod of earth she seems
To fix their influence;
Which kindles not at those bright beams,
Nor wakens into sense.

III.

Lost and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain,
That nature's lavish hand had wrought
This fairest work in vain.

IV.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom-Fool to bed.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS FIRST VISIT TO LADY WARWICK,
AT HOLLAND-HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bower crown'd
The summit of a neighbouring hill,
Where every rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
To wait like servants on her will.

II.

I went, and found 'twas as they said,
That every thing look'd fresh and fair;
Her herds in flowery pastures stray'd,
Delightful was the green-wood shade,
And gently breath'd the balmy air.

7 H

III.

But when I found my troubled heart
Uneasy grown within my breast,
My breath come short, and in each part
Some new disorder seem to start,
Which pain'd me sore and broke my rest.

IV.

Some noxious vapour sure, I said,
From this unwholesome soil must rise;
Some secret venom is convey'd
Or from this field, or from that shade,
That does the powers of life surprize:

V.

Soon as the skilful Leach beheld
The change that in my health was grown:
Blame not, he cry'd, nor wood nor field;
Diseases which such symptoms yield,
Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

VI.

Alike she kills in every air,
The coldest breath her beauties warm;
And though the fever took you there,
If Chloe had not been so fair,
The place had never done you harm.

STANZAS TO LADY WARWICK,

ON

MR. ADDISON'S GOING TO IRELAND.

I.

YE Gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the sea!
Who chain loud storms, and still the raging
main!
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover safe again.

II.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he left,
Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,
Of every joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
And wept his sorrows by the swelling flood.

III.

Ah, fairest maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his just reward ordain;
For his return thy pious wishes join,
That thou at length may'st pay him for his
pain.

IV.

And since his love does thine alone pursue,
In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range;
I charge thee by his example true,
And shun thy sex's inclination, change.

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in sweetest words impart;
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and
state,
Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart.

VI.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,
When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise;
When harmony shall thy soft soul surprize,
Sooth all thy senses, and thy passions raise:

VII.

Amidst whatever various joys appear,
Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn;
Nor let thy heart know one delight sincere,
Till thy own truest Lycidas return.

THE VISIT.

WIT and Beauty t'other day,
Chanc'd to take me in their way;
And, to make the favour greater,
Brought the Graces and Good-nature,
Conversation care-beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever smiling,
All the pleasures here below,
Men can ask, or gods bestow.
A jolly train, believe me! No:
There were but two, Lepell* and How.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A—— D—— †.

I.

AS on a summer's day
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

II.

And as she pass'd by
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to die!

III.

And dost thou nothing heed,
What Pan our God has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away,
To the sweetest shepherd's reed!

IV.

There is not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain.
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain

V.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

VI.

Alas! my love, he cry'd,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.
† Afterwards his wife.

VII.

To me thou art more gay,
In his homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen;
Or the brightest Queen of May.

VIII.

What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

S O N G.
A H W I L L O W.

TO THE SAME IN HER SICKNESS.

I.

TO the brook and the willow that heard him
complain,
Ah willow, willow.
Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah, willow, willow.

II.

Sweet stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to
flow.
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
Ah willow, &c.

III.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah willow, &c.
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.
Ah willow, &c.

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye soft slumbers
repair;
Ah willow, &c.
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her
your care.
Ah willow, &c.

V.

Dear brook, where thy chance near her pillow to
creep,
Ah willow, &c.
Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.
Ah willow, &c.

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,
Ah willow, &c.
So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose.
Ah willow, &c.

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
Ah willow, &c.
If the loss of my dear-one, my love is decreed;
Ah willow, &c.

VIII.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be
cheer'd;
Ah willow, &c.
If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard;
Ah willow, &c.

IX.

Believe me, thou fair-one; thou dear-one, believe,
Ah willow, &c.
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give.
Ah willow, &c.

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be ty'd,
Ah willow, &c.
And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side.
Ah willow, &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle brook; and to lose thyself, haste;
Ah willow, willow.
Fade thou too, my willow, this verse is my last;
Ah willow, willow; ah, willow, willow.

TO THE SAME, SINGING.

I.

WHAT charms in melody are found
To soften every pain!
How do we catch the healing sound,
And feel the soothing strain!

II.

Still when I hear thee, O my fair,
I bid my heart rejoice;
I shake off every sullen care,
For sorrow flies thy voice.

III.

The seasons Philomel obey,
Whene'er they hear her sing;
She bids the winter fly away,
And she recalls the spring.

S O N G.

THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

H E.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
And doated on every feature;
Give me at length but leave to complain
Of so ungrateful a creature.
Though I beheld in your wandering eyes
The wanton symptoms of ranging;
Still I resolv'd against being wise,
And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

S H E.

Why should you blame what heaven has made,
Or find any fault in creation?
'Tis not the crime of the faithless maid,
But nature's inclination.
'Tis not because I love you less,
Or think you not a true one;
But if the truth I must confess,
I always lov'd a new-one.

TO
LORD WARWICK,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN, fraught with all that grateful minds
can move,
With friendship, tenderness, respect, and love;
The Muse had wish'd, on this returning day,
Something most worthy of herself to say:
To **Jove** she offer'd up an humble prayer,
To take the noble Warwick to his care.
Give him, she said, whate'er diviner grace
Adorns the soul, or beautifies the face:
Let manly constancy confirm his truth,
And gentlest manners crown his blooming youth.
Give him to fame, to virtue to aspire,
Worthy our songs and thy informing fire:
All various praise, all honours, let him prove,
Let men admire, and sighing virgins love:
With honest zeal inflame his generous mind,
To love his country, and protect mankind.
Attentive to her prayer, the god reply'd,
Why dost thou ask what has not been deny'd?
Jove's bounteous hand has lavish'd all his power,
And making what he is, can add no more.
Yet since I joy in what I did create,
I will prolong the favourite Warwick's fate,
And lengthen out his years to some uncommon
date.

TO
LADY JANE WHARTON,

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o'er the globe, fair nymph, your
searches run,
And trace its rolling circuit round the sun,
You seem'd the world beneath you to survey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.
With two fair lamps methought your nations
shone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
How did those rays your happier empire gild!
How clothe the flowery mead and fruitful field!
Your earth was in eternal spring array'd,
And laughing joy amidst its natives play'd.
Such is their day, but cheerless is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your absent light:
And, oh! when yet ere many years are past,
Those beams on other objects shall be plac'd,
When some young hero, with restless art,
Shall draw those eyes, and warm that virgin heart:
How shall your creatures then their loss deplore,
And want those suns that rise for them no more?
The bliss you give will be confin'd to one,
And for his sake your world must be undone.

TO
MRS. PULTENEY,
UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

TIR'D with the frequent mischiefs of her eyes,
To distant climes the fair Belinda flies.
She sees her spreading flames consume around,
And not another conquest to be found.

Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vassals here with proud disdain.
One only joy which in her hearts she wears,
The dear companion of her flight she bears.
Aeneas thus a burning town forsook,
Thus into banishment his gods he took:
But, to retrieve his native Troy's disgrace,
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1716.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious, rising year,
With what uncommon grace thy days ap-
pear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely Child of hoary Time;
Where thy golden footsteps tread,
Pleasure all around thee spread;
Bliss and beauty grace thy train;
Muse, strike the lyre to some immortal strain.
But, oh! what skill, what master hand,
Shall govern or constrain the wanton band?
Loose like my verse they dance, and all without
command.

Images of fairest things
Crowd about the speaking strings;
Peace and sweet prosperity,
Faith and cheerful loyalty,
With smiling love and deathless poetry.

II.

Ye scowling shades, who break away,
Well do ye fly and shun the purple day.
Every fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and fallen as a storm,
Jealous fear, and false surmise,
Danger with her dreadful eyes,
Faction, fury, all are fled,
And bold rebellion hides her daring head.
Behold, thou gracious year, behold,
To whom thy treasures all thou shalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter days were kept from times
of old!
See thy George, for this is he!
On his right hand waiting free,
Britain and fair Liberty:
Every good is in his face,
Every open honest grace.
Thou great Planragenet! immortal be thy race!

III.

See! the sacred scyon springs,
See the glad promise of a line of kings!
Royal youth! what bard divine,
Equal to a praise like thine,
Shall in some exalted measure
Sing thee, Britain's dearest treasure?
Who her joy in thee shall tell,
Who the sprightly note shall swell,
His voice attempting to the tuneful shell?
Thee Audenard's recorded field,
Bold in thy brave paternal band, behold.
And saw with hopeless heart thy fainting rival
yield:

Troubled he, with sore dismay,
To thy stronger fate gave way,
Safe beneath thy noble scorn,
Wing-footed was he borne,
Swift as the fleeting shades upon the golden
corn.

IV.

What valour, what distinguish'd worth,
From thee shall lead the coming ages forth?
Crested helms and shining shields,
Warriors fam'd in foreign fields;
Hoary heads with olive bound,
Kings and lawgivers renown'd;
Crowding still they rise anew,
Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.
Young Augustus! never cease!
Pledge of our present and our future peace,
Still pour the blessings forth, and give thy great
increase.

All the stock that fate ordains
To supply succeeding reigns,
Whether glory shall inspire
Gentler arts or martial fire,
Still the fair descent shall be
Dear to Albion all, like thee,
Patrons of righteous rules, and foes to tyranny.

V.

Ye golden lights who shine on high,
Ye potent planets who ascend the sky,
On the opening year dispense
All your kindest influence;
Heavenly powers be all prepar'd
For our Carolina's guard;
Short and easy be the pains,
Which for a nation's weal the hero sustains.
Britannia's angel be thou near;
The growing race is thy peculiar care,
Oh spread thy sacred wing above the royal fair.
George by thee was wafted o'er
To the long expected shore:
None presuming to withstand
Thy celestial arm'd hand,
While, his sacred head to shade,
The blended crosses on high thy silver shield dis-
play'd.

VI.

But, oh! what other form divine
Propitious near the hero seems to shine!
Peace of mind, and joy serene,
In her sacred eyes are seen,
Honour binds her mitred brow,
Faith and truth beside her go,
With zeal and pure devotion bending low.
A thousand storms around her threat,
A thousand billows roar beneath her feet,
While, fix'd upon a rock, she keeps her stable seat.
Still in sign of sure defence,
Trust and mutual confidence,
On the monarch, standing by,
Still she bends her gracious eye.
Nor fears her foes approach, while heaven and he
are nigh.

VII.

Hence then with every anxious care!
Be gone, pale Envy, and thou cold despair!
Seek ye out a moody cell,
Where deceit and treason dwell;
There repining, raging, still
The idle air with curses fill;
There blast the pathless wild, and the bleak nor-
thern hill:
There your exile vainly moan;
There where, with murmurs horrid as your own,
Beneath the sweeping winds, the bending forests
groan;
But thou, Hope, with smiling cheer,
Do thou bring the ready year;
See the hours! a chosen band!
See with jocund looks they stand,
All in their trim array, and waiting for command.

VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
Hope leads increase and chaste connubial love:
Flora sweet her bounty spreads,
Smelling gardens, painted meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow plain;
Pan rewards the shepherd's pain;
All is plenty, all is wealth,
And on the balmy air fits rosy-colour'd health.
I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
Like many waters swells the pealing noise,
While to their monarch, thus, they raise the
public voice.
Father of thy country, hail!
Always every where prevail;
Pious, valiant, just, and wise,
Better suns for thee arise,
Purer breezes fan the skies,
Earth in fruits and flowers is drest,
Joy abounds in every breast,
For thee thy people all, for thee the year is blest.

S O N G

FOR

THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, MAY 28, 1716

I.

LAY the flowery garlands by,
Ever-blooming gentle May!
Other honours now are nigh;
Other honours see we pay.
Lay thy flowery garlands by, &c.

II.

Majesty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown.
Parent of our hero, thou,
George on Britain didst bestow.
Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
With the plumed helm, become:
Thee the spear and shining shield.
With every trophy of the warlike field.

III.

Call thy better blessings forth,
For the honour of his birth :
Still the voice of loud commotion,
Bid complaining murmurs cease,
Lay the billows of the ocean;
And compose the land in peace.
Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of odours, fragrant May,
For this boon, this happy day,
Janus with the double face
Shall to thee resign his place,
Thou shalt rule with better grace :
Time from thee shall wait his doom,
And thou shalt lead the year for every age to come.

V.

Fairest month, in Cæsar pride thee,
Nothing like him canst thou bring;
Though the graces smile beside thee :
Though thy bounty gives the Spring.

VI.

Though like Flora thou array thee,
Finer than the painted bow;
Carolina shall repay thee
All thy sweetness, all thy show.

VII.

She herself a glory greater
Than thy golden sun discloses;
And her smiling offspring sweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roses.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1717.

I.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable fire,
All richly in thy furry mantle clad;
What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inspire,
To make thy careful wrinkled brow so glad!

II.

Now I see the reason plain,
Now I see thy jolly train :
Snowy-headed Winter leads,
Spring and Summer next succeeds;
Yellow Autumn brings the rear,
Thou art father of the year.

III.

While from the frosty mellow'd earth
Abounding plenty takes her birth,
The conscious fire exulting fees
The seasons spread their rich increase;
So dusky night and chaos smil'd
On beauteous form, their lovely child.

IV.

O fair variety!
What bliss thou dost supply!
The foul brings forth the fair
To deck the changing year.
When our old pleasures die,
Some new one still is nigh;
Oh! fair variety!

V.

Our passions, like the seasons, turn;
And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
Britannia late oppress'd with dread,
Hung her declining drooping head :
A better visage now she wears,
And now at once she quits her fears :
Strife and war no more she knows,
Rebel sons nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty master,
In security she sits;
Plants her loose foundations faster,
And her sorrows past forgets.

VII.

Happy isle! the care of heaven,
To the guardian hero given,
Unrepining still obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII.

Though he parted from thy shore,
While contesting kings attend him;
Could he, Britain, give thee more
Than the pledge he left behind him?

O D E T O P E A C E ,

FOR THE YEAR 1718.

I.

THOU fairest, sweetest daughter of the skies,
Indulgent, gentle, life-restoring Peace!
With what auspicious beauties dost thou rise.
And Britain's new-revolving Janus blest!

II.

Hoary Winter smiles before thee,
Dances merrily along :
Hours and seasons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young :
Ever, goddess, thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful year.

III.

In thee the night, in thee the day is blest;
In thee the dearest purple of the east :
'Tis thine immortal pleasures to impart,
Mirth to inspire, and raise the drooping heart :
To thee the pipe and tuneful string belong,
Thou theme eternal for the poet's song.

IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir;
Swell every note still higher,
And melody inspire
At heaven and earth's desire.

V.

Hark, how the sounds agree,
With due complacency!
Sweet Peace, 'tis all by thee,
For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who, by nature's fairest creatures,
Can describe her heavenly features?
What comparison can fit her?
Sweet are roses, she is sweeter;
Light is good, but Peace is better.
Would you see her such as Jove
Form'd for universal love,
Bless'd by men and gods above?
Would you every feature trace,
Every sweetly smiling grace?
Seek our Carolina's face.

VII.

Peace and she are Britain's treasures,
Fruitful in eternal pleasures:
Still their bounty shall increase us,
Still their smiling offspring bless us.
Happy day, when each was given
By Cæsar and indulgent Heaven,

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celestial pair!
Still let Britannia be your care,
And Peace and Carolina crown the year.

O D E

FOR

THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

I.

OH touch the string, celestial Muse, and say,
Why are peculiar times and seasons blest?
Is it in Fate, that one distinguish'd day
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the
East?

II.

Look on life and nature's race!
How the careless minutes pass,
How they wear a common face:
One is what another was!
Till the happy hero's worth
Bid the festival stand forth;
Till the golden light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
Unthought-of as the things that never were;
Had not our greatest Cæsar been its lot,
And call'd it from amongst the vulgar year!

IV.

Now, Nature, be gay
In the pride of thy May,
To court let thy graces repair:
Let Flora bestow
The crown from her brow,
For our brighter Britannia to wear.

V.

Through every language of thy peopled earth,
Far as the sea or Cæsar's influence goes,
Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
And bless the author of the world's repose.

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VI.

Let Volga tumbling in cascades,
And Po that glides through poplar shades,
And Tagus bright in sands of gold,
And Arethusa rivers old,
Their great deliverer sing.
Not, Danube, thou, whose winding flood
So long has blush'd with Turkish blood,
To Cæsar shall refuse a strain,
Since now thy streams without a stain
Run crystal as their spring.

CHORUS.

To mighty George, that heals thy wounds,
That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
The joyful voice, O Europe, raise:
In the great Mediator's praise
Let all thy various tongues combine,
And Britain's festival be thine.

ODE TO THE THAMES*.

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

I.

KING of the Floods, whom friendly stars
ordain
To fold alternate in thy winding train,
The lofty palace and the fertile vale;
King of the Floods, Britannia's darling, hail!
Hail with the year so well begun,
And bid his each revolving sun,
Taught by thy streams, in smooth succession run.

II.

From thy never-failing urn
Flowers, bloom and fair increase
With the seasons take their turn;
From thy tributary seas
Tides of various wealth attend thee;
Seas and seasons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks, to mate the skies,
Augusta's hallow'd domes arise;
And there thy ample bosom pours
Her numerous souls and floating towers;
Whose terrors late to vanquish'd Spain were
known
And Ætna shook with thunder not her own.

IV.

Fullest flags thou dost sustain,
While thy banks confine thy course;
Emblem of our Cæsar's reign,
Mingling clemency and force.

* This Ode was written for Rowe by Mr. Jeffreys, and is claimed by him in his works, p. 57. N.

So may'st thou still, in distant wars,
Ne'er stain thy crest with æt'nic jars :
As Cæsar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
Shall join with the blest the coming year.

VI.

On thy shady margin,
Care its load discharging,
Is lull'd to gentle rest :
Britain thus disarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall sleep on Cæsar's breast.

VII.

Sweet to distress is balmy sleep,
To sleep auspicious dreams,
Thy meadows, Thames, to feeding sheep,
To thirst thy silver streams :
More sweet than all, the praise
Of Cæsar's golden days :
Cæsar's praise is sweeter ;
Britain's pleasure greater ;
Still may Cæsar's reign excel ;
Sweet the praise of reigning well.

C H O R U S .

Gentle Janus, ever wait,
As now, on Britain's kindest fate
Crown all our vows, and all thy gifts bestow ;
Till Time no more renews his date,
And Thames forgets to flow.

T H E

STORY OF GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph; the fair assembly
broke;

The sea-green Nereids to the waves betook :
While Scylla, fearful of the wide-spread main,
Swift to the safer shore returns again.
There o'er the sandy margin, unarray'd,
With printless footsteps flies the bounding main ;
Or in some winding creek's secure retreat
She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noon-
day's heat.

Her Glaucus saw, as o'er the deep he rode,
New to the seas, and late received a god.
He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love,
With many an artful blandishment he strove }
Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove.
The more he sues, the more she wings her flight,
And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's
height,

Steep shelving to the margin of the flood,
A neighbouring mountain bare and woodless stood ;
Here, by the place secur'd, her steps she stay'd,
And, trembling still, her lover's form survey'd.
His shape, his hue, his troubled sense appall,
And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall ;
She sees his face divine, and manly brow,
End in a fish's wreathy tail below :
She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind,
Whether he comes of god, or monster kind.

This Glaucus soon perceiv'd; and, Oh! forbear
(His hand supporting on a rock lay near)
Forbear, he cry'd, fond maid, this needless fear. }
Nor fish am I, nor monster of the main,
But equal with the watery gods I reign ;
Nor Proteus nor Palæmon me excel,
Nor he whose breath inspires the founding shell.
My birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,
And I myself but late a mortal was :
Ev'n then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd ;
The seas my hours, and all my cares, employ'd.
In meshes now the twinkling prey I drew,
Now skilfully the slender line I threw, }
And silent fate the moving float to view.
Not far from shore, there lies a verdant mead,
With herbage half, and half with water spread :
There, nor the horned heifers browsing stray,
Nor shaggy kids, nor wanton lamblings play ;
There, nor the founding bees their nectar cull,
Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull ;
Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the
place,

To crop the flowers, or cut the bushy grafts :
Thither, sure first of living race came I,
And fat by chance, my dropping nets to dry.
My scaly prize, in order all display'd,
By number on the green-sword there I lay'd,
My captives, whom or in my nets I took,
Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
Strange to behold, yet what avails a lye ?
I saw them bite the grafts, as I fate by ;
Then sudden darting o'er the verdant plain,
They spread their fins, as in their native main :
I paus'd, with wonder struck, while all my prey,
Left their new master, and regain'd the sea.
Amaz'd, within my secret self I fought,
What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought :
But sure no herbs have power like this, I cry'd ;
And straight I pluck'd some neighbouring herbs,
and try'd.

Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taste,
When strong convulsions shook my troubled breast ;
I felt my heart grow fond of something strange,
And my whole nature labouring with a change.
Restless I grew, and every place forsook,
And still upon the seas I bent my look.
Farewell, for ever! farewell, land, I said ;
And plung'd amidst the waves my sinking head.
The gentle powers, who that low empire keep,
Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep ;
To Tethys, and to Ocean old, they pray,
To purge thy mortal earthy parts away.
The watery parents to their suit agreed,
And thrice nine times a secret charm they read,
Then with lustrations purify my limbs,
And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams :
A hundred streams from various fountains run,
And on my head at once come rushing down,
Thus far each passage I remember well,
And faithfully thus far the tale I tell : }
But then oblivion dark on all my senses fell.
Again, at length my thought reviving came,
When I no longer found myself the same ;
Then first this sea-green beard I felt to grow,
And these large honours on my spreading brow ;

My long-descending locks the billows sweep,
And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep;
My fishy tail, my arms of azure hue,
And every part divinely chang'd, I view.
But what avails these useless honours now?
What joys can immortality bestow?

What, though our Nereids all my form approve;
What boots it, while fair Scylla scorns my love?
Thus far the god; and more he would have
said;
When from his presence flew the ruthless maid,
Stung with repulse, in such disdainful sort,
He seeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

By NICHOLAS ROWE.

"Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,"
"Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires."

VIRG.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

WHILE my deceased husband was engaged in the following long and laborious work, he was not a little supported in it, by the honour which he proposed to himself of dedicating it to your sacred Majesty. This design, which had given him so much pleasure for some years, out-last'd his abilities to put it in execution: for, when his life was despaired of, and this part of the book remained unfinished, he expressed to me his desire, that this translation should be laid at your Majesty's feet, as a mark of that zeal and veneration which he had always entertained for your Majesty's Royal Person and virtues. Had he lived to have made his own address to your Majesty upon this occasion, he would have been able in some measure to have done justice to that exalted character, which it becomes such as I am to admire in silence: being incapable of representing my dear husband in any thing, but in that profound humility and respect, with which I am,

May it please your Majesty,
Your Majesty's most dutiful
And most obedient servant,

ANNE ROWE.

P R E F A C E,

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF

LUCAN AND HIS WORKS.

By JAMES WELWOOD, M. D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON.

I COULD not resist Mr. Rowe's request in his last sickness, nor the importunities of his Friends since, to introduce into the word this his posthumous Translation of Lucan, with something by way of preface. I am very sensible how much it is out of my sphere, and that I want both leisure and materials, to do justice to the

Author, or to the memory of the Translator. The works of both will best plead for them; the one having already out-lived seventeen ages, and both one and the other like to endure as long as there is any taste of liberty or polite learning left in the world. Hard has been the fate of many a great genius, that while they have conferred immortality on others, they have wanted themselves some friend to embalm their names to posterity. This has been the fate of Lucan, and perhaps may be that of Mr. Rowe.

All the accounts we have handed down to us of the first, are but very lame, and scattered in fragments of ancient authors. I am of opinion, that one reason why his life is not to be found at any length, in the writings of his contemporaries, is the fear they were in of Nero's resentment, who could not bear to have the life of a man set in a true light, whom, together with his uncle Seneca, he had sacrificed to his revenge. Notwithstanding this, we have some hints in writers who lived near this time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the life and works of this extraordinary young man.

Marcus Annæus Lucan was of an equestrian family of Rome, born at Corduba in Spain, about the year of our Saviour 39, in the reign of Caligula. His family had been transplanted from Italy to Spain a considerable time before, and were invested with several dignities and employments in that remote province of the Roman empire. His father was Marcus Annæus Mela, or Mella, a man of a distinguished merit and interest in his country, and not the less in esteem for being the brother of the great philosopher Seneca. His mother was Acilia the daughter of Acilius Lucanus, one of the most eminent orators of his time: and it was from his grandfather that he took the name of Lucan. The story that is told of Hesiod and Homer, of a swarm of bees hovering about them in their cradle, is likewise told of Lucan, and probably with equal truth: but whether true or not, it is a proof of the high esteem paid to him by the ancients, as a poet.

He was hardly eight months old when he was brought from his native country to Rome, that he might take the first impression of the Latin tongue in the city where it was spoke with the greatest purity. I wonder then to find some critics detract from his language, as if it took a tincture from the place of his birth; nor can I be brought to think otherwise, than that the language he writes in, is as pure Roman as any that was writ in Nero's time. As he grew up, his parents educated him with a care that became a promising genius, and the rank of his family. His masters were Rhemmius Polæmon, the grammarian; then Flavius Virginius, the rhetorician; and lastly, Cornutus, the Stoic philosopher; to which sect he ever after addicted himself.

It was in the course of these studies he contracted an intimate friendship with Aulus Persius, the satirist. It is no wonder that two men, whose geniuses were so much alike, should unite and become agreeable to one another; for if we consider Lucan critically, we shall find in him a strong bent towards Satire. His manner, it is true, is more declamatory and diffuse than Persius: but Satire is still in his view, and the whole *Pharsalia* appears to me a continued invective against ambition and unbounded power.

The progress he made in all parts of learning must needs have been very great, considering the pregnancy of his genius, and the nice care that was taken in cultivating it by a suitable education: nor is it to be questioned, but besides the masters I have named, he had likewise the example and instruction of his uncle Seneca, the most conspicuous man then of Rome for learning, wit, and morals. Thus he sat out in the world with the greatest advantages possible, a noble fortune, great relations, and withal, the friendship and protection of an uncle, who besides his other preferments in the empire, was favourite, as well as tutor, to the emperor. But Rhetoric seems to have been the art he excelled most in, and valued himself most upon; for all writers agree, he declaimed in public when but fourteen years old, both in Greek and Latin, with universal applause. To this purpose it is observable, that he has interspersed a great many orations in the *Pharsalia*, and these are acknowledged by all to be very

shining parts of the Poem. Whence it is that Quintilian, the best judge of these matters, reckons him among the rhetoricians, rather than the poets, though he was certainly master of both these arts in a high degree.

His uncle Seneca being then in great favour with Nero, and having the care of that prince's education committed to him, it is probable he introduced his nephew to the court and acquaintance of the emperor: and it appears from the old fragment of his life, that he sent for him from Athens, where he was at his studies, to Rome for that purpose. Every one knows that Nero, for the five first years of his reign, either really was, or pretended to be, endowed with all the amiable qualities that became an emperor and a philosopher. It must have been in this stage of Nero's life, that Lucan has offered up to him that *poetical incense* we find in the First Book of the *Pharsalia*; for it is not to be imagined, that a man of Lucan's temper would flatter Nero in so gross a manner, if he had then thrown off the mask of virtue, and appeared in such bloody colours as he afterwards did! No! Lucan's soul seems to have been cast in another mold: and he that durst, throughout the whole *Pharsalia*, espouse the party of Pompey, and the cause of Rome against Cæsar, could never have stooped so vilely low, as to celebrate a tyrant and a monster in such an open manner. I know some Commentators have judged that compliment to Nero to be meant ironically; but it seems to me plain to be in the greatest earnest: and it is more than probable, that if Nero had been as wicked at that time as he became afterwards, Lucan's life had paid for his irony. Now it is agreed on by all writers, that he continued for some time in the highest favour and friendship with Nero; and it was to that favour, as well as his merit, that he owed being made Quæstor, and admitted into the College of Agurs, before he attained the age required for these offices: in the first of which posts he exhibited to the people of Rome a show of gladiators at a vast expense. It was in this sun-shine of life Lucan married Polla Argentaria, the daughter of Pollius Argentarius, a Roman Senator; a lady of noble birth, great fortune, and famed beauty; who, to add to her other excellencies, was accomplished in all parts of learning; insomuch, that three First Books of the *Pharsalia* are said to have been revised and corrected by her in his life-time.

How he came to decline in Nero's favour, we have no account that I know of in history; and it is agreed by all that he lost it gradually, till he became his utter aversion. No doubt, Lucan's virtue, and his principles of liberty, must make him hated by a man of Nero's temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of envy in the case, blended with his other prejudices against him, upon the account of his poetry.

Though the spirit and height of the Roman Poetry was somewhat declined from what it had been in the time of Augustus, yet it was still an art beloved and cultivated. Nero himself was not only fond of it to the highest degree, but, as most bad poets are, was vain and conceited of his performances in that kind. He valued himself more upon his skill in that art, and in music, than on the purple he wore; and bore it better to be thought a bad emperor, than a bad poet or musician. Now Lucan, though then in favour, was too honest and too open to applaud the bombast stuff that Nero was every day repeating in public. Lucan appears to have been much of the temper of Philoxenus, the philosopher; who, for not approving the verses of Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, was by his order condemned to the mines. Upon the promise of amendment, the philosopher was set at liberty; but Dionysius repeating to him some of his wretched performances in full expectation of having them approved, "Enough," cries out Philoxenus, "carry me back to the mines." But Lucan carried this point further, and had the imprudence to dispute the prize of eloquence with Nero in a solemn public assembly. The judges in that trial were so just and bold as to adjudge the reward to Lucan, which was *Fame* and a *Wreath of Laurel*; but in return he lost for ever the favour of his competitor. He soon felt the effects of the emperor's resentment, for the next day he had an order sent him, never more to plead at the bar, nor repeat any of his performances in public, as all

the eminent orators and poets were used to do. It is no wonder that a young man, an admirable poet, and one conscious enough of a superior genius, should be flung to the quick by this barbarous treatment. In revenge, he omitted no occasion to treat Nero's verses with the utmost contempt, and expose them and their author to ridicule.

In this behaviour towards Nero, he was seconded by his friend Persius; and no doubt, they diverted themselves often alone at the emperor's expense. Persius went so far, that he dared to attack openly some of Nero's verses in his first Satire, where he brings in his friend and himself repeating them. I believe a sample of them may not be unacceptable to the reader, as translated thus by Mr. Dryden:

FRIEND. But to raw numbers and unfinish'd verse,
Sweet sound is added now to make it terse.

'Tis tagg'd with rhyme like Berecynthian Atys,
The mid part chimes with art that never flat is.

"The Dolphin brave,

"That cut the liquid wave,

"Or he who in his line,

"Can chime the long-rib Apennine."

PERSEUS. All this is doggrel stuff.

FRIEND. What if I bring

A nobler verse? "Arms and the man I sing."

PER. Why name you Virgil with such fops as these!

He's truly great, and must for ever please;

Not fierce, but awful in his manly page,

Bold is his strength, but sober is his rage.

FRIEND. What poems think you soft? and to be read

With languishing regards, and bending head?

PER. "Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew

"With blasts inspir'd: and Bassaris, who flew

"The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,

"Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.

"And Manas, when with ivy bridles bound,

"She led the spotted Lynx, then Evion rung around,

"Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes found."

The verses marked with commas are Nero's, and it is no wonder that men of so delicate a taste as Lucan and Persius could not digest them, though made by an emperor.

About this time the world was grown weary of Nero, for a thousand monstrous cruelties of his life, and the continued abuse of the imperial power. Rome had groaned long under the weight of them, till at length several of the first rank, headed by Piso, formed a conspiracy to rid the world of that abandoned wretch. Lucan hated him upon a double score; as his country's enemy and his own, and went heartily into the design. When it was just ripe for execution, it came to be discovered by some of the accomplices, and Lucan was found among the first of the conspirators. They were condemned to die, and Lucan had the choice of the manner of his death. Upon this occasion some authors have taxed him with an action, which, if true, had been an eternal stain upon his name, that, to save his life, he informed against his mother. This story seems to me to be a mere calumny, and invented only to detract from his fame. It is certainly the most unlikely thing in the world, considering the whole conduct of his life, and that noble scheme of philosophy and morals he had imbibed from his infancy, and which shines in every page of his *Pharsalia*. It is probable, Nero himself, or some of his flatterers, might invent the story, to blacken his rival to posterity; and some unwary authors have afterwards taken it up on trust, without examining into the truth of it. We have several fragments of his life, where this particular is not to be found; and which makes it still the more improbable to me, the writers that mention it, have tacked to it another calumny yet more improbable, that he accused her unjustly. As this accusation contradicts the whole tenor of his life, so it does the manner of his death.

It is universally agreed, that having chose to have the arteries of his arms and legs opened in a hot bath, he supped chearfully with his friends, and then, taking leave of them with the greatest tranquillity of mind and the highest contempt of death, went into the bath, and submitted to the operation. When he found the extremities of his body growing cold, and death's last alarm in every part, he called to mind a passage of his own in the IXth Book of the *Pharsalia*, which he repeated to the standers-by, with the same grace and accent, with which he used to declaim in public, and immediately expired, in the 27th year of his age, and tenth of Nero. The passage was that where he describes a soldier of Cato's dying much after the same manner, being bit by a serpent, and is thus translated by Mr. Rowe:

" So the warm blood at once from every part
" Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting heart.
" Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
" The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace,
" Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,
" There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray.
" His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
" And ev'n the pores ouse out the trickling blood;
" In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
" And the whole body seems one bleeding wound."

He was buried in his garden at Rome; and there was lately to be seen, in the church of Santo Paulo, an ancient marble with the following inscription:

MARCO ANNAEO LVCANO CORDVBENSI POETAE, BENEFICIO NERONIS,
FAMA SERVATA.

This inscription, if done by Nero's order, shows, that even in spite of himself, he paid a secret homage to Lucan's genius and virtue, and would have atoned in some measure for the injuries and the death he gave him. But he needed no marble or inscription to perpetuate his memory; his *Pharsalia* will out-live all these.

Lucan wrote several books, that have perished by the injury of time, and of which nothing remains but the titles. The first we are told he wrote, was a Poem on the Combat between Achilles and Hector, and Priam's redeeming his Son's Body, which, it is said, he wrote before he had attained eleven years of age. The rest were, The Descent of Orpheus into Hell; The burning of Rome, in which he is said not to have spared Nero that set it on fire; and a Poem in Praise of his Wife Polla Argentaria. He wrote likewise several Books of Saturnalia; ten Books of *Sylvæ*; an imperfect Tragedy of Medea; a Poem upon the burning of Troy, and the Fate of Priam; to which some have added the Panegyric to Calphurnius Piso, yet extant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later age. But the Book he staked his fame on was his *Pharsalia*; the only one that now remains, and which Nero's cruelty has left us imperfect in respect to what it would have been, if he had lived to finish it.

Statius in his *Sylvæ* gives us the catalogue of Lucan's works in an elegant manner, introducing Muse Calliope assisting him to this purpose: " When thou art scarce
" past the age of childhood (says Calliope to Lucan) thou shalt play with the valour
" of Achilles, and Hector's skill in driving of a chariot. Thou shalt draw Priam at
" the feet of his unrelenting Conqueror, begging the dead body of his darling son.
" Thou shalt set open the gates of hell for Eurydice, and thy Orpheus shall have
" the preference in a full theatre, in spite of Nero's envy; alluding to the dispute
for the prize between him and Nero, where the piece exhibited by Lucan was
Orpheus's descent into hell. " Thou shalt relate (continues Calliope) that flame
" which the execrable tyrant kindled, to lay in ashes the mistress of the world; nor
" shalt thou be silent in the praises that are justly due to thy beloved wife; and
" when thou hast attained to riper years, thou shalt sing, in a lofty strain, the fatal
" fields of Philippi, white with Roman bones, the dreadful battle of *Pharsalia*, and
" the thundering wars of that great captain, who, by the renown of his arms,

"merited to be inrolled among the gods. In that work (continues Calliope) thou shalt paint, in never-fading colours; the austere virtues of Cato, who scorned to outlive the liberties of his country; and the fate of Pompey, once the darling of Rome. Thou shalt, like a true Roman, weep over the crime of the young tyrant Ptolemy; and shalt raise to Pompey, by the power of thy eloquence, a higher monument than the Egyptian pyramids. The poetry of Ennius (adds Calliope) and the learned fire of Lucretius, the one that conducted the Argonauts through such vast seas to the conquest of the golden fleece, the other that could strike an infinite number of forms from the first atoms of matter, both of them shall give place to thee without the least envy, and even the divine Ænied shall pay thee a just respect."

Thus far Statius concerning Lucan's work; and even Lucan in two places of the *Pharsalia* has promised himself immortality to his Poem. The first is in the seventh Book, which I beg leave to give in prose, though Mr. Rowe has done it a thousand times better in verse. "One day (says he) when these wars shall be spoken-of in ages yet to come, and among nations far remote from this clime, whether from the voice of fame alone, or the real value I have given them by this my history, those that read it shall alternately hope and fear for the great events therein contained. In vain (continues he) shall they offer up their vows for the righteous cause, and stand thunderstruck at so many various turns of fortune; nor shall they read them as things that are already past, but with that concern as if they were yet to come, and shall range themselves, O Pompey, on thy side."

The other passage, which is in the Ninth Book, may be translated thus: "Oh! Cæsar, prophane thou not through envy the funeral monuments of these great patriots, that sell here sacrifices to thy ambition. If there may be allowed any renown to a Roman Muse, while Homer's verses shall be thought worthy of praise, they that shall live after us, shall read his and mine together: My *Pharsalia* shall live, and no time nor age shall consign it to oblivion."

This is all that I can trace from the ancients, or himself, concerning Lucan's life and writings; and indeed there is scarce any one author, either ancient or modern, that mentions him but with the greatest respect and the highest encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more instances.

I design not to enter into any criticism on the *Pharsalia*, though I had ever so much leisure or ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain set of men, that read the ancients only to find fault with them, and seem to live only on the excrements of authors. I beg leave to tell these gentlemen, that Lucan is not to be tried by those rules of an Epic Poem, which they have drawn from the *Iliad* or *Æneid*; for if they allow him not the honour to be on the same foot with Homer or Virgil, they must do him the justice at least, as not to try him by laws founded on their model. The *Pharsalia* is properly an Historical Heroic Poem, because the subject is a known true story. Now with our late critics, Truth is an unnecessary trifle for an Epic Poem, and ought to be thrown aside as a curb to invention. To have every part a mere web of their own brain, is with them a distinguishing mark of a mighty genius in the Epic way. Hence it is, these critics observe, that the favourite poems of that kind do always produce in the mind of the reader the highest wonder and surprize; and the more improbable the story is, still the more wonderful and surprizing. Much good may this notion of theirs do them; but, to my taste, a fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with surprizing circumstances, big with the highest events, and conducted with all the arts of the most consummate wisdom, does not strike the less strong, but leaves a more lasting impression on my mind, for being true.

If Lucan therefore wants these ornaments, he might have borrowed from Helicon, or his own invention; he has made us more than ample amends, by the great and true events that fall within the compass of this story. I am of opinion, that, in his first design of writing this poem of the civil wars, he resolved to treat the subject fairly and plainly, and that fable and invention were to have had no share in the

work: but the force of custom, and the design he had to induce the generality of readers to fall in love with liberty, and abhor slavery, the principal design of the poem induced him to embellish it with some fables, that without them his books would not be so universally read: so much was fable the delight of the Roman people.

If any shall object to his privilege of being examined, and tried as an historian, that he has given in to the poetical province of invention and fiction, in the Sixth book, where Sixtus enquires of the Theffalian witch Erietho the event of the civil war, and the fate of Rome; it may be answered, that perhaps the story was true, or at least it was commonly believed to be so in his time, which is a sufficient excuse for Lucan to have inserted it. It is true, no other author mentions it. But it is usual to find some one passage in one historian, that is not mentioned in any other, though they treat of the same subject. For though I am fully persuaded that all these Oracles and Responses, so famous in the pagan world, were the mere cheats of priests; yet the belief of them, and of magic and witchcraft, was universally received at that time. Therefore Lucan may very well be excused for falling-in with a popular error, whether he himself believed it or no, especially when it served to enliven and embellish his story. If it be an error, it is an error all the ancients have fallen into, both Greek and Roman: and Livy, the prince of the Latin historians, abounds in such relations. That it is not below the dignity and veracity of an historian to mention such things, we have a late instance in a noble author of our time, who has likewise wrote the civil wars of his country, and intermixt in it the story of the ghost of the duke of Buckingham's father.

In general, all the actions that Lucan relates in the course of his history are true; nor is it any impeachment of his veracity, that sometimes he differs in place, manner, or circumstances of actions, from other writers, any more than it is an imputation on them, that they differ from him. We ourselves have seen, in the course of the late two famous wars, how differently almost every battle and siege has been represented, and sometimes by those of the same side, when at the same time there be a thousand living witnesses, ready to contradict any falsehood, that partiality should impose upon the world. This I may affirm, the most important events, and the whole thread of action in Lucan, are agreeable to the universal consent of all authors, that have treated of the civil wars of Rome. If now and then he differs from them in lesser incidents or circumstances, let the critics in history decide the question: for my part, I am willing to take them for anecdotes first discovered and published by Lucan, which may at least conciliate to him the favour of our late admirers of Secret History.

After all I have said on this head, I cannot but in some measure call in question some parts of Cæsar's character as drawn by Lucan; which seem to me not altogether agreeable to truth, nor to the universal consent of history. I wish I could vindicate him in some of his personal representations of men, and Cæsar in particular, as I can do in the narration of the principal events and series of his story. He is not content only to deliver him down to posterity, as the subverter of the laws and liberties of his country, which he truly was, and than which, no greater infamy can possibly be cast upon any name: but he describes him as pursuing that abominable end, by the most execrable methods, and some that were not in Cæsar's nature to be guilty of. Cæsar was certainly a man far from revenge, or delight in blood; and he made appear, in the exercise of the supreme power, a noble and generous inclination to clemency upon all occasions: even Lucan, though never so much his enemy, has not omitted his generous usage of Domitius at Corfinium, or of Afranius and Petreius, when they were his prisoners in Spain. What can be then said for Lucan, when he represents him riding in triumph over the field of Pharsalia, the day after the battle, taking delight in that horrid landscape of Slaughter and Blood, and forbidding the bodies of so many brave Romans to be either buried or burnt? Not any one

passage of Cæsar's life gives countenance to a story like this: and how commendable soever the zeal of a writer may be, against the oppressor of his country, it ought not to have transported him to such a degree of malevolence, as to paint the most merciful conqueror that ever was, in colours proper only for the most savage natures. But the effects of prejudice and partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of life, in which even the best of men are not guilty of them in some degree or other. How many instances have we in history of the best princes treated as the worst of men, by the pens of authors that were highly prejudiced against them!

Shall we wonder then, that the Roman people, smarting under the lashes of Nero's tyranny, should exclaim in the bitterest terms against the memory of Julius Cæsar, since it was from him that Nero derived that power to use mankind as he did? Those that lived in Lucan's time, did not consider so much what Cæsar was in his own person, or temper, as what he was the occasion of to them. It is very probable, there were a great many dreadful stories of him handed about by tradition among the multitude; and even men of sense might give credit to them so far as to forget his clemency, and remember his ambition, to which they imputed all the cruelties and devastations committed by his successors. Resentments of this kind in the soul of a man, fond of the ancient constitution of the commonwealth, such as Lucan was, might betray him to believe, upon too slight grounds, whatever was to the disadvantage of one he looked upon as the subverter of that constitution. It was in that quality, and for that crime alone, that Brutus afterwards stabbed him; for personal prejudice against him he had none, and had been highly obliged by him: and it was upon that account alone, that Cato scorned to owe his life to him, though he well knew, Cæsar would have esteemed it one of the greatest felicities of his, to have had it in his power to pardon him. I would not be thought to make an apology for Lucan's thus traducing the memory of Cæsar; but would only beg the same indulgence to his partiality, that we are willing to allow to most other authors; for I cannot help believing all historians are more or less guilty of it.

I beg leave to observe one thing further on this head, that it is odd, Lucan should thus mistake this part of Cæsar's character, and yet do him so much justice in the rest. His greatness of mind, his intrepid courage, his indefatigable activity, his magnanimity, his generosity, his consummate knowledge in the art of war, and the power and grace of his eloquence, are all set forth in the best light upon every proper occasion. He never makes him speak, but it is with all the strength of argument and all the flowers of rhetoric. It were too obvious to enumerate every instance of this; and I shall only mention the speech to his army before the battle of Pharsalia, which in my opinion surpasses all I ever read, for the easy nobleness of expression, the proper topics to animate his soldiers, and the force of an inimitable eloquence.

Among Lucan's few mistakes in matters of fact, may be added those of geography and astronomy; but finding Mr. Rowe has taken some notice of them in his notes, I shall say nothing of them. Lucan had neither time nor opportunity to visit the scenes where the actions he describes were done, as some other historians both Greek and Roman had, and therefore it was no wonder he might commit some minute errors in these matters. As to astronomy, the schemes of that noble science were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduced to that mathematical certainty they have been since.

The method and disposition of a work of this kind, must be much the same with those observed by other historians, with one difference only, which I submit to better judgments: an historian who like Lucan has chosen to write in verse, though he is obliged to have a strict regard to truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not obliged to mention all facts, as other historians are. He is not tied down to relate every minute passage, or circumstance, if they be not absolutely necessary to the main story; especially if they are such as would appear heavy and flat, and consequently incumber his genius, or his verse. All these trifling parts of action would take off from the pleasure and entertainment, which is the main scope of that

manner of writing. Thus the particulars of an army's march, the journal of a siege, or the situation of a camp, where they are not subservient to the relation of some great and important event, had better be spared than inserted in a work of that kind. In a prose writer, these perhaps ought, or at least may be properly and agreeably enough mentioned; of which we have innumerable instances in the most ancient historians, and particularly in Thucydides and Livy.

There is a fault in Lucan against this rule, and that is his long and unnecessary enumeration of the several parts of Gaul, where Cæsar's army was drawn together, in the First Book. It is enlivened, it is true, with some beautiful verses he throws in, about the ancient Bards and Druids; but still in the main it is dry, and but of little consequence to the story itself. The many different people and cities there mentioned were not Cæsar's confederates, as those in the Third Book were Pompey's; and these last are particularly named, to express how many nations espoused the side of Pompey. Those reckoned up in Gaul were only the places where Cæsar's troops had been quartered, and Lucan might with as great propriety have mentioned the different routes by which they marched, as the garrisons from which they were drawn. This therefore, in my opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewise think, that the digression of Thessaly, and an account of its first inhabitants, is too prolix, and not of any great consequence to his purpose. I am sure, it signifies but little to the civil war in general, or the battle of Pharsalia in particular, to know how many rivers there are in Thessaly, or which of its mountains lies East or West.

But if these be faults in Lucan, they are such as will be found in the most admired poets, nay, and thought excellencies in them; and besides, he has made us most ample amends in the many extraordinary beauties of his poem. The story itself is Noble and Great; for what can there be in history more worthy of our knowledge and attention, than a war of the highest importance to mankind, carried on between the two greatest Leaders that ever were, and by a people the most renowned for arts and arms, and who were at that time masters of the world? What a poor subject is that of the *Ænied*, when compared with this of the *Pharsalia*! And what a despicable figure does Agamemnon, Homer's King of Kings, make, when compared with chiefs, who, by saying only, "be thou a King," made far greater kings than him! The scene of the *Iliad* contained but Greece, some islands in the *Ægean* and *Ionian* seas, with a very little part of the Lesser Asia: this of the civil war of Rome drew after it almost all the nations of the then known world. Troy was but a little town, of the little kingdom of Phrygia; whereas Rome was then mistress of an empire, that reached from the straits of Hercules, and the Atlantic ocean, to the Euphrates, and from the bottom of the Euxine and the Caspian seas, to *Æthiopia* and Mount Atlas. The inimitable Virgil is yet more straightened in his subjects. *Æneas*, a poor fugitive from Troy, with a handful of followers, settles at last in Italy; and all the empire that immortal pen could give him, is but a few miles upon the banks of the Tiber. So vast a disproportion there is between the importance of the subject of the *Ænied* and that of the *Pharsalia*, that we find one single Roman, Crassus, master of more slaves on his estate, than Virgil's hero had subjects. In fine, it may be said, nothing can excuse him for his choice, but that he designed his hero for the ancestor of Rome, and the Julian race.

I cannot leave this parallel, without taking notice, to what a height of power the Roman empire was then arrived, in an instance of Cæsar himself, when but proconsul of Gaul, and before it is thought he ever dreamed of what he afterwards attained to: it is in one of Cicero's letters to him, wherein he repeats the words of Cæsar's letters to him some time before. The words are these; "As to what concerns Marcus Furius, whom you recommended to me, I will, if you please, make him king of Gaul; but, if you would have me advance any other friend of yours, send him to me." It was no new thing for citizens of Rome, such as Cæsar was, to dispose of kingdoms as they pleased; and Cæsar himself had taken away Deiotarus's kingdom from him,

and given it to a private gentleman of Pergamum. But there is one surprising instance more, of the prodigious greatness of the Roman power, in the affair of king Antiochus, and that long before the height it arrived to, at the breaking forth of the civil war. That prince was master of all Egypt; and marching to the conquest of Phœnicia, Cyprus, and the other appendixes of that empire, Popilius overtakes him in his full march, with letters from the senate, and refuses to give him his hand till he had read them. Antiochus startled at the command that was contained in them, to stop the progress of his victories, asked a short time to consider of it. Popilius makes a circle about him with a stick he had in his hand. "Return me an answer," said he, "before thou stirrest out of this circle, or the Roman people are no more thy friends." Antiochus, after a short pause, told him with the lowest submission, he would obey the senate's commands. Upon which Popilius gives him his hand, and salutes him a friend of Rome. After Antiochus had given up so great a monarchy, and such a torrent of success, upon receiving only a few words in writing, he had indeed reason to send word to the senate, as he did by his ambassadors, that he had obeyed their commands with the same submission, as if they had been sent him from the immortal gods.

To leave this digression. It were the height of arrogance to detract ever so little from Homer or Virgil, who have kept possession of the first places, among the poets of Greece and Rome, for so many ages: yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I say there are several passages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the dignity that shines almost in every page of Lucan. It were to take both the *Iliad* and *Æneid* in pieces, to prove this: but I shall only take notice of one instance, and that is, the different colouring of Virgil's hero, and Lucan's Cæsar, in a storm. *Æneas* is drawn weeping, and in the greatest confusion and despair, though he had assurance from the gods that he should one day settle and raise a new empire in Italy. Cæsar, on the contrary, is represented perfectly sedate, and free from fear. His courage and magnanimity brighten up as much upon this occasion, as afterwards they did at the battles of *Pharsalia* and *Munda*. Courage would have cost Virgil nothing, to have bestowed it on his hero; and he might as easily have thrown him upon the coast of Carthage in a calm temper of mind, as in a panic fear.

St. Evremont is very severe upon Virgil on this account, and has criticized upon his character of *Æneas* in this manner. When Virgil tells us,

"Extemplo *Æneæ* solvuntur frigore membra,

"Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c."

"Seized as he is," says St. Evremont, "with this chiliness through all his limbs, the first sign of life we find in him, is his groaning; then he lifts up his hands to heaven, and in all appearance, would implore its succour, if the condition wherein the good hero finds himself, would afford him strength enough to raise his mind to the gods, and pray with attention. His soul, which could not apply itself to any thing else, abandons itself to lamentations; and like those desolate widows, who upon the first trouble they meet with, wish they were in the grave with their dear husbands, the poor *Æneas* bewails his not having perished before Troy with *Hector*, and esteems them very happy who left their bones in the bosom of so sweet and dear a country." "Some people," adds he, "may perhaps believe he says so, because he envies their happiness; but I am persuaded," says St. Evremont, "it is for fear of the danger that threatens him." The same author, after he has exposed his want of courage, adds, "The good *Æneas* hardly ever concerns himself in any important or glorious design: it is enough for him that he discharges his conscience in the office of a pious, tender, and compassionate man. He carries his father on his shoulders, he conjugally laments his dear *Creusa*, he causes his nurse to be interred, and makes a funeral pile for his trusty pilot *Palinurus*, for whom he sheds a thousand tears. Here is (says he) a sorry hero in paganism, who would have made an amiable saint among some Christians." In short, it is St. Evremont's opinion, "he was fitter to make a founder of an order than a state."

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. Evremont: I beg leave to take notice, that the storm in Lucan is drawn in stronger colours, and strikes the mind with greater horror than that of Virgil; notwithstanding the first has no supernatural cause assigned for it, and the latter is raised by a god, at the instigation of a goddess, that was both wife and sister of Jupiter.

In the *Pharfalia*, most of the transactions and events, that compose the relation, are wonderful and surprizing, though true, as well as instructive and entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to transcribe the work itself, and therefore I shall only hint at some of the most remarkable. With what dignity, and justness of character, are the two great rivals, Pompey and Cæsar, introduced in the First Book; and how beautifully, and with what a masterly art, are they opposed to one another? add to this, the justest similitudes by which their different characters are illustrated in the Second and Ninth Book. Who can but admire the figure that Cato's virtue makes, in more places than one? And I persuade myself, if Lucan had lived to finish his design, the death of that illustrious Roman had made one of the most moving, as well as one of the most sublime episodes of his poem. In the Third Book Pompey's dream, Cæsar's breaking open the temple of Saturn, the siege of Marseilles, the sea-fight, and the sacred grove, have each of them their particular excellence, that in my opinion come very little short of any thing we find in Homer or Virgil.

In the Fourth Book, there are a great many charming incidents, and among the rest, that of the soldiers running out of their camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable story of Vulteius. The Fifth Book affords us a fine account of the oracle of Delphi, its origin, the manner of its delivering answers, and the reason of its then silence. Then, upon the occasion of a mutiny in Cæsar's camp near *Placentia*, in his manner of passing the Adriatic in a small boat, amidst the storm I hinted at, he has given us the noblest and best image of that great man. But what affects me above all, is the parting of Pompey and Cornelia, in the end of the Book. It has something in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagined.

In the description of the witch *Erietho*, in the Sixth Book, we have a beautiful picture of horror; for even works of that kind have their beauties in poetry as well as in painting. The Seventh Book is most taken up with what relates to the famous battle of *Pharfalia*, which decided the fate of Rome. It is so related, that the reader may rather think himself a spectator of, or even engaged in, the battle, than so remote from the age in which it was fought. There is, towards the end of this Book, a noble majestic description of the general conflagration, and of that last catastrophe, which must put an end to this frame of heaven and earth. To this is added, in the most elevated style, his sentiments of the "Immortality of the Soul," and of rewards and punishments after this life. All these are touched with the nicest delicacy of expression and thought, especially that about the universal conflagration; and agrees with what we find of it in Holy writ. In so much that I am willing to believe Lucan might have conversed with St. Peter at Rome, if it be true he was ever there; or he might have seen that Epistle of his, wherein he give us the very same idea of it.

In the Eighth Book, our passions are again touched with the misfortunes of Cornelia and Pompey; but especially with the death, and unworthy funeral of the latter. In this book was likewise drawn, with the greatest art, the character of young Ptolemy and his ministers; particularly that of the villain *Photinus* is exquisitely exposed in his own speech in council.

In the Ninth Book, after the apotheosis of Pompey, Cato is introduced as the fittest man after him to head the cause of Liberty and Rome. This Book is the longest, and, in my opinion, the most entertaining in the whole poem. The march of Cato through the deserts of Libya, affords a noble and agreeable variety of matter; and the virtue of this hero, amidst these distresses through which he leads him, seems every where to deserve those raptures of praise he bestows upon him. Add to this, the artful descriptions of the various poisons with which these deserts abounded, and

their different effects upon human bodies, than which nothing can be more moving or poetical.

But Cato's answer to Labienus in this Book, upon his desiring him to consult the oracle of Jupiter Hammon about the event of the civil war, and the fortune of Rome, is a master-piece not to be equalled. All the attributes of God, such as his omnipotence, his prescience, his justice, his goodness, and his unsearchable decrees, are painted in the most awful and the strongest colours, and such as may make Christians themselves blush, for not coming up to them in most of their writings upon that subject. I know not but St. Evremont has carried the matter too far, when, in mentioning this passage, he concludes, "If all the ancient poets had spoke as worthily of the oracles of their gods, he should make no scruple to prefer them to the divines and philosophers of our time." "We may see," says he, "in the concourse of so many people, that came to consult the oracle of Hammon, what effect a public opinion can produce, where zeal and superstition mingle together." "We may see in Labienus, a pious sensible man, who to his respect for the gods, joins the consideration and esteem we ought to preserve for virtue in good men." "Cato is a religious severe philosopher, weaned from all vulgar opinions, who entertains those lofty thoughts of the gods, which pure and undebauched reason and a true elevated knowledge can give us of them; every thing here," says St. Evremont, "is poetical, every thing is consonant to truth and reason. It is not poetical upon the score of any ridiculous fiction, or for some extravagant hyperbole, but for the daring greatness and majesty of the language, and for the noble elevation of the discourse. It is thus," adds he, "that poetry is the language of the gods, and that poets are wise; and it is so much the greater wonder to find it in Lucan," says he, "because it is neither to be met with in Homer nor Virgil." I remember Montaigne, who is allowed by all to have been an admirable judge in these matters, prefers Lucan's character of Cato to Virgil, or any other of the ancient poets. He thinks all of them flat and languishing, but Lucan's much more strong, though overthrown by the extravagancy of his own force.

The Tenth Book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the Egyptian magnificence, with a curious account of the then-received opinions of the increase and decrease of the river Nile. From the variety of the story, and many other particulars I need not mention in this short account, it may easily appear, that a true history may be a romance or fiction, when the author makes choice of a subject that affords so many and so surprising incidents.

Among the faults that have been laid to Lucan's charge, the most justly imputed are those of his style; and indeed how could it be otherwise? Let us but remember the imperfect state, in which his sudden and immature death left the *Pharsalia*; the design itself being probably but half finished, and what was writ of it, but slightly, if at all revised. We are told, it is true, he either corrected the three first books himself, or his wife did it for him, in his own life-time. Be it so: but what are the corrections of a lady, or a young man of six and twenty, to those he might have made at forty, or a more advanced age? Virgil, the most correct and judicious poet that ever was, continued correcting his *Æneid* for near as long a series of years together as Lucan lived, and yet died with a strong opinion that it was imperfect still. If Lucan had lived to his age, the *Pharsalia* without doubt, would have made another kind of figure, than it now does, notwithstanding the difference to be found in the Roman language, between the times of Nero and Augustus.

It must be owned he is in many places obscure and hard, and therefore not so agreeable, and comes short of the purity, sweetness, and delicate propriety of Virgil. Yet it is still universally agreed among both ancients and moderns, that his genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art; and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering.

I am by no means willing to compare the *Pharsalia* to the *Æneid*; but I must say with St. Evremont, that for what purely regards the elevation of thought, Pompey,

Cæsar, Cato, and Labienus, shine much more in Lucan, than Jupiter, Mercury, Juno, or Venus, do in Virgil. The ideas which Lucan has given us of these great men are truly greater, and affect us more sensibly, than those which Virgil has given us of his deities: The latter has clothed his gods with human infirmities, to adapt them to the capacity of men: The other has raised his heroes so, as to bring them into competition with the gods themselves. In a word, the gods are not so valuable in Virgil, as the heroes: In Lucan, the heroes equal the gods. After all, it must be allowed, that most things throughout the whole *Pharfalia* are greatly and justly said, with regard even to the language and expression; but the sentiments are every where so beautiful and elevated, that they appear, as he describes Cæsar in Amyclus's cottage, in the Fifth Book, noble and magnificent in any dress. It is in this elevation of thought that Lucan justly excels: this is his *forte*, and what raises him up to an equality with the greatest of the ancient Poets.

I cannot omit here the delicate character of Lucan's genius, as mentioned by Strada, in the emblematic way. It is commonly known that Pope Leo the Tenth was not only learned himself, but a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the conversations and performances of all the polite writers of his time. The wits of Rome entertained him one day, at his villa on the banks of the Tiber, with an interlude in the nature of a Poetical Masquerade. They had their Parnassius, their Pegasus, their Helicon, and every one of the ancient poets in their several characters, where each acted the part that was suitable to his manner of writing, and among the rest one acted Lucan. "There was none," says he, "that was placed in a higher station, or had a greater prospect under him, than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain, while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off, insomuch that the spectators gave him for gone, and cried out now and then, he was tumbling." Thus Strada.

I shall sum up all I have time to say of Lucan, with another character, as it is given by one of the most polite men of the age he lived in, and who, under the protection of the same Pope Leo X. was one of the first restorers of learning in the latter end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century; I mean, Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus, who, with the assistance of Beroldus, Badius, and some others of the first form in the republic of letters, published Lucan with notes at Rome in the year 1514, being the first impression, if I mistake not, that ever was made of him. Poetry and Painting, with the knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, rose about that time to a prodigious height in a small compass of years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declined ever since. Verulanus, in his dedication to Cardinal Palavicini, prefixed to that edition, has not only given us a delicate sententious criticism on his *Pharfalia*, but a beautiful judicious comparison between him and Virgil, and that in a style which in my opinion comes but little short of Sallust, or the writers of the Augustan age. It is to the following purpose:

I come now to the author I have commented upon, says Sulpitius Verulanus, and shall endeavour to describe him, as well as observe in what he differs from that great poet Virgil. Lucan, in the opinion of Fabius, is no less a pattern for orators than for poets; and always adhering strictly to truth, he seems to have as fair a pretence to the character of an historian; for he equally performs each of these offices. His expression is bold and lively; his sentiments are clear, his fictions within compass of probability, and his digressions proper: his orations artful, correct, manly, and full of matter. In the other parts of his work, he is grave, fluent, copious, and elegant; abounding with great variety, and wonderful erudition. And in unriddling the intricacy of contrivances, designs, and actions, his style is so masterly, that you rather seem to see, than read of those transactions. But as for enterprizes and battles, you imagine them not related, but acted: towns alarmed, armies engaged, the eagerness and terror of the several soldiers, seem present to your view. As our author is frequent and fertile in descriptions; and none more skilful in discovering

the secret springs of action, and their rise in human passions: as he is an acute searcher into the manners of men, and most dextrous in applying all sorts of learning to his subject: What other cosmographer, astrologer, philosopher, or mathematician, do we stand in need of, while we read him? Who has more judiciously handled, or treated him with more delicacy, whatever topics his fancy has led him to, or have casually fallen in his way? Maro is, without doubt, a great poet; so is Lucan. In so apparent an equality, it is hard to decide which excels: For both have justly obtained the highest commendations. Maro is rich and magnificent; Lucan sumptuous and splendid: The first is discreet, inventive, and sublime; the latter free, harmonious, and full of spirit. Virgil seems to move with the devout solemnity of a reverend prelate: Lucan to march with the noble haughtiness of a victorious general. One owes most to labour and application; the other to nature and practice: one lulls the soul with the sweetness and music of his verse, the other raises it by his fire and rapture. Virgil is sedate, happy in his conceptions, free from faults: Lucan quick, various, and florid: *He* seems to fight with stronger weapons, *This* with more. The first surpasses all in solid strength; the latter excels in vigour and poignancy. You would think that the one sounds rather a larger and deeper toned trumpet; the other a less indeed, but clearer. In short, so great is the affinity, and the struggle for precedence between them, that though nobody be allowed to come up to that Divinity in Maro; yet had *He* not been possessed of the chief seat on Parnassus, our author's claim to it had been indisputable.

FEB. 26, 1718-19.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the first Book, after a proposition of his subject, a short view of the ruins occasioned by the civil wars in Italy, and a compliment to Nero, Lucan gives the principal causes of the Civil War, together with the characters of Caesar and Pompey: after that, the story probably begins with Caesar's passing the Rubicon, which was the bound of his province towards Rome, and his march to Ariminum. Thither the Tribunes and Curio, who had been driven out of the city by the opposite party, come to him, and demand his protection. Then follows his speech to his army, and a particular mention of the several parts of Gaul from which his troops were drawn together to his assistance. From Caesar, the poet turns to describe the general consternation at Rome, and the flight of great part of the senate and people at the news of his march. From hence he takes occasion to relate the foregoing prodigies, which were partly on occasion of those panic terrors, and likewise the ceremonies that were used by the priests for purifying the city, and averting the anger of the gods; and then ends this Book with the inspiration and prophecy of a Roman matron, in which she enumerates the principal events which were to happen in the course of the Civil War.

EMATHIAN plains with slaughter cover'd o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before,
Establish'd violence, and lawless might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of right;
A race renown'd, the world's victorious lords,
Turn'd on themselves with their own hostile
swords;

Piles against piles oppos'd in impious fight,
And eagles against eagles bending flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents, spilt.
One common horror and promiscuous guilt; 10
A shatter'd world in wild disorder tost,
Leagues, laws, and empire, in confusion lost;
Of all the woes which civil discords bring,
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I sing.

What blind, detested madness could afford 15
Such horrid licence to the murdering sword?

Say, Romans, whence so dire a fury rose,
To glut with Latian blood your barbarous foes?
Could you in wars like these provoke your fate?

Wars, where no triumphs on the victor wait! 20
While Babylon's proud spires yet rise so high,
And rich in Roman spoils invade the sky;

While yet no vengeance is to Crassus paid,
But unatton'd repines the wandering shade! 24

What tracts of land, what realms unknown before,
What seas wide-stretching to the distant shore,
What crowns, what empires, might that blood
have gain'd,

With which Emathia's fatal fields were stain'd!
Where Seres in her silken woods reside,

Where swift Araxes rolls rapid his tide: 30
Where-e'er (if such a nation can be found)

Nile's secret fountain springing cleaves the ground;
Where southern suns with double ardour rise,

Flame o'er the land, and scorch the mid-day skies;
Where Winter's hand the Scythian seas constrains,

And binds the frozen floods in crystal chains:
Where-e'er the shady night and day-spring
come,

All had submitted to the yoke of Rome.
O Rome! if slaughter be thy only care,

If such thy fond desire of impious war; 40

Turn from thyself, at least, the destin'd wound,
Till thou art mistress of the world around,
And none to conquer but thyself be found.
Thy foes as yet a juster war afford,
And barbarous blood remains to glut thy sword. 45
But see! her hands in her own vitals seize,
And no destruction but her own can please.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plow!
Behold her palaces and towers laid low!
See where o'erthrown the massy column lies, 50
While weeds obscene above the cornice rise.
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd walls remain,
There mouldering pillars nodding roots sustain.
The landscape, once in various beauty spread,
With yellow harvests and the flowery mead, 55
Displays a wild uncultivated face,
Which bushy brakes and brambles vile disgrace:
No human footstep prints th' untrodden green,
No cheerful maid nor villager is seen.
Ev'n in her cities famous once and great, 60
Where thousands crouded in the noisy street,
No sound is heard of human voices now,
But whistling winds through empty dwellings
blow;
While passing strangers wonder, if they spy
One single melancholy face go by. 65
Nor Pyrrhus' sword, nor Cannæ's fatal field,
Such universal desolation yield:
Her impious sons have her worst foes surpass'd,
And Roman hands have laid Hesperia waste.
But if our fates severely have decreed 70
No way but this for Nero to succeed;
If only thus our heroes can be gods,
And earth must pay for their divine abodes;
If heaven could not the thunderer obtain, }
'Till giants wars made room for Jove to reign, }
'Tis just, ye gods, nor ought we to complain:
Opprest with death though dire Pharsalia groan,
Though Lætan blood the Punic ghosts atone,
Though Pompey's hapless sons renew the war,
And Munda view the slaughter'd heaps from 80
far;
Though meagre famine in Perugia reign,
Though Mutina with battles fill the plain;
Though Leuca's isle, and wide Ambracia's bay,
Record the rage of Actium's fatal day;
Though servile hands are arm'd to man the fleet, 85
And on Sicilian seas the navies meet;
All crimes, all horrors, we with joy regard,
Since thou, O Cæsar, art the great reward.
Vast are the thanks thy grateful Rome should 90
pay
To wars, which usher-in thy sacred sway.
When, the great business of the world achiev'd,
Late by the willing stars thou art receiv'd,
Through all the blissful seats the news shall roll,
And heaven resound with joy from pole to pole.
Whether great Jove resign supreme command, 95
And trust his sceptre to thy abler hand;
Or if thou choose the empire of the day,
And make the sun's unwilling steeds obey;
Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam; 100
Where-e'er thou reign, with one consenting voice,
The gods and nature shall approve thy choice.

VOL. IV.

But, oh! whatever be thy godhead great,
Fix not in regions too remote thy seat;
Nor deign thou near the frozen bear to shine, 105
Nor where the sultry southern stars decline;
Less kindly thence thy influence shall come,
And thy best rays obliquely visit Rome.
Press not too much on any part the sphere:
Hard were the task thy weight divine to bear; 110
Soon would the *axis* feel th' unusual load,
And groaning bend beneath th' incumbent god:
O'er the mid orb more equal shalt thou rise,
And with a juster balance fix the skies. 114
Serene for ever be that azure space,
No blackening clouds the purer heaven disgrace, }
Nor hide from Rome her Cæsar's radiant face. }
Then shall mankind consent in sweet accord,
And warring nations sheath the wrathful sword;
Peace shall the world in friendly leagues compose,
And Janus' dreadful gates for ever close. 121
To me thy present godhead stands confest, }
Oh let thy sacred fury fire my breast!
So thou vouchsafe to hear, let Phæbus dwell
Still uninvok'd in Cyrrha's mystic cell: 125
By me uncall'd, let sprightly Bacchus reign,
And lead the dance on Indian Nyssa's plain.
To thee, O Cæsar, all my vows belong;
Do thou alone inspire the Roman song.
And now the mighty task demands our care, 130
The fatal source of discord to declare;
What cause accurst produc'd the dire event,
Why rage so dire the madding nations rent, }
And peace was driven away by one consent. }
But thus the malice of our fate commands, 135
And nothing great to long duration stands;
Aspiring Rome hath risen too much in height,
And sunk beneath her own unwieldy weight.
So shall one hour at last this globe controul, }
Break up the vast machine, dissolve the whole, }
And time no more through measur'd ages roll. }
Then Chaos hoar shall seize his former right,
And reign with anarchy and eldest night;
The starry lamps shall combat in the sky,
And lost and blended in each other die; 145
Quench'd in the deep the heavenly fires shall fall,
And ocean cast abroad o'er-spread the ball:
The moon no more her well-known course shall
run,
But rise from western waves, and meet the sun;
Ungovern'd shall she quit her ancient way, 150
Herself ambitious to supply the day:
Confusion wild shall all around be hurl'd,
And discord and disorder tear the world.
Thus power and greatness to destruction haste, }
Thus bounds to human happiness are plac'd, }
And Jove forbids prosperity to last.
Yet Fortune, when she meant to wreak her hate,
From foreign foes prepar'd the Roman state,
Nor suffer'd barbarous hands to give the blow,
That laid the queen of earth and ocean low; 160
To Rome herself for enemies she fought,
And Rome herself her own destruction wrought;
Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly heads before,
First fell by fatal partnership of power.
What blind ambition bids your force combine? 165
What means this frantic league in which you join?

L

Mistaken men! who hope to share the spoil,
 And hold the world within one common toil!
 While earth the seas shall in her bosom bear,
 While earth herself shall hang in ambient air, 170
 While Phœbus shall his constant task renew;
 While through the Zodiac night shall day pursue;
 No faith, no trust, no friendship, shall be known
 Among the jealous partners of a throne;
 But he who reigns, shall strive to reign alone. }
 Nor seek for foreign tales to make this good, 176
 Were not our walls first built in brother's blood?
 Nor did the feud for wide dominion rise,
 Nor was the world their impious fury's prize;
 Divided power contention still affords, 180
 And for a village strove the petty lords.

The fierce triumvirate combin'd in peace,
 Preserv'd the bond but for a little space, }
 Still with an awkward disagreeing grace. }
 'Twas not a league by inclination made, 185
 But bare agreement, such as friends persuade.
 Desire of war in either chief was seen,
 Though interposing Crassus stood between.
 Such in the midst the parting isthmus lies, 190
 While swelling seas on either side arise;
 The solid boundaries of earth restrain
 The fierce Ionian and Ægean main;
 But, if the mound gives way, straight roaring
 loud

In at the breach the rushing torrents croud;
 Raging they meet, the dashing waves run high,
 And work their foamy waters to the sky.
 So when unhappy Crassus, sadly slain,
 Dy'd with his blood Assyrian Carræ's plain;
 Sudden the seeming friends in arms engage,
 The Parthian sword let loose the Latian rage. 200
 Ye fierce Arsacide! ye foes of Rome,
 Now triumph, you have more than overcome:
 The vanquish'd felt your victory from far,
 And from that field receiv'd their civil war.

The sword is now the umpire to decide, 205
 And part what friendship knew not to divide.
 'Twas hard, an empire of so vast a size,
 Could not for two ambitious minds suffice;
 The peopled earth, and wide extended main,
 Could furnish room for only one to reign. 210
 When dying Julia first forsook the light,
 And Hymen's tapers sunk in endless night,
 The tender ties of kindred love were torn,
 Forgotten all, and bury'd in her urn.
 Oh! if her death had haply been delay'd, 215
 How might the daughter and the wife persuade!
 Like the fam'd Sabine dames she had been seen
 To stay the meeting war, and stand between:
 On either hand had woo'd them to accord,
 Sooth'd her fierce father, and her furious lord, }
 To join in peace, and sheath the ruthless sword. }
 But this the fatal sisters doom deny'd; 222
 The friends were sever'd, when the matron dy'd.
 The rival leaders mortal war proclaim,
 Rage fires their souls with jealousy of fame, }
 And emulation fans the rising flame. }

These Pompey thy past deeds by turns infect,
 And jealous glory burns within thy breast;
 Thy fam'd piratic laurel seems to fade,
 Beneath successful Cæsar's rising shade; 230

His Gallic wreaths thou view'st with anxious
 eyes

Above thy naval crowns triumphant rise.
 Thee, Cæsar, thy long labours past incite,
 Thy use of war, and custom of the fight;
 While bold ambition prompts thee in the race, 235
 And bids thy courage scorn a second place.
 Superior power, fierce faction's dearest care,
 One could not brook, and one disdain'd to share.
 Justly to name the better cause were hard,
 While greatest names for either side declar'd: 240
 Victorious Cæsar by the gods was crown'd,
 The vanquish'd party was by Cato own'd.
 Nor came the rivals equal to the field;
 One to increasing years began to yield,
 Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown, 245
 And civil functions weigh'd the soldier down;
 Disus'd to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,
 And pleas'd himself with popular applause;
 With gifts and liberal bounty sought for fame,
 And lov'd to hear the vulgar shout his name; 250
 In his own theatre rejoic'd to sit,
 Amidst the noisy praises of the pit.
 Careless of future ills that might betide,
 No aid he sought to prop his failing side, }
 But on his former fortune much rely'd. }
 Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his place; 256
 But stood the shadow of what once he was.
 So, in the field with Ceres' bounty spread,
 Uphears some ancient oak his reverend head;
 Chaplets and sacred gifts his boughs adorn, 260
 And spoils of war by mighty heroes worn.
 But, the first vigour of his root now gone,
 He stands dependent on his weight alone;
 All bare his naked branches are display'd,
 And with his leafless trunk he forms a shade: 265
 Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
 As every blast would heave him from his seat;
 Though thousand fairer trees the field supplies,
 That rich in youthful verdure round him rise;
 Fix'd in his ancient state he yields to none, 270
 And wears the honours of the grove alone.
 But Cæsar's greatness, and his strength was more
 Than past renown and antiquated power;
 'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
 Or tales in old records and annals seen; 275
 But 'twas a valour, restless, unconfin'd,
 Which no success could fate, nor limits bind;
 'Twas shame, a soldier's shame untaught to yield,
 That blush'd for nothing but an ill-fought field:
 Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to stay, 280
 Where vengeance or ambition led the way;
 Still prodigal of war whene'er withstood,
 Nor spar'd to stain the guilty sword with blood;
 Urging advantage, he improv'd all odds,
 And made the most of fortune and the gods; 285
 Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,
 And saw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.
 Such while earth trembles, and heaven thunders
 loud,

Darts the swift lightning from the rending cloud;
 Fierce through the day it breaks, and in its flight
 The dreadful blasts confound the gazers sight; 291
 Resistless in its course delights to rove,
 And cleaves the temples of its master Jove:

Alike where-e'er it passes or returns,
With equal rage the fell destroyer burns; 295
Then with a whirl full in its strength retires,
And recollects the force of all its scatter'd fires.

Motives like these the leading chiefs inspir'd;
But other thoughts the meaner vulgar fir'd.
Those fatal seeds luxurious vices sow, 300
Which ever lay a mighty people low.

To Rome the vanquish'd earth her tribute paid,
And deadly treasures to her view display'd:
Then truth and simple manners left the place,
While riot rear'd her lewd, dishonest face; 305

Virtue to full prosperity gave way,
And fled from rapine, and the lust of prey.
On every side proud palaces arise,
And lavish gold each common use supplies. 309

Their fathers frugal tables stand abhor'd,
And Asia now and Afric are explor'd,
For high-pric'd dainties, and citron board.
In silken robes the minion men appear,
Which maids and youthful brides should blush to wear.

That age by honest poverty adorn'd,
Which brought the manly Romans forth, is scorn'd;
Where-e'er ought pernicious does abound,
For luxury all lands are ransack'd round,
And dear-bought deaths the sinking state con- found. 315

The Curii's and the Carmilli's little field, 320
To vast extended territories yield;
And foreign tenants reap the harvest now,
Where once the great Dictator held the plow.

Rome, ever fond of war, was tir'd with ease;
Ev'n liberty had lost the power to please: 325
Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,
And want could every wickedness persuade:
Hence impious power was first esteem'd a good,
Worth being sought with arms, and bought with blood:

With glory, tyrants did their country awe, 330
And violence preferib'd the rule to law.
Hence pliant servile voices were constrain'd,
And force in popular assemblies reign'd;

Consuls and tribunes, with opposing might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the right: 335
Hence shameful magistrates were made for gold,
And a base people by themselves were sold:

Hence slaughter in the venal field returns,
And Rome her yearly competitions mourns:
Hence death unthrifty, careless to repay, 340
And usury still watching for its day:

Hence perjuries in every wrangling court;
And war, the needy bankrupt's last resort.
Now Cæsar, marching with swift wing'd haste,
The summits of the frozen Alps had pass'd; 345

With vast events and enterprizes fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.
Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood;
When lo! as he survey'd the narrow flood,

Amidst the dusky horrors of the night, 350
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd;

A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around: 355

Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then groaning thus the mournful silence broke.
Presumptuous men! oh, whither do you run?
Oh, whither bear you these my ensigns on?

If friends to right, if citizens of Rome, 360
Here to your utmost barrier are you come.
She said; and sunk within the closing shade:
Astonishment and dread the chief invade;

Stiff rose his starting hair, he stood dismay'd,
And on the bank his slacken'ng steps were stay'd.
O thou (at length he cry'd) whose hand controls 366
The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls;

Who from thy capitol's exalted height,
Dost o'er the wide-spread city cast thy sight!
Ye Phrygian gods, who guard the Julian line! 370
Ye mysteries of Romulus divine!

Thou, Jove! to whom from young Ascanius came

Thy Alban temple and thy Latian name:
And thou, immortal sacred Vestal flame!
But chief, oh! chiefly, thou, majestic Rome!

My first, my great divinity, to whom
Thy still successful Cæsar am I come;
Now do thou fear the sword's destructive rage,
With thee my arms no impious war shall wage.

On him thy hate, on him thy curse bestow, 380
Who would persuade thee Cæsar is thy foe;
And since to thee I consecrate my toil,
Oh favour thou my cause, and on thy soldier smile.

He said; and straight, impatient of delay,
Across the swelling flood pursu'd his way. 385
So when on sultry Libya's desert sand
The lion spies the hunter hard at hand,

Couch'd on the earth the doubtful savage lies,
And waits awhile till all his fury rise;
His lashing tail provoke his swelling sides, 390
And high upon his neck his mane with horror rides:

Then if at length the flying dart infect,
Or the broad spear invade his ample breast,
Scorning the wound, he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hostile Moor. 395

While with hot skies the servent summer glows,
The Rubicon an humble river flows;
Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the sea.

His bank on either side a limit stands, 400
Between the Gallic and Ausonian lands.
But stronger now the wintry torrent grows,
The wetting winds had thaw'd the Alpine snows,

And Cynthia rising with a blunted beam
In the third circle drove her watry team,
A signal sure to raise the swelling stream.

For this, to stem the water's rapid course
First plung'd amidst the flood the bolder horse;
With strength oppos'd against the stream they lead,

While to the smoother ford, the foot with ease
succeed. 410
The leader now had pass'd the torrent o'er,
And reach'd fair Italy's forbidden shore:

Then rearing on the hostile bank his head,
Here farewell peace and injur'd laws! (he said.) 414

Since faith is broke, and leagues are set aside,
Henceforth thou, goddess fortune art my guide;
Let fate and war the great event decide.
He spoke; and, on the dreadful task intent,
Speedy to near Ariminum he bent;
To him the Balearic sling is slow, 420
And the shaft loiters from the Parthian bow.
With eager marches swift he reach'd the town,
As the shades fled, the sinking stars were gone,
And Lucifer the last was left alone.
At length the morn, the dreadful morn arose, 425
Whose beams the first tumultuous rage disclose:
Whether the stormy south prolong'd the night,
Or the good gods abhor'd the impious fight,
The clouds a-while withheld the mournful light.
To the mid Forum on the soldier pass'd, 430
There halted, and his victor ensigns plac'd:
With dire alarms from band to band around,
The life, hoarse horn, and rattling trumpets
sounded.

The starting citizens uprear their heads;
The lustier youth at once forsake their beds; 435
Hasty they snatch the weapons, which among
Their household-gods in peace had rested long;
Old bucklers of the covering hides bereft,
The mouldering frames disjoint'd and barely left;
Swords with foul rust indented deep they take, 440
And useless spears with points inverted shake.
Soon as their crests the Roman eagles rear'd,
And Cæsar high above the rest appear'd;
Each trembling heart with secret horror shook,
And silent thus within themselves they spoke; 445
Oh, hapless city! oh, ill-fated walls!
Rear'd for a curse so near the neighbouring
Gauls!

By us destruction ever takes its way,
We first become each bold invader's prey;
Oh, that by fate we rather had been plac'd 450
Upon the confines of the utmost east!
The frozen north much better might we know,
Mountains of ice, and everlasting snow.
Better with wandering Scythians choose to roam,
Than fix in fruitful Italy our home,
And guard these dreadful passages to Rome.
Through these the Cimbrians laid Hesperia waste;
Through these the swarthy Carthaginian pass'd;
Whenever fortune threatens the Latian states,
War, death, and ruin, enter at these gates. 460
In secret murmurs thus they sought relief,
While no bold voice proclaim'd aloud their grief.
O'er all one deep, one horrid silence reigns;
As when the rigour of the winter's chains
All nature, heaven, and earth at once constrains;
The tuneful feather'd kind forget their lays, 466
And shivering tremble on the naked sprays;
Ev'n the rude seas compos'd forget to roar,
And freezing billows stiffen on the shore.

The colder shades of night forsook the sky, 470
When, lo! Bellona lifts her torch on high:
And if the chief, by doubt or shame detain'd,
Awhile from battle and from blood abstain'd;
Fortune and fate, impatient of delay,
Force every soft relenting thought away. 475
A lucky chance a fair pretence supplies,
And justice in his favour seems to rise.

New accidents new slings to rage suggest,
And fiercer fires inflame the warrior's breast.
The senate threatening high, and haughty grown,
Had driven the wrangling tribunes from the town;
In scorn of law, had chac'd them through the
gate,
And urg'd them with the factious Gracchi's fate.
With these, as for redress their course they sped
To Cæsar's camp the busy Curio fled; 485
Curio, a speaker turbulent and bold,
Of venal eloquence, that serv'd for gold,
And principles that might be bought and sold.
A tribune once himself, in loud debate,
He strove for public freedom, and the state: 490
Essay'd to make the warring nobles bow,
And bring the potent party-leaders low.
To Cæsar thus, while thousand cares infest,
Revolving round, the warrior's anxious breast,
His speech the ready orator address'd:

While yet my voice was useful to my friend; 496
While 'twas allow'd me, Cæsar to defend,
While yet the pleading bar was left me free,
While I could draw uncertain Rome to thee;
In vain their force the moody fathers join'd, 500
In vain to rob thee of thy power combin'd;
I lengthen'd out the date of thy command,
And fix'd thy conquering sword within thy hand.
But since the vanquish'd laws in war are dumb,
To thee, behold an exil'd band we come; 505
For thee, with joy our banishment we take,
For thee our household hearths and gods forsake;
Nor hope to see our native city more,
Till victory and thou the loss restore.
Th' unready faction, yet confus'd with fear, 510
Defenceless, weak, and unresolv'd, appear;
Haste then thy towering eagles on their way:
When fair occasion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.
If twice five years the stubborn Gaul withheld,
And set thee hard in many a well-fought field; 515
A nobler labour now before thee lies,
The hazard less, yet greater far the prize:
A province that, and portion of the whole;
This the vast head that does mankind control.
Success shall sure attend thee, boldly go 520
And win the world at one successful blow.
No triumph now attends thee at the gate;
No temples for thy sacred laurel wait:
But blasting envy hangs upon thy name,
Denies thee right, and robs thee of thy fame; 525
Imputes as crimes, the nations overcome,
And makes it treason to have fought for Rome:
Ev'n he who took thy Julia's plighted hand,
Waits to deprive thee of thy just command.
Since Pompey then, and those upon his side, 530
Forbid thee, the world's empire to divide;
Assume that sway which best mankind may bear,
And rule alone what they disdain to share.

He said; his words the listening chief engage,
And fire his breast, already prone to rage. 535
Not peals of loud applause with greater force,
At Grecian Elis, rouse the fiery horse;
When eager for the course each nerve he strains,
Hangs on the bit, and tugs the stubborn reins,
At every shout erects his quivering ears, 540
And his broad breast upon the barrier bears.

Sudden he bids the troops draw out, and straight
 The thronging legions round their ensigns wait :
 Then thus, the croud composing with a look, 544
 And, with his hand commanding silence, spoke :
 Fellows in arms, who chose with me to bear
 The toils and dangers of a tedious war,
 And conquer to this tenth revolving year ;
 See what reward the grateful senate yield,
 For the lost blood which stains yon northern field ;
 For wounds, for winter camps, for Alpine snow,
 And all the deaths the brave can undergo.
 See! the tumultuous city is alarm'd,
 As if another Hannibal were arm'd :
 The lusty youth are cull'd to fill the bands, 555
 And each tall grove falls by the shipwrights hands ;
 Fleets are equipp'd, the field with armies spread,
 And all demand devoted Cæsar's head.
 If thus, while fortune yields us her applause,
 While the god call us on and own our cause, 560
 If thus returning conquerors they treat,
 How had they us'd us flying from defeat ;
 If fickle chance of war had prov'd unkind,
 And the fierce Gauls pursued us from behind ! 564
 But let their boasted hero leave his home,
 Let him, dissolv'd with lazy leisure, come,
 With every noisy talking tongue in Rome :
 Let loud Marcellus troops of gown-men head,
 And their great Cato peaceful burghers lead,
 Shall his base followers, a venal train, 570
 For ages, bid their idol Pompey reign ?
 Shall his ambition still be thought no crime,
 His breach of laws, and triumph ere the time ?
 Still shall he gather honours and command,
 And grasp all rule in his rapacious hand ? 575
 What need I name the violated laws,
 And famine made the servant of his cause ?
 Who knows not, how the trembling judge beheld
 The peaceful court with arm'd legions fill'd ;
 When the bold soldier, justice to defy, 580
 In the mid Forum rear'd his ensigns high ;
 When glittering swords the pale assembly fear'd,
 When all for death and slaughter stood prepar'd,
 And Pompey's arms were guilty Milo's guard ?
 And now, disdaining peace and needful ease, 585
 Nothing but rule and government can please.
 Aspiring still, as ever, to be great,
 He robs his age of rest, to vex the state :
 On war intent, to that he bends his cares,
 And for the field for battle now prepares. 590
 He copies from his master Sylla well,
 And would the dire example far excel.
 Hyrcanian tigers fierceness thus retain,
 Whom in the woods their horrid mothers train,
 To chase the herds, and surfeit on the slain.
 Such, Pompey, still has been thy greedy thirst, 596
 In early love of impious slaughter nurs'd ;
 Since first thy infant cruelty essay'd,
 To lick the curst dictator's reeking blade.
 None ever give the salvage nature o'er, 600
 Whose jaws have once been drench'd in floods of
 gore.
 But whither would a power so wide extend ?
 Where will thy long ambition find an end ?
 Remember him who taught thee to be great ;
 Let him who chose to quit the sovereign seat,
 Let thy own Sylla warn thee to retreat.

Perhaps, for that too boldly I withstand,
 Nor yield my conquering eagles on command ;
 Since the Cician pirate strikes his sail,
 Since o'er the Pontic king thy arms prevail ; 610
 Since the poor prince, a weary life o'er-past,
 By thee and poison is subdued at last ;
 Perhaps, one latest province yet remains,
 And vanquish'd Cæsar must receive thy chains.
 But though my labours lose their just reward, 615
 Yet let the senate these my friends regard ;
 Whate'er my lot, my brave victorious bands
 Deserve to triumph, whosoe'er commands.
 Where shall my weary veteran rest ? Oh where
 Shall virtue worn with years and arms repair ? 620
 What town is for his late repose assign'd ?
 Where are the promis'd lands he hop'd to find,
 Fields for his plow, a country village seat,
 Some little comfortable safe retreat ;
 Where failing age at length from toil may cease, 625
 And waste the poor remains of life with peace ?
 But march, your long-victorious ensigns rear,
 Let valour on its own just cause appear.
 When for redress intreating armies call,
 They who deny just things, permit them all. 630
 The righteous gods shall surely own the cause,
 Which seeks not spoil, nor empire, but the laws.
 Proud lords and tyrants to depose we come,
 And save from slavery submissive Rome.
 He said ; a doubtful fullen murmuring sound 635
 Ran through the unresolving vulgar round ;
 The seeds of piety their rage restrain'd,
 And somewhat of their country's love remain'd ;
 These the rude passions of their soul withstood,
 Elate to conquest, and injur'd to blood : 640
 But soon the momentary virtue fail'd,
 And war and dread of Cæsar's frown prevail'd.
 Straight Lelieus from amidst the rest food forth,
 An old centurion of distinguish'd worth ;
 The oaken wreath his hardy temples wore, 645
 Mark of a citizen preserv'd he bore.
 If against thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,
 Thou greatest leader of the Roman name ;
 If truth or injur'd honour may be bold,
 What lingering patience does thy arms withhold ?
 Canst thou distrust our faith so often try'd, 651
 In thy long wars not shrinking from thy side ?
 While in my veins this vital torrent flows,
 This heaving breath within my bosom blows ;
 While yet these arms sufficient vigour yield 655
 To dart the javelin, and to lift the shield ;
 While, these remain, my general wilt thou own
 The vile dominion of the lazy gown ?
 Wilt thou the lordly senate choose to bear,
 Rather than conquer in a civil war ?
 With thee the Scythian wilds we'll wander o'er,
 With thee burning Libyan sands explore,
 And tread the Syrt's inhospitable shore.
 Behold ! this hand, to nobler labours train'd,
 For thee the servile oar has not disdain'd, 665
 For thee the swelling seas were taught to plow,
 Through the Rhine's whirling stream to force
 thy prow,
 That all the vanquish'd world to thee might bow.
 Each faculty, each power, thy will obey,
 And inclination ever leads the way. 670

No friend, no fellow-citizen I know,
Whom Cæsar's trumpet once proclaims a foe.
By the long labours of thy sword, I swear,
By all the fame acquir'd in ten years war,
By thy past triumphs, and by those to come, 675
(No matter where the vanquish'd be, nor whom)
Bid me to strike my dearest brother dead,
To bring my aged father's hoary head,
Or itab the pregnant partner of my bed;
Though nature plead, and stop my trembling
hand, 680

I swear to execute thy dread command.
Dost thou delight to spoil the wealthy gods,
And scatter flames through all their proud abodes?
See through thy camp our ready torches burn,
Moneta soon her sinking fane shall mourn. 685
Wilt thou yon haughty factious senate brave,
And awe the Tuscan river's yellow wave?
On Tiber's bank thy ensign's shall be plac'd,
And thy bold foldier lay Hesperia waste.
Dost thou devote some hostile city's walls? 690
Beneath our thundering rams the ruin falls;
She falls, ev'n though thy wrathful sentence
doom

The world's imperial mistress, mighty Rome.
He said; the ready legions vow to join
Their chief below'd, in every bold design; 695
All lift their well-approving hands on high,
And rend with peals of loud applause the sky.
Such is the sound when Thracian Boreas spreads
His weighty wing o'er Ossa's piney heads:
At once the noisy groves are all inclin'd, 700
And, bending, roar beneath the sweeping wind;
At once their rattling branches all they rear,
And drive the leafy clamour through the air.

Cæsar with joy the ready bands beheld,
Urg'd-on by fate, and eager for the field; 705
Swift orders straight the scatter'd warriors call,
From every part of wide-extended Gaul;
And, lest his fortune languish by delay,
To Rome the moving ensigns speed their way.
Some, at the bidding of the chief, forsake 710
Their fix'd encampment near the Leman lake:
Some from Vogesus' lofty rocks withdraw,
Plac'd on those heights the Lingones to awe;
The Lingones still frequent in alarms,
And rich in many-colour'd painted arms. 715
Others from Isara's low torrent came,
Who winding keeps through many a mead his
name;

But seeks the sea with waters not his own,
Lost and confounded in the nobler Rhone.
Their garrison the Ruthen city send, 720
Whose youth's long locks in yellow rings depend.
No more the Varus and the Atax feel
The lordly burden of the Latian keel.
Alcides' fane the troops commanded leave,
Where winding rocks the peaceful flood re-
ceive; 725

Nor Corus there, nor Zephyrus resort,
Nor roll rude surges on the Sacred Port;
Circius' loud blast alone is heard to roar,
And vex the safety of Monæchus' shore.
The legions move from Galia's farthest side, 730
Wash'd by the restless ocean's various tide;

Now o'er the land flows in the pouring main,
Now rears the land its rising head again,
And seas and earth alternate rule maintain. }
If driven by winds from the far distant pole, 735
This way and that, the floods revolving roll;
Or if, compell'd by Cynthia's silver beam,
Obedient Tethys heaves the swelling stream;
Or if, by heat attracted to the sky, }
Old ocean lifts his heavy waves on high, }
And briny deeps the wasting sun supply;
What cause foe'er the wondrous motion guide,
And press the ebb, or raise the flowing tide;
Be that your task, ye sages to explore,
Who search the secret springs of nature's power:
To me, for so the wiser gods ordain, 740
Untrac'd the mystery shall still remain.
From fair Nemossus moves a warlike band,
From Atur's banks, and the Tarbellian strand,
Where winding round the coast pursues its way, 750
And folds the sea within a gentle bay.
The Santones are now with joy releas'd
From hostile inmates, and their Roman guest,
Now the Bituriges forget their fears,
And Sueffons nimble with unwieldy spears: 755
Exult the Leuci, and the Remi now,
Expert in javelins, and the bending bow.
The Belgæ taught on cover'd wains to ride,
The Sequani the wheeling horse to guide;
The bold Averni who from Ilium come, 760
And boast an ancient brotherhood with Rome;
The Nervi oft rebelling, oft subdued,
Whose hands in Gotta's slaughter were imbrued;
Vangiones, like loose Sarmatians drest,
Who with rough hides their brawny thighs
invest:

Batavians fierce, whom brazen trumps delight, 766
And with hoarse rattlings animate to fight;
The nations where the Cinga's waters flow,
And Pyrenæan mountains stand in snow;
Those where slow Arar meets the rapid Rhone, 770
And with his stronger stream is hurry'd down;
Those o'er the mountains lofty summer spread,
Where high Gebenna lifts her hoary head;
With these the Trevir and Ligurian shorn,
Whose brow no more long falling locks adorn; 775
Though chief amongst the Gauls he wont to deck,
With ringlets comely spread, his graceful neck:
And you where Hesus' horrid altar stands,
Where dire Teutates human blood demands;
Where Taranis by wretches is obey'd, 780
And vies in slaughter with the Scythian maid:
All see with joy the war's departing rage,
Seek distant lands, and other foes engage.
You too, ye bards! whom sacred raptures fire,
To chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre; 785
Who consecrate, in your immortal strain,
Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain;
Securely now the tuneful task renew,
And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.
The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
Old mysteries and barbarous rites restore: 790
A tribe who singular religion love,
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
To these, and these of all mankind alone,
The gods are sure reveal'd, or sure unknown. 795

If dying mortals doom they sing aright,
 No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night :
 No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,
 Nor seek the dreary silent shades below :
 But forth they fly immortal in their kind, 800
 And other bodies in new worlds they find.
 Thus life for ever runs its endless race,
 And like a line, death but divides the space,
 A stop which can but for a moment last,
 A point between the future and the past. 805
 Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
 Who that worst fear, the fear of death despise ;
 Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
 But rush undaunted on the pointed steel ;
 Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn 810
 To spare that life which must so soon return.
 You too tow'rs Rome advance, ye warlike band,
 That wont the shaggy Cauci to withstand ;
 Whom once a better order did assign,
 To guard the passes of the German Rhine ; 815
 Now from the fenceless banks you march away,
 And leave the world the fierce barbarians prey.
 While thus the numerous troops, from every
 part,
 Assembling, raise their daring leader's heart ; 819
 O'er Italy he takes his warlike way ;
 The neighbouring town his summons straight
 obey,
 And on their walls his ensigns high display.
 Mean-while the busy messenger of ill,
 Officious Fame, supplies new terror still :
 A thousand slaughters, and ten thousand fears, 825
 She whispers in the trembling vulgar's ears.
 Now comes a frighted messenger, to tell
 Of ruins which the country round beset ;
 The foe to fair Mevania's walls is past,
 And lays Clitumnus' fruitful pastures waste ; 830
 Where Nar's white waves with Tiber mingling
 fall,
 Range the rough German and the rapid Gaul.
 But when himself, when Caesar they would paint,
 The stronger image makes description faint ;
 No tongue can speak with what amazing dread 835
 Wild thought presents him at his army's head ;
 Unlike the man familiar to their eyes,
 Horrid he seems, and of gigantic size :
 Unnumber'd eagles rise amidst his train,
 And millions seem to hide the crowded plain. 840
 Around him all the various nations join,
 Between the snowy Alps and distant Rhine.
 He draws the fierce barbarians from their home,
 With rage surpassing theirs he seems to come,
 And urge them on to spoil devoted Rome. }
 Thus fear does half the work of lying fame,
 And cowards thus their own misfortunes frame ;
 By their own feigning fancies are betray'd,
 And groan beneath those ills themselves have
 made.
 Nor these alarms the croud alone infect, 850
 But ran alike through every beating breast ;
 With equal dread the grave Patricians shook,
 Their seats abandon'd, and the court forsook.
 The scattering fathers quit the public care,
 And bid the consuls for the war prepare. 855
 Resolv'd on flight, yet still unknowing where
 To fly from danger, or for aid repair,

Hasty and headlong different paths they tread,
 As blind impulse and wild distraction lead ;
 The croud, a hurrying, heartless train, succeed. }
 Who that the lamentable sight beheld, 865
 The wretched fugitives that hid the field,
 Would not have thought the flames with rapid
 haste
 Destroying wide, had laid their city waste ;
 Orgroaning earth had shook beneath their feet, 865
 While threatening fabrics nodded o'er the street.
 By such unthinking rashness were they led ;
 Such was the madness which their fears had bred,
 As if, of every other hope bereft,
 To fly from Rome were all the safety left: 870
 So when the stormy south is heard to roar,
 And rolls huge billows from the Libyan shore ;
 When rending sails flit with the driving blast,
 And with a crash down comes the lofty mast ;
 Some coward master leaps from off the deck, 875
 And, hasty to despair, prevents the wreck ;
 And though the bark unbroken hold her way,
 His trembling crew all plunge into the sea.
 From doubtful thus they run to certain harms,
 And flying from the city rush to arms. 880
 Then sons forsook their fires unnerv'd and old,
 Nor weeping wives their husbands could with-
 hold ;
 Each left his guardian Lares unador'd,
 Nor with one parting prayer their aid implor'd :
 None stop'd, or sighing turn'd for one last view, 885
 Or bid the city of his birth adieu.
 The headlong croud regardless urge their way,
 Though ev'n their gods and country ask their
 stay,
 And pleading nature beg them to delay.
 What means, ye gods ! this changing in your
 doom ?
 Freely you grant, but quickly you resume. 891
 Vain is the short-liv'd sovereignty you lend ;
 The pile you raise you deign not to defend.
 See where, forsaken by her native bands,
 All desolate the once-great city stands ! 895
 She whom her swarming citizens made proud,
 Where once the vanquish'd nations wont to
 croud,
 Within the circuit of whose ample space
 Mankind might meet at once, and find a place ;
 A wide defenceless desert now she lies, 900
 And yields herself the victor's easy prize.
 The camp intrench'd securest slumbers yields,
 Though hostile arms beset the neighbouring fields ;
 Rude banks of earth the hasty soldier rears,
 And in the turfy wall forgets his fears ; 905
 While Rome thy sons all tremble from afar,
 And scatter at the very name of war ;
 Nor on thy towers depend, nor ramparts height,
 Nor trust their safety with thee for a night.
 Yet one excuse absolv'd the panic dread ; 910
 The vulgar justly fear'd when Pompey fled.
 And, lest sweet hope might mitigate their woes,
 And expectation better times disclose,
 On every breast presaging terror fate,
 And threaten'd plain some yet more dismal fate.
 The gods declare their menaces around, 916
 Earth, air, and seas, in prodigies abound ;

Then stars, unknown before, appear'd to burn,
 And foreign flames about the pole to turn;
 Unusual fires by night were seen to fly, 920
 And dart obliquely through the gloomy sky.
 Then horrid comets shook their fatal hair,
 And bade proud royalty for change prepare:
 Now dart swift lightnings through the azure clear,
 And meteors now in various forms appear: 925
 Some like the javelin shoot extended long,
 While some like spreading lamps in heaven are
 hung.
 And though no gathering clouds the day control;
 Through skies serene portentous thunders roll;
 Fierce blasting bolts from northern regions come,
 And aim their vengeance at imperial Rome. 931
 The stars, that twinkled in the lonely night,
 Now lift their bolder head in day's broad light.
 The moon, in all her brother's beams array'd,
 Was blotted by the earth's approaching shade: 935
 The sun himself, in his meridian race,
 In sable darkness veiled his brighter face;
 The trembling world beheld his fading ray,
 And mourn'd despairing for the loss of day.
 Such was he seen, when backward to the east 940
 He fled, abhorring dire Thyestes' feast.
 Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,
 While Mulciber let loose his fiery store;
 Nor rose the flames, but with a downward tide
 Tow'rd's Italy their burning torrent guide; 945
 Charybdis dogs howl doleful o'er the flood,
 And all her whirling waves run red with blood;
 The Vestal fire upon the altar dy'd,
 And o'er the sacrifice the flames divide;
 The parting points with double streams ascend, 950
 To shew the Latian festivals must end;
 Such from the Theban brethren's pile arose,
 Signal of impious and immortal foes.
 With openings fast the gaping earth gave way,
 And in her inmost womb receiv'd the day. 955
 The swelling seas o'er lofty mountains flow,
 And nodding Alps shook off their ancient snow.
 Then wept the demi-gods of mortal birth,
 And sweating Lares trembled on the hearth.
 In temples then, recording stories tell, 960
 Untouch'd the sacred gifts and garlands fell.
 Then birds obscene, with inauspicious flight,
 And screamings dire, prophan'd the hallow'd
 light.
 The salvage kind forsook the desert wood,
 And in the streets disclos'd their horrid brood. 965
 Then speaking beasts with human sounds were
 heard,
 And monstrous births the teeming mothers scar'd.
 Among the croud, religious fears disperse
 The faws of Sibyls, and foreboding verse.
 Bellona's priests, a barbarous frantic train, 970
 Whose mangled arms a thousand wounds disdain,
 Toss their wild locks, and, with a dismal yell,
 The wrathful gods and coming woes foretell.
 Lamenting ghosts amidst their ashes mourn,
 And groanings echo from the marble urn. 975
 The rattling clank of arms is heard around
 And voices loud in lonely woods resound.
 Grim spectres every where affright the eye,
 Approaching glare, and pass with horror by.

A fury fierce about the city walks, 980
 Hell-born, and horrible of size, she stalks:
 A flaming pine she brandishes in air,
 And hissing loud up-rise her snaky hair:
 Where-e'er her round accurst the monster takes,
 The pale inhabitant his house forsakes. 985
 Such to Lycurgus was the phantom seen,
 Such the dire visions of the Theban queen;
 Such, at his cruel stepmother's command,
 Before Alcides, did Megæra stand:
 With dread, till then unknown, the hero shook, 990
 Though he had dar'd on hell's grim king to look.
 Amidst the deepest silence of the night,
 Shrill-sounding clarions animate the fight;
 The shouts of meeting armies seem to rise,
 And the loud battle shakes the gloomy skies. 995
 Dead Sylla in the Martian field ascends,
 And mischiefs mighty as his own portends.
 Near Anio's stream old Marius rears his head;
 The hinds beheld his grisly form, and fled.
 The state thus threaten'd, by old custom taught,
 For counsel to the Tufcan prophets sought: 1001
 Of these the chief for learning fam'd, and age,
 Aruns by name, a venerable sage,
 At Luna liv'd; none better could descry
 What bodes the lightnings journey through the
 sky;
 Prefaging veins and fibres well he knew, 1006
 And omens read aright, from every wing that flew.
 First he commands to burn the monstrous breed,
 Sprung from mix'd species, and discordant seed;
 Forbidden and accursed births, which come, 1010
 Where nature's laws design'd a barren womb.
 Next, the remaining trembling tribes he calls,
 To pass with solemn rites about their walls,
 In holy march to visit all around,
 And with lustrations purge the utmost bound. 1015
 The sovereign priests the long procession lead,
 Inferior orders in the train succeed,
 Array'd all duly in the Sabine weed. }
 There the chaste head of Vesta's choir appears, 1020
 A sacred fillet binds her reverend hairs;
 To her, in sole pre-eminence, is due,
 Phrygian Minerva's awful shrine to view.
 Next the fifteen in order pass along,
 Who guard the fatal Sibyls' secret song:
 To Almon's stream Cybele's form they bear, 1025
 And wash the goddess each returning year.
 The Titian brotherhood, the Augurs band,
 Observing flights on the left lucky hand;
 The seven ordain'd Jove's holy feast to deck;
 The Salii blithe, with bucklers on the neck, 1030
 All marching in their order just appear:
 And last the generous Flamens close the rear.
 While these through ways uncouth, and tire-some
 ground,
 Patient perform their long laborious round, 1035
 Aruns collects the marks of heaven's dread flame;
 In earth he hides them with religious hand,
 Murmurs a prayer, then gives the place a name, }
 And bids the fix'd Bidental hallow'd stand. 1040
 Next from the herd a chosen male is sought,
 And soon before the ready altar brought.
 And now the seer the sacrifice began,
 The pouring wine upon the victim ran;

The mingled meal upon his brow was plac'd;
The crooked knife the destin'd line had trac'd;
When with reluctant rage th' impatient beast 1045
The rites unpleasing to the God confest.

At length compell'd his stubborn head to bow,
Vanquish'd he yields him to the fatal blow;
The gushing veins no cheerful crimson pour,
But stain with poisonous black the sacred floor. 1050
The paler prophet stood with horror struck;
Then with a hasty hand the entrails took,
And fought the angry gods again; but there
Prognostics worse, and sadder signs, appear;
The pallid guts with spots were marbled o'er, 1055
With thin cold serum stain'd, and livid gore;
The liver wet with putrid streams he spy'd,
And veins that threaten'd on the hostile side:
Part of the heaving lungs is no where found,
And thinner films the fever'd entrails bound; 1060
No usual motion stirs the panting heart;
The chinky vessels ouze on every part;
The cawl, where wrapt the close intestines lie,
Betrays its dark recesses to the eye.

One prodigy superior threaten'd still, 1065
The never-failing harbinger of ill:
Lo! by the fibrous liver's rising head,
A second rival prominence is spread;
All sunk and poor the friendly part appears,
And a pale, sickly, withering visage wears; 1070
While high and full the adverse vessels ride,
And drive, impetuous, on their purple tide.
Amaz'd the sage foresaw th' impending fate;
Ye gods! (he cry'd) forbid me to relate
What woes on this devoted people wait.
Nor dost thou, Jove, in these our rites partake,
Nor smile propitious on the prayer we make;
The dreadful Stygian gods this victim claim,
And to our sacrifice the furies came.
The ills we feel command us to be dumb; 1080
Yet somewhat worse than what we feel shall
come.

But may the gods be gracious from on high,
Some better prosperous event supply,
Fibres may err, and augury may lie;
Arts may be false, by which our fires divin'd, 1085
And Tages taught them, to abuse mankind.
Thus darkly he the prophecy exprest,
And riddling sung the double-dealing priest.

But Figulus exclaims (to science bred,
And in the gods mysterious secrets read; 1090
Whom nor Ægyptian Memphis' sons excell'd,
Nor with more skill the rolling orbs beheld:
Well could he judge the labours of the sphere,
And calculate the just revolving year).
The stars (he cries) are in confusion hurl'd, 1095
And wandering error quite misguides the world;
Or, if the laws of nature yet remain,
Some swift destruction now the Fates ordain.
Shall earth's wide opening jaws for ruin call,
And sinking cities to the centre fall? 1100
Shall raging drought infest the sultry sky?
Shall faithless earth the promis'd crop deny?
Shall poisonous vapours o'er the waters brood,
And taint the limpid spring and silver flood?

Ye gods! what ruin does your wrath prepare! 1105
Comes it from heaven, from earth, from seas, or
air?

The lives of many to a period haste,
And thousands shall together breathe their last.
If Saturn's fullen beams were lifted high,
And baneful reign'd ascendant o'er the sky, 1110
Then moist Aquarius deluges might rain,
And earth once more lie sunk beneath the main:
Or did thy glowing beams, O Phœbus, shine
Malignant in the Lion's scorching sign,
Wide o'er the world consuming fires might roll, 1115
And heaven be seen to flame from pole to pole:
Through peaceful orbits these unangry glide,
But, God of Battles, what dost thou provide?
Who in the threatening Scorpion dost preside?
With potent wrath around thy influence streams,
And the whole monster kindles at thy beams: 1120
While Jupiter's more gentle rays decline,
And Mercury with Venus faintly shine;
The wandering lights are darken'd all and gone,
And Mars now lords it o'er the heavens alone. 1125
Orion's starry falchion blazing wide,
Refulgent glitters by his dreadful side.
War comes, and salvage slaughter must abound,
The sword of violence shall right confound:
The blackest crimes fair virtue's name shall wear,
And impious fury rage for many a year. 1130
Yet ask not thou an end of arms, O Rome,
Thy peace must with a lordly master come.
Protract destruction, and defer thy chain,
The sword alone prevents the tyrant's reign,
And civil wars thy liberty maintain.

The heartless vulgar to the sage give heed,
New rising fears his words foreboding breed.
When, lo! more dreadful wonders strike their
eyes,

Forth through the streets a Roman matron flies,
Mad as the Thracian dames that bound along,
And chant Lyæus in their frantic song:
Enthusiastic heavings swelled her breast,
And thus her voice the Delphic god confest: 1144
Where dost thou snatch me Pæan! wherefore
bear

Through cloudy heights and tracts of pathless air?
I see Pangean mountains white with snow,
Æmus and wide Philippi's fields below.
Say, Phœbus, wherefore does this fury rise?
What mean these spears and shields before my
eyes? 1150

I see the Roman battles croud the plain!
I see the war, but seek the foe in vain.
Again I fly, I seek the rising day,
Where Nile's Ægyptian waters take their way:
I see, I know upon the guilty shore, 1155
The hero's headless trunk besmear'd with gore.
The Syrtes and Libyan sands beneath me lie,
Thither Emathia's scatter'd relics fly.
Now o'er the cloudy Alps I stretch my flight,
And soar above Pyrene's airy height: 1160
To Rome, my native Rome, I turn again,
And see the senate reeking with the slain.
Again the moving chiefs their arms prepare;
Again I follow through the world the war. 1164

Oh, give me, Phœbus! give me to explore,
Some region new, some undiscover'd shore;
I saw Philippi's fatal fields before.

She said: the weary rage began to cease,
And left the fainting prophets in peace.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Amidst the general consternation that fore-ran the Civil War, the poet introduces an old man giving an account of the miseries that attended on that of Marius and Sylla; and comparing their present circumstances to those in which the commonwealth was when that former war broke out. Brutus consults with Cato, whether it were the duty of a private man to concern himself in the public troubles; to which Cato replies in the affirmative: Then follows his receiving Marcia again from the tomb of Hortensius. While Pompey goes to Capua, Caesar makes himself master of the greatest part of Italy, and among the rest of Corfinium, where Domitius, the governor for Pompey, is seized by his garrison, and delivered to Caesar, who pardons and dismisses him.

Pompey, in an oration to his army, makes a trial of their disposition to a general battle; but not finding it to answer his expectation, he sends his son to solicit the assistance of his friends and allies; then marched himself to Brundisium, where he is like to be shut up by Caesar, and escapes at length with much difficulty.

NOW manifest the wrath divine appear'd,
And nature thro' the world the war declar'd;
Teeming with monsters, sacred law she broke,
And dire events in all her works bespoke,
Thou Jove, who dost in heaven supremely reign,
Why does thy providence these signs ordain,
And give us prescience to increase our pain?
Doubly we bear thy dread-inflicting doom,
And feel our miseries before they come.
Whether the great creating parent soul,
When first from Chaos rude he form'd the whole,
Dispos'd futurity with certain hand,
And bade the necessary crosses stand;
Made one decree for ever to remain,
And bound himself in Fate's eternal chain;
Or whether sickle fortune leads the dance,
Nothing is fix'd, but all things come by chance;
Whate'er thou shalt ordain, thou ruling power,
Unknown and sudden be the dreadful hour:
Let mortals to their future fate be blind,
And hope relieve the miserable mind.

While thus the wretched citizens behold
What certain ills the faithful gods foretold;
Justice suspends her course in mournful Rome,
And all the noisy courts at once are dumb;
No honours shine in the distinguish'd weed,
Nor rods the purple mat'rate precede:
A dismal silent sorrow spreads around,
No groan is heard, nor one complaining sound.

So when some generous youth resigns his breath,
And parting sinks in the last pangs of death;
With ghastly eyes, and many a lift-up hand,
Around his bed the still attendants stand;
No tongue as yet presumes his fate to tell,
Nor speaks aloud the solemn last farewell;
As yet the mother by her darling lies,
Nor breaks lamenting into frantic cries;
And though he stiffens in her fond embrace,
His eyes are set, and livid pale his face;
Horror awhile prevents the swelling tear,
Nor is her passion grief, as yet, but fear;
In one fix'd posture motionless she keeps,
And wonders at her woe before she weeps.
The matrons sad, their rich attire lay by,
And to the temples madly crowding fly:
Some on the shrines their gushing sorrows pour,
Some dash their breasts against the marble floor,
Some on the sacred thresholds rend their hair,
And howling seek the gods with horrid prayer.
Nor Jove received the wailing suppliants all,
In various fanes on various powers they call.
No altar then, no god was left alone,
Unvex'd by some impatient parent's moan.
Of these, one wretch her grief, above the rest,
With visage torn, and mangled arms confest.
Ye mothers! beat (she cry'd) your bosoms now,
Now tear the curling honours from your brow;
The present hour even all your tears demands,
While doubtful fortune yet suspended stands.
When one shall conquer, then for joy prepare,
The victor chief, at least, shall end the war.
Thus, from renew'd complaints, they seek relief,
And only find fresh causes out for grief.

The men too, as to different camps they go,
Join their sad voices to the public woe;
Impatient to the gods they raise their cry,
And thus expostulate with those on high:

Oh hapless times! oh that we had been born,
When Carthage made our vanquish'd country
mourn!

Well had we then been number'd with the slain
On Trebia's banks, or Cannæ's fatal plain.
Nor ask we peace, ye powers, nor soft repose;
Give us new wars, and multitudes of foes;
Let every potent city arm for fight,
And all the neighbour nations round unite;
From Median Susa let the Parthians come,
And Massagets beyond their Ister roam:
Let Elbe and Rhine's unconquer'd springs send forth
The yellow Suevi from the farthest north:
Let the conspiring world in arms engage,
And save us only from domestic rage.
Here let the hostile Dacian inroads make,
And there his way the Gete invader take.
Let Cæsar in Iberia tame the foe;
Let Pompey break the deadly eastern bow,
And Rome no hand unarm'd for battle know.
But if Hesperia stand condemn'd by fate,
And ruin on our name and nation wait;
Now dart thy thunder, dread almighty fire,
Let all thy flaming heavens descend in fire;
On chiefs and parties hurl thy bolts alike,
And, ere their crimes have made them guilty,
strike.

Is it a cause so worthy of our care,
That power may fall to this, or that man's share?
Do we for this the gods and conscience brave, 95
That one may rule, and make the rest a slave?
When thus ev'n liberty we scarce should buy,
But think a civil war a price too high.
Thus groan they at approaching dire events,
And thus expiring piety laments. 100
Mean-while the hoary fire his years deplores,
And age that former miseries restores:
He hates his weary life prolong'd for woe,
Worse days to see, more impious rage to know.
Then fetching old examples from afar, 105
'Twas thus (he cries) Fate usher'd in the war:
When Cimbrians fierce, and Libya's swarthy lord,
Had fall'n before triumphant Marius' sword;
Yet to Minturnæ's marsh the victor fled,
And hid in oozy flags his exil'd head. 110
The faithless foil the hunted chief reliev'd,
And sedgey waters fortune's pledge receiv'd.
Deep in a dungeon plung'd at length he lay,
Where gyves and rankling fetters eat their way, }
And noisome vapours on his vitals prey.
Ordain'd at ease to dine in wretched Rome, 116
He suffer'd then, for wickedness to come.
In vain his foes had arm'd the Cimbrian's hand,
Death will not always wait upon command;
About to strike, the slave with horror shook; 120
The useless steel his loosening gripe forsook;
Thick flashing flames a light unusual gave,
And sudden shone around the gloomy cave;
Dreadful the Gods of guilt before him stood,
And Marius terrible in future blood; 125
When thus a voice began: Rash man forbear,
Nor touch that head which fate resolves to spare;
Thousands are doom'd beneath his arm to bleed,
And countless deaths before his own decreed:
Thy wrath and purpose to destroy is vain; 130
Would'st thou avenge thee for thy nation slain?
Preserve this man; and in some coming day
The Cimbrian slaughter well he shall repay.
No pitying god, no power to mortals good,
Could save a salvage wretch who joy'd in blood: 135
But fate reserv'd to perform its doom,
And be the minister of wrath to Rome.
By swelling seas too favourably tost,
Safely he reach'd Numidia's hostile coast; 139
There, driven from man, to wilds he took his way,
And on the earth, where once he conquer'd lay;
There in the lone unpeopled desert field,
Proud Carthage in her ruins he beheld;
Amidst her ashes pleas'd he sat him down,
And joy'd in the destruction of the town. 145
The genius of the place, with mutual hate,
Regard'd its sad head, and smil'd at Marius' fate;
Each with delight survey'd their fallen foe,
And each forgave the gods, that laid the other low.
There with new fury was his soul possess'd, 150
And Libyan rage collected in his breast.
Soon as returning fortune own'd his cause,
Troops of revolting bond-men forth he draws;
Cut-throats and slaves resort to his command,
And arms are given to every baser hand. 155

None worthily the leader's standard bore,
Unstain'd with blood or blackest crimes before:
Villains of fame, to fill his hands were fought,
And to his camp increase of crimes they brought.
Who can relate the horrors of that day, 160
When first these walls became the victor's prey!
With what a stride devouring Slaughter past,
And swept promiscuous orders in her haste!
O'er noble and plebeian rang'd the sword;
Nor pity or remorse one pause afford. 165
The sliding streets with blood were clotted o'er,
And sacred temples flood in pools of gore.
The ruthless steel, impatient of delay,
Forbade the fire to linger out his day:
It struck the bending father to the earth, 170
And cropt the wailing infant at his birth.
(Can innocents the rage of parties know,
And they who ne'er offended, find a foe?)
Age is no plea, and childhood no defence,
To kill is all the murderer's pretence. 175
Rage stays not to inquire who ought to die,
Numbers must fall, no matter which, or why;
Each in his hand a grievous village bears,
And as the trophy of his virtue wears.
Who wants a prize, straight rushes through the streets, 180
And undistinguish'd mows the first he meets;
The trembling crowd, with fear officious strive,
And those who kiss the tyrant's hand survive.
Oh could you fall so low, degenerate race!
And purchase safety at a price so base? 185
What though the sword was master of your doom,
Though Marius could have given you years to come,
Can Romans live by infamy so mean?
But soon your changing fortune shifts the scene;
Short is your date; you only live to mourn 190
Your hopes deceiv'd, and Sylla's swift return.
The vulgar falls, and none laments his fate,
Sorrow has hardly leisure for the great.
What tears could Bæbius' hasty death deplore!
A thousand hands his mangled carcase tore; 195
His scatter'd entrails round the streets were tost,
And in a moment all the man was lost.
Who wept, Antonius' murder to behold,
Whose moving tongue the mischief oft foretold?
Spite of his age and eloquence he bled; 200
The barbarous soldier snatch'd his hoary head;
Dropping he bore it to his joyful lord,
And while he feasted plac'd it on the board.
The Craffi both by Finbria's hand were slain,
And bleeding magistrates the pulpit stain. 205
Then did the doom of that neglecting hand,
Thy fate, O holy Scævola, command;
In vain for succour to the gods he flies,
The priest before the Vestal altar dies:
A feeble stream pour'd forth the exhausted fire, 210
And spar'd to quench the ever-living fire.
The seventh Returning Fates now appear,
And bring stern Marius' latest destin'd year:
Thus the long toils of changing life o'erpass,
Hoary and full of days he breath'd his last. 215
While Fortune frown'd, her fiercest wrath he bore,
And while she smil'd enjoy'd her amplest pow'r:

All various turns of good and bad he knew,
And prov'd the most that chance or fate could
do.

What heaps of slain the Colline gate did yield!
What bodies strew'd the Sacriportan field, 221
When empire was ordain'd to change her seat,
To leave her Rome, and make Præneste great!
When the proud Samuites troops the state defy'd,
In terms beyond their Caudine treaty's pride, 225
Nor Sylla with less cruelty returns,
With equal rage the fierce avenger burns:
What blood the feeble city yet retain'd,
With too severe a healing hand he drain'd:
Too deeply was the searching steel employ'd, 230
What maladies had hurt, the leach destroy'd.
The guilty only were of life bereft:
Alas! the guilty only then were left.
Dissembled hate and rancour rang'd at will,
All as they pleas'd took liberty to kill; 235
And while revenge no longer fear'd the laws,
Each private murder was the public cause.
The leader bade destroy: and at the word,
The master fell beneath the servant's sword.
Brothers on brothers were for gifts bestow'd, 240
And sons contended for their father's blood.
For refuge some to caves and forests fled;
Some to the lonely mansions of the dead;
Some, to prevent the cruel victor, die;
These strangled hang from fatal beams on high; 245
While those, from tops of lofty turrets thrown,
Came headlong on the dashing pavement down.
Some for their funerals the wood prepare,
And build the sacred pile with hasty care:
Then bleeding to the kindling flames they press, 250
And Roman rites, while yet they may, possess.
Pale heads of Marian chiefs are borne on high,
And heap'd together in the Forum lie;
There join the meeting slaughters of the town,
There each performing villain's deeds are known.
No fight like this the Thracian stables knew, 256
Antæus' Libyan spoils to these were few:
Nor Greece beheld so many suitors fall,
To grace the Pisan tyrant's horrid hall.
At length, when putrid gore, with foul disgrace, 260
Hid the distinguish'd features of the face,
By night the miserable parents came,
And bore their sons to some forbidden flame.
Well I remember in that woeful reign,
How I my brother sought amongst the slain; 265
Hopeful by stealth his poor remains to burn,
And close his ashes in a peaceful urn;
His visage in my trembling hand I bore,
And turn'd pacific Sylla's trophies o'er;
Full many a mangled trunk I try'd, to see 270
Which carcase with the head would best agree.
Why should my grief to Catulus return,
And tell the victim offer'd at his urn;
When, struck with horror, the relenting shade
Beheld his wrongs too cruelly repay'd? 275
I saw where Marius hapless brother stood,
With limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with blood;
A thousand gaping wounds increas'd his pain,
While weary life a passage sought in vain;
That mercy still his ruthless foes deny, 280
And, whom they mean to kill, forbid to die.

This from the wrist the suppliant hands divides,
That hews his arms from off his naked sides;
One crops his breathing nostrils, one his ears,
While from the roots his tongue another tears; 281
Panting awhile upon the earth it lies,
And with mute motion trembles ere it dies:
Last, from the sacred caverns where they lay,
The bleeding orbs of sight are rent away. 289
Can late posterity believe, when'er
This tale of Marius and his foes they hear, }
They could inflict so much, or he could bear? }
Such is the broken carcase seen to lie,
Crush'd by some tumbling turret from on high;
Such to the shore the shipwreckt corse is borne, 295
By rending rocks, and greedy monsters torn,
Mistaken rage! thus mangling to disgrace,
And blot the lines of Marius' hated face!
What joy can Sylla take, unless he know, 300
And mark the features of his dying foe?
Fortune beheld, from her Prænestine fane,
Her helpless worshippers around her slain;
One hour of fate was common to them all,
And like one man she saw a people fall.
Then dy'd the lusty youth in manly bloom, 305
Hesperia's flower, and hope for times to come;
Their blood, Rome's only strength, distains the fold,
Ordain'd th' assembling centuries to hold.
Numbers have oft been known, on sea and land,
To sink of old by death's destructive hand; 310
Battles with multitudes have frown the plain,
And many perish on the stormy main:
Earthquakes destroy, malignant vapours blast,
And plagues and famines lay whole nations waste:
But justice, sure, was never seep, till now, 315
To massacre her thousands at a blow.
Satiety of death the victors prove,
And slowly through th' incumbering ruin move:
So many fall, there scarce is room for more,
The dying nod on those who fell before; 320
Crouding in heaps their murderers they aid,
And, by the dead, the living are o'erlaid.
Mean while the stern dictator, from on high,
Beholds the slaughter with a fearless eye;
Nor sighs, to think his dread commands ordain 325
So many thousand wretches to be slain.
Amidst the Tiber's waves the load is thrown,
The torrent rolls the guilty burden down;
Till rising mounds obstruct his watery way,
And carcases the gliding vessels stay. 330
But soon another stream to aid him rose,
Swift o'er the fields a crimson deluge flows:
The Tuscan river swells above his shores,
And floating bodies to the land restores:
Struggling at length he drives his rushing flood, 335
And dyes the Tyrrhene ocean round with blood.
Could deeds like these the glorious stile demand
Of prosperous, and saviour of the land?
Could this renown, could these achievements build
A tomb for Sylla in the Martian field? 340
Again, behold the circling woes return,
Again the curse of civil wars we mourn;
Battles and blood, and vengeance, shall succeed,
And Rome once more by Roman hands shall bleed.
Or if, for hourly thus our fears preface, 345
With wrath more fierce the present chiefs shall
rage,

Mankind shall some unheard-of plagues deplore,
And groan for miseries unknown before.
Marius an end of exile only fought;
Sylla to crush a hated faction fought; 350
A larger recompence these leaders claim,
And higher is their vast ambition's aim:
Could these be satisfy'd with Sylla's power;
Nor all he had possessing, ask for more;
Neither had force and impious arms employ'd, 355
Or fought for that which guiltless each enjoy'd.
Thus wept lamenting age o'er hapless Rome,
Remembering evils past, and dreading those to come.

But Brutus' temper fail'd not with the rest,
Nor with the common weakness was oppress'd;
Safe and in peace he kept his manly breast.
'Twas when the solemn dead of night came on,
When bright Calisto with her shining son
Now half their circle round the pole had run;
When Brutus, on the busy times intent, 365
To virtuous Cato's humble dwelling went:
Waking he found him, careful for the state,
Grieving and fearing for his country's fate;
For Rome, and wretched Rome, alone he fear'd;
Secure within himself, and for the worst prepar'd.

To him thus Brutus spoke: O thou, to whom 371
Forfeaken Virtue flies, as to her home,
Driv'n out, and by an impious age oppress'd,
She finds no room on earth but Cato's breast;
There, in her one good man, she reigns secure, 375
Fearless of vice, and fortune's hostile power.
Then teach my soul, to doubt and error prone,
Teach me a resolution like thy own.

Let partial favour, hopes, or interest guide,
By various motives, all the world beside,
To Pompey's, or ambitious Cæsar's side;
Thou, Cato, art my leader. Whether peace 382
And calm repose amidst these storms shall please:
Or whether war thy ardour shall engage,
To gratify the madness of this age,
Herd with the factious chiefs, and urge the
people's rage.

The ruffian, bankrupt, loose adulterer,
All who the power of laws and justice fear,
From guilt learn specious reasons for the war.
By starving want and wickedness prepar'd, 390
Wisely they arm for safety and reward.
But, oh! what cause, what reason, canst thou
find?

Art thou to arms for love of arms inclin'd?
Hast thou the manners of this age withstood,
And for so many years been singly good,
To be repay'd with civil wars and blood?
Let those to vice inur'd for arms prepare,
In thee 't will be impiety to dare;
Preserve at least, ye gods, these hands from war.
Nor do thou meanly with the rabble join, 400
Nor grace their cause with such an arm as thine.
To thee, the fortune of the fatal field
Inclining, un auspicious fame shall yield;
Each to thy sword should press, and wish to be
Imputed as thy crime, and charg'd on thee. 405
Happy thou wert, if with retirement blest,
Which noise and faction never should molest,
Nor break the sacred quiet of thy breast;

Where harmony and order ne'er should cease,
But every day should take its turn in peace. 410
So, in eternal steady motion, roll
The radiant spheres around the starry pole:
Fierce lightnings, meteors, and the winter's storm,
Earth and the face of lower heaven deform,
Whilst all by nature's laws is calm above; 415
No tempest rages in the court of Jove.
Light particles and idle atoms fly,
Toss'd by the winds, and scatter'd round the sky;
While the more solid parts the force resist,
And fix'd and stable on the centre rest. 420
Cæsar shall hear with joy, that thou art join'd
With fighting factions to disturb mankind:
Though sworn his foe, he shall applaud thy choice,
And think his wicked war approv'd by Cato's voice.
See! how to swell their mighty leader's state 425
The consuls and the servile senate wait:
Ev'n Cato's self to Pompey's yoke must bow,
And all mankind are slaves but Cæsar now.
If war, however, be at last our doom,
If we must arm for Liberty and Rome: 430
While undecided yet their fate depends,
Cæsar and Pompey are alike my friends;
Which party I shall choose, is yet to know,
That let the war decide; who conquers is my foe.

Thus spoke the youth. When Cato thus express'd
The sacred counsels of his most inmost breast:

Brutus! with thee, I own the crime is great;
With thee, this impious civil war I hate;
But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate.
Answer yourselves, ye gods, and set me free; 440
If I am guilty, 'tis by your decree.

If you fair lamps above should lose their light,
And leave the wretched world in endless night;
If Chaos should in heaven and earth prevail,
And universal nature's frame should fail; 445
What Stoic would not the misfortune share,
And think that desolation worth his care?
Princes and nations whom wide seas divide,
Where other stars far distant heavens do guide,
Have brought their ensigns to the Roman side.
Forbid it, gods! when barbarous Scythians come
From their cold north, to prop declining Rome,
That I should see her fall, and sit secure at home.

As some unhappy fire by death undone,
Robb'd of his age's joy, his only son, 455
Attends the funeral with pious care,
To pay his last paternal office there;
Takes a sad pleasure in the crowd to go,
And be himself part of the pompous woe;
Then waits till, every ceremony past, 460
His own fond hand may light the pile at last.
So fix'd, so faithful to thy cause, O Rome,
With such a constancy and love I come,
Resolv'd for thee and liberty to mourn,
And never! never from your sides be torn; 465
Resolv'd to follow still your common fate,
And on your very names, and last remains to wait.
Thus let it be, since thus the gods ordain;
Since hecatombs of Romans must be slain,
Assist the sacrifice with every hand, 470
And give them all the slaughter they demand.
O! were the gods contented with my fall,
If Cato's life could answer for you all,

Like the devoted Decius would I go,
 To force from either side the mortal blow,
 And for my country's sake, wish to be thought
 her foe.

To me, ye Romans, all your rage confine,
 To me, ye nations from the barbarous Rhine,
 Let all the wounds this war shall make be mine.
 Open my vital streams, and let them run,
 Oh, let the purple sacrifice atone
 For all the ills offending Rome has done.
 If slavery be all the faction's end, 483
 If chains the prize for which the fools contend,
 To me convert the war, let me be slain;
 Me, only me, who fondly strive, in vain,
 Their useless laws and freedom to maintain:
 So may the tyrant safely mount his throne,
 And rule his slaves in peace, when I am gone.
 Howe'er, since free as yet from his command, 490
 For Pompey and the commonwealth we stand.
 Nor he, if fortune should attend his arms,
 If proof against ambition's fatal charms;
 But, urg'd with greatness, and desire of sway,
 May dare to make the vanquish'd world his prey.
 Then, lest the hopes of empire swell his pride, 496
 Let him remember I was on his side;
 Nor think he conquer'd for himself alone,
 To make the harvest of the war his own, 499
 Where half the toil was ours. So spoke the sage.
 His words the listening eager youth engage
 Too much to love of arms, and heat of civil rage.

Now 'gan the sun to lift his dawning light,
 Before him fled the colder shades of night;
 When lo! the sounding doors are heard to turn, 505
 Chaste Martia comes from dead Hortensius' urn.
 Once to a better husband's happier bed,
 With bridal rites, a virgin was she led:
 When, every debt of love and duty paid,
 And thrice a parent by Lucina made, 510
 The teeming matron, at her lord's command,
 To glad Hortensius gave her plighted hand;
 With a fair stock his barren house to grace;
 And mingle by the mother's side the race.
 At length th's husband in his ashes laid, 515
 And every rite of due religion paid,
 Forth from his monument the mournful dame,
 With beaten breasts, and locks dishevel'd, came;
 Then with a pale dejected rueful look,
 Thus pleading to her former lord she spoke: 520

While nature yet with vigour fed my veins,
 And made me equal to a mother's pains,
 To thee obedient, I thy house forsook,
 And to my arms another husband took:
 My powers at length with genial labours worn, 525
 Weary to thee, and wasted, I return.
 At length a barren wedlock let me prove,
 Give me the name, without the joys of love;
 No more to be abandon'd, let me come,
 That Cato's wife may live upon my tomb, 530
 So shall my truth to latest times be read,
 And none shall ask if guiltily I fled,
 Or thy command estrang'd me from thy bed.
 Nor ask I now thy happiness to share,
 I seek thy days of toil, thy nights of care: 535
 Give me, with thee, to meet my country's foe,
 Thy weary marches and thy camps to know;

Nor let posterity with shame record,
 Cornelia follow'd, Martia left her lord.
 She said: The hero's manly heart 'twas mov'd, 540
 And the chaste matron's virtuous suit approv'd.
 And though the times far differing thoughts de-
 mand,
 Though war diffents from Hymen's holy band?
 In plain unsolemn wife his faith he plights,
 And calls the gods to view the lonely rites. 545
 No garlands gay the chearful portal crown'd,
 Nor woolly fillets wove the posts around;
 No genial bed with rich embroidery grac'd,
 On ivory steps in lofty state was plac'd; 549
 No hymeneal torch preceding shone,
 No matron put the towery frontlet on,
 Nor bade her feet the sacred threshold shun.
 No yellow veil was loosely thrown, to hide
 The rising blushes of the trembling bride;
 No glittering zone her flowing garments bound, 555
 Nor sparkling gems her neck encompass'd round;
 No silken scarf, nor decent winding lawn,
 Was o'er her naked arms and shoulders drawn:
 But, as she was, in funeral attire,
 With all the sadness sorrow could inspire, 560
 With eyes dejected, with a joyless face,
 She met her husband's, like a son's embrace.
 No Sabine mirth provokes the bridegroom's
 ears,
 Nor sprightly wit the glad assembly cheers.
 No friends, not e'en their children, grace the feast,
 Brutus attends, their only nuptial guest: 566
 He stands a witness of the silent rite,
 And sees the melancholy pair unite.
 Nor he, the chief, his sacred visage cheer'd,
 Nor smooth'd his matted locks, or horrid beard; 570
 Nor deigns his heart one thought of joy to know,
 But met his Martia with the same stern brow:
 (For when he saw the fatal factions arm,
 The coming war, and Rome's impending harm;
 Regardless quite of every other care, 575
 Unhorn he left his loose neglected hair;
 Rude hung the hoary honours of his head,
 And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'er-
 spread,
 No stings of private hate his peace infect,
 No partial favour grew upon his breast; 580
 But, safe from prejudice, he kept his mind
 Free, and at leisure to lament mankind.)
 Nor could his former love's returning fire,
 The warmth of one connubial wish inspire, }
 But strongly he withstood the just desire.
 These were the strict manners of the man,
 And this the stubborn course in which they ran;
 The golden mean unchanging to pursue,
 Constant to keep the proposed end in view;
 Religiously to follow nature's laws, 590
 And die with pleasure in his country's cause,
 To think he was not for himself design'd,
 But born to be of use to all mankind.
 To him 't was fasting, hunger to repress;
 And home-spun garments were his costly dress: 595
 No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
 'T was warm, and kept him from the winter sky:
 He sought no end of marriage, but increase,
 Nor wish'd a pleasure, but his country's peace:

That took up all the tenderest parts of life, 600
His country was his children and his wife.
From justice' righteous lore he never swerv'd,
But rigidly his honesty preserv'd.
On universal good his thoughts were bent,
Nor knew what gain, or self-affection meant; 605
And while his benefits the public share,
Cato was always last in Cato's care.

Meantime, the trembling troops, by Pompey
led,
Hasty to Phrygian Capua were fled.
Resolving here to fix the moving war, 610
He calls his scatter'd legions from afar;
Here he decrees the daring foe to wait,
And prove at once the great event of fate;
Where Appennine's delightful shades arise,
And lift Hesperia lofty to the skies. 615
Between the higher and inferior sea,
The long-extended mountain takes his way;
Pisa and Ancon bound his sloping sides,
Wash'd by the Tyrrhene and Dalmatic tides; 619
Rich in the treasure of his watery stores,
A thousand living springs and streams he pours, }
And seeks the different seas by different shores. }
From his left falls Crustumium's rapid flood,
And swift Metaurus red with Punic blood;
There gentle Sapis with Isaurus joins, 625
And Sera there the Senones confines;
Rough Afidus the meeting ocean braves,
And lashes on the lazy Adria's waves;
Hence vast Eridanus with matchless force,
Prince of the streams directs his regal course; 630
Proud with the spoils of fields and woods he flows,
And drains Hesperia's rivers as he goes,
His sacred banks, in ancient tales renown'd,
First by the spreading poplar's shade were crown'd;
When the sun's fiery steeds forsook their way, 635
And downward drew to earth the burning day:
When every flood and ample lake was dry,
The Po alone his channel could supply.
Hither rash Phaeton was headlong driven,
And in these waters quench'd the flames of heaven.
Nor wealthy Nile a fuller stream contains, 641
Though wide he spreads o'er Ægypt's flatter
plains;
Nor Isser rolls a larger torrent down,
Sought he the sea with waters all his own;
But meeting floods to him their homage pay, 645
And heave the blended river on his way.
These from the left; while from the right there
come
The Rutuba and Tiber dear to Rome;
Thence slides Vulturnus' swift descending flood,
And Sarnus hid beneath his misty cloud; 650
Thence Liris, whom the Vestin fountains aid,
Winds to the sea through close Marica's shade:
Thence Siler through Salernian pastures falls,
And shallow Macra creeps by Luna's walls.
Bordering on Gaul the loftiest ridges rise, 655
And the low Alps from cloudy heights despise;
Thence his long back the fruitful mountain bows,
Beneath the Umbrian and the Sabine plows;
The race primæval, natives all of old,
His woody rocks within their circuit hold; 660

Far as Hesperia's utmost limits pass,
The hilly father runs his mighty mafs;
Where Juno rears her high Lacinian fane,
And Scylla's raging dogs molest the main.
Once, farther yet 'tis said) his way he took, 665
Till through his side the seas conspiring broke;
And still we see on fair Sicilia's sands
Where, part of Apennine, Pelorus stands.
But Cæsar for destruction eager burns,
Free passages and bloodless ways he storms; 670
In fierce conflicting fields his arms delight,
He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his might,
Resistless through the widening breach to go,
To burst the gate, to lay the bulwark low,
To burn the villages, to waste the plains, 675
And massacre the poor laborious swains.
Abhorring law, he chooses to offend,
And blushes to be thought his country's friend.
The Latian cities now, with busy care,
As various they inclin'd, for arms prepare. 680
Though doom'd before the war's first rage to
yield,
Trenches they dig, and ruin'd walls rebuild;
Huge stone and darts their lofty towers supply,
And guarded bulwarks menace from on high.
To Pompey's part the proner people lean, 685
Though Cæsar's stronger terrors stand between.
So when the blasts of founding Ausfer blow,
The waves obedient to his empire flow;
And though the stormy god fierce Eurys frees,
And sends him rushing cros the swelling seas; 690
Spite of his force, the billows yet retain
Their former course, and that way roll the main;
The lighter clouds with Eurys driving sweep,
While Ausfer still commands the watery deep.
Still fear too sure o'er vulgar minds prevails, 695
And faith before successful fortune fails.
Etruria vainly trusts in Libo's aid,
And Umbria by Thermus is betray'd;
Sylla, unmindful of his father's fame,
Fleat at the dreadful sound of Cæsar's name. 700
Soon as the horse near Auximon appear,
Retreating Varus owes his abject fear,
And with a coward's haste neglects his rere; }
On flight alone intent, without delay,
Through rocks and devious woods he wings his
way.
The Esculean fortress Lentulus forsakes, 706
A swift pursuit the speedy victor makes;
All arts of threats and promises apply'd,
He wins the faithless cohorts to his side,
The leader with his ensigns fled alone, 710
To Cæsar sell the soldier, and the town.
Thou, Scipio, too dost for retreat prepare;
Thou leav'st Luceria, trusted to thy care;
Though troops well try'd attend on thy command,
(The Roman power can boast no braver band) 715
By wily arts of old from Cæsar rent,
Against the hardy Parthians were they sent;
But their first chief the legion now obeys,
And Pompey thus the Gallic loss repays;
Aid to his foe too freely he affords, 720
And lends his hostile father Roman swords.
But in Corfinium bold Domitius lies,
And from his walls th' advancing power defies;

Secure of heart, for all events prepar'd,
He heads the troops once bloody Milo's guard. 725
Soon as he sees the cloudy dust arise,
And glittering arms reflect the sunny skies :
Away, companions of my arms ! he cry'd,
And haste to guard the river's sedgey side : 729
Break down the bridge. And thou that dwell'st
below,

Thou watery god, let all thy fountains go,
And rushing bid thy foamy torrent flow ;
Swell to the utmost brink thy rapid stream, 733
Bear down the planks, and every floating beam ;
Upon thy banks the ling'ring war delay,
Here let the headlong chief be taught to stay ;
'Tis victory to stop the victor's way.

He ceas'd ; and shooting swiftly cros'd the plain,
Drew down the soldier to the flood in vain.
For Cæsar early from the neighbouring field, 740
The purpose to obstruct his march beheld :
Kindling to wrath, oh basest fear ! (he cries)
To whom nor towers, nor sheltering walls suffice.
Are these your coward stratagems of war ?
Hope you with brooks my conquering arms to bar ?
Though Nile and Ister should my way control, 746
Though swelling Ganges should to guard you roll,
What streams, what floods foe'er athwart me fall,
Who pass'd the Rubicon shall pass them all.
Haste to the passage then, my friends. He said ; 750
Swift as a storm the nimble horse obey'd ;
Across the stream their deadly darts they throw,
And from their station drive the yielding foe :
The victors at their ease the ford explore,
And pass the undefended river o'er. 755
The vanquish'd to Corninium's strength retreat,
Where warlike engines round the ramparts threat.
Close to the wall the creeping vinea lies,
And mighty towers in dread approaches rise.

But see the stain of war ! the soldier's shame ! 760
And vile dishonour of the Latian name !
The faithless garrison betray the town,
And captive drag their valiant leader down.
The noble Roman, fearless, though in bands,
Before his haughty fellow-subject stands, 765
With looks erect, and with a daring brow,
Death he provokes, and courts the fatal blow :
But Cæsar's arts his inmost thoughts decry,
His fear of pardon, and desire to die.
From me thy forfeit life (he said) receive, 770
And, though repining, by my bounty live ;
That all, by thy example taught, may know,
How Cæsar's mercy treats a vanquish'd foe :
Still arm against me, keep thy hatred still,
And if thou conquer'st, use thy conquest, kill. 775
Returns of love, or favour, seek I none ;
Nor give thy life to bargain for my own.
So saying, on the instant he commands
To loose the galling fetters from his hands.
Oh fortune ! better were it, he had dy'd, 780
And spar'd the Roman shame, and Cæsar's pride.
What greater grief can a Roman seize,
Than to be forc'd to live on terms like these !
To be forgiven, fighting for the laws,
And need a pardon in his country's cause ! 785
Struggling with rage, undaunted he repress'd
The swelling passions of his labouring breast :

Thus murmuring to himself : Wilt thou to Rome,
Base as thou art, and seek thy lazy home ?
To war, to battle, to destruction fly, 790
And haste, as it becomes thee well, to die ;
Provoke the worst effects of deadly strife,
And rid thee of this Cæsar's gift, this life.

Meanwhile, unknowing of the captiv'd chief,
Pompey prepares to march to his relief. 795
He means the scattering forces to unite,
And with increase of strength expect the fight.
Resolving with the following sun to move,
First he decrees the soldier's heart to prove :
Then into worlds like these, rever'd he broke, 800
The silent legions listening while he spoke :

Ye brave avengers of your country's wrong,
You who to Rome and liberty belong ;
Whose breasts our fathers virtue truly warms,
Whose hands the senate's sacred order arms, 805
With cheerful ardor meet the coming fight,
And pray the gods to smile upon the right.
Behold the mournful view Hesperia yields,
Her flaming villages and wasted fields !
See where the Gauls a dreadful deluge flow, 810
And scorn the boundaries of Alpine snow.
Already Cæsar's sword is stain'd in blood,
Be that, ye Gods, to us an omen good ;
That glory still be his peculiar care,
Let him begin, while we sustain the war. 815
Yet call it not a war to which we go ;
We seek a malefactor, not a foe ;
Rome's awful injur'd majesty demands
The punishment of traitors at our hands.
If this be war, then war was waged of old, 820
By curst Cethegus, Catiline the bold,
By every villain's hand who durst conspire
In murder, robbery, or midnight fire.
Oh ! wretched rage ! thee, Cæsar, fate design'd
To rank amongst the patrons of mankind ; 825
With brave Camillus to enrol thy fame,
And mix thee with the great Metelli's name :
While to the Cinna's thy fierce soul inclines,
And with the slaughter-loving Marii joins.
Since then thy crimes, like theirs, for justice call,
Beneath our axe's vengeance shalt thou fall : 831
Thee rebel Carbo's sentence, thee the fate
Of Lepidus and bold Sertorius wait,
Believe me yet (if yet I am believ'd),
My heart is at the task unpleasing griev'd : 835
I mourn to think that Pompey's hand was chose,
His Julia's hostile father to oppose,
And mark thee down amongst the Roman foes. }
Oh that, return'd in safety from the east, 840
This province victor Crassus had possess'd ;
New honours to his name thou might'st afford,
And die like Spartacus beneath his sword :
Like him have fallen a victim to the laws,
The same thy avenger, and the same the cause. 845
But since the gods do otherwise decree,
And give thee, as my latest palm, to me ;
Again my veins confess the fervent juice,
Nor has my hand forgot the javelin's use.
And thou shalt learn, that those who humbly know 850
To peace and just authority to bow,
Can, when their country's cause demands their care,
Resume their ardor, and return to war.

But let him think my former vigour fled;
 Distrust not, you, your general's hoary head;
 The marks of age and long-declining years, 855
 Which I your leader, his whole army wears:
 Age still is fit to counsel, or command,
 But falters in an unperforming hand.
 Whate'er superior power a people free
 Could to their fellow-citizens decree, 860
 All lawful glories have my fortunes known,
 And reach'd all heights of greatness but a crown;
 Who to be more, than Pompey was, desires,
 To kingly rule, and tyranny aspires.
 Amidst my ranks, a venerable band, 865
 The Conscript Fathers and the Consuls stand.
 And shall the senate and the vanquish'd state
 Upon victorious Cæsar's triumph wait?
 Forbid it, gods, in honour of mankind!
 Fortune is not so shameless, nor so blind. 870
 What fame achiev'd, what unexampled praise,
 To these high hopes the daring hero raise?
 It is his age of war, for trophies calls
 His two whole years spent on the rebel Gauls?
 Is it the hostile Rhine forsok with haste? 875
 Is it the shoaly channel which he pass,
 That Ocean huge he talks of? does he boast
 His flight on Britain's new discover'd coast?
 Perhaps abandon'd Rome new pride supplies,
 He views the naked town with joyful eyes, }
 While from his rage an arm'd people flies.
 But know, vain man, no Roman fled from thee;
 They left their walls, 'tis true; but 'was to follow me,
 Me, who ere twice the moon her orb renew'd,
 The pirates formidable fleet subdu'd: 885
 Soon as the sea my shining ensigns bore,
 Vanquish'd they fled, and sought the safer shore;
 Humbly content their forfeit lives to save,
 And take the narrow lot my bounty gave.
 By me the mighty Mithridates chac'd 890
 Through all the windings of his Pontus pass'd.
 He who the fate of Rome delay'd so long,
 While in suspense uncertain empire hung;
 He who to Sylla's fortune scorn'd to yield,
 To my prevailing arms resign'd the field: 895
 Driv'n out at length, and press'd where-e'er he fled,
 He sought a grave to hide his vanquish'd head.
 O'er the wide world my various trophies rise,
 Beneath the vast extent of distant skies;
 Me the cold Bear, the northern climates know, 900
 And Phasis' waters through my conquests flow;
 My deeds in Egypt and Syene live,
 Where high meridian suns no shadow give.
 Hesperian Bætis my commands obeys,
 Who rolls remote to seek the western seas. 905
 By me the captive Arabs hands were bound,
 And Colchians for their ravish'd fleece renown'd;
 O'er Asia wide my conquering ensigns spread,
 Armenia me, and lofty Taurus dread;
 To me submits Cicilia's warlike powers, 910
 And proud Sophene veils her wealthy towers:
 The Jews I tam'd, who with religion bow
 To some mysterious name, which none beside them
 know.

Is there a land, to sum up all at last, 914
 Through which my arms with conquest have not
 pass'd?

VQL. IV.

The world, by me, the world is overcome,
 And Cæsar finds no enemy but Rome.
 He said. The crowd in dull suspension hung,
 Nor with applauding acclamations rung;
 No chearful ardour waves the lifted hand, 920
 Nor military cries the fight demand.
 The chief perceiv'd the soldiers' fire to fail,
 And Cæsar's fame forerunning to prevail;
 His eagles he withdraws with timely care,
 Nor trusts Rome's fates to such uncertain war. 223
 As when, with fury stung, and jealous rage,
 Two mighty bulls for sovereignty engage;
 The vanquish'd far to banishment removes,
 To lonely fields and unfrequented groves;
 There, for a while, with conscious shame he burns,
 And tries on every tree his angry horns: 231
 But when his former vigour stands confest,
 And larger muscles shake his ample breast,
 With better chance he seeks the fight again,
 And drives his rival bellowing o'er the plain; 935
 Then uncontrol'd the subject herd he leads,
 And reigns the master of the fruitful meads.
 Unequal thus to Cæsar, Pompey yields
 The fair dominion of Hesperia's fields:
 Swift through Apulia march his flying powers, 940
 And seek the safety of Brundisium's towers.
 This city a Dictæan people hold,
 Here plac'd by tall Athenian barks of old;
 When with false omens from the Cretan shore,
 Their fable fails victorious Thebes bore. 945
 Here Italy a narrow length extends,
 And in a scanty slip projected ends,
 A crooked mole around the waves she winds,
 And in her folds the Adriatic binds. 949
 Nor yet the bending shores could form a bay,
 Did not a barrier isle the winds delay, }
 And break the seas tempestuous on their way.
 Huge mounds of rocks are plac'd by nature's hand,
 To guard around the hospitable strand;
 To turn the storm, repulse the rushing tide, 955
 And bid the anchoring bark securely ride.
 Hence Nereus wide the liquid main displays,
 And spreads to various ports his watery ways;
 Whether the pilot from Corcyra stand,
 Or for Illyrian Epidamnus' strand. 960
 Hither when all the Adriatic roars,
 And thundering billows vex the double shores;
 When sable clouds around the welkin spread,
 And frowning storms involve Ceraunia's head;
 When white with froth Calabrain Saron lies, 965
 Hither the the tempest-beaten vessel flies.
 Now Pompey, on Hesperia's utmost coast
 Sadly survey'd how all behind was lost;
 Nor to Iberia could he force his way;
 Long interposing Alps his passage stay. 970
 At length amongst the pledges of his bed,
 He chose his eldest-born; and thus he said:
 Haste thee, my son! to every distant land,
 And bid the nations rouse at my command:
 Where fam'd Euphrates flows, or where the Nile
 With muddy waves improves the fattening soil; 976
 Where-e'er diffus'd by victory and fame
 Thy father's arms have borne the Roman name.
 Bid the Cilician quit the shore again,
 And stretch the swelling canvas on the main: 980

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Bid Ptolemy with my Tigranes come,
 And bold Pharnaces lend his aid to Rome,
 Through each Armenia spread the loud alarm,
 And bid the cold Riphean mountains arm.
 Pontus and Scythia's wandering tribes explore, 985
 The Euxine and Mæotis' icy shore;
 Where heavy-loaded wains slow journeys take,
 And print with groaning wheels the frozen lake.
 But wherefore should my words delay thy haste?
 Scatter my wars around through all the east. 990
 Summon the vanquish'd world to share my fate,
 And let my triumphs on my ensigns wait.
 But you whose names the Roman annals bear,
 You who distinguish the revolving year;
 Ye consuls! to Epirus straight repair, 995
 With the first northern winds that wing the air;
 From thence the powers of Greece united raise,
 While yet the wintery year the war delays.
 So spoke the chief; his bidding all obey;
 Their ships forsake the port without delay,
 And speed their passage o'er the yielding way. }
 But Cæsar, never patient long in peace,
 Nor trusting in his fortune's present face;
 Closely pursues his flying son behind,
 While yet his fate continued to be kind. 1005
 Such towns, such fortresses, such hostile force,
 Swept in the torrent of one rapid course;
 Such trains of long success attending still,
 And Rome herself abandon'd to his will;
 Rome, the contending parties noblest prize, 1010
 To every wish but Cæsar's might suffice.
 But he with empire fir'd and vast desires,
 To all, and nothing less than all, aspires;
 He reckons not the past, while aught remain'd
 Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd. 1015
 Though Italy obey his wide command,
 Though Pompey linger on the farthest strand,
 He grieves to think they tread one common land;
 His heart disdains to brook a rival power,
 Ev'n on the utmost margin of the shore; 1020
 Nor would he leave, or earth, or ocean free;
 The foe he drives from lands, he bars from sea.
 With moles the opening flood he would restrain,
 Would block the port, and intercept the main;
 But deep devouring seas his toil deride,
 The plunging quarries sink beneath the tide,
 And yielding sands the rocky fragments hide. }
 Thus, if huge Gaurus headlong should be thrown,
 In fathomless Avernus' deep to drown;
 Or if from fair Sicilia's distant strand, 1030
 Eryx uprooted by some giant hand,
 If, ponderous with his rocks, the mountain vast,
 Amidst the wide Ægean should be cast;
 The rolling waves o'er either mass would flow,
 And each be lost within the depths below. 1035
 When no firm basis for his work he found,
 But still it fail'd in ocean's faithless ground,
 Huge trees and barks in massy chains he bound. }
 For planks and beams he ravages the wood,
 And the tough bottom extends across the flood. 1040
 Such was the road by haughty Xerxes made,
 When o'er the Hellespont his bridge he laid.
 Vast was the task, and daring the design,
 Europe and Asia's distant shores to join,
 And make the world's divided parts combine. }

Proudly he pass'd the flood tumultuous o'er, 1046
 Fearless of waves that beat, and winds that roar:
 Then spread his sails, and bid the land obey,
 And through mid Athos find his fleet a way.
 Like him bold Cæsar yoked the swelling tide, 1050
 Like him the boisterous elements defy'd;
 This floating bank the straitening entrance bound,
 And rising turrets trembled on the mound.
 But anxious cares revolve in Pompey's breast,
 The new surrounding shores his thoughts molest;
 Secret he meditates the means, to free 1056
 And spread the war wide-ranging o'er the sea.
 Oft driving on the work with well-fill'd sails,
 The cordage stretching with the freshening gales,
 Ships with a thundering shock the mole divide, 1060
 And through the watery breach securely glide.
 Huge engines oft by night their vengeance pour,
 And dreadful shoot from far a fiery shower;
 Through the black shade the darting flame descends,
 And kindling o'er the wooden wall extends. 1065
 At length arriv'd with the revolving night,
 The chosen hour appointed for his flight;
 He bids his friends prevent the seamen's roar,
 And still the deafening clamours on the shore;
 No trumpets may the watch by hours renew, 1070
 Nor sounding signals call aboard the crew.
 The heavenly Maid her course had almost run,
 And Libra waited on the rising sun;
 When hush'd in silence deep they leave the land:
 No loud-mouth'd voices call with hoarse com- }
 mand,
 To heave the floaky anchors from the sand.
 Lowly the careful master's orders pass,
 To brace the yards, and rear the lofty mast;
 Silent they spread the sails, and cables haul,
 Nor to their mates for aid tumultuous call. 1080
 The chief himself to fortune breath'd a prayer,
 At length to take him to her kinder care;
 That swiftly he might pass the liquid deep,
 And lose the land which she forbade to keep.
 Hardly the boon his niggard fate allow'd, 1085
 Unwillingly the murmuring seas were plow'd;
 The foamy furrows roar'd beneath his prow,
 And sounding to the shore alarm'd the foe.
 Straight through the town their swift pursuit they
 sped,
 For wide her gates the faithless city spread) 1090
 Along the winding port they took their way,
 But griev'd to find the fleet had gain'd the sea.
 Cæsar with rage the lessening sails descries,
 And thinks the conquest mean, though Pompey flies.
 A narrow pass the horned mole divides, }
 Narrow as that where Euripus' strong tides
 Beat on Eubœan Chalcis' rocky sides:
 Here two tall ships becomes the victor's prey:
 Just in the strait they stuck; the foes belay;
 The crooked grappling's steely hold they cast, 1100
 Then drag them to the hostile shore with haste.
 Here civil slaughter first the sea profanes,
 And purple Nereus blush'd in guilty stains.
 The rest pursue their course before the wind,
 These of the rear-most only left behind. 1105
 So when the Pegasus Argos bore
 The Grecian heroes to the Colchian shore;
 Earth her Cyanean islands floating sent,
 The bold adventurer's passage to prevent;

But the fam'd bark a fragment only lost. 1110
While swiftly o'er the dangerous gulf the craft :
Thundering the mountainsmet, and shook the main,
But move no more, since that attempt was vain.
Now through night's shade the early dawning
broke,

And changing skies the coming sun bespoke; 1115
As yet the morn was drest in dusky white,
Nor purpled o'er the east with ruddy light;
At length the Pleiads fading beams gave way,
And dull Boëtes languish'd into day;
Each larger star withdrew his fainting head, 1120
And Lucifer from stronger Phœbus fled;
When Pompey, from Hesperia's hostile shore
Escaping, for the azure offing bore.
O hero, happy once, once stil'd the Great!
What turns prevail in thy uncertain fate! 1125
How art thou chang'd since sovereign of the main,
Thy natives cover'd o'er the liquid plain!
When the fierce pirates fled before thy prow,
Where-ever waves could waft, or winds could
blow!

But fortune is grown weary of thee now.
With thee, thy sons, and tender wife, prepare
The toils of war and banishment to bear;
And holy household-gods thy sorrows share.
And yet a mighty exile shalt thou go,
While nations follow to partake thy woe. 1135
Far lies the land in which thou art decreed,
Unjustly by a villain's hand to bleed.
Nor think the gods a death so distant doom,
To rob thy ashes of an urn in Rome;
But fortune favourably remov'd the crime, 1140
And forc'd the guilt on Egypt's cursed clime;
The pitying powers to Italy were good,
And sav'd her from the stain of Pompey's blood.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Third Book begins with the relation of Pompey's dream in his voyage from Italy. Caesar, who had driven him from thence, after sending Curio to provide corn in Sicily, returns to Rome: there, disclaiming the single opposition of L. Metellus, then tribune of the people, he breaks open the Temple of Saturn, and seizes on the public treasure. Then follows an account of the several different nations that took part with Pompey. From Rome Caesar passeth into Gaul, where the Massilians, who were inclinable to Pompey, send an embassy to propose a neutrality; this Caesar refuses, and besieges the town. But meeting with more difficulties than he expected, he leaves C. Trebonius his lieutenant before Massilia, and marches himself into Spain, appointing at the same time D. Brutus, Admiral of a navy which he had built and fitted out with great expedition. The Massilians likewise send out their fleet, but are engaged and beaten at sea by Brutus.

THROUGH the mid ocean now the navy sails,
Their yielding canvas stretch'd by southern
gales.

N 2

Each to the vast Ionian turns his eye,
Where seas and skies the prospect wide supply:
But Pompey backward ever bent his look, 5
Nor to the last his native coast forlook.
His watery eyes the lessening objects mourn,
And parting shores that never shall return;
Still the lov'd land attentive they pursue,
Till the tall hills are veil'd in cloudy blue,
Till all is lost in air, and vanish'd from his view. }
At length the weary chieftain sunk to rest,
And creeping slumbers sooth'd his anxious breast:
When, lo! in that short moment of repose,
His Julia's shade a dreadful vision rose; 15
Through gaping earth her ghastly head she rear'd,
And by the light of livid flames appear'd.
Thy impious arms (she cry'd) my peace infest,
And drive me from the mansions of the blest:
No more Elysium's happy fields I know, 20
Dragg'd to the guilty Stygian shades below:
I saw the Fury's horrid hands prepare
New rage, new flames to kindle up thy war.
The fire no longer trusts his single boat,
But navies on the joyless rivers float. 25
Capacious hell complains for want of room,
And seeks new plagues for multitudes to come.
Her nimble hands each fatal sister plies,
The sisters scarcely to the task suffice. 30
When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy
head!

Now thou hast chang'd thy fortune with thy bed.
In an ill hour thy second choice was made,
To slaughter thou, like Crassus, art betray'd.
Death is the dower Cornelia's love affords,
Ruin still waits upon her potent lords: 35
While yet my ashes glow'd, she took my place,
And came a harlot to thy loose embrace.
But let her partner of thy warfare go,
Let her by land and sea thy labours know;
In all thy broken sleeps I will be near, 40
In all thy dreams sad Julia shall appear.
Your loves shall find no moment for delight,
The day shall all be Caesar's, mine the night.
Not the dull stream, where long oblivion's roll,
Shall blot thee out, my husband, from my soul. 45
The powers beneath my constancy approve,
And bid me follow wheresoe'er you rove.
Amidst the joining battles will I stand,
And still remind thee of thy plighted hand. 49
Nor think, those sacred ties no more remain;
The sword of war divides the knot in vain;
That very war shall make thee mine again.

The phantom spoke, and, gliding from the
place,
Deluded her astonish'd lord's embrace.
But he, though gods forewarn him of his fate, 55
And furies with destruction threatening wait,
With new resolves his constant bosom warms,
And sure of ruin rushes on to arms.
What mean these terrors of the night? he cries?
Why dance these visions vain before our eyes? 60
Or endless apathy succeeds to death,
And sense is lost with our expiring breath;
Or, if the soul some future life shall know,
To better world immortal shall we go:
Whate'er event the doubtful question clears, 65
Death must be still unworthy of our fears.

Now headlong to the west the sun was fled,
And half in seas obscur'd his beamy head;
Such seems the moon, while, growing yet, she
shines,

Or waining from her fuller orb declines : 70
When hospitable shores appear at hand,
When fair Dyrrachium spreads her friendly strand.
The seamen furl the canvas, strike the mast,
Then dip their numble oars, and landward haste.

Thus, while they fled, and lessening by degrees,
The navy seem'd to hide beneath the seas; 76
Cæsar, though left master of the field,
With eyes unpleas'd the foes escape beheld :
With fierce impatience victory he scorns,
And, viewing Pompey's flight, his safety mourns.
To vanquish seems unworthy of his care, 81
Unless the blow decides the lingering war.
No bounds his headlong vast ambition knows,
Nor joys in ought, though fortune all bestows.
At length his thoughts from arms and vengeance
cease,

And for awhile revolve the arts of peace; 86
Careful to purchase popular applause,
And gain the vulgar to his cause,
He knew the constant practice of the great,
That those who court the vulgar bid them eat. 90
When pinch'd with want, all reverence they with-
draw;

For hungry multitudes obey no law :
Thus therefore factions make their parties good,
And buy authority and power with food.
The murmurs of the many to prevent, 95
Curio to fruitful Sicily is sent.
Of old the swelling seas impetuous tide
Tore the fair island from Hesperia's side :
Still foamy wars the jealous waves maintain,
For fear the neighbouring lands should join again.
Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields, 101
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coast :
Not Libya more abounds in wealthy grain, 105
Nor with a fuller harvest spreads the plain;
Though northern winds their cloudy treasures
bear,

To temper well the foil and fultry air,
And fattening rains increase the prosperous year.
This done, to Rome his way the leader took : 110
His train the rougher shows of war forsook;
No force, no fears their hands unarm'd bear,
But looks of peace and gentleness they wear.
Oh! had he now his country's friend return'd,
Had none but barbarous foes his conquest mourn'd;
What swarming crowds had issued at the gate, 116
On the glad triumph's lengthening train to wait!
How might his wars in various glories shine,
The ocean vanquish'd, and in bonds the Rhine!
How would his lofty chariot roll along, 120
Through loud applauses of the joyful throng!
How might he view from high his captive thralls,
The beauteous Britons, and the noble Gauls;
But, oh! what fatal honours has he won!
How is his fame by victory undone! 125
No cheerful citizens the victor meet,
But hush'd with awful dread his passage greet.

He too the horrors of the croud approv'd,
Joy'd in their fears, and wish'd not to be lov'd.

Now steepy Anxur past, and the moist way, 130
Which o'er the faithless Pomtine marshes lay;
Through Scythian Dian's Aricinian grove,
Cæsar approach'd the fane of Alban Jove.

Thither with yearly rites the consuls come,
And thence the chief survey'd his native Rome: 135
Wondering awhile he view'd her from afar,
Long from his eyes withheld by distant war,
Fled they from thee, Thou Seat of Gods! (he cry'd)
Ere yet the fortune of the fight was try'd?

If thou art left, what prize can earth afford, 140
Worth the contention of the warrior's sword?
Well for thy safety now the gods provide,
Since Parthian inroads spare thy naked side;
Since yet no Scythians and Pannonians join,
Nor warlike Daci with the Getes combine; 145
No foreign armies are against thee led,
While thou art curst with such a coward head.
A gentler fate the heavenly powers bestow,
A Civil War, and Cæsar for thy foe. 149

He said; and straight the frighted city fought:
The city with confusion wild was fraught,
And labouring shook with every dreadful
thought.

They think he comes to ravage, sack,
Religion, gods, and temples to o'eturn. 155
Their fears suggest him willing to pursue
Whatever ills unbounded power can do.
Their hearts by one low passion only move,
Nor dare shew hate, nor can dissemble love.
The lurking fathers, a dishearten'd band, 159
Drawn from their houses forth, by proud command,
In Palatine Apyllo's Temple meet,

And sadly view the consul's empty seat;
No rods, no chairs curule, adorn the place,
Nor purple magistrates th' assembly grace.
Cæsar is all things in himself alone, 165
The silent court is but a looker-on;
With humble votes obedient they agree,
To what their mighty subject shall decree :
Whether as King, or God, he will be fear'd,
If royal thrones, or altars, shall be rear'd. 170
Ready for death, or banishment, they stand,
And wait their doom from his disposing hand:
But he, by secret Shame's reproaches staid,
Blush'd to command, what Rome would have
obey'd.

Yet Liberty, thus slighted and betray'd, 175
One last effort with indignation made;
One man she chose to try th' unequal fight,
And prove the power of justice against might.
While with rude uproar armed hands essay
To make old Saturn's treasuring fane their prey;
The bold Metellus, careless of his fate, 181
Rush'd through, and stood to guard the Holy Gate.
So daring is the fordid love of gold:
So fearless death and dangers can behold!
Without a blow defenceless fell the laws; 185
While wealth, the basest, most inglorious cause,
Against oppressing tyranny makes head,
Finds hands to fight, and eloquence to plead.
The bustling tribune, struggling in the croud,
Thus warns the victor of the wrong aloud: 190

Through me, thou robber! force thy horrid way,
My sacred blood shall stain thy impious prey.
But there are gods, to urge thy guilty fate;
Sure vengeance on thy sacrilege shall wait.

Remember, by the tribunes curse pursued, 195
Crassus, too late, the violation rued.

Pierce then my breast, nor shall the crime displease,
This croud is us'd to spectacles like these.

In a forsaken city are we left,
Of Virtue, with her noblest sons bereft. 200

Why seek'st thou ours? Is there not foreign
gold?

Towns to be sack'd, and people to be sold?
With those reward the Russian soldier's toil;

Nor pay him with thy ruin'd country's spoil.
Hast thou not war? Let war thy wants provide. 205

He spoke. The victor, high in wrath, reply'd:
Sooth not thy foul with hopes of death so vain,

No blood of thine my conqu'ring sword shall stain.
Thy titles and thy popular command,

Can never make thee worthy Cæsar's hand. 210
Art thou thy country's sole defender! thou!

Can Liberty and Rome be fall'n so low!
Nor time, nor chance breed such confusions yet,

Nor are the mean so rais'd, nor sunk the great;
But laws themselves would rather choose to be 215

Suppress'd by Cæsar, than preserv'd by thee.
He said. The stubborn tribune kept his place,

While anger redd'n'd on the warrior's face;
His wrathful hand descending gras'd his blade,

And half forgot the peaceful part he play'd. 220
When Cotta, to prevent the kindling fire,

Thus sooth'd the rash Metellus to retire:
Where kings prevail, all Liberty is lost,

And none but he that reigns can freedom boast;
Some shadow of the bliss thou shalt retain, 225

Choosing to do what sovereign powers ordain:
Vanquish'd and long accusom'd to submit,

With patience underneath our loads we sit;
Our chains alone our slavish fears excuse,

While we bear ill, we know not to refuse. 230
Far hence the fatal treasures let him bear,

The seeds of mischief, and the cause of war.
Free states may well a loss like this deplore;

In servitude none miss the public store,
And 'tis the curse of kings for subjects to be poor. } 236

The tribune with unwilling steps withdrew,
While impious hands the rude assault renew:

The brazen gates with thundering strokes resound,
And the Tarpeian mountain rings around.

At length the sacred store-house, open laid, 240
The hoarded wealth of ages past display'd;

There might be seen the fums proud Carthage sent,
Her long impending ruin to prevent.

There heap'd the Macedonian treasures shone,
What great Flaminius and Æmilius won

From vanquish'd Philip, and his hapless son. }
There lay, what flying Pyrrhus lost, the gold

Scorn'd by the patriot's honesty of old:
Whate'er our parsimonious fires could save,

What tributary gifts rich Syria gave; 250
The hundred Cretan cities ample spoil;

What Cato gathered from the Cyprian isle.
Riches of captive kings by Pompey born,

In happier days his triumph to adorn,
From utmost India and the rising morn;

Wealth infinite, in one rapacious day, 256
Became the needy soldiers lawless prey:

And wretched Rome, by robbery laid low,
Was poorer than the bankrupt Cæsar now.

Meanwhile the world, by Pompey's fate alarm'd,
Nations ordain'd to share his fall had arm'd, 261

Greece first with troops the neighbouring war
supply'd,

And sent the youth of Phocis to his side;
From Cyrrha and Amphisa's towers they mov'd,

And high Parnassus by the Muse below'd; 265
Cephius' sacred flood assistance lends,

And Dirce's spring his Theban leaders sends.
Alphæus too affords his Pifa's aid:

By Pifa's wall the stream is first convey'd, }
Then seeks through seas the lov'd Sicilian maid. }

From Mænelaus Arcadian shepherds swarm, 271
And warriors in Herculean Trachyn arm;

The Dryopes Chaonia's hills forsook,
And Sellæ left Dodona's silent oak.

Though Athens now had drain'd her naval store,
And the Phœbean arsenal was poor, 276

Three ships of Salamis to Pompey came,
To vindicate their isle's contested name,

And justify the ancient Attic claim. }
Jove's Cretan people hastening to the war, 280

The Gnosian quiver and the shaft prepare;
The bending bow they draw with deadly art,

And rival ev'n the flying Parthian's dart.
With Athamans who in the woods delight,

With Dardan Oriconians unite; 285
With these th' Encheliaz who the name partake,

Since Theban Cadmus first became a snake:
The Colchians planted on Illyrian shores,

Where rushing down Absyrtos foamy roars;
With those where Peneus runs, and hardy swains,

Whose ploughs divide Iolcos' fruitful plains. 291
From thence, ere yet the seaman's art was taught,

Rude Argo through the deep a passage fought:
She first explor'd the distant foreign land,

And shew'd her strangers to the wond'ring strand:
Then nations nations knew, in leagues were join'd,

And universal commerce mix'd mankind.
By her made bold, the daring race defy'd

The winds tempestuous, and the swelling tide:
Much she enlarg'd destruction's ample power, 300

And open'd ways to death unknown before.
Then Pholoe's heights, that fabled Centaurs boast,

And Thracian Hæmus then his warriors lost.
Then Strymon was forsook, whose wintry flood

Commits to warmer Nile his feather'd brood; 305
Then bands from Cone and from Peuce came,

Where Ister loses its divided stream;
From Idalis where cold Caicus flows,

And where Arisbe, thin, her sandy surface flows;
From Pytane, and sad Celenæ's walls, 310

Where now in streams the vanquish'd Marfyas
falls:

Still his lamenting progeny deplore
Minerva's tuneful, and Phœbus' power;

While through deep banks his torrent swift he
leads,

And with Mæander winds among the meads. 315
Proud Lydia's plains sends forth her wealthy fons,

Pætolus there, and golden Hermus runs:

From earth's dark womb hid treasures they convey,
And rich in yellow waters rise to day.
From Ilium too ill-omen'd ensigns move, 320
Again ordain'd their fate to prove;
Their arms they rang'd on Pompey's hapless
side,

Nor sought a chief to Dardan kings ally'd :
Though tales of Troy proud Cæsar's lineage grace,
With great Æneas and the Julian race. 325

The Syrians swift Orontes' banks forsake,
And from Idume's palms their journey take ;
Damascus obvious to the driving wind,
With Ninos' and with Gazas' force is join'd.

Unstable Tyre now knit to firmer ground, 330
With Sidon for her purple shells renown'd,
Safe in the Cynosure, their glittering guide,
With well-directed navies stem the tide.

Phœnicians first, if ancient fame be true,
The sacred mystery of letters knew ; 335
They first, by found in various lines design'd,
Express the meaning of the thinking mind ;

The power of words by figures rude convey'd,
And useful science everlasting made.

Then Memphis, ere the reedy leaf was known, 340
Engrav'd her precepts and her arts in stone ;
While animals in various orders placed,
The learn'd hieroglyphic column grac'd.

Then left they lofty Taurus' spreading grove,
And Tarfos, built by Perseus, born of Jove ; 345
Then Mallian, and Corycian towers they leave,
Where mouldering rocks disclose a gaping cave.

The bold Cilicians, pirates now no more,
Unfurl a juster sail, and ply the oar ;
To Egæ's port they gather all around, 350
The shores with shouting mariners resound.

Far in the east war spreads the loud alarm,
Where worshippers of distant Ganges arm ;
Right to the breaking day his waters run,
The only stream that braves the rising sun. 355

By this strong flood, and by the ocean bound,
Proud Alexander's arms a limit found ;
Vain in his hopes the youth had grasp'd at all,
And his vast thought took in the vanquish'd ball ;

But own'd, when forc'd from Ganges to retreat,
The world too mighty, and the task too great. 360
Then on the banks of Indus nations rose,
Where unperceiv'd the mix'd Hydaspes flows :

In numbers vast they coast the rapid flood,
Strange in their habit, manners, and their food. 365
With saffron dyes their dangling locks they stain,
With glittering gems their flowing robes con-

strain,
And quaff rich juices from the luscious cane.
On their own funerals and death they smile,
And living leap amidst the burning pile ; 370

Heroic minds ! that can ev'n Fate command,
And bid it wait upon a mortal hand ;
Who full of life forsake it as a feast,
Take what they like, and give the gods the rest.

Descending then fierce Cappadocian swains, 375
From rude Amanus' mountains fought the plains.
Armenians from Niphates' rolling stream,
And from their lofty woods Coassrians came.

Then wondering Arabs from the sultry line
For ever northward saw the shade incline. 380

Then did the madness of the Roman rage
Carmanian and Olostrian chiefs engage :

Beneath far distant southern heavens they lie, }
Where half the setting Bear forsakes the sky,
And swift our flow Boötes seems to fly.

These Furies to the sun-burn'd Æthiops spread, 385
And reach the great Euphrates' rising head.
One spring the Tigris and Euphrates know,
And join'd awhile the kindred rivers flow ;

Scarce could we judge between the doubtful claim,
If Tigris, or Euphrates, give the name : 391
But soon Euphrates' parting waves divide,
Covering like fruitful Nile the country wide ;

While Tigris, sinking from the sight of day,
Through subterranean channels cuts his way ; 395
Then from a second fountain springs again,
Shoots swiftly on, and rushing seeks the main.

The Parthian powers, to neither chief a friend,
The doubtful issue in suspense attend ;
With neutral ease they view the strife from far, 400
And only lend occasion to the war.

Not so the Scythians where cold Bactros flows,
Or where Hircania's wilder forest grows, }
Their baneful shafts they dip, and string their
deadly bows.

Th' Hæpiochi of Sparta's valiant breed, 405
Skilful to press, and rein the fiery steed,
Sarmatians with the fiercer Moschi join'd,
And Colchians rich where Phasis' waters wind,

To Pompey's side their aid assembling bring,
With Halys, fatal to the Lydian king ; 410
With Tanais falling from Riphæan snows,
Who forms the world's division as he goes :

With noblest names his rising banks are crown'd,
This stands for Europe's, that for Asia's bound ;
While, as they wind, his waves at full command,
Diminish, or enlarge th' adjacent land. 416

Then arm'd the nations on Cimmerian shores, }
Where through the Bosphorus Mæotis roars,
And her full lake amidst the Euxine pours.

This strait, like that of Hercules, supplies 420
The midland seas, and bids th' Ægean rise.
Sithonians fierce, and Arimaspians bold,
Who bind their plaited hair in shining gold.

The Gelon nimble, and Arcian strong,
March with the hardy Massagete along : 425
The Massagete, who at his salvage feast
Feeds on the generous steed which once he prest.

Not Cyrus when he spread his eastern reign,
And hid with multitudes the Lydian plain ;
Not haughty Xerxes, when his power to boast, 430
By shafts he counted all his mighty host ;

Not he who drew the Grecian chiefs along,
Bent to revenge his injur'd brother's wrong ;
Or with such navies plow'd the foamy main, 434
Or led so many kings, amongst their warlike train.

Sure in one cause such numbers never yet,
Various in countries, speech, and manners, met !
But fortune gather'd o'er the spacious ball,
These spoils, to grace her once-lov'd favourite's
fall.

Nor then the Lybian Moor withheld his aid, 440
While sacred Ammon lifts his horned head :
All Afric, from the western ocean's bound,
To eastern Nile, the cause of Pompey own'd.

Mankind assembled for Pharfalia's day.

To make the world at once the victor's prey. 445

Now trembling Rome forsook, with swiftest haste,

Cæsar the cloudy Alpine hills had pass'd.

But while the nation, with subjection tame,

Yield to the terrors of his mighty name;

With faith uncommon to the changing Greeks, 450

What duty bids, Massilia bravely seeks:

And, true to oaths, their liberty and laws,

To stronger Fate prefer the juster cause,

But first to move his haughty soul they try,

Intreaties and persuasion oft apply; 455

Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,

And thus in gentle terms they greet his ear:

When foreign wars molest the Roman state, }

With ready arms our glad Massilians wait, }

To share your dangers, and partake your fate. }

This our unshaken friendship vouches well, 461

And your recording annals best can tell.

Ev'n now we yield our still devoted hands,

On foreign foes to wreak your dread commands;

Would you to worlds unknown your triumphs

spread?

Behold! we follow wheresoe'er you lead. 466

But if you rouse at discord's baleful call,

If Romans fatally on Romans fall;

All we can offer is a pitying tear,

And constant refuge for the wretched here. 470

Sacred to us you are: oh, may no stain

Of Lucian blood our innocence profane!

Should heaven itself be rent with civil rage,

Should giants once more with the gods engage;

Officious piety would hardly dare 475

To proffer Jove assistance in the war.

Man unconcern'd and humble should remain, }

Nor seek to know whose arms the conquest gain, }

Jove's thunder will convince them of his reign. }

Nor can your horrid discords want our swords, 480

The wicked world its multitudes affords;

Too many nations at the call will come,

And gladly join to urge the fate of Rome.

Oh, had the rest like us their aid deny'd,

Yourself must then the guilty strife decide; 485

Then, who but should withhold his lifted hand,

When for his foe he saw his father stand?

Brothers their rage had mutually repress,

Nor driven their javelins on a brother's breast.

Your war had ended soon; had you not chose 490

Hands for the work, which Nature meant for foes:

Who, strangers to your blood, in arms delight,

And rush remorseless to the cruel fight.

Briefly, the sum of all that we request

Is, to receive thee as our honour's guest; 495

Let those thy dreadful ensigns shine afar,

Let Cæsar come, but come without the war.

Let this one place from impious rage be free;

That, if the gods the peace of Rome decree,

If your relenting angers yield to treat, 500

Pompey and thou, in safety, here may meet.

Then, wherefore dost thou quit thy purpos'd way?

Why thus Iberia's nobler wars delay?

Mean, and of little consequence we are,

A conquest much unworthy of thy care. 505

When Phœgis' towers were laid in ashes low,

Hither we fled for refuge from the foe;

Here, for our plain integrity renown'd,

A little town in narrow walls we bound:

No name in arms nor victories we boast, 510

But live poor exiles on a foreign coast.

If thou art bent on violence at last,

To burst our gates, and lay our bulwarks waste,

Know we are equally resolv'd, whate'er

The victor's fury can inflict, to bear. 515

Shall death destroy, shall flames the town o'erturn?

Why—let our people bleed, our buildings burn.

Wilt thou forbid the living stream to flow?

We'll dig, and search the watery stores below.

Hunger and thirst with patience will we meet, 520

And, what offended nature nauseates, eat.

Like brave Saguntum, daring to be free,

Whate'er they suffer'd, we'll expect from thee.

Babes ravish'd from the fainting mother's breast,

Shall headlong in the burning pile be cast. 525

Matrons shall bare their bosoms to their lords,

And beg destruction from their pitying swords;

The brother's hand the brother's heart shall wound,

And universal slaughter rage around.

If civil wars must waste this hapless town, 530

No hands shall bring that ruin but our own.

Thus said the Grecian messengers. When lo!

A gathering cloud involv'd the Roman's brow;

Much grief, much wrath, his troubled visage

spoke;

Then into these disdainful words he broke: 535

This trusting in our speedy march to Spain,

These hopes, this Grecian confidence is vain;

Whate'er we purpose, leisure will be found

To lay Massilia level with the ground:

This bears, my valiant friends, a sound of joy; 540

Our useless arms, at length, shall find employ.

Winds lose their force, that unresisted fly,

And flames, unaided by fuel, sink and die.

Our courage thus would soften in repose,

But fortune and rebellion yield us foes. 545

Yet mark! what love their friendly speech express!

Unarm'd and single, Cæsar is their guest.

Thus, first they dare to stop me on my way,

Then seek with fawning treason to betray.

Anon, they pray that civil rage may cease: 550

But war shall scourge them for those hopes of peace;

And makes them know the present times afford,

At least while Cæsar lives, no safety like the sword.

He said; and to the city bent his way;

The city, fearless all, before him lay, 555

With arm'd hands her battlements were crown'd,

And lusty youth the bulwarks mann'd around.

Near to the walls, a rising mountain's head

Flat with a little level plain is spread:

Upon this height the wary chief designs 560

His camp to strengthen with surrounding lines.

Lofty alike, and with a warlike mien,

Massilia's neighbouring citadel is seen;

An humble valley fills the space between. }

Straight he decrees the middle vale to fill, 565

And run a mole athwart from hill to hill,

But first a lengthening work extends its way,

Where open to the land this city lay, }

And from the camp projecting joins the sea.

Low sinks the ditch, the turf breast-works rise,

And cut the captive town from all supplies: 571

While, gazing from their towers, the Greeks be-
moan

The meads, the fields, and fountains, once their
own.

Well have they thus acquir'd the noblest name,
And consecrated these their walls to fame. 575

Fearless of Cæsar and his arms they stood,
Nor drove before the headlong rushing flood :
And while he swept whole nations in a day,
Maffilia bade th' impatient victor stay,

And clogg'd his rapid-conquest with delay. }
Fortune a master for the world prepar'd, 581
And these th' approaching slavery retard.

Ye times to come record the warrior's praise,
Who lengthen'd out expiring freedom's days.

Now while with toil unweary'd rose the mound,
The sounding ax invades the groves around ; 586

Light earth and shrubs the middle banks supply'd,
But firmer beams must fortify the side ;

Left when the tow'rs advance their ponderous
height,

The mouldering mass should yield beneath the
weight.

Not far away for ages past had stood 591
An old inviolated sacred wood ;

Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
A chilly cheerless everlasting shade :

There, nor the rustic gods, nor satyrs sport, 595
Nor fauns and sylvans with the nymphs resort :

But barbarous priests some dreadful power adore,
And lustrate every tree with human gore.

If mysteries in times of old receiv'd,
And pious ancients be yet believ'd, 600

There not the feather'd songster builds her nest,
Nor lonely dens conceal the salvage beast :

There no tempestuous winds presume to fly,
Even lightnings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely
by.

No wanton breezes tofs the dancing leaves, 605
But shivering horror in the branches heaves.

Black springs with pitchy streams divide the
ground,

And bubbling tumble with a fullen sound.
Old images of forms misshapen stand,

Rude and unknowing of the artist's hand ; 610
With hoary filth begrim'd, each ghastly head

Strikes the astonish'd gazer's soul with dread.
No gods, who long in common shapes appear'd,

Were e'er with such religious awe rever'd :
But zealous crowds in ignorance adore, 615

And still the less they know, they fear the more.
Oft (as Fame tells) the earth in sounds of woe

Is heard to groan from hollow depths below ;
The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been seen

To rise from earth, and spring with dusky green ; 621
With sparkling flames the trees unburning shine,

And round their boles prodigious serpents twine.
The pious worshippers approach not near,

But shun their gods, and kneel with distant fear :
The priest himself, when, or the day, or night, 625

Rolling have reach'd their full meridian height,
Refrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,

Dreading the Dæmon of the grove to meet ;
Who, terrible to sight, at that fix'd hour.

Still treads the round about his dreary low. 630

This wood near neighb'ring to th' encompass'd
town

Untouch'd by former wars remain'd alone ;
And since the country round it naked stands,

From hence the Latian chief supplies demands.
But lo ! the bolder hands, that should have struck,

With some unusual horror trembling shook : 636
With silent dread and reverence they survey'd

The gloom majestic of the sacred shade ;
None dares with impious steel the bark to rend,

Left on himself the destin'd stroke descend. 640
Cæsar perceiv'd the spreading fear to grow,

Then, eager, caught an ax, and aim'd a blow.
Deep sunk within a violated oak

The wounding edge, and thus the warrior spoke.
Now, let no doubting hand the task decline ; 645

Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine.
The trembling bands unwillingly obey'd ;

Two various ills were in the balance laid,
And Cæsar's wrath against the gods was weigh'd. } 650

Then Jove's Dodonian tree was forc'd to bow ;
The lofty ash and knotty holm lay low ;

The floating alder by the current born,
The cypress by the noble mourner worn,

Veil their aerial summits, and display,
Their dark recesses to the golden day ; 655

Crouding they fall, each o'er the other lies,
And heap'd on high the leafy piles arise.

With grief, and fear, the groaning Gauls beheld
Their holy grove by impious soldiers fell'd ;

While the Maffilians, from th' encompass'd wall,
Rejoic'd to see the sylvan honours fall : 661

They hope such power can never prosper long,
Nor think the patient gods will bear the wrong.

But, ah ! too oft success to guilt is given,
And wretches only stand the mark of heaven. 665

With timber largely from the wood supply'd,
For wains the legions search the country wide ;

Then from the crooked plow unyoke the steer,
And leave the swain to mourn the fruitless year. 669

Meanwhile, impatient of the lingering war,
The chieftain to Iberia bends afar,

And gives the leaguer to Trebonius' care.
With diligence the destin'd task he plies ;

Huge works of earth with strengthening beams
arise :

High tottering towers, by no fix'd basis bound, 675
Roll nodding on along the stable mound.

The Greeks with wonder on the movement look,
And fancy earth's foundations deep are shook ;

Fierce winds they think the beldame's entrails tear,
And anxious for their walls and city fear : 680

The Roman from the lofty top looks down,
And rains winged war upon the town.

Nor with less active rage the Grecians burn,
But larger ruin on their foes return ;

Nor hands alone the missile deaths supply, 685
From nervous cross-bows whistling arrows fly ;

The steely croquet and the bone they break,
Through multitudes their fatal journeys take ;

Nor wait the lingering Parca's slow delay,
But wound, and to new slaughter wing their way.

Now by some vast machine a ponderous stone,
Pernicious, from the hostile wall is thrown ;

At once, on many, swift the shock descends,
And the crush'd carcases confounding blends. 694

So rolls some falling rock by age long worn,
Loose from its root by raging whirlwinds torn,
And thundering down the precipice is born,
O'er crashing woods the mafs is feen to ride,
To grind its way, and plain the mountain's fide.
Gall'd with the fhoot from far, the legions join, 700
Their bucklers in the warlike fhell combine;
Compact and clofe the brazen roof they bear,
And in juft order to the town draw near:
Safe they advance, while with unwearied pain
The wrathful engines wafte their fhores in vain; 705
High o'er their heads the deftin'd deaths are toft,
And far behind in vacant air are loft;
Nor fudden could they change their erring aim,
Slow and unwieldy moves the cumbrous frame.

This feem, the Greeks, their brawny arms employ,
And hurl a ftony tempeft from on high: 711
The clattering fhower the founding fence affails;
But vain, as when the ftormy winter hails,
Nor on the folid marble roof prevails:
Till tir'd at length the warriors fall their fhields;
And, fpent with toil, the broken phalanx yields.
Now other ftatagemis the war fupplies,
Beneath the Vinea clofe th' affailant lies.
The ftrong machine, with planks and turf be-
fpread,

Moves to the walls its well defended head; 720
Within the covert fafe the miners lurk,
And to the deep foundation urge their work.
Now juftly pois'd the thundering ram they fling,
And drive him forceful with a lanching fpring;
Haply to loofe fome yielding part at length, 725
And shake the firm cemented bulwark's ftrength.
But from the town the Grecian youth prepare
With hardy vigour to repel the war:
Crouding they gather on the rampart's height, 729
And with tough ftaves and fpears maintain the
fight;

Darts, fragments of the rock, and flames they throw,
And tear the planky fhelter fix'd below;
Around by all the warring tempeft beat,
The baffled Romans fullenly retreat.

Now by fuccels the brave Miffilians fir'd, 735
To fame of higher enterprize afpir'd;
Nor longer with their walls defence content,
In daring fallies they the foe prevent.

Nor arm'd with fwords, nor pointed fpears they go,
Nor aim the fhafte, nor bend the deadly bow: 740
Fierce Mulciber fupplies the bold defign,
And for their weapons kindling torches fhine.
Silent they iffue through the gloomy night,
And with broad fhields refrain the beamy light:
Sudden the blaze on every fide began, 745
And o'er the Latian works refilless ran;
Catching, and driving with the wind it grows,
Fierce through the fhade the burning deluge glows;
Nor earth, nor greener planks its force delay,
Swift o'er the hiffing beams it rolls away: 750
Embrown'd with fmoke the wavy flames afcend,
Shiver'd with heat the crackling quarries rend;
Till with a roar at laft the mighty mound,
Towers, engines, all, come thundering to the
ground:

Wide-fpread the difcontinuous ruins lie, 755
And vail confufion fills the gazer's eye.

VOL. IV.

Vanquifh'd by land, the Romans feek the main,
And prove the fortune of the watery plain:
Their navy rudely built, and rigg'd in hafte,
Down through the rapid Rhone defcending paff.
No golden gods protect the fhining prow, 761
Nor filken ftreamers lightly dancing flow;
But rough in fable floorings lies the wood,
As in the native foreft once it flood.
Rearing above the reft her towery head, 765
Brutus' tall fhipe the floating fquadron led.
To fea foon wafte by the hafte tide,
Right to the Stæchades their courfe they guide:
Refolv'd to urge their fate, with equal cares,
Maffilia for the naval war prepares; 770
All hands the city for the tafk requires,
And arms her ftriplings young, and hoary fires.
Veffels of every fort and fize fhe fits,
And fpeedy to the briny deep commits 774
The crazy hulk, that, worn with winds and tides,
Safe in the dock, and long neglected, rides.
She planks anew, and calks her leaky fides.

Now rofe the morning, and the golden fun
With beams refracted on the ocean fhone;
Clear was the fky, the waves from murmur ceafe,
And every ruder wind was hush'd in peace: 781
Smooth lay the glaffy furface of the main,
And offer'd to the war its ample plain:
When to the deftin'd nations all repair;
Here Cæfar's powers, the youth of Phocis there. 785
Their brawny arms are bar'd, their oars they dip,
Swift o'er the water glides the nimble fhipe;
Feels the ftrong blow the well-compacted oak,
And trembling fprings at each repeated ftroke.
Crook'd in front the Latian navy flood, 790
And wound a bending crefcent o'er the flood.
With four full banks of oars advancing high,
On either wing the larger veffels ply,
While in the centre fafe the larger galliots lie.
Brutus the firft, with eminent command, 795
In the tall admiral is feen to ftand;
Six rows of lengthening pines the billows fweep,
And heave the burden o'er the groaning deep.

Now prow to prow advance each hostile fleet,
And want but one concurring ftroke to meet, 800
When peals of fhouts and mingling clamours roar,
And drown the brazen trump and plunging oar.
The brushing pine the frothy furface plies,
While on their banks the lufy rowers rife:
Each brings the ftroke back on his ample cheft, 805
Then firm upon his feat he lights reft:
With clafhing beaks the launching veffels meet,
And from the mutual fhock alike retreat.
Thick clouds of flying fhafte the welkin hide,
Then fall, and floating ftrew the ocean wide. 810
At length the fretching wings their order leave,
And in the line the mingling foe receive:
Then might be feen, how, dafh'd from fide to fide,
Before the ftemming vefel drove the tide;
Still as each keel her foamy furrow plows, 815
Now back, now forth, the furge obedient flows.
Thus warring winds alternate rule maintain,
And this, and that way, roll the yielding main.
Maffilia's navy, nimble, clean, and light,
With beft advantage feek or fhun the fight: 820

With ready ease all answer to command,
 Obey the helm, and feel the pilot's hand.
 Not so the Romans; cumbrous hulks they lay,
 And slow and heavy hung upon the sea;
 Yet strong, and for the closer combat good, 825
 They yield firm footing on th' unstable flood.
 Thus Brutus saw, and to the master cries
 (The master in the lofty poop he spies,
 Where streaming the Prætorian ensign flies),
 Still wilt thou bear away, still shift thy place, 830
 And turn the battle to a wanton chase?
 Is this a time to play so mean a part,
 To tack, to veer, and boast thy trifling art?
 Bring to. The war shall hand to hand be try'd;
 Oppose thou to the foe our ample side, 835
 And let us meet like men. The chieftain said;
 The ready master the command obey'd,
 And side-long to the foe the ship was laid.
 Upon his waste fierce fall the thundering Greeks,
 Fast in his timber stick their brazen beaks; 840
 Some lie by chains and grapplings strong compell'd,
 While others by the tangling oars are held;
 The seas are hid beneath the closing war,
 Nor need they cast the javelin now from far;
 With hardy strokes the combatants engage, 845
 And with keen falchions deal their deadly rage:
 Man against man, and board by board they lie,
 And on those decks their arms defended die.
 The rolling surge is stain'd around with blood,
 And foamy purple swells the rising flood; 850
 The floating carcases the ships delay,
 Hang on each keel, and intercept her way;
 Helpless beneath the deep the dying sink,
 And gore, with briny ocean mingling, drink.
 Some, while amidst the trembling waves they strive,
 And struggling with destruction float alive, 856
 Or by some ponderous beam are beaten down,
 Or sink transfix'd by darts at random thrown.
 That fatal day no javelin flies in vain,
 Missing their mark, they wound upon the main. 860
 It chanc'd, a warrior ship on Cæsar's side,
 By two Massilian foes was warmly ply'd;
 But with divided force she meets th' attack,
 And bravely drives the bold assailants back:
 When from the lofty poop, where fierce he fought,
 Tagus to seize the Grecian ancient sought. 866
 But double death his daring hand repress'd,
 One spear transfix'd his back, and one his breast,
 And deadly met within his heavy chest.
 Doubtful awhile the flood was seen to stay, 870
 At length the steely shafts at once gave way;
 The fleeting life a twofold passage found,
 And ran divided from each streaming wound.
 Hither his fate unhappy Telon led,
 To naval arts from early childhood bred; 875
 No hand the helm more skillfully could guide,
 Or stem the fury of the boisterous tide;
 He knew what winds should on the morrow blow,
 And how the sails for safety to bestow; 879
 Celestial signals well he could decry,
 Could judge the radiant lights that shine on
 high,
 And read the coming tempest of the sky.
 Full on a Latian bark his beak he drives,
 The brazen beak the shivering elder rives;

When from some hostile hand, a Roman dart, 885
 Deep piercing, trembled in his panting heart:
 Yet still his careful hand its task supplies,
 And turns the guiding rudder as he dies.
 To fill his place bold Gyareus essay'd, 889
 But passing from a neighbouring ship was stay'd.
 Swift through his loins a flying javelin struck,
 And nail'd him to the vessel he forsook.
 Friendlike; and side by side, two brethren fought,
 Whom, at a birth, their fruitful mother brought:
 So like the lines of each resembling face, 895
 The same the features, and the same the grace,
 That fondly erring oft their parents look,
 And each, for each, alternately mistook:
 But death, too soon, a dire distinction makes,
 While one, untimely snatch'd, the light forsakes.
 His brother's form the sad survivor wears, 891
 Anst still renews his hapless parents tears:
 Too sure they see their single hope remain,
 And while they bless the living, mourn the slain.
 He, the bold youth, as board and board they stand,
 Fix'd on a Roman ship his daring hand; 906
 Full on his arm a mighty blow descends,
 And the torn limb from off the shoulder rends;
 The rigid nerves are cramp'd with stiffening cold,
 Convulsive grasp, and still retain their hold. 910
 Nor sunk his valour by the pain deprest,
 But nobler rage inflam'd his mangled breast:
 His left remaining hand the combat tries,
 And fiercely forth to catch the right he flies;
 The same hard destiny the left demands, 915
 And now a naked helpless trunk he stands.
 Nor deigns he, though defenceless to the foe,
 To seek the safety of the hold below;
 For every coming javelin's point prepar'd,
 He steps between, and stands his brother's guard;
 Till fix'd, and horrid with a wood of spears, 921
 A thousand deaths at others aim'd he wears.
 Resolv'd at length his utmost force to exert,
 His spirits gather'd to his fainting heart,
 And the last vigour rouz'd in every part;
 Then nimble from the Grecian deck he rose, 926
 And with a leap sprung fierce amidst his foes:
 And when his hands no more could wreak his
 hate,
 His sword no more could minister to fate,
 Dying he prest them with his hostile weight.
 O'ercharg'd the ship with carcases and blood, 931
 Drunk fast at many a leak the briny flood;
 Yielding at length the waters wide gave way,
 And fold her in the bosom of the sea;
 Then o'er her head returning rolls the tide, 935
 And covering waves the sinking hatches hide.
 That fatal day was slaughter seen to reign,
 In wonders various, on the liquid plain.
 On Lycidas a steely grappling struck;
 Struggling he drags with the tenacious hook, 940
 And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy wave,
 But that his fellows strove their mate to save;
 Clung to his legs, they clasp him all they can.
 The grappling tugs, afunder flies the man.
 No single wound the gaping rupture seems, 945
 Where trickling crimson wells in slender streams;
 But from an opening horrible and wide,
 A thousand vessels pour the burling tide.

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At once the winding channel's course was broke,
Where wandering life her mazy journey took: 950
At once the currents all forgot their way,
And lost their purple in the azure sea.
Soon from the lower parts the spirits fled,
And motionless th' exhausted limbs lay dead:
Not so the nobler regions, where the heart 955
And heaving lungs their vital powers exert;
There lingering late, and long conflicting, life
Rose against fate, and still maintain'd the strife:
Driven out at length, unwillingly and flow,
She left her mortal house, and fought the shades
below.

While, eager for the fight, an hardy crew 961
To one side their force united drew,
The bark, unapt th' unequal poise to bear,
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her lowest keel in air;
In vain his active arms the swimmer tries, 965
No aid the swimmer's useles art supplies;
The covering vast o'erwhelming shuts them down,
And helpless in the hollow hold they drown.

One slaughter terrible above the rest,
The fatal horror of the fight express. 970
As o'er the crouded surface of the flood
A youthful swimmer swift his way pursued;
Two meeting ships, by equal fury prest,
With hostile prows transfix'd his ample breast;
Suspended by the dreadful shock he hung, 975
The brazen beaks within his bosom rung;
Blood, bones, and entrails, mashing with the blow,
From his pale lips a hideous mixture flow.
At length the backing oars the fight restrain,
The lifeless body drops amidst the main; 980
Soon enter at the breach the rushing waves,
And the salt stream the mangled carcase laves.

Around the watery champain wide disspread,
The living shipwrecks float amidst the dead;
With active arms the liquid deep they ply, 985
And panting to their mates for succour cry:
Now to some social vessel press they near,
Their fellows pale the crouding numbers fear;
With ruthless hearts their well-known friends
withstand,

And with keen faulchions lop each grasping hand;
The dying fingers cling and clench the wood, 991
The heavy trunk sinks helpless in the flood.

Now spent was all the warriors steely store,
New darts they seek, and other arms explore, 996
This wields a flag-staff, that a ponderous oar.
Wrath's ready hands are never at a loss:

The fragments of the shatter'd ship they tofs.
The useless rower from his seat is cast,
Then fly the benches and the broken mast.
Some seizing, as it sinks, the breathless corpse, 1000
From the cold grasp the blood-stain'd weapon force.
Some from their own fresh bleeding bosoms take,
And at the foe the dropping javelin shake:
The left-hand stays the blood, and sooths the pain.
The right sends back the reeking spear again. 1005
Now gods of various elements conspire;
To Nereus, Vulcan joins his hostile fire;
With oils, and living sulphur, darts they frame,
Prepar'd to spread afar the kindling flame;
Around the catching mischiefs swift succeed, 1010
The floating hulks their own destruction feed;

The smeary wax the brightening blaze supplies,
And wavy fires from pitchy planks arise:
Amidst the flood the ruddy torrent strays,
And fierce upon the scattering shipwrecks preys.
Here one with haste a flaming vessel leaves:
Another, spent and beaten by the waves, }
As eager to the burning ruin cleaves. }
Amidst the various ways of death to kill,
Whether by seas, by fires, or wounding steel,
The dreadfulest is that, whose present force we
feel.

Nor valour less her fatal rage maintains,
In daring breasts that swim the liquid plains:
Some gather up the darts that floating lie,
And to the combatants new deaths supply. 1025
Some struggling in the deep the war provoke,
Rise o'er the surge, and aim a languid stroke.
Some with strong grasp the foe conflicting join,
Mix limbs with limbs and hostile wreathings twine.
Till plunging, pressing to the bottom down, 1030
Vanquish'd, and vanquishers, alike they drown.

One, chief above the rest, is mark'd by Fame,
For watery fight, and Phocæus was his name:
The heaving breath of life he knew to keep;
While long he dwelt within the lowest deep; 1035
Full many a fathom down he had explor'd,
For treasures lost, old ocean's oozy hoard;
Oft when the flooky anchor stuck below,
He sunk, and bade the captive vessel go.
A foe he seiz'd close cleaving to his breast, 1040
And underneath the tumbling billows prest:
But when the skilful victor would repair
To upper seas, and sought the freer air;
Hapless beneath the crouding keels he rose,
The crouding keels he's wonted way oppose; 1045
Back beaten, and astonish'd with the blow,
He sinks, to bide for ever now below.

Some hang upon the oars with weighty force,
To intercept the hostile vessel's course;
Some to the last the cause they love defend, 1050
And valiant lives by useful deaths would end;
With breasts oppos'd the thundering beaks they
brave,

And what they sought for living, dying save.
As Tyrrhen, from a Roman poop on high,
Ran o'er the various combat with his eye; 1055
Sure aiming, from his Balearic thong,
Bold Ligdamus a ponderous bullet slung;
Through liquid air the ball shrill whistling flies,
And cuts his way through hapless Tyrrhen's eyes.
Th' astonish'd youth stands struck with sudden
night, 1060

While bursting start the bleeding orbs of sight.
At first he took the darkness to be death,
And thought himself amidst the shades beneath;
But soon recovering from the stunning sound,
He liv'd, unappally he liv'd, he found. 1065
Vigour at length, and wonted force returns,
And with new rage his valiant bosom burns:
To me, my friends he cry'd, your aid supply,
Nor useles let your fellow-soldier die;
Give me, oppos'd against the foe to stand, 1070
While like some engine you direct my hand.
And thou, my poor remaining life, prepare
To meet each hazard of the various war;

At least, my mangled carcase shall pretend
To interpose, and shield some valiant friend; 1075
Plac'd like a mark their darts I may sustain,
And, to preserve some better man, be slain.

Thus said, unaiming he a javelin threw,
The javelin wing'd with sure destruction flew;
In Argus the descending steel takes place, 1080
Argus, a Grecian of illustrious race.

Deep sinks the piercing point, where to the loins
Above the navel high the belly joins:
The staggering youth falls forward on his fate,
And helps the goring weapon with his weight. 1085

It chanc'd to ruthless destiny design'd,
To the same ship his aged fire was joined:
While young, for high achievements was he
known,

The first in fair Massilia for renown; 1089
Now an example merely, and a name,
Willing to rouse the younger fort he came,
And fire their souls to emulate his fame.

When from the prow, where distant far he stood,
He saw his son lie weltering in his blood;
Soon to the poop, oft stumbling in his haste, 1095
With faltering steps the feeble father past.

No falling tears his wrinkled cheeks bedew,
But stiffening cold and motionless he grew:
Deep night and deadly shades of darkness rise,
And hide his much-lov'd Argus from his eyes. 1100

As to the dizzy youth the fire appears,
His dying, weak, unwieldy head he rears;
With lifted eyes he cast a mournful look,
His pale lips mov'd, and fain he would have spoke;

But unexpress'd th' imperfect accent hung, 1105
Lost in his falling jaws and murmuring tongue:
Yet in his speechless visage seems express'd,

What, had he words, would be his last request,
That aged hand to seal his closing eye,
And in his father's fond embrace to die: 1110

But he, when grief, with keenest sense revives,
With nature's strongest pangs conflicting strives;
Let me not lose this hour of death, he cries,

Which my indulgent destiny supplies;
And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my son, 1115
If thy dear lips and last embrace I shun.

Warm from thy wound the purple current flows,
And vital breath yet heaving comes and goes:

Yet my sad eyes behold thee yet alive,
And thou shalt, yet, thy wretched fire survive. 1120

He said, and fierce, by frantic sorrow prest,
Plung'd his sharp sword amidst his aged breast:

And though life's gushing streams the weapon stain,
Headlong he leaps amidst the greedy main;

While this last wish ran ever in his mind, 1125
To die, and leave his darling son behind;

Eager to part, his soul disdain'd to wait,
And trust uncertain to a single fate.

And now Massilia's vanquish'd force gives way,
And Cæsar's fortune claims the doubtful day. 1130

The Grecian fleet is all dispers'd around,
Some in the bottom of the deep lie drown'd;

Some, captives made, their haughty victors bore,
While some, but those a few, fled timely to the shore.

But, oh! what verse, what numbers, can express
The mournful city, and her sore distress! 1136

Upon the beach lamenting matrons stand,
And wailings echo o'er the lengthening strand;

Their eyes are fix'd upon the waters wide,
And watch the bodies driving with the tide. 1140
Here a fond wife, with pious error, prest
Some hostile Roman to her throbbing breast;
There to a mangled trunk two mothers run;
Each grasps, and each would claim it for her son;
Each, what her boding heart persuades, believes,
And for the last office fondly strives. 1046

But Brutus, now victorious on the main,
To Cæsar vindicates the watery plain;
First to his brow he binds the naval crown,
And bids the spacious deep the mighty master own.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæsar having joined Fabius, whom he had sent before him to Spain, incamps upon a rising ground near Ilerda, and not far from the river Sicoris: there, the waters being swollen by great rains, endanger his camp; but the weather turning fair, and the floods abating, Pompey's lieutenants, Afranius and Petreius, who lay over-against him, decamp suddenly. Cæsar follows, and incamps so as to cut off their passage, or any use of the river Iberus. As both armies lay now very near to each other, the soldiers on both sides knew, and saluted one another; and forgetting the opposite interests and factions they were engaged in, ran out from their several camps, and embraced one another with great tenderness. Many of Cæsar's soldiers were invited into the enemy's camp, and feasted by their friends and relations. But Petreius apprehending this familiarity might be of ill consequence to his party, commanded them all (though against the rules of humanity and hospitality) to be killed. After this, he attempts in vain to march back towards Ilerda; but is prevented, and inclosed by Cæsar; to whom, both himself and Afranius, after their army had suffered extremely for want of water and other necessaries, are compelled to surrender, without asking any other conditions than that they might not be compelled to take-on in his army; this Cæsar, with great generosity, grants, and dismisses them. In the mean while, C. Antonius, who commanded for Cæsar near Salona, on the coast of Dalmatia, being shut up by Octavius, Pompey's admiral, and destitute of provisions, had attempted, by help of some vessels, or floating machines of a new invention, to pass through Pompey's fleet: two of them by advantage of the tide found means to escape, but the third, which carried a thousand Opitergian commanded by Vulteius, was intercepted by a bog laid under the water. These when they found it impossible to get off, at the persuasion, and by the example of their leader, ran upon one another's swords and died. In Africa the poet introduces Curio inquiring after the story of Hercules and Antæus, which is recounted to him by one of the natives, and afterwards relates the particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and killed by Juba.

BUT Cæsar in Iberian fields afar,
Even to the western ocean spreads the war;

And though no hills of slaughter heaps the plain,
No purple deluge leaves a guilty stain,
Vast is the prize, and great the victor's gain.
For Pompey, with alternative command,
The brave Petreius and Afranius stand:
The chiefs in friendship's just conditions join;
And, cordial to the common cause combine;
By turns they quit, by turns resume the sway, 10
The camp to guard, or battle to array;
To these their aid the nimble Vectons yield,
With those who till Asturia's hilly field;
Nor wanted then the Celtiberians bold,
Who draw their long descent from Celtic Gauls
of old. 15

Where rising grounds the fruitful champain
end,

And unperceiv'd by soft degrees ascend;
An ancient race their city chose to found,
And with Ilerda's walls the summit crown'd.
The Sicoris, of no ignoble name, 20
Fast by the mountain pours his gentle stream.
A stable bridge runs cros from side to side,
Whose spacious arch transmits the passing tide,
And jutting piers the wintery floods abide.
Two neighbouring hills their heads distinguish'd
raise;

The first great Pompey's ensigns high displays; 26
Proud Caesar's camp upon the next is seen;
The river interposing glides between.
Wide spread beyond, an ample plain extends,
Far as the piercing eye its prospect sends; 30
Upon the spacious level's utmost bound,
The Cinga rolls his rapid waves around,
But soon in full Iberus' channel lost,
His blended waters seek Iberia's coast;
He yields to the superior torrent's fame, 35
And with the country takes his nobler name.

Now 'gan the lamp of heaven the plains to gild,
When moving legions hide th' embattled field:
When front to front oppos'd in just array,
The chieftains each their hostile powers display: 40
But whether conscious shame their wrath repress,
And soft reluctance rose in every breast;
Or Virtue did a short-liv'd rule resume,
And gain'd one day for liberty and Rome;
Suspended rage yet linger'd for a space, 45
And to the west declin'd the sun in peace.
Night rose, and black'ning shades involv'd the sky,
When Caesar, bent war's wily arts to try,
Through his extended battle gives command,
The foremost lines in order fix'd shall stand; 50
Mean-while the last, now lurking from the foe,
With secret labour sink a trench below;
Successful they the destin'd task pursue,
While closing files prevent the hostile view. 54

Soon as the morn renew'd the dawning gray,
He bids the soldier urge his speedy way,
To seize a vacant height that near Ilerda lay.
This saw the foe, and wing'd with fear and shame,
Through secret paths with swift prevention came.
Now various motives various hopes afford, 60
To these the place, to those the conquering sword:
Oppress'd beneath their armour's cumbrous weight,
Th' assailants labouring tempt the steep height;
Half bending back they mount with panting pain,
The following crowd their foremost mates sustain;

Against the shelving precipice they toil, 66
And prop their hands upon the steely pile:
On cliffs and shrubs, their steps, some clumbing
stay,

With cutting swords some clear the woody way;
Nor death, nor wounds, their enemies annoy, 70
While other uses now their arms employ.
Their chief the danger from afar survey'd,
And bade the horse fly timely to their aid.
In order just the ready squadrons ride,
Then wheeling to the right and left divide,
To flank the foot, and guard each naked side. }
Safe in the middle space retire the foot,
Make good the rear, and scorn the foes pursuit;
Each side retreat, though each disdain to yield,
And claim the glory of the doubtful field. 80

Thus far the cause of Rome by arms was try'd,
And human rage alone the war supply'd;
But now the elements new wrath prepare,
And gathering tempests vex the troubled air. 84
Long had the earth by wintery frosts been bound
And the dry north had numb'd the lazy ground.
No furrow'd fields were drench'd with drizzly rain,
Snow hid the hills, and hoary ice the plain.
All desolate the western climes were seen,
Keen were the blasts, and sharp the blue serene, }
To parch the fading herb, and dip the springing
green.

At length the genial heat began to shine,
With stronger beams in Aries' vernal sign;
Again the golden day resum'd its right,
And rul'd in just equation with the night: 95
The moon her monthly course had now begun,
And with increasing horns forsook the sun;
When Boreas, by night's silver empress driven,
To softer airs resign'd the western heaven.
Then with warm breezes gentler Eurus came, 100
Glowing with India's and Arabia's flame.
The sweeping wind the gathering vapours prest,
From every region of the farthest east?
Nor hang they heavy on the midway sky,
But speedy to Hesperia driving fly; 105
To Calpe's hills the sluicy rains repair,
From north, and south, the clouds assemble
there, }

And darkening storms lour in the sluggish air.
Where western skies the utmost ocean bound;
The watery treasures heap the welkin round; 110
Thither they croud, and scanted in the space,
Scarce between heaven and earth can find a place.
Condens'd at length the spouting torrents pour,
Earth smokes, and rattles with the gushing show'r;
Jove's forked fires are rarely seen to fly, 115
Extinguish'd in the deluge soon they die;
Nor e'er before did dewy Iris show
Such sady colours, or so maim'd a bow;
Unvary'd by the light's refracting beam,
She stoop'd to drink from ocean's briny stream;
Then to the drooping sky restor'd the rain: 121
Again the falling waters sought the main.
Then first the covering snows began to flow
From off the Pyrenean's hoary brow;
Huge hills of frost, a thousand ages old, 125
O'er which the summer suns had vainly roll'd,
Now melting, rush from every side amain,
Swell every brook, and deluge all the plain.

And now o'er Cæsar's camp the torrents sweep,
 Bear down the works, and fill the trenches deep
 Here men and arms in mix'd confusion swim, 131
 And hollow tents drive with th' impetuous stream,
 Lost in the spreading floods the land-marks lie,
 Nor can the forager his way descry.
 No beasts for food the floating pastures yield, 135
 Nor herbage rises in the watery field.
 And now, to fill the measure of their fears,
 Her baleful visage meagre Famine rears;
 Seldom alone she troops among the fiends,
 And still on war and pestilence attends. 140
 Unpress'd, unstraighten'd by besieging foes,
 All miseries of want the soldier knows.
 Gladly he gives his little wealth, to eat,
 And buys a morsel with his whole estate.
 Curs'd merchandize! where life itself is sold, 145
 And avarice consents to starve for gold!
 No rock, no rising mountain, rears his head,
 No single river winds along the mead,
 But one vast lake o'er all the land is spread.
 No lofty grove, no forest haunt is found, 150
 But in his den deep lies the savage drown'd:
 With headlong rage resistless in its course,
 The rapid torrent whirls the snorting horse;
 High o'er the sea the foamy freshes ride,
 While backward Tethys turns her yielding tide. 155
 Mean-time continued darkness veils the skies,
 And suns with unavailing ardour rise;
 Nature no more her various face can boast,
 But form is huddled up in night and lost.
 Such are the climes beneath the frozen zone, 160
 Where cheerless winter plants her dreary throne;
 No golden stars their gloomy heavens adorn,
 Nor genial seasons to their earth return:
 But everlasting ice and snow appear,
 Bind up the summer signs, and curse the barren
 year.

Almighty Sire! who dost supremely reign, 166
 And thou great ruler of the raging main!
 Ye gracious gods! in mercy give command,
 This desolation may for ever stand.
 Thou 'Jove! for ever cloud thy stormy sky; 170
 Thou Neptune! bid thy angry waves run high:
 Heave thy huge trident for a mighty blow,
 Strike the strong earth, and bid her fountains flow;
 Bid every river-god exhaust his urn,
 Nor let thy own alternate tides return; 175
 Wide let their blended waters waste around,
 These regions, Rhine, and those of Rhone con-
 found.

Melt, ye hoar mountains of Riphæan snow;
 Brooks, streams, and lakes, let all your sources go;
 Your spreading floods the guilt of Rome shall spare,
 And save the wretched world from Civil War. 181

But fortune stay'd her short displeasure here,
 Nor urg'd her minion with too long a fear;
 With large increase her favours full return'd,
 As if the gods themselves his anger mourn'd; 185
 As if his name were terrible to heaven,
 And Providence could sue to be forgiven.

Now 'gan the welkin clear to shine serene,
 And Phœbus potent in his rays was seen.
 The scattering clouds disclos'd the piercing light,
 And hung the firmament with fleecy white; 191

The troublous storm had spent his wrathful store,
 And clattering rains were heard to rush no more.
 Again the woods their leafy honours raise,
 And herds upon the rising mountains graze. 195
 Day's genial heat upon the damps prevails,
 And ripens into earth the slimy vales.
 Bright glittering stars adorn night's spangled air,
 And ruddy evening skies foretell the morning fair,
 Soon as the falling Sicoris begun 200
 A peaceful stream within his banks to run,
 The bending willow into barks they twine,
 Then line the work with spoils of slaughter'd kine;
 Such are the floats Venetian fishers know,
 Where in dull marshes stands the settling Po; 205
 On such to neighbouring Gaul, allur'd by gain,
 The bolder Britons cross the swelling main;
 Like these, when fruitful Egypt lies afloat,
 The Memphian artist builds his reedy boat.
 On these embarking bold with eager haste, 210
 Across the stream his legions Cæsar past:
 Straight the tall woods with sounding strokes are
 fell'd,

And with strong piles a beamy bridge they build;
 Then, mindful of the flood so lately spread, 214
 They stretch the lengthening arches o'er the mead.
 And, lest his bolder waters rise again,
 With numerous dikes they canton out the plain,
 And by a thousand streams the suffering river
 drain.

Petrcius now a fate superior saw,
 While elements obey proud Cæsar's law; 220
 Then straight Ilrda's lofty walls forsook,
 And to the farthest west his arms betook;
 The nearer regions faithless all around,
 And basely to the victor bent, he found.
 When with just rage and indignation fir'd, 225
 He to the Celtiberians fierce retir'd;
 There fought, amidst the world's extremest parts,
 Still daring hands, and still unconquer'd hearts.

Soon as he view'd the neighbouring mountain's
 head
 No longer by the hostile camp o'erspread, 230
 Cæsar commands to arm. Without delay
 The soldier to the river bends his way;
 None then with cautious care the bridge explor'd,
 Or fought the shallows of the safer ford;
 Arm'd at all points, they plunge amidst the flood,
 And with strong sinews make the passage good:
 Dangers they scorn that might the bold affright,
 And stop ev'n panting cowards in their flight.
 At length the farther bank attaining safe, 239
 Chill'd by the stream, their drooping limbs they
 chafe:

Then with fresh vigour urge the foes pursuit,
 And in the sprightly chase the powers of life recruit.
 Thus they; till half the course of life was run,
 And lessening shadows own'd the noon-day sun;
 The fiers now a doubtful fight maintain, 245
 While the fleet horse in squadrons scour the plain;
 The stragglers scattering round they force to yield,
 And gather up the gleanings of the field.

'Midst a wide plain two lofty rocks arise,
 Between the cliff an humble valley lies; 250
 Long rows of ridgy mountains run behind,
 Where ways obscure and secret passes wind.

But Cæsar, deep within this thought foresees
The foes attempt the covert strong to seize:
So may their troops at leisure range afar, 255
And to the Celtiberians lead the war.
Be quick (he cries) nor minding just array,
Swift, to the combat, wing your speedy way.
See! where yon cowards to the fastness haste,
But let your terrors in their way be plac'd: 260
Pierce ~~not~~ the fearful backs of those that fly,
But on your meeting javelins let them die.
He said. The ready legions took the word,
And hastily obey their eager lord;
With diligence the coming foe prevent, 265
And stay their marches, to the mountains bent.
Near neighbouring now the camps intrench'd are
seen,

With scarce a narrow interval between.

Soon as their eyes o'ershoot the middle space,
From either host, fires, sons, and brothers trace
The well-known features of some kindred face.
Then first their hearts with tenderness were
struck,

First for remorse with civil rage they shook;
Stiffening with horror cold, and dire amaze,
Awhile in silent interviews they gaze: 275
Anon with speechless signs their swords salute,
While thoughts conflicting keep their masters
mute.

At length, disdainful still to be repress'd,
Prevailing passion rose in every breast,
And the vain rules of guilty war transgress'd. }
As at a signal, both their trenches quit, 281
And spreading arms in close embraces knit:
Now friendship runs o'er all her ancient claims,
Guest and companion are their only names;
Old neighbourhood they fondly call to mind, 285
And how their boyish years in leagues were join'd.
With grief each other mutually they know,
And find a friend in every Roman foe.
Their falling tears their steely arms bedew,
While interrupting sighs each kiss pursue; 290
And though their hands are yet unstain'd by guilt,
They tremble for the blood they might have spilt.
But speak, unhappy Roman! speak thy pain,
Say for what woes thy streaming eyes complain?
Why dost thou groan? why beat thy sounding
breast?

Why is this wild fantastic grief express'd? 296
Is it, that yet thy country claims thy care?
Dost thou the crimes of war unwilling share?
Ah! whither art thou by thy fears betray'd?
How canst thou dread that power thyself hast
made? 300

Do Cæsar's trumpet's call thee? scorn the sound,
Does he bid, march? dare thou to keep thy
ground,

So rage and slaughter shall to justice yield,
And fierce Erinny's quit the fatal field:
Cæsar in peace a private state shall know, 305
And Pompey be no longer call'd his foe.

Appear, thou heavenly Concord! blest appear!
And shed thy better influence's here.

Thou who the warring elements dost bind,
Life of the world, and safety of mankind,
Infuse thy sovereign balm, and heal the wrath-
ful mind.

But if the same dire fury rages yet,
Too well they know what foes their swords shall
meet;

No blind pretence of ignorance remains, 314
The blood they shed must flow from Roman veins.
Oh! fatal truce! the brand of guilty Rome!
From thee worse wars and redder slaughters
come.

See! with what free and unsuspecting love,
From camp to camp the jocund warriors rove;
Each to his turfy table bids his guest, 320
And Bacchus crowns the hospitable feast.
The grassy fires refulgent lends their light,
While conversatiⁿ sleepless waste the night:
Of early feats of arms by turns they tell,
Of fortunes that in various fields befall, 325
With well-becoming pride their deeds relate,
And now agree, and friendly now debate:
At length their un auspicious hands are join'd,
And sacred leagues with faith renew'd they bind.
But oh! what worse could cruel fate afford!
The furies smil'd upon the curst accord,
And dy'd with deeper stains the Roman sword. }

By busy fame Petreius soon is told,
His camp, himself, to Cæsar all are sold;
When straight the chief indignant calls to arm, 335
And bids the trumpet spread the loud alarm.
With war encompass'd round he takes his way,
And breaks the short-liv'd truce with fierce affray;
He drives th' unarm'd and unsuspecting guest,
Amaz'd, and wounded, from th' unfinished east;
With horrid steel he cuts each fond embrace,
And violates with blood the new-made peace.
And lest the fainting flames of wrath expire,
With words like these he fans the deadly fire:
Ye herd! unknowing of the Roman worth, 345
And lost to the great cause which led you forth;
Though victory and captive Cæsar were
Honours too glorious for your swords to share;
Yet something, abject as you are, from you,
Something to virtue and the laws is due: 350
A second praise ev'n yet you may partake!
Fight, and be vanquish'd for your country's sake.
Can you, while fate as yet suspends our doom,
While you have blood and lives to lose for Rome,
Can you with tame submission seek a lord; 355
And own a cause by men and gods abhorr'd?
Will you in lowly wife his mercy crave?
Can soldiers beg to wear the name of slave?
Would you for us your suit to Cæsar move? 359
Know we disdain his pardoning power to prove:
No private bargain shall redeem his head:
For Rome, and not for us, the war was made.
Though peace a specious poor pretence afford,
Baseness and bondage lurk beneath the word.
In vain the workmen search the steely mine 365
To arm the field, and bid the battle shine;
In vain the fortrefs lifts her towery height;
In vain the warlike steed provokes the fight;
In vain our oars the foamy ocean sweep;
In vain our floating castles hide the deep; 370
In vain by land, in vain by sea we fought,
If peace shall e'er with liberty be bought.
See! with what constancy, what gallant pride;
Our steadfast foes defend an impious side!

Bound by their oaths, though enemies to good, 375
They scorn to change from what they once have
vow'd.

While each vain breath your slackening faith
withdraws,

Yours! who pretend to arm for Rome and laws,
Who find no fault, but Justice in your cause.
And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er, 380
A brave repentance still is in your power:
While Pompey calls the utmost east from far,
And leads the Indian monarchs on to war,
Shall we oh shame! prevent his great success,
And bind his hands by our inglorious peace? 385

He spoke; and civil rage at once returns,
Each breast the fonder thought of pity scorns,
And ruthless with redoubled fury burns.
So when the tyger or the spotted pard,
Long from the woods and savage haunts debarr'd,
From their first fierceness for a while are won, 391
And seem to put a gentler nature on;
Patient their prison and mankind they bear,
Fawn on their lords, and looks less horrid wear:
But let the taste of slaughter be renew'd, 395
And their fell jaws again with gore imbrued;
Then dreadfully their wakening furies rise,
And glaring fires rekindle in their eyes;
With wrathful roar their echoing dens they tear,
And hardly ev'n the well-known keeper spare;
The shuddering keeper shakes, and stands aloof
for fear.

From friendship freed, and conscious nature's tie,
To undistinguish'd slaughters loose they fly;
With guilt avow'd their daring crimes advance,
And scorn th' excuse of ignorance and chance. 405
Those whom so late their fond embraces prest.
The bosom's partner, and the welcome guest;
Now at the board un hospitable bleed,
While streams of blood the flowing bowl succeed.
With groans at first each draws the glittering brand,
And lingering death stops in th' unwilling hand:
Till urg'd at length returning force they feel,
And catch new courage from the murdering steel:
Vengeance and hatred rise with every blow,
And blood paints every visage like a foe. 415
Uproar and horror through the camp abound,
While impious sons their mangled fathers wound,
And, lest the merit of the crime be lost,
With dreadful joy the parricide they boast;
Proud to their chiefs the cold pale heads they bear,
The gore yet dropping from the silver hair. 421

But thou, O Cæsar! to the gods be dear!
Thy pious mercy well becomes their care;
And though thy soldier falls by treacherous peace,
Be proud, and reckon this thy great success. 425
Not all thou ow'st to bounteous Fortune's smile,
Not proud Massilia, nor the Pharian Nile;
Not the full conquest of Pharfalia's field,
Could greater fame, or nobler trophies yield;
Thine and the cause of justice now are one, 430
Since guilty slaughter brands thy foes alone.

Nor dare the conscious leaders longer wait,
Or trust to such unhallow'd hands their fate:
Astonish'd and dismay'd they shun the fight,
And to Ilorda turn their hasty flight. 435
But, ere their march achieves its destin'd course,
Preventing Cæsar sends the wing'd horse:

The speedy squadrons seize the appointed ground,
And hold their foes on hills encompass'd round.
Pent up in barren heights, they strive in vain 440
Refreshing springs and flowing streams to gain;
Strong hostile works their camp's extension stay,
And deep-sunk trenches intercept their way.

Now deaths in unexpected forms arise,
Thirst and pale famine stalk before their eyes. 445
Shut up and close besieg'd, no more they need
The strength or swiftness of the warlike steed;
But doom the generous coursers all to bleed.
Hopeless at length, and barr'd around from flight,
Headlong they rush to arms, and urge the fight: 450
But Cæsar, who with wary eyes beheld,
With what determin'd rage they fought the field,
Restrain'd his eager troops. Forbear, he cry'd,
Nor let your sword in madmen's blood be dy'd.
But, since they come devoted by despair,
Since life is grown unworthy of their care,
Since 't is their time to die, 't is ours to spare.
Those naked bosoms that provoke the foe,
With greedy hopes of deadly vengeance glow;
With pleasure shall they meet the pointed steel, 460
Nor smarting wounds, nor dying anguish feel,
If while they bleed, your Cæsar shares the pain,
And mourns his gallant friends among the slain.
But wait awhile, this rage shall soon be past,
This blaze of courage is too fierce to last; 465
This ardour for the fight shall faint away,
And all this fond desire of death decay.

He spoke; and at the word the war was stay'd,
Till Phœbus fled from night's ascending shade.
Ev'n all the day, embattled on the plain, 470
The rash Petreians urge to arms in vain:
At length the weary fire began to cease,
And wasting fury languish'd into peace.
Th' impatient arrogance of wrath declin'd,
And slackening passions cool'd upon the mind. 475
So when, the battle roaring loud around,
Some warrior warm receives a fatal wound;
While yet the griding sword has newly past,
And the first pungent pains and anguish last;
While full with life the turgid vessels rise, 480
And the warm juice the sprightly nerve supplies;
Each sinewy limb with fiercer force is prest,
And rage redoubles in the burning breast:
But if, as conscious of th' advantage gain'd,
The cooler victor slays his wrathful hand; 485
Then sinks his thrall with ebbing spirits low,
The black blood stiffens and forgets to flow;
Cold damps and numbness close the deadly wound,
And stretch him pale and fainting on the ground.

For water now on every side they try, 490
Alike the sword and delving spade employ;
Earth's bosom dark, laborious they explore,
And search the sources of her liquid store;
Deep in the hollow hill the well descends,
Till level with the moister plain it ends. 495
Not lower down from cheerful day decline
The pale Assyrians, in the golden mine.
In vain the toil, no secret streams are found
To roll their murmuring tides beneath the ground;
Nobursting springs repay the workman's stroke, 500
Nor glittering gulf from out the wounded rock;
No sweating caves in dewy droppings stand,
Nor smallest rills run gurgling o'er the sand.

Spent and exhausted with the fruitless pain,
The fainting youth ascent to light again. 505
And now less patient of the drought they grow,
Than in those cooler depths of earth below;
No savory viands crown the chearful board,
Ev'n food for want of water stands abhorr'd;
To hunger's meagre refuge they retreat, 510
And since they cannot drink, refuse to eat.
Where yielding clods a moiſter clay confeſs,
With gripping hands the clammy glebe they preſs;
Where-e'er the ſtanding puddle loathſome lies,
Thither in crouds the thirſty ſoldier flies; 515
Horrid to ſight, the miry filth they quaff,
And drain with dying jaws the deadly drafſ.
Some ſeek the beaſtial mothers for ſupply,
And draw the herds extended udders dry;
Till thirſt, unfated with the milky ſtore, 520
With labouring lips drinks in the putrid gore.
Some ſtrip the leaves, and ſuck the morning dews;
Some grind the bark, the woody branches bruife,
And ſqueeze the ſaplings unconcocted juice.

Oh happy thoſe, to whom the barbarous kings
Left their envenom'd floods, and tainted ſprings!
Cæſar be kind, and every bane prepare,
Which Cretan rocks, or Lybian ſerpents bear:
The Romans to thy poiſonous ſtreams ſhall fly,
And, conſcious of the danger, drink, and die. 530
With ſecret flames their withering entrails burn,
And fiery breathings from their lungs return;
The ſhrinking veins contract their purple flood;
And urge, laborious, on the beating blood;
The heaving ſighs through ſtraiter paſſes blow, 535
And ſcorch the painful palate as they go;
The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapours
draws,

And reſtleſs rolls within the clammy jaws;
With gaping mouths they wait the falling rain, 539
And want thoſe floods that lately ſpread the plain.
Vainly to heaven they turn their longing eyes,
And fix them on the dry reſtleſs ſkies.
Nor here by ſandy Afric are they curſt,
Nor Cancer's ſultry line inflames their thirſt;
But to enhance their pain, they view below, 545
Where lakes ſtand full, and plenteous rivers flow;
Between two ſtreams expires the panting hoſt,
And in a land of water are they loſt.

Now preſt by pinching want's unequal weight,
The vanquiſh'd leaders yield to adverſe fate: 550
Rejeſting arms, Afranius ſeeks relief,
And ſues ſubmiſſive to the hoſtile chief.
Foremoſt himſelf, to Cæſar's camp he leads
His ſamiſh'd troops, a fainting band ſucceeds. 554
At length, in preſence of the victor plac'd,
A fitting dignity his geſture grac'd,
That ſpoke his preſent fortunes, and his paſt. }
With decent mixture in his manly mien,
The captive and the general were ſeen:
Then, with a free, ſecure, undaunted breaſt, 560
For mercy thus his pious ſuit he preſt.

Had Fate and my ill fortune laid me low,
Beneath the power of ſome ungenerous foe;
My ſword hung ready to protect my fame,
And this right hand had ſav'd my ſoul from
ſhame: 565

But now with joy I bend my ſuppliant knee,
Life is worth aſking, ſince 't is given by thee.
No party-zeal our ſaſcious arms inclines,
No hate of thee, or of thy bold deſigns.
War with its own occaſions came unſought, 570
And found us on the ſide for which we fought:
True to our cauſe as beſt becomes the brave,
Long as we could, we kept that faith we gave.
Nor ſhall our arms thy ſtronger fate delay, 574
Behold! our yielding paves thy conquering way:
The weſtern nations all at once we give,
Securely theſe behind thee ſhalt thou leave;
Here while thy full dominion ſtands conſeſt,
Receive it as an earneſt of the eaſt. 579
Nor this thy eaſy victory diſdain,
Bought with no ſeas of blood, nor hills of ſlain; }
Forgive the foes that ſpare thy ſword a pain.
Nor is the boon for which we ſue too great,
The weary ſoldier begs a laſt retreat;
In ſome poor village, peaceful at the plough, 585
Let them enjoy the life thou doſt beſtow.
Think, in ſome field, among the ſlain we lie,
And loſt to thy remembrance caſt us by.
Mix not our arms in thy ſucceſſful war,
Nor let thy captives in thy triumphs ſhare. 590
Theſe unprevailing bands their fate have try'd,
And prov'd that fortune fights not on their ſide.
Guiltleſs to ceaſe from ſlaughter we implore,
Let us not conquer with thee, and we aſk no
more.

He ſaid. The victor with a gentler grace, 595
And mercy ſoftening his ſeverer face,
Bade his attending foes their fears diſmiſs,
Go free from puniſhment, and live in peace.
The truce on equal terms at length agreed,
The waters from the watchful guard are freed: 600
Eager to drink, down ruſh the thirſty croud,
Hang o'er the banks, and trouble all the flood.
Some, while too fierce the fatal draughts they drain,
Forget the gasping lungs that heave in vain;
No breathing airs the choking channels fill, 605
But every ſpring of life at once ſtands ſtill.
Some drink, nor yet the fervent peſt aſſwage,
With wonted fires their bloated entrails rage;
With burſting ſides each bulk enormous heaves,
While ſtill for drink th' inſatiate fever craves. 610
At length returning health diſpers'd the pain,
And luſty vigour ſtrung the nerves again.

Behold! ye Sons of Luxury, behold!
Who ſcatter in exceſs your laſhiv gold;
You who the wealth of frugal ages waſte, 615
T' indulge a wanton ſupercilious taſte:
For whom all earth all ocean are explor'd,
To ſpread the various proud voluptuous board:
Behold how little thrifty nature craves, 619
And what a cheap relief the lives of thouſands
ſaves!

No coſtly wines theſe fainting legions know,
Mark'd by old conſuls many a year ago;
No waiting ſlaves the precious juices pour,
From myrrhine goblets, or the golden ore:
But with pure draughts they cool the boiling blood,
And ſeek their ſuccour from the cryſtal flood. 626
Who, but a wretch, would think it worth his care,
The toils and wickedneſs of war to ſhare,

When all we want thus easily we find?
 The field and river can supply mankind. 630
 Dismiss'd, and safe from danger and alarms,
 The vanquish'd to the victor quits his arms;
 Guiltless from camps, to cities he repairs,
 And in his native land forgets his cares.
 There in his mind he runs, repenting o'er 635
 The tedious toils and perils once he bore;
 His spear and sword of battle stand accurst,
 He hates the weary march, and parching thirst;
 And wonders much, that e'er with pious pain
 He pray'd so oft for victory in vain: 640
 For victory! the curse of those that win,
 The fatal end where still new woes begin.
 Let the proud masters of the horrid field
 Count all the gains their dire successes yield; 644
 Then let them think what wounds they yet must feel,

Ere they can fix revolving fortune's wheel;
 As yet th' imperfect task by halves is done,
 Blood, blood remains, more battles must be won, }
 And many a heavy labour undergone:
 Still conquering, to new guilt they shall succeed,
 Where-ever restless Fate and Cæsar lead. 651
 How happier lives the man to peace assign'd,
 Amidst this general storm that wrecks mankind!
 In his own quiet house ordain'd to die,
 He knows the place in which his bones shall lie.
 No trumpet warns him 'put his harness on,
 Though faint, and all with weariness fore-done:
 But when night falls, he lies securely down,
 And calls the creeping slumber all his own.
 His kinder fates the warrior's hopes prevent, 660
 And ere the time, the wish'd dismissal sent;
 A lowly cottage, and a tender wife,
 Receive him in his early days of life;
 His boys, a rustic tribe, around him play,
 And homely pleasures wear the vacant day. 665
 No factious parties here the mind engage,
 Nor work th' imbitter'd passions up to rage;
 With equal eyes the hostile chiefs they view,
 To this their faith, to That their lives are due:
 To both obliged alike, no part they take, 670
 Nor vows for conquest, nor against it, make.
 Mankind's misfortunes they behold from far,
 Pleas'd to stand neuter while the world's at war.

But Fortune, bent to check the victor's pride,
 In other lands forsook her Cæsar's side; 675
 With changing cheer the fickle goddess frown'd,
 And for a while her favourite cause disown'd.
 Where Adria's swelling surge Salonæ laves,
 And warm lader rolls his gentle waves,
 Bold in the brave Curian's warlike band, 680
 Antonius camps upon the utmost strand:
 Begirt around by Pompey's floating power,
 He braves the navy from his well-fenc'd shore.
 But while the distant war no more he fears,
 Famine, a worse, resistless foe, appears: 685
 No more the meads their grassy pasture yield,
 Nor waving harvests crown the yellow field.
 On every verdant leaf the hungry feed,
 And snatch the forage from the fainting steed;
 Then ravenous on their camp's defence they fall,
 And grind with greedy jaws the turfy wall. 691
 Near on the neighbouring coast at length they spy,
 Where Bassilus with social sails draws nigh;

While, led by Dolabella's proud command,
 Their Cæsar's legions spread th' Illyrian strand:
 Straight with new hopes their hearts recovering
 beat,

Aim to elude the foe, and meditate retreat.
 Of wondrous form a vast machine they build,
 New, and unknown upon the floating field.
 Here, nor the keel its crooked length extends, 700
 Nor e'er the waves the rising deck ascend;
 By beams and grappling chains compacted strong,
 Light skiffs, and casks, two equal rows prolong:
 O'er these, of solid oak securely made,
 Stable and tight a flooring firm is laid; 705
 Sublime, from hence, two plucky towers on high,
 And nodding battlements the foe defy.
 Securely plac'd, each rising range between,
 The lusty rower plies his task unseen.
 Mean-while nor oars upon the fides appear, 710
 Nor swelling sails receive the driving air;
 But living seems the mighty mass to sweep,
 And glide self-mov'd athwart the yielding deep.
 Three wondrous floats, of this enormous size,
 Soon by the skilful builder's craft arise; 715
 The ready warriors all aboard them ride,
 And wait the return of the retiring tide.
 Backward at length revolving Tethys flows,
 And ebbing waves the naked sands disclose: 719
 Straight by the stream the lanching piles are born,
 Shields, spears, and helms, their nodding towers
 adorn;

Threatening they move in terrible array,
 And to the deeper ocean bend their way.
 Octavius now, whose naval powers command
 Adria's rude seas, and wide Illyria's strand, 725
 Full in their course his fleet advancing stays,
 And each impatient combatant delays:
 To the blue offing wide he seems to bear,
 Hopeful to draw th' unwary vessels near;
 Aloof he rounds them, eager on his prey, 730
 And tempts them with an open roomy sea.
 Thus, when the wily huntsman spreads his nets,
 And with his ambient toil the woods besets;
 While yet his busy hands, with skilful care,
 The meshy hayes and forked props prepare; 735
 Ere yet the deer the painted plumage spy,
 Snuff the strong odour from afar, and fly;
 His mates, the Cretan hound and Spartan bind,
 And muzzle all the loud Molossian kind;
 The quester only to the wood they loose, 740
 Who silently the tainted track pursues:
 Mute signs alone the conscious haunt betray,
 While fix'd he points, and trembles to the prey.

'T was at the season when the fainting light,
 Just in the evening's close, brought on the night:
 When the tall towery floats their idle forsook, 746
 And to the sea their course, adventurous, took.
 But now the fam'd Sicilian pirates, skill'd
 In arts and warfare of the liquid field,
 Their wonted wiles and stratagems provide, 750
 To aid their great acknowledg'd victor's side.
 Beneath the glassy surface of the main,
 From rock to rock they stretch a ponderous chain;
 Loosely the flacker links suspended flow,
 T' enwrap the driving fabrics as they go. 755
 Urg'd from within, and wafted by the tide,
 Smo'th o'er the boom the first and second glide;

The third the guileful latent chain enfolds,
And in his steely grasp entwining holds :
From the tall rocks the shouting victors roar, 760
And drag the resty captive to the shore.
For ages past an ancient cliff there stood,
Whose bending brow hung threatening o'er the
flood ;

A verdant grove was on the summit plac'd,
And o'er the waves a gloomy shadow cast ; 765
While near the base wild hollows sink below,
There roll huge seas, and bellowing tempests
blow :

Thither whate'er the greedy waters drown,
The shipwreck and the driving corpse, are thrown:
Anon the gaping gulph the spoil restores, 770
And from his lowest depths loud-spouting pours.
Not ruder Charybdis roars in sounds like these,
When thundering, with a burst, she spews the
foamy seas.

Hither, with warlike Opitergians fraught,
The third ill-fated prisoner float was brought ; 775
The foe, as at a signal, speed their way,
And haste to compass in the destin'd prey ;
The crouding sails from every station press,
While arm'd hands the rocks and shores possess
Too late the chief, Vulteiis, found the snare, 780
And strove to burst the toil with fruitless care :
Driv'n by despair at length, nor thinking yet
Which way to fight, or whither to retreat,
He turns upon the foe ; and though distress'd,
By wiles intangled, and by crowds oppress'd, 785
With scarce a single cohort to his aid,
Against the gathering host a stand he made.
Fierce was the combat fought, with slaughter
great,

Though thus an odds unequally they meet,
But with a thousand match'd, a ship against a
fleet.

But soon on dusky wings arose the night, 791
And with her friendly shade restrains the sight ;
The combatants from war consenting cease,
And pass the hours of darkness o'er in peace.

When to the foldier, anxious for his fate, 795
And doubtful what success the dawn might wait,
The brave Vulteiis thus his speech address'd,
And thus compos'd the cares of every beating
breast.

My gallant friends! whom our hard fates decree,
This night, this short night only, to be free ; 800
Think what remains to do, but think with haste,
Ere the brief hour of liberty be past.
Perhaps reduced to this so hard extreme,
Too short, to some, the date of life may seem ;
Yet know, brave youths, that none untimely fall,
Whom death obeys, and comes but when they call.
'Tis true, the neighbouring danger waits us
nigh ;

We meet but that from which we cannot fly ;
Yet think not but with equal praise we die.
Dark and uncertain is man's future doom, 810
If years, or only moments, are to come :
All is but dying ; he who gives an hour,
Or he who gives an age, gives all that's in his
power.

Sooner, or late, all mortals know the grave,
But to choose death distinguishes the brave. 815

Behold, where waiting round, yon hostile band,
Our fellow-citizens, our lives demand.
Prevent we then their cruel hands, and bleed ;
'Tis but to do what is too sure decreed,
And where our fate would drag us on, to lead. }
A great conspicuous slaughter shall we yield, 821
Nor lie the carnage of a common field :
Where one ignoble heap confounds the slain,
And men, and beasts, promiscuous strow the plain.
Plac'd on this float by some diviner hand, 825
As on a stage, for public view we stand.

Illyria's neighbouring shores, her isles around,
And every cliff, with gazers shall be crown'd ;
The seas, and earth, our virtue shall proclaim,
And stand eternal vouchers for our fame ; 830
Alike the foes and fellows of our cause,
Shall mark the deed, and join in vast applause.
Blest be thou, fortune, that has mark'd us forth,
A monument of unexampled worth ;

To latest times our story shall be told, 835
Ev'n rais'd beyond the noblest names of old.
Distinguish'd praise shall crown our daring youth,
Our pious honour, and unshaken truth.
Mean is our offering, Cæsar, we confess :
For such a chief, what soldier can do less ? 840

Yet oh! this faithful pledge of love receive!
Take it, 't is all that captives have to give.
Oh! that, to make the victim yet more dear,
Our aged sires, our children had been here :
Then with full horror should the slaughter rise, 845
And blast our paler foes' astonish'd eyes ;
Till, aw'd beneath that scorn of death we wear,
They bless the time our fellows 'scap'd their
snare :

Till with mean tears our fate the cowards mourn,
And tremble at the rage at which we burn. 850
Perhaps they mean our constant souls to try,
Whether for life and peace we may comply.
Oh! grant, ye gods! their offers may be great,
That we may gloriously disdain to treat,
That this last proof of virtue we may give, 855
And shew we die not now, because we could not
live.

That valour to no common heights must rise,
Which he, our god-like chief himself, shall prize.
Immortal shall our truth for ever stand,
If Cæsar thinks this little faithful band }
A joia, amidst the host of his command.
For me, my friends, my fix'd resolve is ta'en,
And fate, or chance, may proffer life in vain ;
I scorn whatever safety they provide,
And cast the worthless trifling thought aside. 865
The sacred rage of death devours me whole,
Reigns in my heart, and triumphs in my soul :
I see, I reach the period of my woe,
And taste those joys the dying only know.
Wifely the gods conceal the wondrous good, 870
Lest man no longer should endure his load ;
Lest every wretch like me from life should fly,
Seize his own happiness himself, and die.

He spoke. The band his potent tongue confess'd,
And generous ardour burn'd in every breast. 875
No longer now they view, with watery eyes,
The swift revolving circle of the skies ;

No longer think the setting stars in haste,
Nor wonder slow Bootes moves so fast;
But with high hearts exulting all, and gay, 880
They wish for light, and call the tardy day.
Yet, nor the heavenly axis long delays,
To roll the radiant signs beneath the seas;
In Leda's twins now rose the warmer sun,
And near the lofty crab exalted shone; 885
Swiftly night's shorter shades began to move,
And to the west Thessalian Chiron drove.
At length the morning's purple beams disclose
The wide horizon covered round with foes;
Each rock and shore the crouding Isthians keep, 890
While Greeks and fierce Liburnians spread the deep:

When yet, ere fury lets the battle loose,
Octavius woos them with the terms of truce;
If haply Pompey's chains they choose to wear,
And captive life to instant death prefer. 895
But the brave youth, regardless of his might,
Fierce in the scorn of life, and hating light,
Fearless, and careless of what'er may come,
Resolv'd, and self-determin'd to their doom;
Alike disdain the threatening of the war, 900
And all the flattering wiles their foes prepare.
Calmly the numerous legions round they view,
At once by land and sea the fight renew;
Relief, or friends, or aid, expect they none,
But fix one certain truth in death alone. 905
In opposition firm awhile they stood,
But soon were satisfy'd with hostile blood.
Then turning from the foe, with gallant pride,
Is there a generous youth (Vulteius cry'd)
Whose worthy sword may pierce your leader's
side?

He said; and at the word, from every part, 911
A hundred pointed weapons reach'd his heart;
Dying he prais'd them all, but him the chief,
Whose eager duty brought the first relief:
Deep in his breast he plung'd his deadly blade, 915
And with a grateful stroke the friendly gift
repay'd.

At once all rush, at once to death they fly,
And on each other's sword alternate die,
Greedy to make the mischief all their own,
And arrogate the guilt of war alone. 920
A fate like this did Cadmus' harvest prove,
When mortally the earth-born brethren strove;
When by each other's hands of life bereft,
An omen dire to future Thebes they left.
Such was the rage inspired the Colchian foes, 925
When from the dragon's wondrous teeth they
rose;

When urg'd by charms, and magic's mystic power,
They dy'd their native field with streaming gore;
Till ev'n the fell enchantress stood dismay'd,
And wonder'd at the mischiefs which she made.
Furies more fierce the dying Romans feel, 931
And with brave breasts provoke the lingering steel;
With fond embraces catch the deadly darts,
And press them plunging to their panting hearts.
No wound imperfect, for a second calls; 935
With certain aim the sure destruction falls.
This last best gift, this one unerring blow,
Sires, sons, and brothers, mutually bestow;

Nor piety, nor fond remorse prevail,
And if they fear, they only fear to fail. 940
Here with red streams the blushing waves they
stain,

Here dash their mangled entrails in the main.
Here with a last disdain they view the skies,
Shut out heaven's hated light with scornful eyes,
And, with insulting joy the victor see despise. }
At length the heapy slaughter rose on high, 946
The hostile chiefs the purple pile destroy;
And while the last accustom'd rites they give,
Scarcely the unexampled deed believe:
Much they admire a faith by death approv'd, 950
And wonder lawless power could e'er be thus
belov'd.

Wide through mankind eternal fame displays
This happy crew, this single vessel's praise.
But, oh! the story of the godlike rage
Is lost, upon a vile, degenerate age; 955
The base, the slavish world will not be taught,
With how much ease their freedom may be
bought.

Still arbitrary power on thrones commands,
Still liberty is gall'd by tyrants bands,
And swords in vain are trusted to our hands. }
Oh! death! thou pleasing end of human woe, 961
Thou cure for life, thou greatest good below;
Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

Nor war's pernicious God less havoc yields, 965
Where swarthy Libya spreads her sun-burnt fields.
For Curio now the stretching canvas spread,
And from Sicilian shores his navy led;
To Afric's coast he cuts the foamy way,
Where low the once victorious Carthage lay. 970
There landing, to the well-known camp he hies,
Where from afar the distant seas he spies;
Where Bagrada's dull waves the sands divide,
And slowly downward roll their sluggish tide.
From thence he seeks the heights renown'd by
fame,

And hallow'd by the great Cornelian name: 976
The rocks and hills which long, traditions say,
Were held by huge Antæus' horrid sway.
Here, as, by chance, he lights upon the place,
Curious he tries the reverend tale to trace. 980
When thus, in short, the ruder Libyans tell,
What from their fires they heard, and how the
case befel:

The teeming earth, for ever fresh and young,
Yet, after many a giant son, was strong;
When labouring, here, with the prodigious birth,
She brought her youngest-born Antæus forth. 986
Of all the dreadful brood which erst she bore,
In none the fruitful beldame glory'd more:
Happy for those above she brought him not,
Till after Phlegra's doubtful field was fought. 990
That this, her darling, might in force excel,
A gift she gave: whene'er to earth he fell,
Recourted strength he from his parent drew,
And every slackening nerve was strung anew.
Yon cave his den he made; where oft for food, 995
He snatch'd the mother lion's horrid brood.
Nor leaves, nor shaggy hides, his couch prepar'd,
Torn from the tiger, or the spotted pard;

But stretch'd along the naked earth he lies :

New vigour still the native earth supplies. 1000

Whate'er he meets, his ruthless hands invade,
Strong in himself, without his mother's aid.

The strangers that unknowing seek the shore,

Soon a worse shipwreck on the land deplore. 1004

Dreadful to all, with matchless might he reigns,

Robs, spoils, and massacres the simple swains,

And all unpeopled lie the Libyan plains.

At length, around the trembling nations spread,
Fame of the tyrant to Alcides fled.

The Godlike Hero, born, by Jove's decree, 1010

To set the seas, and earth, from monsters free ;

Hither in generous pity bent his course,

And set himself to prove the giant's force.

Now met, the combatants for fight provide,

And either dons the lion's yellow hide. 1015

Bright in Olympic oil Alcides shone,

Antæus with his mother's dust is strown,

And seeks her friendly force to aid his own.

Now seizing fierce their grasping hands they mix,

And labour on the swelling throat to fix ; 1020

Their sinewy arms are writh'd in many a fold,

And, front to front, they threaten stern and bold.

Unmatch'd before, each bends a sullen frown,

To find a force thus equal to his own.

At length the godlike victor Greek prevailed, 1025

Nor yet the foe with all his force assail'd.

Faint dropping sweats bedew the monster's brows,

And panting thick with heaving sides he blows ;

His trembling head the slackening nerves confess'd,

And from the hero shrunk his yielding breast. 1030

The conqueror pursues, his arms entwine,

Infolding gripe, and strain his crashing chine,

While his broad knee bears forceful on his groin.

At once his faltering feet from earth he rends,

And on the sands his mighty length extends. 1035

The parent earth her vanquish'd son deploras,

And with a touch his vigour lost restores :

From his faint limbs the clammy dew she drains,

And with fresh streams recruits his ebbing veins ;

The muscles swell, the hardening sinews rise, 1040

And bursting from th' Herculean grasp he flies.

Astonish'd at the sight Alcides stood ;

Nor more he wonder'd, when in Lerna's flood

The dreadful snake her falling heads renew'd. 1045

Of all his various labours none was seen

With equal joy by heaven's unrighteous queen ;

Pleas'd she beheld, what toil, what pains he

prov'd,

He who had borne the weight of heaven unmov'd.

Sudden again upon the foe he flew,

The falling foe to earth for aid withdrew ; 1050

The earth again her fainting son supplies,

And with redoubled forces bids him rise :

Her vital powers to succour him she sends,

And earth herself with Hercules contends.

Confiscat at length of such unequal fight, 1055

And that the parent touch renew'd his might,

No longer shalt thou fall, Alcides cry'd,

Henceforth the combat standing shall be try'd ;

If thou wilt lean, to me alone incline,

And rest upon no other breast but mine. 1060

He said ; and as he saw the monster stoop,

With mighty arms aloft he rears him up :

No more the distant earth her son supplies,

Lock'd in the hero's strong embrace he lies ;

Nor thence ~~scintilla~~ d, nor trusted to the ground,

Till death in every frozen limb was found. 1065

Thus, fond of tales, our ancestors of old

The story to their children's children told ;

From thence a title to the land they gave,

And call'd this hollow rock Antæus' cave. 1070

But greater deeds this rising mountain grace,

And Scipio's name ennobles much the place ;

While, fixing here his famous camp, he calls

Fierce Hannibal from Rome's devoted walls :

As yet the mouldering works remain in view, 1075

Where dreadful once the Latian eagles flew.

Fond of the prosperous victorious name,

And trusting fortune would be still the same,

Hither his hapless ensigns Curio leads,

And here his inauspicious camp he spreads. 1080

A fierce superior foe his arms provoke,

And rob the hills of all their ancient luck.

O'er all the Roman powers in Libya's land,

Then Atius Varrus bore supreme command ;

Nor trusting to the Latian strength alone, 1085

With foreign force he fortified his own ;

Summon'd the swarthy monarchs all from far,

And call'd remotest Juba forth to war.

O'er many a country runs his wide command ;

To Atlas huge, and Gades' western strand ; 1090

From thence to horned Antlion's fame renown'd,

And the waste Syrt's inhospitable bound :

Southward as far he reigns and rules alone

The sultry regions of the burning zone.

With him, unnumber'd nations march along, 1095

Th' Atololes with wild Numidians throng ;

The rough Getulian, with his ruder breed ;

The Moor resembling India's swarthy breed ;

Poor Nasamons, and Garamantines join'd,

With swift Marmaridans that match'd the wind ;

The Mazax, bred the trembling dart to throw, 1101

Sure as the shaft that leaves the Parthian bow ;

With these Masilia's nimble horsemen ride,

They, not the bit, nor curbing rein provide,

But with light rods the well-taught courser

guide.

From lonely cots the Libyan hunters came,

Who still unarm'd invade the savage game,

And with spread mantles tawny lions tame.

But not Rome's fate, nor civil rage alone,

Incite the monarch Pompey's cause to own ; 1110

Stung by resenting wrath, the war he sought,

And deep displeasures past by Curio wrought.

He, when the tribune's sacred power he gain'd,

When justice, laws, and gods were all prophan'd,

At Juba's ancient sceptre aim'd his hate, 1115

And strove to rob him of his royal seat :

From a just prince would tear his native right,

While Rome was made a slave to lawless might.

The king, revolving causes from afar,

Looks on himself as party to the war. 1120

That grudge, too well remembering, Curio knew ;

To this he joins, his troops to Cæsar hew,

Not of those old experienc'd faithful bands,

Nurs'd in his fear, and bred to his commands ;

But a loose, neutral, light, uncertain train, 1125

Late with Corfinium's captive fortress ta'en,

That wavering pause, and doubt for whom to strike,

Sworn to both sides, and true to both alike.

The careful chief beheld, with anxious heart,
The faithless centinels each night desert: 1130

Then thus, resolving, to himself he cry'd,
By daring shews our greatest fears we hide:

Then let me haste to bid the battle join,

And lead my army, while it yet is mine;

Leisure and thinking still to change incline.

Let war, and action, busy thought control, 1136

And find a full employment for the soul.

When with drawn swords determined soldiers stand,

When shame is lost, and fury prompts the hand,

What reason then find a time to pause, 1140

To weigh the differing chiefs, and juster cause?

That cause seems only just for which they fight,

Each likes his own, and all are in the right.

On terms like these, within th' appointed space,

Bold gladiators, gladiators face: 1145

Unknowing why, like fiercest foes they greet,

And only hate, and kill, because they meet.

He said; and rang'd his troops upon the plain,

While Fortune met him with a semblance vain,

Covering her malice keen, and all his future

pain.

Before him Varus' vanquish'd legions yield,

And with dishonest flight forsake the field;

Expos'd to shameful wounds their backs he views,

And to their camp the fearful rout pursues.

Juba with joy the mournful news receives, 1155

And haughty in his own success believes,

Careful his foes in error to maintain,

And still preserve them confident and vain;

Silent he marches on in secret sort,

And keeps his numbers close from loud report.

Sabbara, great in the Numidian race, 1161

And second to their swarthy king in place,

First with a chosen slender band precedes,

And seemingly the force of Juba leads:

While hidden he, the prince himself remains, 1165

And in a secret vale his host constrains.

Thus oft th' Ichneumon, on the banks of Nile,

Invades the deadly Aspic by a wile;

While artfully his slender tail is play'd,

The serpent darts upon the dancing shade; 1170

Then turning on the foe with swift surprize,

Full at his throat the nimble seizer flies:

The gasping snake expires beneath the wound,

His gushing jaws with poisonous floods abound,

And shed the fruitless mischief on the ground.

Nor fortune fail'd to favour his intent, 1176

But crown'd the fraud with prosperous event.

Curio, unknowing of the hostile power,

Commands his horse the doubtful plain to scour,

And ev'n by night the regions round explore.

Himself, though oft forewarn'd by friendly care,

Of Punic frauds, and danger to beware,

Soon as the dawn of early day was broke,

His camp, with all the moving foot, forsook.

It seem'd, necessity inspir'd the deed, 1185

And fate requir'd the daring youth should bleed.

War, that curst war which he himself begun,

To death and ruin drove him headlong on.

O'er devious rocks, long time, his way he takes,
Through rugged paths, and rude incumbering
brakes;

Till, from afar, at length the hills disclose, 1191
Assembling on their heights, his distant foes.

Oft hasty flight with swift retreat they feign,

To draw th' unwary leader to the plain.

He, rash and ignorant of Libyan wiles, 1195

Wide o'er the naked champain spreads his files;

When, sudden, all the circling mountains round

With numberless Numidians thick are crown'd;

At once the rising ambush stands confess'd,

And dread strikes cold on every Roman breast. 1200

Helpless they view th' impending danger nigh,

Nor can the valiant fight, nor coward fly.

The weary horse neglects the trumpet's sound,

Nor with impatient ardour paws the ground;

No more he champs the bit, nor tugs the rein, 1205

Nor pricks his ears, nor shakes his flowing mane:

With foamy sweat his smoking limbs are spread,

And all o'er-labour'd hangs his heavy head;

Hoarse, and with pantings thick, his breath he

draws,

While rosy filth begrimes his clammy jaws; 1210

Careless the rider's heartening voice he bears,

And motionless the wounding spur he bears.

At length, by swords and goading darts compell'd,

Dronish he drags his load across the field;

Nor once attempts to charge, but drooping goes,

To bear his dying lord amidst his foes. 1216

Not so the Libyans fierce their onset make;

With thundering hoofs the sandy soil they shake;

Thick o'er the battle wavy clouds arise,

As when through Thrace, Bistonian Boreas flies,

Involves the day in dust, and darkens all the

skies.

And now the Latian foot encompass'd round,

Are massacred, and trodden to the ground;

None in resistance vainly prove their might,

But death is all the business of the fight. 1225

Thicker than hail the steely showers descend;

Beneath the weight the falling Romans bend.

On every side the shrinking front grows less,

And to the centre madly all they press:

Fear, uproar, and dismay, increase the cry, 1230

Crushing and crush'd, an arm'd croud they die;

Ev'n thronging on their fellows swords they run;

And the foe's business by themselves is done.

But the fierce Moors disdain a croud should share,

The praise of conquest, or the task of war: 1235

Rivers of blood they wisa, and hills of slain,

With mangled carcases to strow the plain.

Genius of Carthage! rear thy drooping head,

And view thy fields with Roman slaughter spread.

Behold, oh Hannibal, thou hostile shade!

A large amends by fortune's hand is made,

And the lost Punic blood is well repay'd.

Thus do the gods the cause of Pompey bless?

Thus! is it thus, they give our arms success?

Take, Afric, rather take the horrid good, 1245

And make thy own advantage of our blood.

The dust, at length, in crimson floods was laid,

And Curio now the dreadful field survey'd.

He saw 't was lost, and knew in vain to strive,

Yet bravely scorn'd to fly, or to survive; 1250

And though thus driven to death, he met it well,
And in a croud of dying Romans fell.

Now what avail thy popular arts and fame,
Thy restless mind that shook thy country's frame;
Thy moving tongue that knew so well to charm,
And urge the madding multitude to arm? 1256
What boots it, to have sold the Senate's right,
And driven the furious leaders on to fight?
Thou the first victim of thy war art slain,
Nor shalt thou see Pharsalia's fatal plain. 1260
Behold! ye potent troublers of the state,
What wretched ends on curst ambition wait!
See! where a prey, unbury'd Curio lies,
To every fowl that wings the Libyan skies.
Oh! were the gods as gracious as severe, 1265
Were liberty, like vengeance, still their care;
Then, Rome! what days, what people might'st
thou see,

If Providence would equally decree,
To punish tyrants, and preserve thee free.
Nor yet, oh generous Curio! shall my verse,
Forget, thy praise, thy virtues, to rehearse: 1271
Thy virtues, which with envious time shall strive,
And to succeeding ages long survive.

In all our pregnant mother's tribes, before,
A son of nobler hope she never bore: 1275
A soul more bright, more great, he never knew,
While to thy country's interest thou wert true.
But thy bad fate o'er-rul'd by native worth,
And in an age abandon'd brought thee forth;
When Vice in triumph through the city pass'd,
And dreadful wealth and power laid all things
waste.

The sweeping stream thy better purpose cross'd,
And in the headlong torrent wert thou lost.
Much to the ruin of the state was done,
When Curio by the Gallic spoils was won;
Curio, the hope of Rome, and her most worthy
son.

Tyrants of old, whom former times record,
Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murdering
sword.

Sylla whom such unbounded power made proud;
Marius, and Cinna, red with Roman blood; 1290
Ev'n Caesar's mighty race who lord it now,
Before whose throne the subject nations bow,
All bought that power which lavish Curio sold,
Curio, who barter'd liberty for gold.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

In Epirus the consuls assemble the senate, who unanimously appoint Pompey general of the war against Caesar, and decree public thanks to the several princes and states who assisted the commonwealth. Appian, at that time prator of Achaia, consults the Oracle of Delphos, concerning the event of the civil war. And, upon this occasion, the poet goes into a digression concerning the origin, the manner of the delivery, and the present silence of that oracle. From Spain, Caesar

returns into Italy, where he quells a mutiny in his army, and punishes the offenders. From Placentia, where this disorder happened, he ordered them to march to Brundisium; where, after a short turn to Rome, and assuming he consuls'hip, or rather the supreme power, he joins them himself. From Brundisium, though it was then the middle of winter, he transports part of his army by sea to Epirus, and lands at Palasie. Pompey, who then lay about Candavia, hearing of Caesar's arrival, and being in pain for Dyrrachium, marched that way: on the banks of the river Apsus, they met and encamped close together. Caesar was not yet joined by that part of his troops which he had left behind him at Brundisium, under the command of Mark Anthony; and being uneasy at his delays leaves his camp by night, and ventures over a tempestuous sea in a small bark to hasten the transport. Upon Caesar joining his forces together, Pompey perceived that the war would now probably be soon decided by a battle; and upon that consideration, resolved to send his wife to expect the event at Lesbos. Their parting, which is extremely moving, concludes this book.

THUS, equal fortune holds a while the scale,
And bids the leading chiefs by turns prevail,
In doubt the goddess, yet, their fate detains,
And keeps them for Emathia's fatal plains.
And now the setting Pleiades grew low, 5
The hills stood hoary in December's snow;
The solemn season was approaching near,
When other names renew'd the Fasti wear, }
And double Janus leads the coming year.
The consuls, while their rods they yet retain'd, 10
While, yet, some shew of liberty remain'd,
With missives round the scatter'd fathers greet,
And in Epirus bid the senate meet.
There the great rulers of the Roman state,
In foreign seats, consulting, meanly fate. 15
No face of war the grave assembly wears,
But civil power in peaceful pomp appears:
The purple order to their place resort,
While waiting listors guard the crouded court.
No faction there, nor party, seem to be, 20
But a full senate, legal, just, and free.
Great, as he is, here Pompey stands confest
A private man, and one among the rest.

Their mutual groans, at length, and murmurs
cease,

And every mournful sound is hush'd in peace; 25
When from the consular distinguish'd throne,
Sublimely rais'd, thus Lentulus begun.

If yet our Roman virtue is the same,
Yet worthy of the race from which we came, }
And emulates our great forefathers name,
Let not our thoughts, by sad remembrance led, 31
Bewail those captive walls from whence we fled.
This time demands that to ourselves we turn,
Nor, fathers, have we leisure now to mourn;
But let each early care, each honest heart, 35
Our senate's sacred dignity assert.
To all around proclaim it, wide and near,
That power which kings obey, and nations fear, }
That only legal power of Rome, is here
For whether to the Northern Bear we go, 40
Where pale she glitters o'er eternal snow;

Or whether in these sultry climes we burn,
Where night and day, with equal hours return;
The world shall still acknowledge us its head,
And empire follow whereso'er we lead. 45
When Gallie flames the burning city felt,
At Veiz Rome with her Camillus dwelt.
Beneath forsaken roofs proud Cæsar reigns,
Our vacant courts, and silent laws constrains;
While slaves obedient to his tyrant will, 50
Outlaws, and profligates, his senate fill;
With him a banish'd guilty crowd appear,
All that are just and innocent are here.
Dispers'd by war, though guiltless of its crimes,
Our order yielded to these impious times; 55
At length returning each from his retreat,
In happy hour the scatter'd members meet.
The gods and fortune greet us on the way,
And with the world lost Italy repay.
Upon Illyria's favourable coast, 60
Vulceius with his furious band are lost;
While in bold Curio, on the Libyan plain,
One half of Cæsar's senators lie slain.
March then ye warriors, second fate's design,
And to the leading gods your ardour join, 65
With equal constancy to battle come,
As when you shunn'd the foe, and left your native Rome.

The period of the consuls power is near,
Who yield our Fasces with the ending year:
But you, ye fathers, whom we still obey, 70
Who rule mankind with undetermin'd sway,
Attend the public weal, with faithful care,
And bid our greatest Pompey lead the war.

In loud applause the pleas'd assembly join,
And to the glorious task the chief assign: 75
His country's fate they trust to him alone,
And bid him fight Rome's battles, and his own.
Next, to their friends their thanks are dealt around,
And some with gifts, and some with praise are crown'd:

Of these the chief are Rhodes, by Phœbus lov'd,
And Sparta rough, in virtue's lore approv'd. 81
Of Athens much they speak; Massilia's aid
Is with her parent Phocis' freedom paid.
Deiotarus his truth they much commend,
Their still unshaken faithful Asian friend. 85
Brave Cotis and his valiant son they grace,
With bold Rhapolis from stormy Thrace.
While gallant Juba justly is decreed
To his paternal sceptre to succeed.
And thou too, Ptolemy (unrighteous fate!) 90
Wert rais'd unworthy to the regal state;
The crown upon thy perjurd temples shone,
That once was borne by Philip's godlike son.
O'er Egypt shakes the boy his cruel sword:
(Oh! that he had been only Egypt's lord!) 95
But the dire gift more dreadful mischiefs wait,
While Lago's sceptre gives him Pompey's fate:
Preventing Cæsar's, and his sister's hand,
He seiz'd his parricide, and her command.

Th' assembly rose, and all on war intent 100
Bustle to arms, and blindly wait th' event.
Appius alone, impatient to be taught
With what the threatening future times were fraught,

With busy curiosity explores
The dreadful purpose of the heavenly powers. 105
To Delphos straight he flies, where long the god
In silence had possess'd his close abode;
His oracles had long been known to cease,
And the prophetic virgin liv'd in peace.

Between the ruddy west and eastern skies, 110
In the mid-earth Parnassus' tops arise:
To Phœbus, and the chearful god of wine,
Sacred in common stands the hill divine. 115
Still as the third revolving year comes round,
The Mænades, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
The double deity in solemn songs resound.
When, o'er the world, the deluge wide was spread,

This only mountain rear'd his lofty head;
One rising rock, preserv'd, a bound was given,
Between the vasty deep, and ambient heaven. 120
Here, to revenge long-vex'd Latona's pain,
Python by infant Pæan's darts was slain,
While yet the realm was held by Themis' righteous reign.

But when the god perceiv'd, how from below
The conscious caves diviner breathings blow, 125
How vapours could unfold th' inquirer's doom,
And talking winds could speak of things to come;
Deep in the hollows plunging he retir'd,
There, with foretelling fury first inspir'd,
From thence the prophet's art and honours he acquir'd. 130

So runs the tale. And oh! what god indeed 131
Within this gloomy cavern's depth is hid?
What power divine forsakes the heaven's fair light,
To dwell with earth, and everlasting night?
What is this spirit, potent, wife, and great, 135
Who deigns to make a mortal frame his seat;
Who the long chain of secret causes knows,
Whose oracles the years to come disclose:
Who through eternity at once foresees,
And tells that fate which he himself decrees? 140
Part of that soul, perhaps, which moves in all,
Whose energy informs the pendent ball,
Through this dark passage seeks the realms above,
And strives to re-unite itself to Jove.
Whate'er the Dæmon, when he stands confest 145
Within his raging priestess' panting breast,
Dreadful his godhead from the virgin breaks,
And thundering from her foamy mouth he speaks.
Such is the burst of bellowing Ætna's sound,
When fair Sicilia's pastures shake around; 150
Such from Inarimè Typhœus roars,
While rattling rocks bestrew Campania's shores.

The listening god, still ready with replies,
To none his aid, or oracle, denies;
Yet, wise and righteous ever, scorns to hear 155
The fool's fond wishes, or the guilty's prayer;
Though vainly in repeated vows they trust,
None e'er find grace before him, but the just.
Oft to a banish'd, wandering houseless race,
The sacred dictates have assign'd a place. 160
Oft from the strong he saves the weak in war:
This truth, ye Salaminian seas, declare!
And heals the barren land, and pestilential air.
Of all the wants with which this age is curst,
The Delphic silence surely is the worst. 165

But tyrants, justly fearful of their doom,
 Forbid the gods to tell us what 's to come.
 Mean-while, the prophets may well rejoice,
 And blest the ceasing of the sacred voice:
 Since death too oft her holy task attends, 170
 And immature her dreadful labour ends.
 Torn by the fierce distracting rage she springs,
 And dies beneath the god for whom she sings.

These silent caves, these tripods long unmov'd,
 Anxious for Rome, inquiring Appius prov'd: 175
 He bids the guardian of the dread abode
 Send in the trembling priestesses to the god.
 The reverend sire the Latian chief obey'd,
 And sudden seiz'd the unsuspecting maid;
 Where careless in the peaceful grove she stray'd.
 Dismay'd, aghast, and pale, he drags her on; 181
 She stops, and strives the fatal task to shun:
 Subdu'd by force, to fraud and art she flies,
 And thus to turn the Roman's purpose tries:
 What curious hopes thy wandering fancy move, 185
 The silent Delphic oracle to prove?

In vain, Ausonian Appius, art thou come:
 Long has our Phœbus and his cave been dumb.
 Whether, disdaining us, the sacred voice
 Has made some other distant land its choice; 190
 Or whether, when the fierce barbarians' fires
 Low in the dust had laid our lofty spires,
 In heaps the mouldering ashes heavy ro'd,
 And chok'd the channels of the breathing god:
 Or whether heaven no longer gives replies, 195
 But bids the Sibyl's mystic verse suffice;
 Or, if he deigns not this bad age to bear,
 And holds the world unworthy of his care;
 Whate'er the cause, our god has long been mute,
 And answers not to any suppliant's suit. 200

But, ah! too well her artifice is known,
 Her fears confess the god, whom they disown.
 Howe'er each rite she seemingly prepares;
 A fillet gathers up her foremost hairs;
 While the white wreath and bays her temples bind,
 And knit the looser locks which flow behind. 206
 Sudden, the stronger priest, though yet she strives,
 The lingering maid within the temple drives:
 But still she fears, still shuns the dreadful shrine,
 Lags in the outer space, and feigns the rage divine.
 But far unlike the god, her calmer breast 211
 No strong enthusiastic throes confest;
 No terrors in her starting hairs were seen
 To cast from off her brow the wreathing green;
 No broken accents half obstructed hung, 215
 Nor swelling murmurs roll her labouring tongue.
 From her fierce jaws no sounding horrors come,
 No thunders bellow through the working foam,
 To rend the spacious cave, and shake the vaulted
 dome.

Too plain, the peaceful groves and fane betray'd
 The wily, fearful, god-dissembling maid. 221
 The furious Roman soon the fraud espy'd,
 And, Hope not thou to 'scape my rage, he cry'd;
 Sore shalt thou rue thy fond deceit, profane,
 (The gods and Appius are not mock'd in vain) 225
 Unless thou cease thy mortal sounds to tell,
 Unless thou plunge thee in the mystic cell,

Unless the gods themselves reveal the doom,
 Which shall befall the warring world and Rome.

He spoke, and, aw'd by the superior dread, 230
 The trembling priestesses to the Tripod fled:
 Close to the holy breathing vent she cleaves,
 And largely the unwonted god receives.
 Nor age the potent spirit had decay'd,
 But with full force he fills the heaving maid; 235
 Nor e'er so strong inspiring Pœan came,
 Nor stretch'd, as now, her agonizing frame:
 The mortal mind driv'n out forsook her breast,
 And the sole godhead every part possess'd.
 Now swell her veins, her turgid sinews rise, 240
 And bounding frantic through the cave she flies;
 Her bristling locks the wreathy fillet scorn,
 And her fierce feet the tumbling Tripods spurn.
 Now wild she dances o'er the vacant fane,
 And whirls her giddy head, and bellows with the
 pain,

Nor yet the less th' avenging wrathful god 246
 Pours in his fires, and shakes his sounding rod:
 He lashes now, and goads her on amain;
 And now he checks her stubborn to the rein,
 Curbs in her tongue, just labouring to disclose, 250
 And speak that fate which in her bosom glows.
 Ages on ages throng, a painful load,
 Myriads of images, and myriads crowd;
 Men, times, and things, or present, or to come,
 Work labouring up and down, and urge for room.
 Whatever is, shall be, or e'er has been 256
 Rolls in her thought, and to her sight is seen
 The ocean's utmost bounds her eyes explore
 And number every sand on every shore
 Nature, and all her works, at once they see, 260
 Know when she first begun, and where her end
 shall be.

And as the Sibyl once in Cumæ's cell,
 When vulgar fates she proudly ceas'd to tell,
 The Roman destiny distinguish'd took,
 And kept it careful in her sacred book; 266
 So now, Phemonœ, in clouds of thought,
 The single doom of Latian Appius sought.
 Nor in that mass, where multitudes abound,
 A private fortune can with ease be found.
 At length her foamy mouth begins to flow, 270
 Groans more distinct, and plainer murmurs go:
 A doleful howl, the roomy cavern shook,
 And thus the calmer maid in fainting accents
 spoke:

While guilty rage the world tumultuous rends,
 In peace for thee, Eubœa's vale attends; 275
 Thither, as to thy refuge shalt thou fly,
 There find repose, and unmolested lie.
 She said; the god her labouring tongue suppress'd,
 And in eternal darkness veil'd the rest.

Ye sacred Tripods, on whose doom we wait
 Ye guardians of the future laws of fate! 280
 And thou, oh! Phœbus, whose prophetic skill
 Reads the dark counsels of the heavenly will;
 Why did your wary oracles refrain,
 To tell what kings, what heroes must be slain,
 And how much blood the blushing earth should
 stain?

Was it that, yet, the guilt was undecreed?
 And yet our Pompey was not doomed to bleed?
 Or chose you wisely rather to afford
 A just occasion to the patriot's sword? 290
 As if you fear'd t' avert the tyrant's doom,
 And hinder Brutus from avenging Rome?

Through the wide gates at length by force
 display'd,

Impetuous fallies the prophetic maid;
 Nor yet the holy rage was all suppress'd, 295
 Part of the god still heaving in her breast:
 Urg'd by the Dæmon, yet she rolls her eyes,
 And wildly wanders o'er the spacious skies.
 Now horrid purple flushes in her face,
 And now a livid pale supplies the place; 300
 A double madness paints her cheeks by turns,
 With fear she freezes, and with fury burns:
 Sad breathing sighs with heavy accent go,
 And doleful from her fainting bosom blow.
 So when no more the storm sonorous sings, 305
 But noisy Borcas hangs his weary wings;
 In hollow groans the falling winds complain,
 And murmur o'er the hoarse-resounding main.

Now by degrees the fire æthereal fail'd,
 And the dull human sense again prevail'd; 310
 While Phœbus sudden, in a murky shade,
 Hid the past vision from the mortal maid.
 Thick clouds of dark oblivion rise between,
 And snatch away at once the wondrous scene;
 Stretch'd on the ground the fainting priestess lies,
 While to the Tripod, back, th' informing spirit
 flies.

Mean-while, fond Appius, erring in his fate,
 Dream'd of long safety, and a neutral state;
 And, ere the great event of war was known,
 Fix'd on Eubœan Chalcis for his own. 320
 Fool! to believe that power could ward the blow,
 Or snatch thee from amidst the general woe!
 In times like these, what god but death can save?
 The world can yield no refuge, but the grave.
 Where struggling seas Charybdis rude constrains,
 And, dreadful to the proud, Rhamnusia reigns; 326
 Where by the whirling current barks are tost
 From Chalcis to unlucky Aulis' coast;
 There shall thou meet the gods appointed doom,
 A private death, and long remember'd tomb. 330

To other wars the victor now succeeds,
 And his proud eagles from Iberia leads:
 When the chang'd gods his ruin seem'd to threat,
 And cross the long successful course of fate.
 Amidst his camp, and fearless of his foes, 335
 Sudden he saw where inborn dangers rose,
 He saw those troops that long had faithful stood,
 Friends to his cause, and enemies to good,
 Grown weary of their chief, and satiated with
 blood.

Whether the trumpet's sound too long had ceas'd,
 And slaughter slept in unaccustomed rest: 341
 Or whether, arrogant by mischief made,
 The foldier held his guilt but half repay'd:
 Whilst avarice and hope of bribes prevail,
 Turn against Cæsar, and his cause, the scale,
 And set the mercenary sword to sale.
 Nor, e'er before, so truly could he read
 What dangers throw those paths the mighty tread.

Then, first he found, on what a faithless base
 Their nodding towers ambition's builders place:
 He who so late, a potent faction's head,
 Drew in the nations, and the legions led;
 Now stript of all, beheld in every hand
 The warriors weapons at their own command;
 Nor service now, nor safety they afford, 355
 But leave him single to his guardian sword.
 Nor is this rage the grumbling of a croud,
 That shun to tell their discontents aloud;
 Where all with gloomy looks suspicious go,
 And dread of an informer chokes their woe: 360
 But, bold in numbers, proudly they appear,
 And scorn the baseful mean restraints of fear.
 For laws, in great rebellions, lose their end,
 And all go free, when multitudes offend.

Among the rest, one thus: At length 'tis time
 To quit thy cause, oh Cæsar! and our crime: 366
 The world around for foes thou hast explor'd,
 And lavishly expos'd us to the sword;
 To make thee great, a worthless croud we fall,
 Scatter'd o'er Spain, o'er Italy, and Gaul; 370
 In every clime beneath the spacious sky,
 Our leader conquers, and his soldiers die.
 What boots our march beneath the frozen zone,
 Or that lost blood which stains the Rhine and
 Rhone?

When fear'd with wounds, and worn with labours hard,
 We come with hopes of recompense prepar'd,
 Thou giv'st us war, more war, for our reward. }
 Though purple rivers in thy cause we spilt,
 And stain'd our horrid hands in every guilt;
 With unavailing wickedness we toil'd, 380
 In vain the gods, in vain the senate spoil'd;
 Of virtue, and reward, alike bereft,
 Our pious poverty is all we've left.
 Say to what height thy daring arms would rise?
 If Rome's too little, what can e'er suffice? 385
 Oh, see at length! with pity, Cæsar, see
 These withering arms, these hairs grown white
 for thee.

In painful wars our joyless days have past,
 Let weary age lie down in peace at last:
 Give us, on beds, our dying limbs to lay, 390
 And sigh, at home, our parting souls away.
 Nor think it much we make the bold demand,
 And ask this wondrous favour at thy hand:
 Let our poor babes and weeping wives be by,
 To close our drooping eyelids when we die. 395
 Be merciful, and let disease afford
 Some other way to die, beside the sword;
 Let us no more a common carnage burn,
 But each be laid in his own decent urn.
 Still wilt thou urge us, ignorant and blind, 400
 To some more monstrous mischief yet behind?
 Are we the only fools, forbid to know
 How much we may deserve by one sure blow?
 Thy head, thy head is ours, whenever we please;
 Well has thy war inspir'd such thoughts as these:
 What laws, what oaths, can urge their feeble
 bands,

To hinder these determin'd daring hands?
 That Cæsar, who was once ordain'd our head,
 When to the Rhine our lawful arms he led,

Is now no more our chieftain, but our mate; 410
 Guilt equal, gives equality of state.
 Nor shall this foul ingratitude prevail,
 Nor weigh our merits in his partial scale;
 He views our labours with a scornful glance,
 And calls our victories the works of chance: 415
 But his proud heart, henceforth, shall learn to own,
 His power, his fate, depends on us alone.
 Yes, Cæsar, spite of all those rods that wait,
 With mean obsequious service, on thy state;
 Spite of thy gods, and thee, the war shall cease, 420
 And we thy soldiers will command a peace.
 He spoke, and fierce tumultuous rage inspir'd,
 The kindling legions round the camp were fir'd,
 And with loud cries their absent chief requir'd.
 Permit it thus, ye righteous gods, to be; 425
 Let wicked hands fulfil your great decree;
 And, since lost faith and virtue are no more,
 Let Cæsar's bands the public peace restore.
 What leader had not now been chill'd with fear,
 And heard this tumult with the last despair? 430
 But Cæsar, form'd for perils hard and great,
 Headlong to drive, and brave opposing fate,
 While yet with fiercest fires their furies flame,
 Secure, and scornful of the danger, came.
 Nor was he wroth to see the madness rise, 435
 And mark the vengeance threatening in their eyes;
 With pleasure could he crown their curst designs,
 With rapes of matrons and the spoils of shrines;
 Had they but ask'd it, well he could approve
 The waste and plunder of Tarpeian Jove: 440
 No mischief he, no sacrifice, denies,
 But would himself bestow the horrid prize.
 With joy he sees their souls by rage possess'd,
 Seeths and indulges every frantic breast,
 And only fears what reason may suggest.
 Still, Cæsar, wilt thou tread the paths of blood?
 Wilt thou, thou singly, hate thy country's good?
 Shall the rude soldier first of war complain,
 And teach thee to be pitiful in vain?
 Give o'er at length, and let thy labours cease, 450
 Nor vex the world, but learn to suffer peace.
 Why shouldst thou force each, now, unwilling hand,
 And drive them on to guilt, by thy command?
 When ev'n relenting rage itself gives place,
 And fierce Enyo seems to shun thy face. 455
 High on a turfy bank the chief was rear'd,
 Fearless, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;
 Around the croud he cast an angry look,
 And, dreadful, thus with indignation spoke:
 Ye noisy herd! who in so fierce a strain 460
 Against your absent leader dare complain;
 Behold! where naked and unarm'd he stands,
 And braves the malice of your threatening hands.
 Here find your end of war, your long-sought rest,
 And leave your useless swords in Cæsar's breast. 465
 But wherefore urge I the bold deed to you?
 To rail is all your feeble rage can do.
 In grumbling factions are you bold and loud,
 Can sow sedition, and increase a croud;
 You! who can loath the glories of the great, 470
 And poorly meditate a base retreat.
 But, hence! be gone from victory and me,
 Leave me to what my better fates decree:
 New friends, new troops, my fortune shall afford,
 And find a hand for every vacant sword. 475

Behold, what crouds on flying Pompey wait,
 What multitudes attend his abject state!
 Arid shall success, and Cæsar, droop the while?
 Shall I want numbers to divide the spoil,
 And reap the fruits of your forgotten toil?
 Legions shall come to end the bloodless war, 481
 And shouting follow my triumphal car.
 While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd race,
 Shall view our honours with a downward face,
 And curse yourselves in secret as we pass.
 Can your vain aid, can your departing force, 486
 Withhold my conquest, or delay my course?
 So trickling brooks their waters may deny,
 And hope to leave the mighty ocean dry;
 The deep shall still be full, and scorn the poor
 supply.
 Nor think such vulgar souls as yours were given,
 To be the task of fate, and care of heaven:
 Few are the lordly, the distinguish'd great,
 On whom the watchful gods, like guardians, wait:
 The rest for common use were all design'd, 495
 An unregarded rabble of mankind.
 By my auspicious name, and fortune, led,
 Wide o'er the world your conquering arms were
 spread,
 But say, what had you done, with Pompey at
 your head?
 Vast was the fame by Labienus won, 500
 When, rank'd amidst my warlike friends, he
 shone:
 Now mark what follows on his faithful change,
 And see him with his chief new-chosen range;
 By land, and sea, where-e'er my arms he spies,
 An ignominious runagate he flies. 505
 Such shall you prove. Nor is it worth my care,
 Whether to Pompey's aid your arms you bear:
 Who quits his leader, where'er he go,
 Flies like a traitor, and becomes my foe.
 Yes, ye great gods! your kinder care I own, 510
 You made the faith of these false legions known:
 You warn me well to change these coward bands,
 Nor trust my fate to such betraying hands.
 And thou too, Fortune, point't me out the way
 A mighty debt, thus, cheaply to repay; 515
 Henceforth my care regards myself alone,
 War's glorious gain shall now be all my own.
 For you, ye vulgar herd, in peace return,
 My ensigns shall by manly hands be borne.
 Some few of you my sentence here shall wait, 520
 And warn succeeding factions by your fate.
 Down! groveling down to earth, ye traitors, bend,
 And with your prostrate necks, my doom attend.
 And you, ye younger striplings of the war,
 You, whom I mean to make my future care; 525
 Strike home! to blood, to death, inure your
 hands,
 And learn to execute my dread commands.
 He spoke; and, at the impious sound dismay'd,
 The trembling unresisting croud obey'd:
 No more their late equality they boast, 530
 But bend beneath his frown a suppliant host.
 Singly secure, he stands confess'd their lord,
 And rules, in spite of him, the soldier's sword.
 Doubtful, at first, their patience he surveys,
 And wonders why each haughty heart obeys; 535

Beyond his hopes he sees the stubborn bow,
And bare their breasts obedient to the blow;
Till ev'n his cooler thoughts the deed disclaim,
And would not find their fiercer souls so tame.
A few, at length, selected from the rest, 540
Bled for example; and the tumult ceas'd;
Whilst the consenting host the victims view'd,
And, in that blood, their broken faith renew'd.

Now to Brundisium's walls he bids them tend,
Where ten long days their weary marches end; 545
There he commands assembling barks to meet,
And furnish from the neighbouring shores his fleet.
Thither the crooked keels from Leuca glide,
From Taras old, and Hydrus' winding tide;
Thither with swelling sails their way they take, 550
From lowly Sipus, and Salapia's lake;
From where Apulia's fruitful mountains rise,
Where high along the coast Garganus lies,
And beating seas and fighting winds defies. }

Mean-while the chief to Rome directs his way,
Now fearful, aw'd, and fashion'd to his sway. 556
There, with mock prayers, the suppliant vulgar
wait,

And urge on him the great dictator's state.
Obedient he, since thus their wills ordain,
A gracious tyrant condescends to reign. 560
His mighty name the joyful Fasti wear,
Worthy to usher in the curst Pharfalian year.
Then was the time, when sycophants began
To heap all titles on one lordly man;
Then learn'd our fires that fawning lying strain, 565
Which we, their slavish sons, so well retain:
Then, first, were seen to join, an ill-match'd
pair,

The ax of justice, with the sword of war;
Fasces, and eagles, mingling, march along,
And in proud Cæsar's train promiscuous throng.
And while all powers in him alone unite, 571
He mocks the people with the shews of right.
The Martian field th' assembling tribes receives,
And each his unregarded suffrage gives;
Still with the same solemnity of face, 575
The reverend augur seems to fill his place:
Though now he hears not when the thunders roll,
Nor sees the light of the ill-boding owl.
Then sunk the state and dignity of Rome,
Thence monthly consuls nominally come: 580
Just as the sovereign bids their names appear,
To head the calendar, and mark the year.
Then too, to finish out the pageant show,
With formal rites to Alban Jove they go;
By night the festival was huddled o'er, 585
Nor could the god, unworthy, ask for more;
He who look'd on, and saw such foul disgrace,
Such slavery befall his Trojan race.

Now Cæsar, like the flame that cuts the skies, }
And swifter than the vengeful tigress flies }
Where waste and overgrown Apulia lies;
O'er-passing soon the rude abandon'd plains,
Brundisium's crooked shores, and Cretan walls
he gains.

Loud Boreas there his navy close confines,
While wary seamen dread the wintery signs 595
But he, th' impatient chief, disdains to spare
Those hours that better may be spent in war:

He grieves to see his ready fleet withheld,
While others boldly plow the watery field. 599
Eager to rouse their sloth, behold he cries:
The constant wind that rules the wintery skies,
With what a settled certainty it flies!
Unlike the wanton fickle gales, that bring
The cloudy changes of the faithless spring.
Nor need we now to shift, to tack, and veer: 603
Steady the friendly north commands to steer.
Oh! that the fury of the driving blast
May swell the sail, and bend the lofty mast!
So, shall our navy soon be wafted o'er,
Ere yon Phæacian gallies dip the oar, }
And intercept the wish'd-for Grecian shore. }
Cut every cable then, and haste away; 612
The waiting winds and seas upbraid our long
delay.

Low in the west the setting sun was laid,
Up rose the night in glittering stars array'd, }
And silver Cynthia cast a lengthening shade; }
When loosing from the shore the moving fleet,
All hands at once unfurl the spreading sheet;
The slacker tacklings let the canvas flow,
To gather all the breath the winds can blow. 620
Swift, for awhile, they feed before the wind,
And leave Heperia's lessening shores behind;
When, lo! the dying breeze begins to fail,
And flutters on the mast the flagging sail:
The duller waves with slower heavings creep, 625
And a dead calm benumbs the lazy deep.
As when the winter's potent breath constrains
The Scythian Euxine in her icy chains;
No more the Bosphori their streams maintain,
Nor rushing Ister heaves the languid main; 630
Each keel inclos'd, at once forgets its course,
While o'er the new-made champaign bounds the
horse:

Bold on the crystal plains the Thracians ride,
And print with sounding keels the stable tide.
So still a form th' Ionian waters take, 635
Dull as the muddy marsh and standing lake:
No breezes o'er the curling surface pass,
Nor sun-beams tremble in the liquid glass;
No usual turns revolving Tethys knows,
Nor with alternate rollings ebbs and flows: 640
But sluggish ocean sleeps in stupid peace,
And weary nature's motions seem to cease.
With differing eyes the hostile fleets behold
The falling winds, and uselefs watery field.
There Pompey's daring powers attempt in vain 645
To plow their passage through th' unyielding
main;

While, pinch'd by want, proud Cæsar's legions
here

The dire distress of meagre famine fear.
With vows unknown before they reach the skies,
That waves may dash, and mounting billows rise;
That storms may with returning fury reign, 651
And the rude ocean be itself again.
At length the still, the sluggish darkness fled,
And cloudy morning rear'd its louring head.
The rolling flood the gliding navy bore, 655
And hills appear'd to pass upon the shore.
Attending breezes waft them to the land,
And Cæsar's anchors bite Palæste's strand.

In neighbouring camps the hostile chiefs sit
down,

Where Genusus the swift, and Apfus run; 660
Among the ignobler croud of rivers, these
Soon lose their waters in the mingling seas:
No mighty streams nor distant springs they know,
But rise from muddy lakes, and melting snow.
Here meet the rivals who the world divide, 665
Once by the tenderest bands of kindred ty'd.
The world with joy their interview beheld,
Now only parted by a single field.

Fond of the hopes of peace, mankind believe,
Where'er they come thus near, they must forgive.
Vain hopes! for soon they part to meet no more; 671
Till both shall reach the curst Egyptian shore;
Till the proud father shall in arms succeed,
And see his vanquish'd son untimely bleed; 674
Till he beholds his ashes on the strand,
Views his pale head within a villain's hand;
Till Pompey's fate shall Cæsar's tears demand.

The latter yet his eager rage restrains,
While Antony the lingering troops detains. 679
Repining much, and griev'd at war's delay,
Impatient Cæsar often chides his stay,

Off he is heard to threaten, and humbly oft to pray.
Still shall the world (he cries) thus anxious wait?
Still wilt thou stop the gods, and hinder fate?
What could be done before, was done by me: 685
Now ready fortune only stays for thee.
What holds thee then? Do rocks thy course
withstand,

Or Libyan Syrts oppose their faithless strand?
Or dost thou fear new dangers to explore?
I call thee not, but where I pass'd before. 690
For all those hours thou lovest, I complain,
And sue to heaven for prosperous winds in vain.
My soldiers (often has their faith been try'd),
If not withheld, had hasten'd to my side.

What toil, what hazards will they not partake? 695
What seas and shipwrecks scorn, for Cæsar's sake?
Nor will I think the gods so partial are,
To give thee fair Ausonia for thy share;
While Cæsar, and the senate, are forgot,
And in Epirus bound their barren lot. 700

In words like these, he calls him oft in vain,
And thus the hasty missives oft complain.
At length the lucky chief, who oft had found
What vast success his rather darings crown'd;
Who saw how much the favouring gods had done,
Nor would be wanting, when they urg'd him on;
Fierce, and impatient of the tedious stay,
Resolves by night to prove the doubtful way:

Bold, in a single skiff, he means to go,
And tempt those seas that navies dare not plow. 710
'T was now the time when cares and labour
cease,

And ev'n the rage of arms was hush'd to peace:
Snatch'd from their guilt and toil, the wretched
lay,

And slept the sounder for the painful day.
Through the still camp the night's third hour
resounds, 715

And warns the second watches to their rounds;
When through the horrors of the murky shade,
Secret the careful warriors footsteps tread.

His train, unknowing, slept within this tent,
And fortune only follow'd where he went. 720

With silent anger he perceiv'd, around,
The sleepy centinels bestrew the ground:
Yet, unrepining, now, he pass'd them o'er,
And fought with eager haste the winding shore.
There through the gloom, his searching eyes
explor'd, 725

Where to the mouldering rock a bark was moor'd.
The mighty master of this little boat
Securely slept within a neighbouring cot:

No massy beams support his humble hall,
But reeds and marshy rushes wove the wall; 730
Old shatter'd planking for a roof was spread,
And cover'd in from rain the needy shed.

Thrice on the feeble door the warrior struck,
Beneath the blow the trembling dwelling shook. 734
What wretch forlorn (the poor Amyclas cries)
Driven by the raging seas, and stormy skies,

To my poor lowly roof for shelter flies?
He spoke; and hastily left his homely bed,
With oozy flags and withering sea-weed spread.

Then from the hearth the smoking match he takes,
And in the tow the drousy fire awakes; 741
Dry leaves, and chips, for fuel, he supplies,
Till kindling sparks and glittering flames arise.

Oh happy poverty! thou greatest good,
Bestow'd by heaven, but seldom understood! 745
Here nor the cruel spoiler seeks his prey,
Nor ruthless armies take their dreadful way:

Security thy narrow limits keeps,
Safe are thy cottages, and sound thy sleeps.

Behold! ye dangerous dwellings of the great, 750
Where gods and godlike princes choose their seat;
See in what peace the poor Amyclas lies,
Nor starts, though Cæsar's call commands to rise.

What terrors had you felt, that call to hear!
How had your towers and ramparts shook with
fear,

And trembled, as the mighty man drew near!
The door unbarr'd: Expect (the leader said)
Beyond thy hopes, or wishes, to be paid;

If in this instant hour thou wast me o'er,
With speedy haste, to yon Hesperian shore, 760
No more shall want thy weary hand constrain,
To work thy bark upon the boisterous main;

Henceforth good days and plenty shall betide;
The gods and I will for thy age provide. 764
A glorious change attends thy low estate,
Sudden and mighty riches round thee wait;

Be wise, and use the lucky hour of fate,
Thus he; and though in humble vestments
drest, d,

Spite of himself, his words his power express'd,
And Cæsar in his bounty stood confess'd. 771
To him the wary pilot thus replies:

A thousand omens threaten from the skies;
A thousand boding signs my soul affright,
And warn me not to tempt the seas by night.

In clouds the setting sun obscur'd his head, 775
Nor painted o'er the ruddy west with red:
Now north, now south, he shot his parted beams,
And tipp'd the fullen black with golden gleams:

Pale shone his middle orb with faintish rays,
And suffer'd mortal eyes at ease to gaze. 780

Nor rose the silver queen of night serene,
Supine and dull her blunted horns were seen,
With foggy stains and cloudy blots between.
Dreadful a while she shone all fiery red,
Then sick'n'd into pale, and hid her drooping
head.

Nor less I fear from that hoarse hollow roar, 786
In leafy groves, and on the founding shore.
In various turns the doubtful dolphins play,
And thwart, and run across, and mix their way.
The cormorants the watery deep forsake, 790
And soaring hems avoid the flashy lake;
While, waddling on the margin of the main,
The crow bewets her, and prevents the rain.
Howe'er, if some great enterprize demand,
Behold, I proffer thee my willing hand: 795
My venturous bark the troubled deep shall try,
To thy wish'd port her plunging prow shall ply,
Unless the seas resolve to beat us by.

He spoke; and spread his canvas to the wind,
Unmoor'd his boat, and left the shore behind. 800
Swift flew the nimble keel; and as they pass,
Long trails of light the shooting meteors cast;
Ev'n the fix'd fires above in motion seem,
Shake through the blast, and dart a quivering
beam;

Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood, 805
And in long ridges rolls the threatening flood;
While loud and louder murmuring winds arise,
And growl from every quarter of the skies.
When thus the trembling master, pale with fear,
Behold what wrath the dreadful gods prepare; 810
My art is at a loss; the various tide
Beats my unstable bark on every side:
From the north-west the setting current swells,
While southern storms the driving rack foretels. 814
Howe'er it be, our purpos'd way is lost,
Nor can one relick of our wreck be tost
By winds, like these, on fair Hesperia's coast. }
Our only means of safety is to yield,
And measure back with haste the foamy field;
To give our unsuccessful labour o'er, 820
And reach, while yet we may, the neighbouring
shore.

But Cæsar, still superior to distress,
Fearless, and confident of sure success,
Thus to the pilot loud—The seas despise,
And the vain threatening of the noisy skies. 825
Though gods deny thee yon Ausonian strand;
Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my command.
Thy ignorance alone can cause thy fears,
Thou know'st not what a freight thy vessel bears;
Thou know'st not I am he, to whom 't is given 830
Never to want the care of watchful heaven.
Obedient fortune waits my humble thrall,
And always ready comes before I call.
Let winds, and seas, loud wars at freedom wage,
And waste upon themselves their empty rage; 835
A stronger, mightier Dæmon is thy friend,
Thou, and thy bark, on Cæsar's fate depend.
Thou stand'st amaz'd to view this dreadful scene;
And wonder'st what the gods and fortune mean!
But artfully their bounties thus they raise, 840
And from my dangers arrogate new praise;
Amidst the fears of death they bid me live,
And still enhance what they are sure to give.

Then leave yon shore behind with all thy haste,
Nor shall this idle fury longer last. 845
Thy keel auspicious shall the storm appease,
Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer seas,
And reach Brundisium's safer port with ease. }

Nor can the gods ordain another now,
'T is what I want, and what they must bestow. 850

Thus while in vaunting words the leader spoke;
Full on his bark the thundering tempest struck;
Off rips the rending canvas from the mast,
And whirling flits before the driving blast;
In every joint the groaning alder sounds, 855
And gapes wide-opening with a thousand wounds.
Now, rising all at once, and unconfin'd,
From every quarter roars the rushing wind:
First from the wide Atlantic ocean's bed,
Tempestuous Corus rears his dreadful head; 860
Th' obedient deep his potent breath controls,
And, mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.
Him the north-east encountering fierce defy'd,
And back rebuffed the yielding tide.

The curling surges loud conflicting meet, 865
Dash their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;
While piercing Boreas, from the Scythian strand,
Plows up the waves, and scoops the lowest sand.
Nor Eurus then, I ween, was left to dwell,
Nor inowery Notus in th' Æolian cell; 870
But each from every side, his power to boast,
Rang'd his proud forces, to defend his coast.
Equal in might, alike they strive in vain,
While in the midst the seas unmov'd remain:
In lesser wars they yield to stormy heaven, 875
And captive waves to other deeps are driven;
The Tyrrhene billows dash Ægean shores,
And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars.
How then must earth the swelling ocean dread,
When floods ran higher than each mountain's
head! 880

Subject and low the trembling beldame lay,
And gave herself for lost, the conquering water's
prey.

What other worlds, what seas unknown before,
Then drove their billows on our beaten shore!
What distant deeps, their prodigies to boast, 885
Heav'd their huge monsters on the Ausonian coast!
So when avenging Jove long time had hurl'd,
And tir'd his thunders on a harden'd world:
New wrath, the god, new punishment display'd,
And call'd his watery brother to his aid: 890
Offending earth to Neptune's lot he join'd,
And bade his floods no longer stand confin'd;
At once the surges o'er the nations rise,
And seas are only bounded by the skies.
Such now the spreading deluge had been seen, 895
Had not the Almighty Ruler stood between;
Proud waves the cloud-compelling fire obey'd,
Confess'd his hand suppressing, and were stay'd.

Nor was that gloom the common shade of night,
The friendly darkness that relieves the light; 900
But fearful, black, and horrible to tell,
A murky vapour breath'd from yawning hell:
So thick the mingling seas and clouds were hung,
Scarce could the struggling lightning gleam along.
Through nature's frame the dire convulsion struck,
Heaven groan'd, the labouring pole and axis shook:

Up roar, and Chaos old, prevail'd again,
 And broke the sacred elemental chain:
 Black fiends, unhallow'd, fought the blest abodes,
 Profan'd the day, and mingled with the gods. 910
 One only hope, when every other fail'd,
 With Cæsar, and with nature's self, prevail'd;
 The storm that fought their ruin prov'd them
 strong,
 Nor could they fall, who stood that shock long.
 High as Leucadia's lessening cliffs arise, 915
 On the tall billow's top the vessel flies:
 While the pale master, from the surge's brow,
 With giddy eyes surveys the depth below.
 When straight the gaping main at once divides,
 On naked sands the rushing bark subsides,
 And the low liquid vale the topmast hides,
 The trembling shipman, all distraught with fear,
 Forgets his course, and knows not how to steer;
 No more the useless rudder guides the prow,
 To meet the rolling swell, or shun the blow. 925
 But, lo! the storm itself assistance lends,
 While one assaults, another wave defends:
 This lays the sidelong alder on the main,
 And that restores the leaning bark again.
 Obedient to the mighty winds she plies, 930
 Now seeks the depths, and now invades the skies;
 There born aloft, she apprehends no more,
 Or shoaly Sædon, or Thessalia's shore;
 High hills she dreads, and promontories now,
 And fears to touch Ceraunia's prey brow. 935
 At length the universal wreck appear'd,
 To Cæsar's self, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.
 Why all these pains, this toil of fate (he cries)
 This labour of the seas, and earth, and skies?
 All nature and the gods, at once alarm'd, 940
 Against my little boat and me are arm'd.
 If, oh ye Powers Divine! you will decrees
 The glory of my death to these rude seas;
 If warm, and in the fighting field to die,
 If that, my first of wives, you deny; 945
 My soul no longer at her lot repines,
 But yields to what your providence assigns.
 Though immature I end my glorious days,
 Cut short my conquest, and prevent new praise;
 My life, already, stands the noblest theme, 950
 To fill long annals of recording fame.
 Far northern nations own me for their lord,
 And envious factions crouch beneath my sword;
 Inferior Pompey yields to me at home,
 And only fills a second place in Rome. 955
 My country has my high behests obey'd,
 And at my feet her laws obedient laid;
 All sovereignty, all honours are my own,
 Consul, dictator, I am all alone. 959
 But thou, my only goddess, and my friend,
 Thou, on whom all my secret prayers attend,
 Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious end.
 Let none on earth, let none beside thee, know
 I sunk thus poorly to the shades below.
 Dispose, ye gods, my carcase as you please, 965
 Deep let it drown beneath these raging seas;
 I ask no urn my ashes to infold,
 Nor marble monuments, nor shrines of gold;
 Let but the world, unknowing of my doom,
 Expect me still, and think I am to come; 970

So shall my name with terror still be heard,
 And my return in every nation fear'd.
 He spoke, and sudden, wondrous to behold,
 High on a tenth huge wave his bark was roll'd;
 Nor sunk again, alternate, as before, 975
 But rushing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the shore.
 Rome and his fortune were at once restor'd,
 And earth again receiv'd him for her lord.
 Now, through the camp his late arrival told,
 The warriors croud, their leader to behold; 980
 In tears, around, the murmuring legions stand,
 And welcome him, with fond complaints, to land.
 What means too-daring Cæsar (thus they cry)
 To tempt the ruthless seas, and stormy sky!
 What a vile helpless herd had we been left, 985
 Of every hope at once in thee bereft?
 While on thy life so many thousands wait,
 While nations live dependent on thy fate,
 While the whole world on thee, their head, rely.
 'Tis cruel in thee to consent to die. 990
 And could'st thou not one faithful foldier find,
 One equal to his mighty master's mind,
 One that deserv'd not to be left behind?
 While tumbling billows tost thee on the main,
 We slept at ease, unknowing of thy pain. 995
 Were we the cause, oh shame! unworthy we,
 That urg'd thee on to brave the raging sea?
 Is there a slave whose head thou hold'st so light,
 To give him up to this tempestuous night?
 While Cæsar, whom the subject earth obeys, 1000
 To seasons such as these, his sacred self betrays.
 Still wilt thou weary out indulgent heaven,
 And scatter all the lavish gods have given?
 Dost thou the care of Providence employ,
 Only to save thee when the seas run high? 1005
 Auspicious Jove thy wishes would promote;
 Thou ask'st the safety of a leaky boat:
 He proffers thee the world's supreme command;
 Thy hopes aspire no farther than to land,
 And cast thy shipwreck on th' Hesperian strand. }
 In kind reproaches thus they waste the night,
 Till the gray east disclos'd the breaking light:
 Serene the sun his beamy face display'd,
 While the tir'd storm and weary waves were laid.
 Speedy the Latian chiefs unfurl their sails, 1015
 And catch the gently-rising northern gales:
 In fair appearance the tall vessels glide,
 The pilots, and the wind, conspire to guide, }
 And waft them fitly o'er the smoother tide:
 Decent they move, like some well-order'd band,
 In rang'd battalions marching o'er the land.
 Night fell at length, the winds the sails forsook,
 And a dead calm the beauteous order broke.
 So when, from Strymon's wintery banks the
 cranes,
 In feather'd legions, cut the æthereal plains; 1025
 To warmer Nile they bend their airy way,
 Form'd in long lines, and rank'd in just array:
 But if some rushing storm the journey cross,
 The wingy leaders all are at a loss:
 Now close, now loose, the breaking squadrons
 fly, 1030
 And scatter in confusion o'er the sky.
 The day return'd, with Phœbus Auster rose,
 And hard upon the straining canvas blows.

Scudding afore him swift the fleet he bore,
O'er-passing Lyllus, to Nymphæum's shore;
There safe from northern winds, within the
port they moor.

While thus united Cæsar's arms appear,
And fortune draws the great decision near;
Sad Pompey's soul uneasy thoughts infest,
And his Cornelia pains his anxious breast. 1040
To distant Lesbos fain he would remove,
Far from the war the partner of his love.
Oh, who can speak, what numbers can reveal,
The tenderness which pious lovers feel?
Who can their secret pangs and sorrows tell, 1045
With all the croud of cares that in their bosoms dwell?

See what new passions now the hero knows,
Now first he doubts success, and fears his foes;
Rome and the world he hazards in the strife,
And gives up all to fortune, but his wife. 1050
Oft he prepares to speak, but knows not how,
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go;
Defers the killing news with fond delay,
And, lingering, puts off fate from day to day.
The fleeting shades began to leave the sky, 1055
And slumber soft forsook the drooping eye:
When, with fond arms, the fair Cornelia prest
Her lord, reluctant, to her snowy breast:
Wondering, she found he shunn'd her just embrace,
And felt warm tears upon his manly face. 1060
Heart-wounded with the sudden woe, she griev'd,
And scarce the weeping warrior yet believ'd.
When, with a groan, thus he: My truest wife,
To say how much I love thee more than life,
Poorly expresses what my heart would show, 1065
Since life, alas! is grown my burthen now;
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
That cruel parting hour at length is come.
Pierce, haughty, and collected in his might,
Advancing Cæsar calls me to the fight. 1070
Haste then, my gentle love, from war retreat;
The Lesbian isle attends thy peaceful seat:
Nor seek, oh! seek not to increase my cares,
Seek not to change my purpose with thy prayers
Myself, in vain, the fruitless suit have try'd, 1075
And my own pleading heart has been deny'd.
Think not, thy distance will increase thy fear:
Ruin, if ruin comes, will soon be near,
Too soon the fatal news shall reach thy ear.
Nor burns thy heart with just and equal fires, 1080
Nor dost thou love as virtue's law requires;
If those soft eyes can ev'n thy husband bear,
Red with the stains of blood, and guilty war.
When horrid trumpets sound their dire alarms,
Shall I indulge my sorrows with thy charms,
And rise to battle with these tender arms? 1085
Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,
And join thy absence to the public woe.
But thou be hid, be safe from every fear,
While kings and nations in destruction share: 1090
Shun thou the crush of my impending fate,
Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.
Then if the gods my overthrow ordain,
And the fierce victor chace me o'er the plain,
Thou shalt be left me still, my better part, 1095
To soothe my cares, and heal my broken heart;

Thy open arms I shall be sure to meet,
And fly with pleasure to the dear retreat.

Stunn'd and astonish'd at the deadly stroke,
All sense, at first, the matron sad forsook. 1100
Motion, and life, and speech, at length returns,
And thus in words of heaviest woe she mourns:
No, Pompey! 't is not that my lord is dead,
'T is not the hand of fate has robb'd my bed;
But like some base plebeian I am curs'd, 1105
And by my cruel husband stand divorc'd.
But Cæsar bids us part! thy father comes!
And we must yield to what that tyrant dooms!
Is thy Cornelia's faith so poorly known,
That thou shouldst think her safer whilst alone? }
Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes one? }
Canst thou, inhuman, drive me from thy side,
And bid my single head the coming storm abide?
Do I not read thy purpose in thy eye? 1114
Dost thou not hope, and wish, even now to die?
And can I then be safe? Yet death is free,
That last relief is not denied to me;
Though banish'd by thy harsh command I go,
Yet I will join thee in the realms below.
Thou bidst me with the pangs of absence strive, 1120
And, till I hear thy certain loss, survive.
My vow'd obedience, what it can, shall bear;
But, oh! my heart's a woman, and I fear.
If the good gods, indulgent to my prayer,
Should make the laws of Rome, and thee, their care;
In distant climes I may prolong my woe, 1126
And be the last thy victory to know.

On some bleak rock that frowns upon the deep,
A constant watch thy weeping wife shall keep:
There from each fail misfortune shall I guess, 1130
And dread the bark that brings me thy success.
Nor shall those happier tidings end my fear,
The vanquish'd foe may bring new danger near;
Defenceless I may still be made a prize,
And Cæsar snatch me with him as he flies: 1135
With ease my known retreat he shall explore,
While thy great name distinguishes the shore:
Soon shall the Lesbian exile stand reveal'd,
The wife of Pompey cannot live conceal'd.
But if the o'er-ruling powers thy cause forsake, 1140
Grant me this only last request I make;
When thou shalt be of troops and friends bereft,
And wretched flight is all thy safety left;
Oh! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
But choose a refuge in some distant part. 1145
Where-e'er thy un auspicious bark shall steer,
Thy sad Cornelia's fatal shore forbear,
Since Cæsar will be sure to seek thee there. }

So saying, with a groan the matron fled,
And, wild with sorrow, left her holy bed: 1150
She sees all lingering, all delays are vain,
And rushes headlong to possess the pain;
Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
One last embrace from her forsaken lord. 1154
Uncommon cruel was the fate, for two,
Whose lives had lasted long, and been so true, }
To lose the pleasure of one last adieu.
In all the woful days that cross'd their bliss,
Sure never hour was known so sad as this; 1159
By what they suffer'd now, inur'd to pain, }
They met all after-sorrows with disdain,
And fortune shot her envious shafts in vain,

Low on the ground the fainting dame is laid;
Her train officious hasten to her aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful hand, 1165
Support her, slow-descending o'er the strand.
There, while with eager arms she grasp'd the
shore,
Scarcely the mourner to the bark they bore.
Not half this grief of heart, these pangs, she
knew,
When from her native Italy she flew: 1170
Lonely, and comfortless, she takes her flight,
Sad seems the day, and long the sleepless night.
In vain her maids the downy couch provide,
She wants the tender partner of her side.
When weary oft in heaviness she lies, 1175
And dozy slumber steals upon her eyes;
Fain, with fond arms, her lord she would have
press'd,
But weeps to find the pillow at her breast.
Though raging in her veins a fever burns,
Painful she lies, and restless oft she turns. 1180
She shuns his sacred side with awful fear,
And would not be convinced he is not there.
But, oh! too soon the want shall be supply'd,
The gods too cruelly for that provide:
Again, the circling hours bring back her lord, 1185
And Pompey shall be fatally restor'd.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæsar and Pompey lying now near Dyrrachium, after several marches and counter-marches, the former with incredible diligence runs a vast line, or work, round the camp of the latter. This, Pompey, after suffering for want of Provisions, and a very gallant resistance of Scæva, a centurion of Cæsar's, at length breaks through. After this, Cæsar makes another unsuccessful attempt upon a part of Pompey's army, and then marches away into Thessaly: And Pompey against the persuasion and counsel of his friends follows him. After a description of the ancient inhabitants, the boundaries, the mountains, and rivers of Thessaly, the poet takes occasion, from this country being famous for witchcraft, to introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the event of the civil war from the sorceress Erichtho.

NOW, near encamp'd, each on a neighbouring
height.
The Latian chiefs repair for sudden fight.
The rival pair seem hither brought by fate,
As if the gods would end the dire debate,
And here determine of the Roman state.
Cæsar, intent upon his hostile son,
Demands a conquest here, and here alone;
Neglects what laurels captive towns must yield,
And scorns the harvest of the Grecian field.

Vol. IV.

Inpatient he provokes the fatal day,
Ordain'd to give Rome's liberties away,
And leave the world the greedy victor's prey.
Eager, that last, great chance of war he waits,
Where either's fall determines both their fates.
Thrice, on the hills, all drawn in dread array, 15
His threatening eagles wide their wings display;
Thrice, but in vain, his hostile arms he shew'd,
His ready rage, and thirst of Latian blood.
But when he saw, how cautious Pompey's care,
Safe in his camp, declin'd the proffer'd war; 20
Through woody paths he bent his secret way,
And meant to make Dyrrachium's towers his
prey.
This Pompey saw; and swiftly shot before,
With speedy marches on the sandy shore:
Till on Taulantian Petra's top he stay'd, 25
Sheltering the city with his timely aid.
This place, nor walls, nor trenches deep can
boast,
The works of labour, and expensive cost.
Vain prodigality! and labour vain!
Lost is the lavish wealth, and lost the fruitless
pain! 30
What walls, what towers foe'er they rear sub-
lime,
Must yield to wars, or more destructive time;
While fences like Dyrrachium's fortress made,
Where nature's hand the sure foundation laid,
And with her strength the naked town array'd,
Shall stand secure against the warrior's rage, 36
Nor fear the ruinous decays of age.
Guarded, around, by steepy rocks it lies,
And all access from land, but one, denies.
No venturous vessel there in safety rides,
But foaming surges break, and swelling tides
Roll roaring on, and wash the craggy sides:
Or when contentious winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmast cliff they flow,
Burst on the lofty domes, and dash the town be-
low.
Here Cæsar's daring heart vast hopes con-
ceives, 46
And high with war's vindictive pleasures heaves;
Much he revolves within his thoughtful mind,
How in this camp, the foe may be confin'd,
With ample lines from hill to hill design'd.
Secret and swift he means the task to try, 51
And runs each distance over with his eye.
Vast heaps of sod and verdant turf are brought,
And stones in deep laborious quarries wrought;
Each Grecian dwelling round the work supplies, 55
And sudden ramparts from their ruins rise.
With wondrous strength the stable mound they
rear,
Such as th' impetuous ram can never fear,
Nor hostile might o'erturn, nor forceful engine
tear.
Through hills, resistless, Cæsar plains his way, 60
And makes the rough unequal rocks obey.
Here deep, beneath, the gaping trenches lie,
There forts advance their airy turrets high.
Around vast tracts of land the labours wind,
Wide fields and forests in the circle bind,
And hold as in a toil the savage kind.

R

Nor ev'n the foe too strictly pent remains,
At large he forages upon the plains;
The vast inclosure gives free leave around,
Oft to decamp, and shift the various ground. 70
Here, from far fountains, streams their channels

trac,
And, while they wander through the tedious
space,

Run many a mile their long extended race:
While some, quite worn and weary of the way,
Sink, and are lost before they reach the sea: 75
Ev'n Cæsar's self, when through the works he

goes,
Tires in the midst, and stops to take repose.
Let fame no more record the walls of Troy,
Which gods alone can build, and gods destroy;
Nor let the Parthian wonder, to have seen 80
The labours of the Babylonian queen:

Behold this large, this spacious tract of ground!
Like that, which Tigres or Orontes bound;
Behold this land! that majesty might bring,
And form a kingdom for an eastern king; 85
Behold a Latian chief this land inclose,
Amidst the tumult of impending foes:
He bade the walls arise, and as he bade they

rose
But ah! vain pride of power! ah! fruitless
boast!

Ev'n these, these mighty labours are all lost! 90
A force like this what barriers could withstand?
Seas must have fled, and yielded to the land;
The lovers shores united might have stood,
Spite of the Hellespont's opposing flood, 94
While the Ægean and Ionian tide,
Might meeting o'er the vanquish'd Isthmus ride,
And Argive realms from Corinth's walls divide;
This power might change unwilling nature's
face,

Unfix each order, and remove each place.
Here, as if clos'd within a list, the war 100
Does all its valiant combatants prepare;
Here ardent glows the blood, which fate ordains
To dye the Lybian and Emathian plains;
Here the whole rage of civil discord join'd,
Struggles for room, and scorns to be confin'd. 105

Nor yet, while Cæsar his first labour's try'd,
The warlike toil by Pompey was defery'd.
So, in mid Sicily's delightful plain,
Safe from the horrid sound, the happy swain }
Dreads not loud Scylla'sarking o'er the main. }
So, northern Britons never hear the roar 111
Of seas, that break on the far Cantian shore.
Soon as the rising ramparts hostile height,
And towers advancing, struck his anxious sight,
Sudden from Petra's safer camp he led, 115
And wide his legions on the hills disspread;
So, Cæsar, forc'd his numbers to extend,
More feebly might each various strength defend.
His camp far o'er the large inclosure reach'd,
And guarded lines along the front were
stretch'd; 120

Far as Rome's distance from Aricia's groves,
(Aricia which the chaste Diana loves)
Far as from Rome old Tiber seeks the sea,
Did he not wander in his winding way. 124

While yet no signals for the fight prepare,
Unbidden, some the javelin dart from far, }
And, skirmishing, provoke the lingering war. }
But deeper cares the thoughtful chiefs distress,
And move, the soldiers ardour to repress.
Pompey, with secret anxious thought beheld, 130
How trampling hoofs the rising grass repell'd;
Waste lie the ruflet fields, the generous seed
Seeks on the naked soil, in vain, to feed:
Loathing from racks of husky straw he turns,
And, pining, for the verdant pasture mourns. 135
No more his limbs their dying load sustain,
Aiming a stride, he falters in the strain,

And sinks a ruin on the withering plain:
Dire maladies upon his vitals prey,
Dissolve his frame, and melt the mass away. 140
Thence deadly plagues invade the lazy air,
Reek to the clouds and hang malignant there.
From Nefis fuch, the Stygian vapours rise,
And with contagion taint the purer skies;
Such do Typhæus' steamy caves convey, 145
And breathe blue poisons on the golden day.
Thence liquid streams the mingling plague re-
ceive,

And dead y p tions to the thirsty give:
To man the mischief spread's, the fell disease
In fatal draughts does on his entrails seize. 150
A rugged scurf, all loathsome to be seen,
Spreads, like a bark, upon his silken skin;
Malignant flames his swelling eye-balls dart,
And seem with anguish from their seats to start;
Fires o'er his glowing cheeks and visage stray, 155
And mark, in crimson streaks, their burning
way;

Low droops his head, declining from its height,
And nods, and totters with the fatal weight.
With winged haste the swift destruction flies,
And scarce the soldier sickens ere he dies; 160
Now falling crowds at once resign their breath,
And doubly taint the noxious air with death.
Careless their putrid carcasses are spread;
And on the earth their dank unwholesome bed,
The living rest in common with the dead,
Here none the last funeral rites receive; 166
To be cast forth the camp, is all their friends can
give.

At length kind heaven their sorrows bade to
cease,
And staid the pestilential foe's increase;
Fresh breezes from the sea begin to rise,
While Boreas through the lazy vapour flies, }
And sweeps, with healthy wings, the rank }
polluted skies.

Arriving vessels now their freight unload,
And furnish plenteous harvests from abroad: 174
Now sprightly strength, now cheerful health, re-
turns,
And life's fair lamp, rekindled; brightly burns.
But Cæsar, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
Feels not the mischief of the sluggish sky:
On hills sublime he breathes the purer air,
And drinks no damps, nor poisonous vapours
there.

Yet hunger keen an equal plague is found; 181
Famiae and meagre want besiege him round:

The fields, as yet, no hopes of harvest wear,
Nor yellow stems disclose the bearded ear.
The scattered vulgar search around the fields, 185
And pluck whate'er the doubtful herbage yields;
Some strip the trees in every neighbouring wood,
And with the cattle share their grassy food.
Whate'er the softening flame can pliant make,
Whate'er the teeth, or labouring jaws can
break; 190

What flesh, what roots, what herbs foe'er they
get,
Though new, and strange to human taste as
yet,
At once the greedy soldiers seize and eat.
What want, what pain foe'er they undergo,
Still they persist in arms, and close beset the
foe. 195

At length, impatient longer to be held
Within the bounds of one appointed field,
O'er every bar which might his passage stay,
Pompey resolves to force his warlike way;
Wide o'er the world the ranging war to lead, 200
And give his loosen'd legions room to spread.
Nor takes he mean advantage from the night,
Nor steals a passage, nor declines the fight;
But bravely dares, disdainful of the foe, 204
Through the proud towers and ramparts breach
to go.

Where shining spears, and crested helms are
seen,
Em battled thick to guard the walls w'thin;
Where all things death, where ruin all afford,
There Pompey marks a passage for his sword, 209
Near to the camp a woody thicket lay,
Close was the shade, nor did the greenward-
way

With smoky clouds of dust the march betray.
Hence, sudden they appear in dread array,
Sudden their wide-extended ranks display; 214
As once the foe beholds with wondering eyes
Where on broad wings Pompeian eagles rise;
At once the warriors shouts and trumpet-
sounds surprise.

Scarce was the sword's destruction needful here,
So swiftly ran before preventing fear;
Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant some 220
Stood, but to meet in arms a nobler doom.
Where-e'er they stood, now scatter'd lie the
slain,

Scarce yet a few for coming deaths remain,
And clouds of flying javelins fall in vain.
Here swift consuming flames the victor's
throw, 225

And here the ram impetuous aims a blow;
Aloft the nodding turrets feel the stroke,
And the vast rampart groans beneath the shock.
And now propitious fortune seem'd to doom
Freedom and peace, to Pompey, and to
Rome; 230

High o'er the vanquish'd works his eagles tower,
And vindicate the world from Cæsar's power.
But (what nor Cæsar, nor his fortune cou'd)
What not ten thousand warlike hands withstood,
Scæva resists alone; repels the force, 235
And stops the rapid victor in his course.

Scæva! a name ere while to fame unknown,
And first distinguish'd on the Gallic Rhone;
There seen in hardy deeds of arms to shine,
He reach'd the honours of the Latian vine. 240
Daring and bold, and ever prone to ill,
Inur'd to blood, and active to fulfil
The dictates of a lawless tyrant's will;
Nor virtue's love, nor reason's laws he knew,
But, careless of the right, for hire his sword he
drew.

Thus courage by an impious cause is curst, 246
And he that is the bravest, is the worst.
Soon as he saw his fellows shun the fight,
And seek their safety in ignoble flight,
Whence does, he said, this coward's terror
grow, 250

This shame, unknown to Cæsar's arms till now?
Can you, ye slavish herd, thus tame'y yield?
Thus fly, un wounded, from the bloody field?
Behold, where pil'd in slaughter'd heaps on high,
Firm to the last, your brave companions lie; 255
Then blush to think what wretched lives you
save,

From what renown you fly, from what a glorious
grave.

Though sacred fame, though virtue yield to fear,
Let rage, let indignation, keep you here.
We! we the weakest, from the rest are chose, 260
To yield a passage to our scornful foes!

Yet, Pompey, yet, thou shalt be yet withstood,
And stain thy victor's laurel deep in blood
With pride 'tis true, with joy I should have dy'd }
If haply I had fall'n by Cæsar's side;
But fortune has the noble death deny'd. }
Then Pompey, thou, thou on my fame shall wait,
Do thou be witness, and applaud my fate. 268
Now push we on, disdain we now to fear,
A thousand wounds let every bosom bear,
Till the keen sword be blunt, broke the pointed
spear. }

And see the clouds of du'y battle rise!
Hark how the sound runs rattling through the
skies!

The distant legions catch the sounds from far,
And Cæsar listens to the thundering war. 275
He comes, he comes, yet ere his soldier dies,
Like lightning swift the winged warrior flies:
Haste then to death, to conquest haste away;
Well do we fall, for Cæsar wins the day.

He spoke, and straight, as at the trumpet's sound,
Rekindled warmth in every breast was found; 281
Recall'd from flight, the youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring fellow-soldier's fate,
To see if haply virtue might prevail,
And, ev'n beyond their hopes, do more than
greatly fail.

High on the tottering wall he rears his head, 286
With slaughter'd carcasses around him spread;
With nervous arms uplifting these he throws,
These rolls oppressive, on ascending foes.
Each where materials for his fury lie, 290
And all the ready ruins arms supply.
Even his fierce self he sets to aim below,
Headlong to shoot, and dying dart a blow.

Now his tough staff repels the fierce attack,
And tumbling, drives the bold assailants
back : 295

Now heads, now hands he lops, the carcase falls,
Whilst the clench'd fingers gripe the topmost wall's :
Here stones he heaves; the mass descending full,
Crashes the brain, and shivers the frail skull. 299
Here burning pitchy brands he whirls around ;
Infix'd, the flames hiss in the liquid wound,
Deep drench'd in death, in flowing crimson
drown'd.

An' now the swelling heaps of slaughter'd foes,
Sublime and equal to the fortress rose;
Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he
sprung. 305

And shot himself amidst the hostile throng.
So daring, fierce with rage, so void of fear,
Bounds forth the spotted pard, and scorns the hun-
ter's spear.

The closing ranks the warrior straight enfold,
And compass'd in their steely circle, hold. 310
Undaunted still, around the ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and every where o'comes;
Till clogg'd with blood, his sword obeys but ill
The dictates of its vengeful master's will;
Edgeless it falls, and though it pierce no more, 315
Still breaks the batter'd bones, and bruises sore.
Mean time, on him the crowding war is bent,
And darts from every hand, to him are sent :
It look'd as fortune did in odds delight,
And had in cruel sport ordain'd the fight ; 320
A wondrous match of war she seem'd to make,
Her thousands here, and there her one to stake;
As if on nightly terms in lists they ran,
And armies were but equal to the man.
A thousand darts upon his buckler ring, 325
A thousand javelins round his temples sing;
Hard bearing on his head, with many a blow,
His steely helm is inward taught to bow.
The missile arms, fix'd all around he wears,
And ev'n his safety in his wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal wood, a deadly grove of
spears.

Cease, ye Pompeian warriors! cease the strife,
Nor, vainly, thus attempt this single life;
Your darts, your idle javelins cast aside,
And other arms for Scæva's death provide : 335
The forceful rams resistless horns prepare,
With all the ponderous vast machines of war;
Let dreadful flames, let massy rocks be thrown,
With engines thunder on, and break him down,
And win this Cæsar's soldier, like a town. }
At length, his fate disdaining to delay, 341
He hurls his shield's neglected aid away,
Resolves no part whate'er from death to hide,
But stands unguarded now on every side.
Incumber'd sore with many a painful wound, 345
Tardy and stiff he treads the hostile round;
Gloomy and fierce his eyes the croud survey,
Mark where to fix, and single out the prey.
Such, by Cæstulian hunters compass'd in,
The vail unwieldy elephant is seen : 350
All cover'd with a steely shower from far.
Rouzing he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd war;

In vain the distant troops the fight renew,
And with fresh rage the stubborn foe pursue;
Unconquer'd still the mighty savage stands, 355
And scorns the malice of a thousand hands.
Not a l the wounds a thousand darts can make,
Though all find place, a single life can take.
When lo! address with some successful vow,
A shaft, sure flying from a Cretan bow, 360
Beneath the warrior's brow was seen to light,
And sunk, deep piercing the left orb of sight.
But he (so rage inspir'd, and mad disdain)
Remorseless fell, and senseless of the pain, 364
Tore forth the bearded arrow from the wound,
With stringy nerves besmear'd and wrapp'd
around,

And stamp'd the gory jelly on the ground.
So in Pannonian woods the growling bear,
Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the hunter's spear,
Turns on her wound, runs madding round with
pain,

And catches at the flying shaft in vain. 371
Down from his cycleless hollow ran the blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled visage flow'd
Deform'd each awful, each severer grace,
And veil'd the manly terrors of his face. 375
The victors raise their joyful voices high,
And with loud triumph strike the vaulted sky;
Not Cæsar thus a general joy had spread,
Though Cæsar's self like Scæva thus had bled. 379
Anxious, the wounded soldier, in his breast,
The rising indignation deep repress,
And thus, in humble vein his haughty foes ad-
dress :

Here let your rage, ye Romans, cease, he said,
And lend your fellow-citizens your aid ; 384
No more your darts nor useless javelins try,
These, which I bear, will deaths enow supply,
Draw forth your weapons, and behold I die. }
Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet
My doom beneath the mighty Pompey's feet : 389
'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in arms, 'tis
true,

But I renounce that glorious fate for you.
Fain would I yet prolong this vital breath,
And quit ev'n Cæsar, so I fly from death.

The wretched Aulus listen'd to the wile,
Intent and greedy of the future spoil ; 395
Advancing fondly on, with heedless ease,
He thought the captive and his arms to seize,
When, ere he was aware, his thundering sword
Deep in his throat the ready Scæva goar'd. 399
Warm'd with the slaughter, with fresh rage he
burns,

And vigour with the new success returns.
So may they fall (he said) by just deceit,
Such be their fate, such as this fool has met, }
Who dare believe that I am vanquish'd yet!
If you would stop the vengeance of my sword,
From Cæsar's mercy be your peace implor'd,
'There let your leader kneel, and humbly own
his lord.

Me! could you meanly dare to fancy me
Base, like yourselves, and fond of life to be ! 400

But know, not all the names which grace your
cause,

Your reverend senate, and your boasted laws,
Not Pompey's self, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like death to Scæva, dear.

Thus while he spoke, a rising dust betray'd
Cæsarian legions marching to his aid. 415
Now Pompey's troops with prudence seem to
yield,

And to encreasing numbers quit the field;
Dissembling shame, they hide their foul defeat,
Nor vanquish'd by a single arm retreat.

Then fell the warrior, for till then he stood; 420
His manly mind supply'd the want of blood.

It seem'd as rage had kindled life anew,
And courage to oppose, from opposition grew.
But now, when none were left him to repel,
Fainting for want of foes, the victor fell. 425

Straight with officious haste his friends draw near,
And, raising, joy the noble load to bear:

To reverence and religious awe inclin'd
Admiring, they adore his mighty mind,

That god within his mangled breast inspir'd. }
The wounding weapons, stain'd with Scæva's
blood,

Like sacred relics to the gods are vow'd:
Forth are they drawn from every part with care,

And kept to dress the naked God of War.
Oh! happy soldier had thy worth been try'd, 435

In pious daring, on thy country's side!
Oh! had thy sword Iberian battles known,

Or purple with Cantabrian slaughter grown; }
How had thy name in deathless annals shone!

But now no Roman Pæan shalt thou sing, 440
Nor peaceful triumphs to thy country bring,

Nor loudly blest in solemn pomp shalt move,
Through crowding streets, to Capitolian Jove, }

The laws defender, and the people's love:
Oh, hapless victor thou! oh, vainly brave! 445

How hast thou fought, to make thyself a slave!
Nor Pompey, thus repuls'd, the fight declines,

Nor rests encompass'd round by Cæsar's lines;
Once more he means to force his warlike way,

And yet retrieve the fortune of the day. 450
So when fierce winds with angry ocean strive,

Full on the beach the beating billows drive;
Stable a while the lofty mounds abide,

Check the proud surge, and stay the swelling tide.
Yet restless still the waves unwearied roll, 455

Work underneath at length, and sap the sinking
mole.

With force renew'd the baffled warrior bends,
Where to the shore the jutting wall extends:

There proves, by land and sea, his various might,
And wins his passage by the double fight. 460

Wide o'er the plains diffus'd his legions range,
And their close camp for freer fields exchange.

So, rais'd by melting streams of Alpine snow, }
Beyond his utmost margin swells the Po,
And loosely lets the spreading deluge flow: }

Where e'er the weaker banks oppress retreat, 466
And sink beneath the heavy waters weight,

Forth gushing at the breach, they burst their way,
And wasteful o'er the drowned country stray:

Far distant fields and meads they wander o'er, 470
And visit lands they never knew before;

Here, from its seat the mouldering earth is torn,
And by the flood to other masters borne;

While gathering, there, it heaps the growing soil,
And loads the peasant with his neighbour's

spoil. 475

Soon as ascending high a rising flame,
To Cæsar's fight, the combats signal came,

Swift to the place approaching near, he found
The ruins scatter'd by the victor round,

And his proud labours humbled to the ground. }
Thence to the hostile camp his eyes he turns,
Where for their peace and sleep secure, he

mourns,
With rancorous despite, and envious anguish,

burns.

At length resolv'd (so rage inspir'd his breast)
He means to break the happy victor's rest; 485

Once more to kindle up the fatal strife,
And dash their joys with hazard of his life.

Straight to Torquatus fierce he bends his way,
(Torquatus near a neighbouring castle lay)

But he, by prudent caution taught to yield, 490
Trusts to his walls, and quits the open field;

There safe within himself, he stands his ground,
And lines the guard'd ramparts strongly round,

So when the seamen from afar descry
The clouds grow black upon the lowering sky

Hear the winds roar, and mark the seas run
high,

They furl the fluttering sheet with timely care,
And wisely for the coming storm prepare.

But now the victor, with resolute haste,
Proud o'er the ramparts of the fort had past; 500

When swift descending from the rising grounds,
Pompey with lengthening files the foe surrounds.

As when in Ætna's hollow caves below,
Round the vast furnace kindling whirlwinds blow;

Rous'd in this baleful bower the giant roars, 505
And with a burst the burning deluge pours;

Then pale with horror shrieks the shuddering
swain,

To see the fiery ruin spread the plain.
Nor with less horror Cæsar's bands behold

Huge hostile dusty clouds the rear infold, 510
Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to shun,

Blind with their fear, full on their fate they run.
Well, on that day, the world repose had gain'd,

And bold rebellion's blood had all been drain'd, }
Had not the pious chief the rage of war re-

train'd.

Oh, Rome, how free, how happy hadst thou
been!

Thy own great mistress, and the nations queen!
Had Sylla, then, thy great avenger stood,

And dy'd his thirst: sword in traitors blood.
But, oh! for ever shalt thou now bemoan

The two extremes, by which thou wert undone, }
The ruthless father, and too tender son.

With fatal pity, Pompey, hast thou spar'd,
And given the blackest crime the best reward:

How had that one, one happy day, withheld 525
The blood of Utica, and Munda's field!

The Pharian Nile had known no crime more
great

Than some vile Ptolemy's untimely fate;
Nor Afric, then, nor Juba, had bemoan'd,
Nor Scipio's blood the Punic ghosts aton'd; 530
Cato had, for his country's good, surviv'd,
And long in peace a hoary patriot liv'd;
Rome had not worn a tyrant's hated chain,
And fate had undecreed Pharfalia's plain.

But Cæsar, weary of th' unlucky land, 535
Swift to Æmathia leads his shatter'd band;
While Pompey's wary friends, with caution
wise,

To quit the baffle I see's pursuit advise.
To Italy they point his open way,
And bid him make the willing land his prey. 540
Oh! never (he replies) shall Pompey come,
Like Cæsar arm'd, and terrible to Rome;
Nor need I from those sacred walls have fled,
Could I have born our streets with slaughter red,
And seen the Forum pil'd with heaps of dead.
Much rather let me pine in Scythia's roft; 546
Or burn on swarthy Libya's sultry coast;
No clime, no distant region, is too far,
Where I can banish, with me, fatal war.
I fled, to bid my country's sorrows cease; 550
And shall my victories invade her peace?
Let her but safe and free from arms remain,
And Cæsar still shall think she wears his chain.

He spoke, and eastward fought the forest wide,
That rising clothes Candavia's shady side; 555
Thence to Æmathia took his destin'd way,
Reserv'd by fate for the deciding day.

Where Erus blows, and wintry furs arise,
Thessalia's boundary proud Ossa lies;
But when the god protracts the longer day, 560
Pelion's broad back receives the dawning ray.
Where through the Lion's fiery sign he flies,
Othrys his easy groves from shades supplies.
On Pindus strikes the sady western light,
When glittering Vesper leads the starry night. 565
Northward, Olympus hides the lamps, that roll
Their paler fires around the frozen pole.
The middle space, a valley low depress'd;
Once a wide, lazy, standing lake possess'd;
While growing still the heapy waters stood, 570
Nor down through Tempe ran the gushing flood:
But when Alcides to the task apply'd,
And cleft a passage through the mountains wide;
Gushing at once the thundering torrent flow'd,
While Nereus groan'd beneath th' encreasing
load. 575

Then rose (oh, that it still a lake had lain!)
Above the waves Pharfalia's fatal plain,
Once subject to the great Achilles' reign. }
Then Phylace was built, whose warriors boast
Their chief first landed on the Trojan coast; 580
Then Ptoleus ran her circling wall around,
And Dorion, for the Muses' wrath renown'd:
Then Trachin high, and Melibœa stood,
When Hercules his fatal shafts bestow'd;
Larissa strong arose, and Argos, now 585
A plain, submitted to the labouring plow,
Here flood the town, if there be truth in fame,
That from Ævotian I hebes receiv'd its name.

Here sad Agave's wandering sense return'd,
Here for her murder'd son the mother
mourn'd; 590

With streaming tears she wash'd his ghastly head,
And on the funeral pile the precious relic laid.

The gushing waters various soon divide,
And every river rules a separate tide;
The narrow Æas runs a limpid flood, 595
Evenos blushes with the Centaur's blood;
That gently mingles with th' Ionian sea
While this, through Calydonia, cuts his way.
Slowly fair Io's aged father falls,
And in hoarse murmurs his lost daughter
calls. 600

Thick Achelous rolls his troubled waves,
And heavily the neighbouring isles he laves;
While pure Amphrysus winds along the mead,
Where Phœbus once was wont his flocks to feed:
Oft on the banks he sat a shepherd swain, 605
And watch'd his charge upon the grassy plain.
Swift to the main his course Sperchios bends,
And, sounding, to the Mælian gulph descends.
No breezy air near calm Anauros flies,
No dewy mists, nor fleecy clouds arise. 610

Here Phœnix, Melas, and Afopus run,
And strong Apidanus drives flow Enipeus on.
A thousand little brooks, unknown to fame,
Are mix'd, and lost in Peneus' nobler name.
Bold Titarefus scorns his rule, alone, 615
And, join'd to Peneus, still himself is known:
As o'er the land his haughty waters glide,
And roll, unmingling, a superior tide.

'Tis said, through secret channels winding forth,
Deep as from Styx he takes his hallow'd
birth. 620

Thence, proud to be rever'd by gods on high,
He scorns to mingle with a mean ally.

When rising grounds uprear'd at length their
heads,

And rivers shrunk within their oozy beds;
Bebrycians first are said, with early care, 625
In furrows deep to sink the shining share.
The Lelegians next, with equal toil,
And Dolopes, invade the mellow soil.
To these the bold Æolidæ succeed, }
Magnetes, taught to rein the fiery steed,
And Minya, to explore the deep, decreed. }
Here pregnant by Ixion's bold embrace,
The mother Cloud diffus'd the Centaurs' race:
In Pelethronian caves she brought them forth,
And fill'd the land with many a monstrous
birth. 635

Here dreadful Monychus first saw the light,
And prov'd on Pholoe's rending rocks his might;
Here tallest trees uprooting Rhœcus bore,
Which baffled storms had try'd in vain before.
Here Pholus, of a gentler human breast, 640
Receiv'd the great Alcides for his guest.
Here, with brute-fury, lustful Nessus try'd
To violate the hero's beauteous bride, }
'Tis justly by the fatal shaft he dy'd. }
This parent land the pious leach confess'd, 645
Chiron, of all the double race the best:
'Midst golden stars he stands refulgent now,
And threatens the Scorpion with his bended bow.

Here love of arms and battle reign'd of old,
And form'd the first Thessalians fierce and bold: 650

Here, from rude rocks, at Neptune's potent stroke,

Omen of war, the neighing courser broke;
Here, taught by skilful riders to submit,
He champ'd indignant on the foamy bit. 654
From fair Thessalia's Pegasus shore,
The first bold pine the daring warriors bore,
And taught the sons of earthwide oceans to explore.

Here, when Itonus held the regal seat,
The stubborn steel he first subdu'd with heat,
And the tough bars on sounding anvils beat: 661

In furnaces he ran the liquid brass,
And cast in curious works the molten mass,
He taught the ruder artist to refine,
Explor'd the silver and the golden mine,
And stamp'd the costly metal into coin,
From that old æra avarice was known, 666

Then all the deadly seeds of war was sown;
Wide o'er the world, by tale, the mischief ran,
And those curst pieces were the bane of man.

Huge Python, here, in man's scaly fold, 670
To Cyrrha's cave a length enormous roll'd:
Hence, Pythian games the hardy Greeks renown,
And laurel wreaths the joyful victor crown.

Here proud Alæus durst the gods defy,
And taught his impious brood to scale the sky: 575

While mountains pil'd on mountains interfere
With heaven's bright orb, and stop the circling sphere.

To this curst land, by Fate's appointed doom,
With one consent the warring leaders come;
Their camps are fix'd, and now the vulgar fear, 680

To see the terrible event so near:
A few, and but a few, with souls serene,
Wait the disclosing of the dubious scene.
But Sextus, mix'd among the vulgar herd,
Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd: 685
A youth unworthy of the hero's race,
And born to be his nobler fire's disgrace.

A day shall come, when this inglorious son
Shall stain the trophies all by Pompey won:

A thief, the spoiler, shall he live confess'd, 690
And act those wrongs his father's arm redress'd.
Vex'd with a coward's fond impatience now,

He pries into that fate he fears to know;
Nor seeks he, with religious vows, to move
The Delphic Tripod, or Dodonian Jove; 695

No priestly Augur's arts employ his cares,
Nor Babylonian seers, who read the stars;
He nor by fibres, birds, or lightning's fires,

Nor any just, though secret, rites inquires;
But horrid altars, and infernal powers,
Dire mysteries of magic he explores, 700

Such as high heaven and gracious Jove abhors.
He thinks, 'tis little those above can know,
And seeks accurst assistance from below.

The place itself the impious means supplies, 705
While near Hæmonian hags incamp'd he lies:

All dreadful deeds, all monstrous forms of old,
By fear invented, and by falsehood told,
Whate'er transcends belief, and reason's view,
Their art can furnish, and their power makes true. 710

The pregnant fields a horrid crop produce,
Noxious, and fit for witchcraft's deadly use:
With baleful weeds each mountain's brow is hung,

And listening rocks attend the charmer's song.
There potent and mysterious plants arise, 715
Plants that compel the gods, and awe the skies;

There, leaves unfolded to Medea's view,
Such as her native Colchos never knew.
Soon as the dread Hæmonian voice ascends,
Through the whole vast expanse, each power attends;

Ev'n all those fullen deities who know 721
No care of heaven above, or earth below,
Hear and obey. Th' Assyrian then, in vain,
And Memphian priests, their local gods detain;
From every altar loose at once they fly, 725
And with the stronger foreign call comply.

The coldest hearts Thessalian numbers warm,
And ruthless bosoms own the potent charm;
With monstrous power they rouse perverse desire,

And kindle into lust the wintry fire: 730
Where noxious cups, and poisonous philtres fail,
More potent spells and mystic verse prevail.

No draughts so strong the knots of love prepare,
Cropt from her younglings by the parent mare.
Oft, fullen bridegrooms, who unkindly fled 735
From blooming beauty, and the genial bed,

Melt, as the thread runs on, and sighing, feel
The giddy whirling of the magic wheel.
Whene'er the proud enchantress gives command,
Eternal motion stops her active hand; 740

No more heaven's rapid circles journey on,
But universal nature stands foredone:
The lazy god of day forgets to rise,
And everlasting night pollutes the skies.

Jove wonders, to behold her shake the pole, 745
And, unconsenting, hears his thunders roll.
Now, with a word, she hides the sun's bright face,

And blots the wide æthereal azure space;
Loosely, anon, she shakes her flowing hair,
And straight the stormy lowering heavens are fair: 750

At once, she calls the golden light again,
The clouds fly swift away, and stops the drizzly rain.

In stillest calms, she bids the waves run high,
And smooths the deep, though Boreas shakes the sky;

When winds are hush'd, her potent breath prevails, 755
Wafts on the bark, and fills the flagging sails.
Streams have run back at murmurs of her tongue,

And torrents from the rock suspended hung.
No more the Nile his wonted seasons knows,
And in a line the straight Mæander flows. 760

Arar ha' rush'd with headlong waters down,
And driven unwillingly the sluggish Rhone.
Huge mountains have been level'd with the plain,

And far from heaven has tall Olympus lain.
Riphaean crystal has been known to melt, 765
And Scythian snows a sudden summer felt.
No longer prest by Cynthia's moist'ning beam,
Alternate Tethys heaves her swelling stream;
By charms forbid, her tides revolve no more,
But shun the margin of the guarded shore. 770

The ponderous earth, by magic number struck,
Down to her inmost centre deep has shook;
Then rending with a yawn, at once made way,
To join the upper, and the nether day;
While wondering eyes, the dreadful cleft between, 775

Another starry firmament have seen.
Each deadly kind, by nature form'd to kill,
Fear the dire hags, and execute their will.
Lions, to them, their nobler rage submit,
And fawning tigers couch beneath their feet; 780
For them the snake foregoes her wintry hold,
And on the hoary frost untwines her fold:
The poisonous race they strike with stronger death,

And blasted vipers die by human breath.
What law the heavenly natures thus constrains, 785

And binds ev'n godheads in resistless chains?
What wondrous powers do charms and herbs imply,

And force them thus to follow, and to fly?
What is it can command them to obey?
Does choice incline, or awful terror sway? 790

Do secret rites their deities atone,
Or mystic piety to man unknown?
Do strong enchantments all immortals brave?

Or is there one determin'd god their slave? 794
One, whose command obedient nature awes,
Who, subject still himself to magic laws,
Acts only as a servile second cause?

Magic the starry lamps from heaven can tear,
And shoot them gleaming through the dusky air;

Can blot fair Cynthia's countenance serene, 800
And poison with foul spells the silver queen:
Now pale the ghastly goddess shrinks with dread,

And now black smoky fires involve her head;
As when earth's envious interposing shade
Cuts off her beamy brother from her aid; 805
Held by the charming song, she strives in vain,
And labours with the long pursuing pain;
Till down, and downward still, compell'd to come,

On hallow'd herbs she sheds her fatal foam. 809

But these, as arts too gentle, and too good,
Nor yet with death, or guilt enough embued,
With haughty scorn the fierce Erietho view'd.
New mischief she, new monsters durst explore,
And dealt in horrors never known before.
From towns and hospitable roof she flies, 815
And every dwelling of mankind defies;

Through unfrequented deserts lonely roams,
Drives out the dead, and dwells within their tombs.

Spite of all laws, which heaven or nature know,
The rule of gods above, and man below; 820
Grateful to hell the living hag descends,
And sits in black assemblies of the fiends.

Dark matted elf-locks dangling on her brow,
Filthy, and foul, a loathsome burden grow;
Ghastly, and frightful-pale her face is seen 825
Unknown to cheerful day, and skies serene:

But when the stars are veil'd, when storms arise,
And the blue forked flame at midnight flies,
Then, forth from graves, she takes her wicked way,

And thwarts the glancing lightnings as they play. 830

Where'er she breathes, blue poisons round her spread,

The withering grass avows her fatal tread,
And drooping Ceres hangs her blasted head.

Not holy rites, nor suppliant prayer she knows
Nor seeks the gods with sacrifice, or vows: 835

Where'er she offers is the spoil of urns,
And funeral fire upon her altars burns;

Nor needs she send a second voice on high,
Scar'd at the first, the trembling gods comply.

Oft in the grave the trembling has she laid, 840
And bid reviving bodies leave the dead:

Oft at the funeral pile she seeks her prey,
And bears the smoking ashes warm away;
Snatches some burning bone, or flaming brand,
And tears the torch from the sad father's hand; 845

Seizes the shroud's loose fragments as they fly,
And picks the coal where clammy juices fry.

But when the dead in marble tombs are plac'd,
Where the moist carcase by degrees shall waste,

There, greedily on every part she flies, 850
Strips the dry nails, and digs the gory eyes.

Her teeth from gibbets gnaw the strangling noose,
And from the cross dead murderers unloose:

Her charms the use of sun-dry'd marrow find,
And husky entrails wither'd in the wind; 855

Oft drops the rosy gore upon her tongue,
With cordy sinews oft her jaws are strung,

And thus suspended oft the filthy hag has hung.
Where'er the battle bleeds, and slaughter lies,

Thither, preventing birds and beasts, she hies; 860

Nor then content to seize the ready prey,
From their fell jaws she tears their food away:

She marks the hungry wolf's pernicious tooth,
And joys to rend the morsel from his mouth.

Nor ever yet remorse could stop her hand, 865
When human gore her cursed rites demand.

Whether some tender infant, yet unborn,
From the lamenting mother's side is torn;

Whether her purpose asks some bolder shade,
And by her knife, the ghost she wants, is made; 870

Or whether, curious in the choice of blood,
She catches the first gushing of the flood;

All mischief is of use, and every murder good.

When blooming youths in early manhood die,
She stands a terrible attendant by; 875
The downy growth from off their cheeks she
tears,

Or cuts left-handed some selected hairs.
Oft when in death her gasping kindred lay,
Some pious office would she feign to pay;
And while close hovering o'er the bed she
hung, 880

Bit the pale lips, and cropt the quivering tongue;
Then, in hoarse murmurs, ere the ghost could
go,

Mutter'd some message to the shades below.
A fame like this around the region spread,
To prove her power, the younger Pompey
led. 885

Now half her sable course the night had run,
And low beneath us roll'd the beamy sun;
When the vile youth in silence cross'd the plain,
Attended by his wonted worthless train.
Through ruins waste and old, long wandering
round,

Lonely upon a rock the hag they found. 890
There, as it chanc'd, in fullen mood the fate,
Pondering upon the war's approaching fate:
At that same hour she ran new numbers o'er,
And spells unheard by hell itself before; 895
Fearful, lest wavering destiny might change,
And bid the war in distant regions range.

She charm'd Pharfalia's field with early care,
To keep the warriors and the slaughter there.
So may her impious arts in triumph reign, 900
And riot in the plenty of the slain:

So, many a royal ghost she may command,
Mangle dead heroes with a ruthless hand,
And rob of many an urn Hesperia's mourning
land. }

Already she enjoys the dreadful field, 905
And thinks what spoils the rival chiefs shall
yield;

With what fell rage each corse she shall invade,
And fly rapacious on the prostrate dead.

To her, a lowly suppliant, thus begun
The noble Pompey's much unworthy son: 910
Hail! mighty mistress of Hæmonian arts,

To whom stern Fate her dark decrees imparts;
At thy approving, bids her purpose stand,
Or alters it at thy rever'd command.

From thee, my humbler awful hopes pre-
sume 915

To learn my father's, and my country's doom:
Nor think this grace to one unworthy done,
When thou shalt know me for great Pompey's
son;

With him all fortunes am I bound to share,
His ruin's partner, or his empire's heir. 920
Let not blind chance for ever wavering stand,

And awe us with her unresolving hand:
I own my mind unequal to the weight,
Nor can I bear the pangs of doubtful fate:

Let it be certain what we have to fear, 925
And then—no matter—Let the time draw near.
Oh let thy charms this truth from heaven com-
pel,

Or force the dreadful Stygian gods to tell.
Vol. IV.

Call death, all pale and meagre, from below,
And from herself her fatal purpose know; 930
Constrain'd by thee, the phantom shall declare
Whom she decrees to strike, and whom to spare.

Nor ever can thy skill divine foresee,
Through the blind maze of long futurity,
Events more worthy of thy arts, and thee. }

Pleas'd that her magic flame diffusely flies, 936
Thus, with a horrid smile, the hag replies.

Hadst thou, oh noble youth, my aid implor'd,
For any less decision of the sword,
The gods, unwilling, should my power con-
fess, 940

And crown thy wishes with a full success.
Hadst thou desir'd some single friend to save,
Long had my charms withheld him from the
grave:

Or would thy hate some foe this instant doom,
He dies, though heaven decrees him years to
come.

But when effects are to their causes chain'd, 946
From everlasting, mightily, ordain'd;

When all things labour for one certain end,
And on one action centre and depend:

Then far behind we own our arts are cast, 950
And magic is by fortune's pow'r surpass'd.

Howe'er, if yet thy soul can be content,
Only to know that undisclos'd event:

My potent charms o'er nature shall prevail,
And from a thousand mouths extort the
tale: 955

This truth the fields, the floods, the rocks, shall
tell,

The thunder of high heaven, or groans of hell:
Though, still, more kindly oracles remain,
Among the recent deaths of yonder plain.

Of these a corse our mystic rites shall raise, 960
As yet unshrunk by Titan's parching blaze;

So shall no maim the vocal pipes confound,
But the sad shade shall breathe, distinct in human
found.

While yet she spoke, a double darkness
spread, }

Black clouds and murky fogs involve her head,
While o'er th' unbury'd heaps her footsteps
tread.

Wolves howl'd, and fled where'er she took her
way,

And hungry vultures left the mangled prey:
The savage race, abash'd, before her yield,

And while she culls her prophet, quit the
field. 970

To various carcases by turns she flies,
And, gripping with her gory fingers, tries;

Till one of perfect organs can be found,
And fibrous lungs uninjur'd by a wound.

Of all the sitting shadows of the slain, 975
Fate doubts which ghost shall turn to life again.

At her strong bidding (such is her command)
Armies at once had left the Stygian strand;

Hell's multitudes had waited on her charms.
And legion's of the dead had ris'n to arms 980

Among the dreadful carnage strew'd around,
One, for her purpose fit, at length she found;

In his pale jaws a rusty hook she hung,
And dragg'd the wretched lifeless load along :
Anon, beneath a craggy cliff she staid, 985
And in a dreary delve her burden laid ;
There evermore the wicked witch delights,
To do her deeds accurs'd, and practice hellish
rites.

Low as the realms where Stygian Jove is
crown'd,

Subsides the gloomy vale within the ground ; 990
A downward grove, that never knew to rise,
Or shoot its leafy honours to the skies,
From hanging rocks declines its drooping head,
And covers in the cave with dreadful shade ;
Within dismay, and fear, and darkness dwell, 995
And silt obscene besmears the baleful cell.
There, lasting night no beamy dawning knows,
No light but such as magic flames disclose ;
Heavy, as in Tanarian caverns, there
In dull stagnation sleeps the lazy air. 1000

There meet the boundaries of life and death,
The borders of our world, and that beneath ;
Thither the rulers of th' infernal court
Permit their airy vassals to resort ;
Thence with like ease the forcerefs could
tell, 1005

As if descending down, the deeds of hell.
And now she for the solemn task prepares,
A mantle patch'd with various threads she
wears, 1010

And binds with twining snakes her wilder
hairs.

All pale, for dread, the dastard youth she
spy'd, 1015

Heartless his mates stood quivering by his side.
Be bold ! (she cries) dismiss this abject fear ;
Living and human shall the form appear,
And breathe no sounds but what even you
may hear.

How had your vile, your coward souls been
quell'd,

Had you the livid Stygian lakes beheld ; 1016
Heard the loud floods of rolling sulphurs roar,
And burst in thunder on the burning shore ?
Had you survey'd yon prison-house of woe,
And giants bound in adamant below ? 1020

Seen the vast dog with curling vipers swell,
Heard screaming furies, at my coming, yell,
Double their rage, and add new pains to hell ?

This said, she runs the mangled carcase o'er,
And wipes from every wound the crusty
gore ; 1025

Now with hot blood the frozen breast she warms,
And with strong lunar dew confirms her charms.
Anon she mingles every monstrous birth,
Which nature, wayward and perverse, brings
forth.

Nor entrails of the spotted Lynx she lacks, 1030
Nor bony joints from fell Hyæna's backs ;
Nor deer's hot marrow, rich with snaky food ;
Nor foam of raging dogs that fly the flood.
Her store the tardy Remora supplies,
With stones from eagles warm, and dragon's
eyes ;

Snakes that on pinions cut their airy way ; 1035
And nimbly o'er Arabian deserts prey ;
The viper bred in Erythraean streams,
To guard in costly shells the glowing gems ;
The slough by Lybia's horned serpent cast,
With ashes by the dying Phoenix plac'd
On odorous altars in the fragrant east
To these she joins dire drugs without a name,
A thousand poisons never known to fame :
Herbs o'er whose leaves the hag her spells has
sung,

And wet with curst spittle as they sprung ; 1040
With every other mischief most abhor'd,
Which hell, or worse Erietho, could afford.

At length, in murmurs hoarse her voice was
heard,

Her voice, beyond all plants, all magic fear'd,
And by the lowest Stygian god's rever'd,
Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds,
Discordant, and unlike to human sounds :
It seem'd, of dogs the bark, of wolves the
howl,

The doleful skreeching of the midnight owl ; 1055
The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar,
The bound of billows beating on the shore ;
The groan of winds amongst the leafy wood,
And burst of thunder from the rending
cloud : 1059

'Twas these, all these in one. At length she
breaks

Thus into magic verse, and thus the gods be-
speaks.

Ye Furies ! and thou black accursed hell !
Ye woes ! in which the damn'd for ever dwell ;
Chaos, the world and form's eternal foe !
And thou sole-arbiter of all below. 1065

Pluto ! whom ruthless fates a god ordain,
And doom to immortality of pain ;
Ye fair Elysian mansions of the blest,
Where no Thessalian charmer hopes to rest ;
Styx ! and Persephone ! compell'd to fly 1070

Thy fruitful mother, and the cheerful sky !
Third Hecate ! by whom my whispers breathe
My secret purpose to the shades beneath ;
Thou greedy dog, who at th' infernal gate,
In everlasting hunger, still dost wait ! 1075

And thou old Charon, horrible and hoar !
For ever labouring back from shore to shore :
Who murmuring dost in weariness complain,
That I so oft demand thy dead again ;
Hear, all ye powers ! If e'er your hell re-
joice 1080

In the lov'd horrors of this impious voice ;
If still with human flesh I have been fed,
If pregnant mothers have, to please you, bled ;
If from the womb these ruthless hands have torn
Infants, mature, and struggling to be born ; 1085
Hear and obey ! nor do I ask a ghost,
Long since receiv'd upon your Stygian coast ;
But one that, new to death, for entrance waits,
And loiters yet before your gloomy gates. 1089

Let the pale shade these herbs, these numbers
hear,

And in his well-known warlike form appear.

Here let him stand, before his leader's son,
And lay what dire events are drawing on:
If blood be your delight let this be done.

Foaming she spoke: then rear'd her hateful
head,

And hard at hand beheld th' attending shade.
Too well the trembling sprite the carcase knew,
And fear'd to enter into life anew;
Fain from those mangled limbs it would have
run,

And, loathing, strove that house of pain to
shun. 1100

Ah! wretch! to whom the cruel fates deny
That privilege of human kind, to die!
Wroth was the hag at lingering death's delay,
And wonder'd hell could dare to disobey;
With curling snakes the senseless trunk she
beats, 1105

And curses dire, at every lash, repeats;
With magic numbers cleaves the groaning
ground,
And, thus, barks downward, to th' abyss pro-
found:

Ye fiends hell-born, ye sisters of despair!
Thus? is it thus my will becomes your
care? 1110

Still sleep those whips within your idle hands,
Nor drive the loitering ghost this voice demands?
But mark me well! my charms, in Fate's despite,
Shall drag ye forth, ye Stygian dogs, to light;
Through vaults and tombs, where now secure you
roam,

My vengeance shall pursue, and chase you home.
And thou, oh! Hecate! that dar'st to rise,
Various and alter'd to immortal eyes,
No more shalt veil thy horrors in disguise;
Still in thy form, accursed shalt thou dwell, 1120
Nor change the face that nature made for hell.
Each mystery beneath I will display,
And Stygian loves shall stand confess'd to day.
Thee, Proserpine! thy fatal feast I'll show,
What leagues detain thee in the realms below,
And why thy once-fond mother loaths thee
now.

At my command earth's barrier shall remove,
And piercing Titan vex infernal Jove;
Full on his throne the blazing beams shall beat,
And light abhorr'd afflict the gloomy feat. 1130
Yet, am I yet, ye follen fiends obey'd?
Or must I call your master to my aid?

At whose dread name the trembling Furies
quake,
Hell stands abash'd, and earth's foundations
shake?

Who views the gorgons with intrepid eyes, 1135
And your unviolable flood defies?

She said; and, at the word, the frozen blood
Slowly began to roll its creeping flood;
Through the known channels stole the purple
tide,

And warmth and motion through the members
glide;

The nerves are stretch'd, the turgid muscles
swell,

And the heart moves within its secret cell;

The haggard eyes their stupid lights disclose,
And heavy by degrees the corps arose.
Doubtful and faint th' uncertain life appears, 1145
And death, all-o'er, the livid visage wears.
Pale, stiff, and mute, the ghastly figure stands,
Nor knows to speak, but at her dread commands.
When thus the hag: Speak what I wish to
know,

And endless rest attends thy shade below; 1150
Reveal the truth, and, to reward thy pain,
No charms shall drag thee back to life again;
Such hallowed wood shall feed thy funeral fire,
Such numbers to thy last repose conspire,
No sister of our art thy ghost shall wrong, 1155
Or force thee listen to her potent song.
Since the dark gods in mystic tripods dwell,
Since doubtful truths ambiguous prophets tell;
While each event aright and plain is read,
To every bold inquirer of the dead. 1160

Do thou unfold what end these wars shall
wait,
Persons, and things, and time, and place re-
late,

And be the just interpreter of Fate.
She spoke, and, as she spoke, a spell she made,
That gave new prescience to th' unknowing
shade.

When thus the spectre, weeping all for
woe: 1166

Seek not from me the Parcae's will to know,
I saw not what the dreadful looms ordain,
Too soon recall'd to hated life again;
Recall'd, ere yet my waiting ghost had
pass'd 1170

The silent stream that wafts us all to rest.
All I could learn, was from the loose report
Of wandering shades, that to the banks resort.
Uproar, and discord, never known till now,
Distract the peaceful realms of death below; 1175
From blissful plains of sweet Elysium some,
Others from doleful daps, and torments, come;
While in the face of every various shade,
The woes of Rome too plainly might be read.
In tears lamenting, ghosts of patriots stood, 1180
And mourn'd their country in a falling flood;
Sad were the Decii, and the Curii seen
And heavy was the great Camillus' mien.
On fortune loud indignant Sylla rail'd,
And Scipio his unhappy race bewail'd;
The Cenfor sad foresaw his Cato's doom,
Resolv'd to die for liberty, and Rome.
Of all the shades that haunt the happy field,
Thee only, Brutus! smiling I beheld; 1185

Thee, thou first consul, haughty Tarquin's
dread,
From whose just wrath the conscious tyrant
fled,

When freedom first uprear'd her infant head.
Meanwhile the damn'd exult amidst their pains,
And Catiline audacious breaks his chains.
There the Cethegan naked race I view'd, 1195
The Marii fierce the naked gore imbued,
The Gracchi, fond of mischief-making laws,
And Drusi, popular in faction's cause;
All clapp'd their hands in horrible applause.

The crash of brazen fetters rung around, 1200
And hell's wide caverns trembled with the
found.

No more the bounds of fate their guilt con-
strain,

But proudly they demand th' Elysian plain.

Thus they, while dreadful Dis, with busy cares,
New torments for the conquerors prepares; 1205

New chains of adamant he forms below,

And opens all his deep reserves of woe:

Sharp are the pains for tyrants kept in store,

And flames yet ten times hotter than before.

But thou, O noble youth! in peace depart, 1210

And sooth, with better hopes, thy doubtful
heart;

Sweet is the rest, and blissful is the place,

That wait thy fire, and his illustrious race.

Nor fondly seek to lengthen out thy date,

Nor envy the surviving victor's fate;

The hour draws near when all alike must yield,

And death shall mix the fame of every field.

Ha! then, with glory, to your destin'd end,

And proudly from your humbler urns descend;

Bold in superior virtue shall you come,

And trample on the demigods of Rome.

Ah! what shall it import the mighty dead,

Or by the Nile or Tiber to be laid? }

'Tis only for a grave your wars are made.

Seek not to know what for thyself remains, 1225

That shall be told in fair Sicilia's plains;

Prophetic there thy father's shade shall rise,

In awful vision to thy wondering eyes:

He shall thy fate reveal; though doubting yet,

Where he may best advise thee to retreat. 1230

In vain to various climates shall you run,

In vain pursuing Fortune strive to shun,

In Europe, Afric, Asia, still undone. }

Wide as your triumphs shall your ruins lie,

And all in distant regions shall you die. 1235

Ah, wretched race! to whom the world can
yield

No safer refuge, than Emathia's field.

He said, and with a silent mournful look,

A last dismissal from the hag bespoke.

Nor can the sprite, discharg'd by death's cold
hand,

Again be subject to the same command; 1241

But charms and magic herbs must lend their
aid,

And render back to rest the troubled shade.

A pile of hollow'd wood Ericho builds,

The soul with joy its mangled carcase yields; 1245

She bids the kindling flames ascend on high,

And leaves the weary wretch at length to die.

Then, while the secret dark their footsteps hides,

Homeward the youth, all pale for fear, she
guides;

And, for the light began to streak the east, 1250

With potent spells the dawning she repress'd;

Commanded night's obedient queen to stay,

And, till they reach'd the camp, withheld the
rising day.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the seventh Book is told, first, Pompey's dream the night before the battle of Pharsalia; after that, the impatient desire of his army to engage, which is reinforced by Tully. Pompey, though against his own opinion and inclination, agrees to a battle. Then follows the speech of each general to his army, and the battle itself: the flight of Pompey; Caesar's behaviour after his victory; and an invective against him, and the very country of Thessaly, for being the scene (according to this and other authors) of so many misfortunes to the people of Rome.

LATE, and unwilling, from his watery bed,
Uprear'd the mournful fun his cloudy head;
He sicken'd to behold Emathia's plain,
And would have fought the backward east again:
Full oft he turned him from the destin'd race, 5
And wish'd some dark eclipse might veil his ra-
diant face.

Pompey, meanwhile, in pleasing visions past
The night, of all his happy nights the last.

It seem'd, as if, in all his former state,

In his own theatre secure he sat: 10

About his sight unnumber'd Romans croud,

And, joyful, shout his much-lov'd name aloud:

The echoing benches seem to ring around,

And his charm'd ears devour the pleasing sound.

Such both himself, and such the people seem, 15

In the false prospect of the feigning dream;

As when in early manhood's beardless bloom,

He stood the darling hope and joy of Rome.

When fierce Sertorius by his arms suppress'd,

And Spain subdued, the conqueror confess: 20

When rais'd with honours never known before,

The consul's purple, yet a youth, he wore;

When the pleas'd senate sat with new delight,

To view the triumph of a Roman knight.

Perhaps, when our good days no longer last, 25

The mind runs backward, and enjoys the past:

Perhaps, the riddling visions of the night

With contrarieties delude our sight;

And when fair scenes of pleasure they disclose,

Pain they foretell, and sure ensuing woes. 30

Or was it not, that, since the fates ordain

Pompey should never see his Rome again,

One last good office yet they meant to do,

And gave him in a dream this parting view?

Oh, may no trumpet bid the leader wake! 35

Long, let him long the blissful slumber take!

Too soon the morrow's sleepless night will come,

Full fraught with slaughter, misery, and Rome;

With horror, and dismay, those shades shall rise,

And the lost battle live before his eyes. 40

How blest his fellow-citizens had been,

Though but in dreams their Pompey to have
seen!

Oh! that the gods, in pity, would allow,
Such long-try'd friends their destiny to know;
So each to each might their sad thoughts convey, 45
And make the most of their last mournful day.
But now, unconscious of the ruin nigh,
Within his native land he thinks to die:
While her fond hopes with confidence presume,
Nothing so terrible from fate can come, }
As to be robb'd of her lov'd Pompey's tomb.
Had the sad city Fate's decree foreknown,
What floods, fast falling, should her loss bemoan!
Then should the lusty youth, and fathers hoar,
With mingling tears, their chief renown'd deplore; 55
Maids, matrons, wives, and babes, a helpless train,
As once for godlike Brutus, should complain;
Their tresses should they tear, their bosoms beat,
And cry loud-wailing in the doleful street.
Nor shalt thou, Rome, thy gushing sorrows keep, 60
Though aw'd by Cæsar, and forbid to weep;
Though, while he tells thee of thy Pompey dead,
He shakes his threatening fauchion o'er thy head.
Lamenting crowds the conqueror shall meet,
And with a peal of groans his triumph greet; 65
In sad procession, fighting, still they go,
And stain his laurels with the streams of woe.
But now, the fainting stars at length gave way,
And hid their vanquish'd fires in beamy day;
When round the leader's tent the legions croud, 70
And, urg'd by fate, demand the fight aloud.
Wretches! that long their little life to waste,
And hurry on those hours that fly too fast!
Too soon, for thousands, shall the day be done,
Whose eyes no more shall see the setting sun. 75
Tumultuous speech th' impulsive rage confest,
And Rome's bad genius rose in every breast.
With vile disgrace they blot their leader's name,
Pronounce ev'n Pompey fearful, slow, and tame, }
And cry, He sinks beneath his father's fame.
Some charge him with ambition's guilty views, 81
And think 'tis power, and empire, he pursues;
That, fearing peace, he practises delay,
And would, for ever, make the world obey.
While eastern kings of lingering wars complain, 85
And wish to view their native realms again.
Thus when the gods are pleas'd to plague mankind,
Our own rash hands are to the task assign'd;
By them ordain'd the tools of fate to be,
We blindly act the mischiefs they decree; 90
We call the battle, we the sword prepare,
And Rome's destruction is the Roman prayer.
The general voice, united, Tully takes,
And for the rest the sweet persuader speaks;
Tully, for happy eloquence renown'd, 95
With ev'ry Roman grace of language crown'd;
Beneath whose rule and government rever'd,
Pierce Cataline the peaceful axes fear'd:

But now, detain'd amidst an arm'd throng,
Where lost his arts, and useless was his tongue, }
The orator had borne the camp too long.
He to the vulgar side his pleading draws, 102
And thus enforces much their feeble cause:
For all that fortune for thy arms has done,
For all thy fame acquir'd, thy battles won; 105
This only boon her suppliant vows implore,
That thou would'st deign to use her aid once more:
In this, O Pompey! kings and chiefs unite,
And, to chastise proud Cæsar, aft' the fight.
Shall he, one man against the world combin'd, 114
Protract destruction, and embroil mankind?
What will the vanquish'd nations murmuring say,
Where once thy conquests cut their winged way;
When they behold thy virtue lazy now, [115
And see thee move thus languishing and slow?
Where are those fires that warm'd thee to be great?
That stable soul, and confidence in Fate?
Canst thou the gods ungratefully mistrust?
Or think the senate's sacred cause unjust?
Scarce are th' impatient ensigns yet withheld; 120
Why art thou, thus, to victory compell'd?
Dost thou Rome's chief, and in her cause, appear?
'Tis hers to choose the field, and she appoints it here.
Why is this order of the world withstood,
The injur'd world, that thirsts for Cæsar's blood? 125
See! where the troops with indignation stand,
Each javelin trembling in an eager hand,
And wait, unwillingly, the last command.
Resolve the senate then, and let them know,
Are they thy servants, or their servant thou? 130
Sore sigh'd the listening chief, who well could read:
Some dire delusion by the gods decreed;
He saw the fates malignantly inclin'd,
To thwart his purpose and perplex his mind.
Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed, }
Since my impatient friends and country need
My hand to fight, and not my head to lead;
Pompey no longer shall your fate delay,
But let pernicious Fortune take her way,
And waste the world on one devoted day.
But, oh! be witness thou, my native home, 141
With what a sad fore-boding heart I come;
To thy hard fate unwillingly I yield,
While thy rash sons compel me to the field.
How easily had Cæsar been subdued, 145
And the best victory been free from blood!
But the fond Romans cheap renown disdain,
They wish for deaths to purple o'er the plain,
And reeking gore their guilty swords to stain.
Driv'n by my fleets, behold, the flying foe 150
At once the empire of the deep forego?
Here by necessity they seem to stand,
Coop'd up within a corner of the land.

By famine to the last extremes compell'd, 154
They snatch green harvests from th' unripen'd field;

And wish we may this only grace afford,
To let them die like soldiers, by the sword.
'Tis true, it seems an earnest of success,
That thus our bolder youth for action prefs:
But let them try their inmost hearts with
care, 160

And judge betwixt true valour and rash fear;
Let them be sure this eagerness is right,
And certain fortitude demands the fight.

In war, in dangers, oft it has been known, [165
That fear has driven the headlong coward on.
Give me the man, whose cooler soul can wait,
With patience, for the proper hour of Fate.
See what a prosperous face our fortunes bear!
Why should we trust them to the chance of war?
Why must we risk the world's uncertain
doom, 170

And rather choose to fight, than overcome?
Thou goddess's Chance! who to my careful hand
Hast given this wearisome supreme command;
If I have, to the task of empire just,
Enlarg'd the bounds committed to my
trust; 175

Be kind, and to thyself the rule resume,
And in the fight, defend the cause of Rome:
To thy own crowns, the wreath of conquest join;
Nor let the glory, nor the crime, be mine.
But see! thy hopes, unhappy Pompey! fail: 180
We fight; the Cæsar's stronger vows prevail.
Oh, what a scene of guilt this day shall show!
What crowds shall fall, what nations be laid low!
Red shall Enipeus run with Roman blood,
And to the margin swell his foamy flood. 185
Oh! if our cause my aid no longer need,
Oh! may my bosom be the first to bleed:
Me let the thrilling javelin foremost strike,
Since death and victory are now alike.
To-day, with ruin shall my name be join'd, 190
Or stand the common curse of all mankind;
By every woe the vanquish'd shall be known,
And every infamy the victor crown.

He spoke; and, yielding to the impetuous
crowd,

The battle to his frantic bands allow'd. 195
So, when long vex'd by stormy Corus' blast,
The weary pilot quits the helm at last;
He leaves his vessel to the winds to guide,
And drive unsteady with the tumbling tide.

Loud through the camp the rising murmurs
sound,

And one tumultuous hurry runs around; 201
Sudden their busy hearts began to beat,
And each pale visage wore the marks of Fate.
Anxious, they see the dreadful day is come,
That must decide the destiny of Rome. 205
This single vast concern employs the host,
And private fears are in the public lost.
Should earth be rent, should darkness quench the
sun,

Should swelling seas above the mountains run,
Should universal nature's end draw near, 210
Who could have leisure for himself to fear?

With such consent his safety each forgot,
And Rome and Pompey took up every thought,
And now the warriors all, with busy care,
Whet the dull sword, and point the blunted
spear; 215

With tougher nerves they string the bended
bow,

And in full quivers steely shafts bestow;
The horseman sees his furniture made fit;
Sharpens the spur, and burnishes the bit,
Fixes the rein, to check or urge his speed, 220
And animates to fight the snorting steed.

Such once the busy gods employments were,
If mortal men to gods we may compare,
When earth's bold sons began their impious
war.

The Lemnian power, with many a stroke, re-
stor'd 225

Blue Neptune's trident, and stern Mars's sword;
In terrible array, the blue-ey'd maid

The horrors of her Gorgon shield display'd;
Phœbus his once victorious shafts renew'd,
Disus'd and rusty with the Python's blood; 230
While, with unwearied toil, the Cyclops strove
To forge new thunders for imperial Jove.

Nor wanted then dire omens, to declare
What curst events Thessalia's plains prepare;

Black storms oppos'd against the warriors lay, 235
And lightnings thwarted their forbidden way;

Ful in their eyes the dazzling flashes broke,
And with amaze their troubled senses stroke:

Tall fiery columns in the skies were seen,
With watery Typhons interwove between. 240

Glancing along the bands swift meteors shoot,
And from the helm the plummy honours cut;

Sudden the flame dissolves the javelin's head,
And liquid runs the shining steely blade.

Strange to behold! their weapons disappear, 245
While sulphurous odour taints the smoking air.

The standard, as unwilling to be borne,
With pain from the tenacious earth is torn:

Anon, black swarms hang clustering on its height,
And press the bearer with unwonted weight. 250

Big drops of grief each sweating marble wears,
And Parian gods and heroes stand in tears.

No more th' auspicious victim tamely dies,
But furious from the hallow'd fane he flies;

Breaks off the rites with prodigies prophane, 255
And bellowing seeks Emathia's fatal plain:

But who, O Cæsar! who were then thy gods?
Whom didst thou summon from their dark
abodes?

The Furies listen'd to thy grateful vows,
And dreadful to the day the powers of hell
arose. 260

Did then the monsters, fame records, appear?
Or were the only phantoms form'd by fear?

Some saw the moving mountains meet like foes,
And rending earth new gaping caves disclose.

Others beheld a sanguine torrent take 265
Its purple course through fair Boëbeis's lake;

Heard each returning night, portentous, yield
Loud shouts of battle on Pharsalia's field.

While others thought they saw the light decay,
And sudden shades oppress the fainting day; 270

Fancy'd wild horror in each other's face,
And saw the ghosts of all their bury'd race;
Behold them rise and glare with pale affright,
And stalk around them, in the new-made
night. 274

Whate'er the cause, the croud, by fate decreed,
To make their brothers, sons, and fathers bleed,
Consenting, to the prodigies agreed;
And, while they thirst impatient for that blood,
Bless these nefarious omens all as good.

But wherefore should we wonder, to be-
hold 280

That death's approach by madness was foreto'd?
Wild are the wandering thoughts which last sur-
vive;

And these had not another day to live.
These shook for what they saw; while distant
climes,

Unknown, trembled for Emathia's crimes. 285

Where Tyrian Gades sees the setting sun,
And where Araxes' rapid waters run,

From the bright orient to the glowing west,
In every nation, every Roman breast
The terrors of that dreadful day confess. }

Where Aponus first springs in smoky steam; 291

And full Timavus rolls his nobler stream;

Upon a hill that day, if fame be true,
A learned augur sat the skies to view:

'Tis come, the great event is come (he
cry'd), 295

Our impious chiefs their wicked war decide.

Whether the fœd; observ'd Jove's forked flame,

And mark'd the firmament's discordant frame;

Or whether, in that gloom of sudden night,

The struggling sun declar'd the dreadful
fight: 300

From the first birth of morning in the skies,

Sure never day like this was known to rise;

In the blue vault, as in a volume spread,

Plain might the Latian destiny be read. [305

Oh Rome! oh people, by the gods assign'd

To be the worthy masters of mankind!

On thee the heavens with all their signals wait,

And suffering nature labours with thy fate.

When thy great name's to latest times convey'd,

By fame, or by my verse immortal made, 310

In free-born nations justly shall prevail,

And rouse their passions with this noblest tale;

How shall they fear for thy approaching doom,

As if each past event were yet to come! [315

How shall their bosoms swell with vast concern,

And long the doubtful chance of war to learn!

Ev'n then the favouring world with thee shall
join,

And every honest heart to Pompey's cause in-
cline.

Descending, now, the bands in just array,

From burnish'd arms reflect the beamy day; 320

In an ill hour they spread the fatal field,

And with portentous blaze the neighbouring
mountains gild.

On the left wing, bold Lentulus, their head,

The first and fourth selected legions led:

Luckless Domitius, vainly brave in war, 325

Drew forth the right with un auspicious care.

In the mid battle daring Scipio fought,
With eight full legions from Cilicia brought.
Submissive here to Pompey's high command,
The warrior undistinguish'd took his stand,
Reserv'd to be the chief on Libya's burning
sand. }

Near the low marshes and Enipeus' flood, 332

The Pontic horse and Cappadocian stood.

While kings and tetrarchs proud, a purple train, }

Liege-men and vassals to the Latian reign,

Possess'd the rising grounds and drier plain. }

Here troops of black Numidians scour the field,

And bold Iberians narrow bucklers wield;

Here twang the Syrian and the Cretan bow,

And the fierce Gauls provoke their well-known
foe. 340

Go, Pompey, lead to death th' unnumber'd
host,

Let the whole human race at once be lost.

Let nations, upon nations, heap the plain,

And tyranny want subjects for its reign.

Cæsar, as chance ordain'd, that morn de-
cease 345

The spoiling bands of foragers to lead;

When, with a sudden, but a glad surprize,

The fog descending struck his wondering eyes.

Eager, and burning for unbounded sway,

Long had he borne the tedious war's delay; 350

Long had he struggled with protracting time,

That sav'd his country, and deferr'd his crime:

At length he sees the wish'd-for day is come:

To end the strife for liberty and Rome;

Fate's dark mysterious threatenings no ex-
plain, 355

And ease th' impatience of ambition's pain.

But, when he saw the vast event so nigh,

Unusual horror damp'd his impious joy;

For one cold moment sunk his heart suppress'd,

And doubt hung heavy on his anxious breast. 360

Though his past fortunes promise now success,

Yet Pompey, from his own, expects no less.

His changing thoughts revolve with various
cheer,

While these forbid to hope, and those to fear.

At length his wonted confidence returns, 365

With his first fires his daring bosom burns;

As if secure of victory, he stands,

And fearless thus bespeaks the listening bands:

Ye warriors! who have made your Cæsar
great.

On whom the world, on whom my fortunes
wait, 370

To-day, the gods, whate'er you wish, afford,

And fate attends on the deciding sword.

By your firm aid alone your leader stands,

And trusts his all to your long-faithful hands.

This day shall make our promis'd glories
good, 375

The hopes of Rubicon's distinguish'd flood.

For this blest morn we trusted long to fate,

Deferr'd our fame, and bad the triumph wait.

This day, my gallant friends, this happy day,

Shall the long labours of your arms repay; 380

Shall give you back to every joy of life,

To the lov'd offspring and the tender wife;

Shall find my veteran out a safe retreat,
And lodge his age within a peaceful feat. [385
The long dispute of guilt shall now be clear'd,
And conquest shall the juster cause reward.
Have you, for me, with sword and fire laid
waste

Your country's bleeding bosom, as you past?
Let the same swords as boldly strike to-day,
And the lost wounds shall wipe the first
away, 390

Whatever faction's partial notions are,
No hand is wholly innocent in war.
Yours is the cause to which my vows are join'd,
I seek to make you free; and masters of man-
kind.

I hope no hopes, no wishes of my own, 395
But well could hide me in a private gown:
At my expence of fame, exalt your powers,
Let me be nothing, so the world be yours.
Nor think the task too bloody shall be found,
With easy glory shall our arms be crown'd: 400

Yon host come learn'd in academic rules,
A band of disputants from Grecian schools.
To these, luxurious eastern crowds are join'd,
Of many a tongue, and many a different kind:
Their own first shouts shall fill each soul with
fears,

And their own trumpets shock their tender
ears, 406

Unjustly this, a civil war, we call.
Where none but foes of Rome, barbarians, fall.
On then, my friends! and end it at a blow;
Lay these soft, lazy, worthless nations low. 410
Shew Pompey, that subdu'd them, with what
ease

Your valour gains such victories as these:
Shew him, if justice still the palm confers,
One triumph was too much for all his wars.
From distant Tigris shall Armenians come, 415
To judge between the citizens of Rome?
Will fierce barbarian aliens waste their blood,
To make the cause of Latian Pompey good?
Believe me, no. To them we are all the same,
They hate alike the whole Aufonian name; 420
But most those haughty masters whom they
know,

Who taught their servile vanquish'd necks to bow.
Meanwhile, as round my joyful eyes are roll'd,
None but my try'd companions I behold; -
For years in Gaul we made our hard abode, 425
And many a march in partnership have trod.
Is there a soldier to your chief unknown?

A sword, to whom I trust not, like my own?
Could I not mark each javelin in the sky,
And say from whom the fatal weapons fly? 430
Ev'n now I view auspicious furies rise,
And rage redoubled flashes in your eyes.
With joy those omens of success I read,
And see the certain victory decreed;

I see the purple deluge float the plain, 435
Huge piles of carnage, nations of the slain:
Dead chiefs, with mangled monarchs, I survey,
And the pale senate crowns the glorious day.
But oh! forgive my tedious lavish tongue,
Your eager virtue I withhold too long; 440

My soul exults with hopes too fierce to bear,
I feel good fortune and the gods draw near.
All we can ask, with full consent they yield,
And nothing bars us but this narrow field.
The battle o'er, what boon can I deny? 445
The treasures of the world before you lie.
Oh, Thebans! what stars, what powers divine,
To thy distinguish'd land this great event at-
sign?

Between extremes, to-day our fortune lies,
The vilest punishment, and noblest prize. 450
Consider well the captive's lost estate,
Chains, racks, and crosses, for the vanquish'd
wait.

My limbs are each allotted to its place,
And my pale head the Rostrum's height shall
grace:

But that's a thought unworthy Cæsar's care, 455
More for my friends than for myself I fear.
On my good sword securely I rely,
And, if I conquer not, am sure to die.

But, oh! for you my anxious soul foresees,
Pompey shall copy Sylla's curst decrees; 460
The Martian field shall blush with gore again,
And massacres once more the peaceful Septa
stain.

Hear, oh! ye gods, who in Rome's strugglings
share,

Who leave your heaven, to make our earth your
care;

Hear, and let him the happy victor live, 465
Who shall with mercy use the power you give;
Whose rage for slaughter with the war shall
cease,

And spare his vanquish'd enemies in peace.
Nor is Dyrrachium's fatal field forgot,
Nor what was then our brave companion's lot; 470

When, by advantage of the straiter ground,
Successful Pompey compass'd us around;
When quite disarm'd your useless valour stood,
Till his fell sword was satiated with blood, 474
But gentler hands, but nobler hearts you bear,
And, oh! remember 'tis your leader's prayer,

Whatever Roman flies before you, spare.
But, while oppos'd and menacing they stand,
Let no regard withhold thy lifted hand:
Let friendship, kindred, all remorse, give
place, 480

And mangling wounds deform the reverend face;
Still let resistance be repaid with blood,
And hostile force by hostile force subdued;
Stranger, or friend, whatever be the name,
Your merit still, to Cæsar, is the same. 485

Fill then the trenches, break the ramparts round,
And let our works lie level with the ground;
So shall no obstacles our march delay,
Nor stop one moment our victorious way.
Nor spare your camp; this night I mean to lie 490
In that from whence the vanquish'd foe shall fly.
Scarce had he spoke, when, sudden at the
word,

They seize the lance, and draw the shining
sword:

At once the turfey fences all lie waste,
And through the breach the crouding legions
haste; 495

Regardless all of order and array
They stand, and trust to fate alone the day.
Each had propos'd an empire to be won,
Had each once known a Pompey for his son;
Had Cæsar's soul inform'd each private breast, 500
A fiercer fury could not be express'd.

With sad presages, Pompey, now, behold
His foes advancing o'er the neighbouring field:
He saw the gods had fix'd the day of fate,
And felt his heart hang heavy with new
weight. 505

Dire is the omen when the valiant fear,
Which yet he strove to hide with undisssembled
cheer.

High on his warrior steed, the chief o'er-ran
The wide array, and thus at length began:

The time to ease you: groaning country's
pain, 510

Which long your eager valour fought in vain;
The great deciding hour at length is come,
To end the strivings of distracted Rome:
For this one last effort exert your power,
Strike home to-day and all your toils are o'er. 515
If the dear pledges of connubial love,
Your household-gods, and Rome, your souls can
move,

Hither by fate they seem together brought,
And for that prize, to-day, the battle shall be
fought.

Let none the favouring gods' assistance fear; 520
They always make the juster cause their care.
The flying dart to Cæsar shall they guide,
And point the sword at his devoted side:
Our injur'd laws shall be on him made good,
And liberty establish'd in his blood. 525

Could heaven, in violence of wrath, ordain
The world to groan beneath a tyrant's reign,
It had not spar'd your Pompey's head so long,
Nor lengthen'd out my age to see the wrong.

All we can wish for, to secure success, 530
With large advantage here, our arms possess:
See, in the ranks of every common band,
Where Rome's illustrious names for soldiers stand.
Could the great dead revisit life again,
For us, once more, the Decii would be slain; 535
The Curii, and Camilli, might we boast,
Proud to be mingled in this noblest host.

If men, if multitudes, can make us strong,
Behold what tribes unnumber'd march along!
Where-e'er the Zodiac turns its radiant round, 540
Where-ever earth, or people, can be found;

To us the nations issue forth in swarms,
And in Rome's cause all human nature arms.

What then remains, but that our wings inclose,
Within our ample folds, our shrinking foes? 545
Thousands, and thousands, useless, may we spare;
Yon handful will not half employ our war.

Think, from the summit of the Roman wall,
You hear our loud lamenting matrons call;
Think with what tears, what lifted hands, they
sue, 550

And place their last, their only hopes in you.
Imagine kneeling age before you spread,
Each hoary, reverend majestic head;

Imagine, Rome herself your aid implor'd,
To save her from a proud imperious lord. 555
Think how the present age, how that to come,
What multitudes from you expect their doom:
On your success dependant all rely;
These to be born in freedom, those to die.

Think (if there be a thought can move you
more, 560

A pledge more dear than those I nam'd before)
Think you behold (were such a posture meet)
Ev'n me, your Pompey, prostrate at your feet.
Myself, my wife, my sons, a suppliant band,
From you our lives and liberties demand; 565
Or conquer you, or I, to exile born,
My last dishonourable years shall mourn,
Your long reproach, and my proud father's
scorn.

From bonds, from infamy, your general save,
Nor let his hoary head descend to earth a slave 570

Thus while he spoke, the faithful legions round,
With indignation caught the mournful sound;
Falsely, they think, his fears those dangers view,
But vow to die, ere Cæsar proves them true.

What differing thoughts the various hosts incite, 575
And urge their deadly ardour for the fight!

Those bold ambition kindles into rage,
And these their fears for liberty engage.

How shall this day the peopled earth deface,
Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race! 580

I though all the years to come should roll in peace,
And future ages bring their whole increase;

Though nature all her genial hours employ,
All shall not yield what these curst hands destroy.

Soon shall the greatness of the Roman name, 585
To unbelieving ears, be told by fame;

Low shall the mighty Latian towers be laid,
And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head;

While yearly magistrates, in turns compell'd
To lodge by night upon th' uncover'd field, 590

Shall at old doting Numa's laws repine,
Who could to such bleak wilds his Latine rights
assign.

Ev'n now behold! where waste Hesperia liet,
Where empty cities shock our mournful eyes;

Untouch'd by time, our infamy they stand, 595
The marks of civil discord's murderous hand.

How is the shock of human-kind brought low!
Walls want inhabitants, and hands the plow.

Our father's fertile fields by slaves are till'd,
And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd: 600

Such were the heaps, the millions of the slain,
As 'twere the purpose of Emathia's plain,

That none for future mischiefs should remain. }
Well may our annals less misfortunes yield,

Mark Allia's flood, and Cannæ's fatal field; 605
But let Pharsalia's day be still forgot,

Be ras'd at once from ev'ry Roman thought.
'Twas there, that fortune, in her pride, display'd,

The greatness her own mighty hands had made;
Forth in array the powers of Rome she drew, 610

And set her subject nations all to view;
As if she meant to shew the haughty queen,

Ev'n by her ruins, what her height had been.
Oh countless loils! that well might have supply'd

The desolation of all deaths beside. 615

Though famine with blue pestilence conspire,
 And dreadful earthquakes with destroying fire ;
 Pharfalia's blood the gaping wounds had join'd,
 And built again the ruins of mankind.
 Immortal gods ! with what resistless force, 620
 Our growing empire ran its rapid course !
 Still every year with new success was crown'd,
 And conquering chiefs enlarge the Latian bound ;
 Till Rome stood mistress of the world confest'd,
 From the gay orient to the ruddy west ; 625
 From pole to pole, her wide dominions run,
 Where-e'r the stars, or brighter Phœbus shone ;
 As heaven and earth were made for her alone.
 But now, behold, how fortune tears away
 The gift of ages in one fatal day ! 630
 One day shakes off the vanquish'd Indians chain,
 And turns the wandering Dæe loose again :
 No longer shall the victor consul now
 Trace our Sarmatian cities with the plow :
 Exulting Parthia shall her slaughterers boast, 635
 Nor feel the vengeance due to Crassus' ghost.
 Where liberty, long wearied by our crimes,
 Forfakes us for some better barbarous climes ;
 Beyond the Rhine and Tanais she flies,
 To snowy mountains, and to frozen skies ; 640
 While Rome, who long pursu'd that chiefest good,
 O'er fields of slaughter, and through seas of blood,
 In slavery, her abject state shall mourn,
 Nor dare to hope the goddess will return.
 Why were we ever free? Oh why has heaven 645
 A short-liv'd transitory blessing given?
 Of thee, first Brutus, justly we complain !
 Why didst thou break thy groaning country's
 chain
 And end the proud lascivious tyrant's reign ?
 Why did thy patriot hand on Rome bestow 650
 Laws, and her consuls righteous rule to know ?
 In servitude more happy had we been,
 Since Romulus first wall'd his refuge in,
 Ev'n since the twice six vultures bad him build,
 To this curst period of Pharfalia's field. 655
 Medes and Arabians of the slavish East
 Beneath eternal bondage may be blest ;
 While, of a differing mold and nature, we,
 From fire to sun accustom'd to be free,
 Fell indignation rising in our blood, 660
 And blush to wear the chains that make them proud.
 Can there be gods, who rule yon azure sky ?
 Can they behold Æmathia from on high,
 And yet forbear to bid their lightnings fly ?
 Is it the business of a thundering Jove, 665
 To rive the rocks, and blast the guiltless grove ?
 While Cassius holds the balance in his stead,
 And wreaks due vengeance on the tyrant's head.
 The sun ran back from Atreus' monstrous feast,
 And his fair beams in murky clouds sup-
 press'd ; 670
 Why shines he now ? why lends his golden light
 To these worse parricides, this more accursed sight ?
 But chance guides all ; the gods their task forego,
 And providence no longer reigns below. 674
 Yet are they just, and some revenge afford
 While their own heavens are humbled by the
 sword,
 And the proud victors, like themselves, ador'd :

With rays adorn'd, with thunders arm'd they
 stand,
 And incense, prayers, and sacrifice demand ;
 While trembling, slavish, superstitious Rome, 680
 Swears by a mortal wretch, that moulders in a
 tomb.

Now either host the middle plain had pass'd,
 And front to front in threatening ranks were plac'd ;
 Then every well-known feature stood to view,
 Brothers their brothers, sons their fathers
 knew. 685

Then first they feel the curse of civil hate,
 Mark where their mischiefs are assign'd by fate,
 And see from whom themselves destruction wait.
 Stupid a while, and at a gaze, they stood,
 While creeping horror froze the lazy blood : 690
 Some small remains of piety withstand,
 And stop the javelin in the lifted hand ;
 Remorse for one short moment stepp'd between,
 And motionless, as statues, all were seen.
 And oh ! what savage fury could engage, 695
 While lingering Cæsar yet suspends his rage ?
 For him, ye gods ! for Crastinus, whose spear
 With impious eagerness began the war,
 Some more than common punishment prepare ;
 Beyond the grave long lasting plagues ordain, 700
 Surviving sense, and never ceasing pain.
 Straight, at the fatal signal, all around
 A thousand fifes, a thousand clarions, sound ;
 Beyond where clouds, or glancing lightnings fly,
 The piercing clangors strike the vaulted sky. 705
 The joining battles shout, and the loud peal
 Bounds from the hill, and thunders down the vale ;
 Old Pelion's caves the doubling roar return,
 And Oeta's rocks and groaning Pindus mourn ;
 From pole to pole the tumult spreads afar, 710
 And the world trembles at the distant war.

Now flit the thrilling darts through liquid air,
 And various vows from various masters bear :
 Some seek the noblest Roman heart to wound,
 And some to err upon the guiltless ground ; 715
 While chance decrees the blood that shall be spilt,
 And blindly scatters innocence and guilt.
 But random shafts too scanty death afford,
 A civil war is business for the sword :
 Where face to face the parricides they meet, 720
 Know whom they kill, and make the crime com-
 plete.

Firm in the front, with joining bucklers clos'd,
 Stood the Pompeian infantry dispos'd ;
 So crowded was the space, it scarce affords 724
 The power to toss their piles, or wield their swords.
 Forward, thus thick embattled though they stand,
 With headlong wrath rush furious Cæsar's band ;
 In vain the lifted shield their rage retards,
 Or plaited mail devoted bosoms guards ;
 Through shields, through mail, the wounding
 weapons go, 730
 And to the heart drive home each dead'y blow ;
 Oh rage ill match'd ! Oh much unequal war,
 Which those wage proudly, and these tamely
 bear !
 These, by cold, stupid piety disarm'd ; 734
 Those, by hot blood, and smoking slaughter
 warm'd.

Nor in suspense uncertain fortune hung,
 But yields, o'ermaſter'd by a power too ſtrong,
 And borne by fate's impetuous ſtream along.
 From Pompey's ample wings, at length the
 horſe
 Wide o'er the plain extending take their
 courſe; 740
 Wheeling around the hoſtile line they wind,
 While lightly arm'd the foot ſucceed behind.
 In various ways the various bands engage,
 And hurl upon the foe the miſſile rage:
 There fiery darts and rocky fragments fly, 745
 And heating bullets whiſtle through the ſky:
 Of feather'd ſhafts, a cloud thick ſhading goes,
 From Arab, Mede, and Iſaurian bows: 748
 But driven by random aim they ſeldom wound;
 At firſt they hide the heaven, then ſtrew the
 ground;
 While Roman hands unerring miſchief ſend,
 And certain deaths on every pile attend.
 But Cæſar, timely careful to ſupport
 His wavering front againſt the firſt effort,
 Had plac'd his bodies of reſerve behind, 753
 And the ſtrong rear with choſen cohorts lin'd.
 There, as the careleſs foe the fight purſue,
 A ſudden band and ſtable forth he drew;
 When ſoon, oh ſhame! the looſe barbarians yield,
 Scattering their broken ſquadrons o'er the
 field, 760
 And ſlew, too late, that ſlaves attempt in vain,
 The ſacred cauſe of freedom to maintain.
 The fiery ſteeds, impatient of a wound,
 Hurl their neglected riders to the ground; 764
 Or on their friends with rage ungovern'd turn,
 And trampling o'er the helpleſs foot are borne.
 Hence foul confuſion and diſmay ſucceed,
 The victors murder, and the vanquiſh'd bleed:
 Their weary hands the tir'd deſtroyers ply,
 Scarce can theſe kill, ſo faſt as thoſe can die. 770
 Oh, that Emathia's ruthleſs guilty plain
 Had been contented with this only ſtain;
 With theſe rude bones had ſtrown her verdure
 o'er,
 And dy'd her ſprings with none but Aſian gore!
 But if ſo keen her thirſt for Roman blood, 775
 Let none but Romans make the ſlaughter good;
 Let not a Mede nor Cappadocian fall,
 No bold Iberian, or rebellious Gaul:
 Let thoſe alone ſurvive for times to come,
 And be the future citizens of Rome. 780
 But fear on all alike her powers employ'd,
 Did Cæſar's buſineſs, and like fate deſtroy'd.
 Prevailing ſtill the victors held their courſe,
 Till Pompey's main reſerve oppos'd their force;
 There, in his ſtrength, the chief unſhaken
 ſtood, 785
 Repell'd the foe, and made the combat good;
 There in ſuſpenſe th' uncertain battle hung,
 And Cæſar's favouring goddeſs doubted long;
 There no proud monarchs led their vaſſals on,
 Nor eaſtern bands in gorgeous purple ſhone; 790
 There the laſt force of laws and freedom lay,
 And Roman patriots ſtruggled for the day.
 What parricides the guilty ſcene affords!
 Sires, ſons, and brothers, ruſh on mutual ſwords!

There every ſacred bond of nature bleeds; 795
 There met the war's worſt rage, and Cæſar's
 blackeſt deeds.

But, oh! my Muſe, the mournful theme ſor-
 bear,

And ſtay thy lamentable numbers here;
 Let not my verſe to future times convey
 What Rome committed on this dreadful day; 800
 In ſhades and ſilence hide her crimes from fame,
 And ſpare thy miſerable country's ſhame.

But Cæſar's rage ſhall with oblivion ſtrive,
 And for eternal infamy ſurvive.
 From rank to rank, unwearied, ſtill he flies, 805
 And with new fires their fainting wrath ſup-
 plies.

His greedy eyes each ſign of guilt explore,
 And mark whoſe ſword is deepeſt dy'd in gore;
 Obſerve where pity and remorse prevail, 809
 What arm ſtrikes faintly, and what cheek turns
 pale.

Or, while he rides the ſlaughter'd heaps around,
 And views ſome foe expiring on the ground,
 His cruel hands the guſhing blood reſtrain,
 And ſtrive to keep the parting ſoul in pain:
 As when Bellona drives the world to war, 815
 Or Mars comes thundering in his Tracian car;
 Rage horrible darts from his Gorgon ſhield,
 And gloomy terror broods upon the field;
 Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful gods impart,
 And urge the vengeful warrior's heaving
 heart; 820

The many ſhout, arms claſh, the wounded cry,
 And one promiſcuous peal groans upwards to the
 ſky.

Nor furious Cæſar, on Emathia's plains,
 Lets terribly the mortal ſtrife ſuſtain: [825
 Each hand unarm'd he fills with means of death,
 And cooling wrath rekindles at his breath:
 Now with his voice, his geſture now, he ſtrives,
 Now with his lance the lagging ſoldier drives:
 The weak he ſtrengthens, and confirms the
 ſtroug,

And hurries war's impetuous ſtream along, 830
 Strike home, he cries, and let your ſwords erawe
 Each well-known feature of the kindred face:
 Nor waſte your fury on the vulgar band;
 See! where the hoary doting ſenate ſtand;
 There laws and right at once you may con-
 found, 835

And liberty ſhall bleed at every wound.
 The curs'd deſtroyer ſpoke; and, at the word,
 The purple nobles ſunk beneath the ſword:
 The dying patriots groan upon the ground,
 Illuſtrious names, for love of laws renown'd. 840
 The great Matelli and Torquati bleed,
 Chiefs worthy, if the ſtate had ſo decreed,
 And Pompey were not there, mankind to lead.

Say thou! thy ſinking country's only prop,
 Glory of Rome, and liberty's laſt hope; 845
 What helm, oh Brutus! could, amidſt the croud,
 Thy ſacred undiſtinguiſh'd viſage ſhroud?
 Where fought thy arm that day! But, ah! forbear!
 Nor ruſh unwary on the pointed ſpear;
 Seek not to haſten an untimely fate, 859
 But patient for thy own Emathia wait:

Nor hunt fierce Cæsar on his bloody plain,
 To-day thy steel pursues his life in vain.
 Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant yet,
 To make the measure of his crimes complete; 855
 As yet he has not every law defy'd,
 Nor reach'd the utmost heights of daring pride.
 Ere long thou shalt behold him Rome's proud
 lord,
 And ripen'd by ambition for thy sword; 859
 Then, thy griev'd country vengeance shall de-
 mand,
 And ask the victim at thy righteous hand.
 Among huge heaps of the Patrician slain,
 And Latian chiefs, who strew'd that purple
 plain,
 Recording story has distinguish'd well,
 How brave, unfortunate Domitius fell, 865
 In every loss of Pompey still he shar'd,
 And dy'd in liberty, the best reward;
 Though vanquish'd oft by Cæsar, ne'er enslav'd,
 Ev'n to the last, the tyrant's power he
 brav'd: 869
 Mark'd o'er with many a glorious streaming
 wound,
 In pleasure sunk the warrior to the ground;
 No longer forc'd on vilest terms to live,
 For chance to doom, and Cæsar to forgive.
 Him, as he pass'd insulting o'er the field,
 Roll'd in his blood, the victor proud beheld: 875
 And can, he cry'd, the fierce Domitius fall,
 Forsake his Pompey, and expecting Gaul?
 Must the war lose that still successful sword,
 And my neglected province want a lord?
 He spoke; when, lifting slow his closing eyes, 880
 Fearless the dying Roman thus replies:
 Since wickedness stands unrewarded yet,
 Nor Cæsar's arms their wish'd success have met;
 Free and rejoicing to the shades I go,
 And leave my chief still equal to his foe; 885
 And if my hopes divine thy doom aright,
 Yet shalt thou bow thy vanquish'd head ere
 night.
 Dire punishments the righteous gods decree,
 For injur'd Rome, for Pompey, and for me;
 In hell's dark realms thy tortures I shall
 know, 890
 And hear thy ghost lamenting loud below.
 He said; and soon the leaden sleep prevail'd,
 And everlasting night his eyelids seal'd.
 But, oh! what grief the ruin can deplore! 894
 What verse can run the various slaughter o'er!
 For lesser woes our sorrows may we keep;
 No tears suffice, a dying world to weep.
 In differing groups ten thousand deaths arise,
 And horrors manifold the soul surprize.
 Here the whole man is open'd at a wound, 900
 And gushing bowels pour upon the ground;
 Another through the gaping jaws is gor'd,
 And in his utmost throat receives the sword:
 At once, a single blow a third extends; 904
 The fourth a living trunk dismember'd stands.
 Some in their breasts erect the javelin bear,
 Some cling to earth with the transfixing spear.
 Here, like a fountain, springs a purple flood,
 Spouts on the foe, and stains his arms with blood.

There horrid brethren on their brethren prey; 910
 One starts, and hurls a well-known head away.
 While some detested son, with impious ire,
 Laps by the shoulders close his hoary fire:
 Ev'n his rude fellows damn the cursed deed,
 And bastard-born the murderer aread. 915
 No private house its loss lamented then,
 But count the slain by nations, not by men.
 Here Grecian streams, and Asiatic run,
 And Roman torrents drive the deluge on.
 More than the world at once was given away 920
 And late posterity was lost that day:
 A race of future slaves receiv'd their doom,
 And children yet unborn were overcome.
 How shall our miserable sons complain,
 That they are born beneath a tyrant's reign? 925
 Did our base hands, with justice shall they say,
 The sacred cause of liberty betray?
 Why have our fathers given us up a prey?
 Their age, to ours, the curse of bondage leaves;
 Themselves were cowards, and begot us slaves. 930
 'Tis just; and Fortune, that impos'd a lord,
 One struggle for their freedom might afford;
 Might leave their hands their proper cause to fight
 And let them keep, or loose themselves their right.
 But Pompey, now, the fate of Rome de-
 cry'd, 935
 And saw the changing gods forsake her side.
 Hard to believe, though from a rising ground
 He view'd the universal ruin round,
 In crimson streams he saw destruction run,
 And in the fall of thousands felt his own. 940
 Nor wish'd he, like most wretches in despair,
 The world one common misery might share:
 But with a generous, great, exalted mind,
 Besought the gods to pity poor mankind, }
 To let him die, and leave the rest behind: }
 This hope came smiling to his anxious breast. 946
 For this his earnest vows were thus address'd:
 Spare man, ye gods! oh, let the nations live!
 Let me be wretched, but let Rome survive.
 Or if this head suffices not alone, 950
 My wife, my sons, your anger shall atone:
 If blood the yet unsated war demand,
 Behold my pledges left in fortune's hand!
 Ye cruel powers, who urge me with your hate, 954
 At length behold me crush'd beneath the weight:
 Give then your long-pursuing vengeance o'er,
 And spare the world since I can lose no more.
 So saying, the tumultuous field he cross'd,
 And warn'd from battle his despairing host.
 Gladly the pains of death he had explor'd, 960
 And fall'n undaunted on his pointed sword;
 Had he not fear'd th' example might succeed,
 And faithful nations by his side would bleed.
 Or did his swelling soul disdain to die,
 While his insulting father stood so nigh? 965
 Fly where he will, the gods shall still pursue,
 Nor his pale head shall 'scape the victor's view.
 Or else, perhaps, and Fate the thought approv'd,
 For her dear sake he fled, whom best he lov'd:
 Malicious Fortune to his wish agreed, 270
 And gave him in Cornelia's fight to bleed.
 Born by his winged speed at length away,
 He quits the purple plain and yields the day.

Fearless of danger, still secure and great,
His daring soul supports his lost estate; 975
Nor groans his breast, nor swell his eyes with tears,
But still the same majestic form he wears.

An awful grief sat decent in his face,
Such as became his loss and Rome's disgrace: 979
His mind, unbroken, keeps her constant frame,
In greatness and misfortune still the same;
While fortune, who his triumphs once beheld,
Unchanging sees him leave Pharsalia's field.
Now, disentangled from unwieldy power,
O Pompey! run thy former honours o'er: 985
At leisure now review thy glorious scene,
And call to mind how mighty thou hast been.
From anxious toils of empire turn thy care,
And from thy thoughts exclude the murderous war;

Let the just gods bear witness on my side, 990
Thy cause no more shall by the sword be try'd.
Whether sad Afric shall her loss bemoan,
Or Munda's plains beneath their burden groan,
The guilty bloodshed shall be all their own. }
No more the much-lov'd Pompey's name shall charm

The peaceful world, with one consent, to arm; 996
Nor for thy sake, nor aw'd by thy command,
But for themselves, the fighting senate stand:
The war but one distinction shall afford,
And Liberty, or Caesar, be the word. 1000

Nor, oh! do thou thy vanquish'd lot deplore,
But fly with pleasure from those seas of gore:
Look back upon the horror, guiltless thou,
And pity Caesar, for whose sake they flow. [1005
With what a heart, what triumph shall he come,
A victor, red with Roman blood, to Rome?
Though misery thy banishment attends,
Though thou shalt die, by thy false Pharian friends;
Yet trust securely to the choice of heaven,
And know thy loss was for a blessing giv'n: 1010
Though flight may seem the warrior's shame and curse;

To conquer, in a cause like this, is worse.
And, oh! let every mark of grief be spar'd.
May no tear fall, no groan, no sigh be heard;
Still let mankind their Pompey's fate adore, 1015
And reverence thy fall, ev'n as thy height of power.

Meanwhile survey th' attending world around,
Cities by thee possess'd, and monarchs crown'd:
On Afric, or on Asia, cast thy eye,
And mark the land where thou shalt choose to die.

Larissa first the constant chief beheld, 1011
Still great, though flying from the fatal field:
With loud acclaim her crowds his coming greet,
And, sighing, pour their presents at his feet.
She crowns her altars, and proclaims a feast; }
Would put on joy to cheer her nobler guest;
But weeps, and begs to share his woes at least. }
So was he lov'd ev'n in his lost estate,
Such faith, such friendship, on his ruins wait;
With ease Pharsalia's loss might be supply'd, 1030
While eager nations hasten to his side;
As if misfortune meant to bless him more,
Than all his long prosperity before.

In vain, he cries, you bring the vanquish'd aid; }
Henceforth to Caesar be your homage paid,
Caesar, who triumphs o'er yon heaps of dead. }
With that, his courser urging on to flight,
He vanish'd from the mournful city's sight.
With cries, and loud laments, they fill the air,
And curse the cruel gods, in fierceness of def-
pair. 1040

Now in huge lakes Hesperian crimson stood,
And Caesar's self grew fatiated with blood.
The great patricians fall'n, his pity spar'd
The worthless, unresisting, vulgar herd. 1044
Then while his glowing fortune yet was warm,
And scattering terror spread the wild alarm,
Straight to the hostile camp his way he bent,
Careful to seize the hasty fier's tent, }
The leisure of a night, and thinking to prevent.
Nor reck'd he much the weary soldiers' toil, 1050
But led them prone, and greedy to the spoil.
Behold, he cries, our victory complete,
The glorious recompence attends you yet:
Much have you done to-day, for Caesar's sake;
'Tis mine to shew the prey, 'tis yours to take. 1055
'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquish'd foe has left;
'Tis what your valour gain'd, and not my gift.
Treasures immense yon wealthy tents enfold,
The gems of Asia, and Hesperian gold; 1059
For you the once-great Pompey's store attends,
With regal spoils of his barbarian friends:
Haste then, prevent the foe, and seize that good,
For which you paid so well with Roman blood.

He said; and with the rage of rapine stung,
The multitude tumultuous rush along. 1065
On swords, and spears, on fires and fens they tread,
And all remorseless spurn the gory dead.
What trench can intercept, what fort withstand
The brutal soldier's rude rapacious hand;
When eager to his crime's reward he flies, 1070
And, bath'd in blood, demands the horrid prize?

There, wealth collected from the world around,
The destin'd recompence of war they found.
But, oh! not golden Arimafus' store,
Nor all the Tagus or rich Iber pour, 1075
Can fill the greedy victors griping hands:
Rome, and the capitol, their pride demands;
All other spoils they scorn, as worthless prey,
And count their wicked labours robb'd of pay.
Here, in patrician tents, plebeians rest, 1080
And regal couches are by ruffians press'd:
There impious parricides the bed invade,
And sleep where late their slaughter'd fires were laid.

Meanwhile the battle stands in dreams renew'd,
And Stygian horrors o'er their slumbers brood. 1085
Astonishment and dread their souls infect,
And guilt sits painful on each heaving breast.
Arms, blood, and death, work in the labouring brain,
They sigh, they start, they strive, and fight it o'er again.
Ascending fiends infect the air around, 1090
And hell breathes baleful through the groaning ground:

Hence dire affright distracts the warrior's souls,
Vengeance divine their daring hearts controuls,
Snakes hiss, and livid flame tormenting rolls.
Each, as his hands in guilt have been im-
bued,

1095

By some pale spectre flies all night pursued.
In various forms the ghosts unnumber'd groan,
The brother, friend, th' father, and the son :
To every wretch his proper phantom sell,
While Cæsar sleeps the general care of hell. 1100
Such were his pangs as mad Orestes felt,
Ere yet the Scythian altar purg'd his guilt.
Such horrors Pentheus, such Agave knew ;
He when his rage first came, and she when her's
withdrew.

Present and futurè swords his bosom bears, 1105
And feels the blow that Brutus now defers.
Vengeance, in all her pomp of pain, attends ;
To wheels she binds him, and with vultures
rends,

With racks of conscience, and with whips of
fends.

But soon the visionary horrors pass, 1110

And his first rage with day resumes its place :
Again his eyes rejoice to view the slain,
And run unwearied o'er the dreadful plain.
He bids his train prepare his impious board,
And feast amidst the heaps of death abhorr'd. 1115
There each pale face at leisure he may know,
And still behold the purple current flow.
He views the woeful wide horizon round,
Then joys that earth is no where to be found,
And owns, those gods he serves, his utmost
wish have crown'd ;

Still greedy to possess the curs'd delight,
To glut his soul, and gratify his sight,
The last funeral honours he denies.
And poisons with the staunch Emathia's skies.
Not thus the sworn inveterate foe of Rome, 1125
Refus'd the vanquish'd consul's bones a tomb :
His piety the country round beheld,
And bright with fires shone Cannæ's fatal field.
But Cæsar's rage from fiercer motives rose ;
These were his countrymen, his worst of foes. 1130
But, oh ! relent, forget thy hatred past,
And give the wandering shades to rest at last.
Nor seek we single honours for the dead,

At once let nations on the pile be laid : 1134
To feed the flame, let happy forests rise,
Far be it seen to fret the ruddy skies,
And grieve despairing Pompey where he flies.

Know too, proud conqueror, thy wrath in vain
Strews with unbury'd carcases the plain.

What is it to thy malice if they burn, 1140
Rot in the field, or moulder in the urn ?
The forms of matter all dissolving die,
And lo ! in nature's blending bosom lie.

Though now thy cruelty denies a grave, 1144
These and the world one common lot shall have ;
One last appointed flame, by Fate's decree,
Shall waste yon azure heavens, this earth, and
sea ;

Shall knead the dead up in one mingled mass,
Where stars and they shall undistinguish'd pass.

And though thou scorn their fellowship, yet
know,

High as thy own can soar these souls shall go ;
Or find, perhaps, a better place below.

Death is beyond thy Goddess Fortune's power,
And parent earth receives whate'er she bore.
Nor will we mourn those Romans fate, who
lie 1155

Beneath the glorious covering of the sky ;
That starry arch for ever round them turns,
A nobler shelter far than tombs or urns.

But wherefore parts the loathing victor hence ?
Does slaughter strike too strongly on thy
sense ? 1160

Yet stay, yet breathe the thick infectious stream,
Yet quaff with joy the blood-polluted steam.
But see, they fly ! the daring warriors yield !
And the dead heaps drive Cæsar from the field !

Now to the prey, gaunt wolves, a howling
train,

Speed hungry from the far Bistonian plain ; 1166
From Phlooe the tawny lion comes,

And growling bears forsake their darksome
homes :

With these, lean dogs in herds obscene repair,
And every kind that snuffs the tainted air. 1170
For food the cranes their wonted flight delay,
That erst to warmer Nile had wing'd their way :
With them the feather'd race convene from far,
Who gather to the prey, and wait on war. 1174
Ne'er were such flocks of vultures seen to fly,
And hide with spreading plumes the crouded sky :
Gorging on limbs in every tree they sat,
And drop'd raw morsels down, and gory fat :
Oft their tir'd talons, loosening as they fled,
Rain'd horrid offals on the victor's head. 1180
But while the slain supply'd too full a feast,
The plenty bred satiety at last ;

The ravenous feeders riot at their ease,
And single out what dainties best may please.
Part borne away, the rest neglected lie, 1185
For noon-day suns, and parching winds, to dry ;
Till length of time shall wear them quite away,
And mix them with Emathia's common clay.

Oh fatal Thessaly ! Oh land abhorr'd !
How have thy fields the hate of heaven in-
curr'd ; 1190

That thus the gods to thee destruction doom,
And load thee with the curse of fallen Rome !
Still to new crimes, new horrors, dost thou haste,
When yet thy former mischiefs scarce were past.
What rolling years, what ages, can repay 1195
The multitudes thy wars have swept away !

Though tombs and urns their numerous store
should spread,

And long antiquity yield all her dead ;
Thy guilty plains more slaughter'd Romans hold,
Than all those tombs, and all those urns, in-
fold. 1200

Hence bloody spots shall stain thy grassy green,
And crimson drops on bladed corn be seen :
Each plowshare some dead patriot shall molest,
Disturb his bones, and reb his ghost of rest.
Oh ! had the guilt of war been all thy own, 1205
Werè civil rage confin'd to thee alone ;

No mariner his labouring bark should moor,
In hopes of safety, on thy dreadful shore;
No fwain thy spectre-haunted plain should know,
Nor turn thy blood-stain'd fallow with his
plow:

No shepherd e'er should drive his flock to feed,
Where Romans slain enrich the verdant mead:
All desolate should lie the land in waste,
As in some scorched or frozen region plac'd.
But the great gods forbid our partial hate 1215
On Thessaly's distinguish'd land to wait;
New blood, and other slaughters, they decree,
And others shall be guilty too, like thee.
Munda and Mutina shall boast their slain,
Pachynus' waters share the purple stain,
And Actium justify Pharsalia's plain.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

From Pharsalia, Pompey flies, first to Larissa, and after to the sea-shore; where he embarks upon a small vessel for Lesbos. There, after a melancholy meeting with Cornelia, and his refusal of the Mitylenians invitations, he embarks with his wife for the coast of Asia. In the way thither he is joined by his son Sextus, and several persons of distinction, who had fled likewise from the late battle; and among the rest by Deiotarus, king of Gallogracia. To him he recommends the soliciting of supplies from the king of Parthia, and the rest of his allies in Asia. After coasting Cilicia for some time, he comes at length to a little town called Syedra or Syedra, where great part of the senate meet him. With these, he deliberates upon the present circumstances of the commonwealth, and proposes either Mauritania, Egypt, or Parthia, as the proper places where he may hope to be received, and from whose kings he may expect assistance. In his own opinion he inclines to the Parthians; but this Lentulus, in a long oration, opposes very warmly; and, in consideration of young Ptolemy's personal obligations to Pompey, prefers Egypt. This advice is generally approved and followed and Pompey sets sail accordingly for Egypt. Upon his arrival on that coast, the king calls a council, where, at the instigation of Potbinus, a villanous minister, it is resolved to take his life; and the execution of this order is committed to the care of Achillas, formerly the king's governor, and then general of the army. He, with Septimius, a renegade Roman soldier, who had formerly served under Pompey, upon some frivolous pretences, persuades him to quit his ship, and come into their boat; where, as they make towards the shore, he treacherously murders him, in the sight of his wife, his son, and the rest of his fleet. His head is cut off, and his body thrown into the sea. The head is fixed upon a spear and car-

ried to Ptolemy; who, after he had seen it, commands it to be embalmed. In the succeeding night, one Cordus, who had been a follower of Pompey, finds the trunk floating near the shore, brings it to land with some difficulty; and with a few planks that remained from a shipwrecked vessel, burns it. The melancholy description of this mean funeral, with the poet's invective against the gods, and fortune, for their unworthy treatment of so great a man, concludes this book.

NOW through the vale, by great Alcides made,
And the sweet maze of Tempe's pleasing shade,

Chearless, the flying chief renew'd his speed,
And urg'd, with gory spurs, his fainting steed.
Fall'n from the former greatness of his mind,
He turns where doubtful paths obscurely wind.
The fellow of his flight increase his dread,
While hard behind the trampling horsemen tread:
He starts at ev'ry rustling of the trees,
And fears the whispers of each murmuring breeze.
He feels not yet, alas! his lost estate;
And, though he flies, believes himself still great;
Imagines millions for his life are bid,
And rates his own, as he would Caesar's head.
Where-e'er his fear explores untrodden ways, 15
His well-known visage still his flight betrays.
Many he meets unknowing of his chance,
Whose gathering forces to his aid advance.
With gaze astonish'd, these their chief behold,
And scarce believe what by himself was told. 20
In vain, to covert, from the world he flies,
Fortune still grieves him with pursuing eyes:
Still aggravates, still urges his disgrace, 23
And galls him with the thoughts of what he was.
His youthful triumph sadly now returns,
His Pontic and piratic wars he mourns,
While stung with secret shame and anxious care }
he burns.

Thus age to sorrows oft the great betrays,
When loss of empire comes with length of days.
Life and enjoyment still one end shall have, 30
Left early misery prevent the grave.
The good, that lasts not, was in vain bestow'd,
And ease once past becomes the present load
Then let the wise, in fortune's kindest hour,
Still keep one safe retreat within his power; 35
Let death be near, to guard him from surprize,
And free him, when the fickle goddess flies.

Now to those shores the hapless Pompey came,
Where hoary Peneus rolls his ancient stream:
Red with Emathian slaughter ran his flood, 40
And dy'd the ocean deep in Roman blood.
There a poor bark, whose keel perhaps might glide
Safe down some river's smooth descending tide,
Receiv'd the mighty master of the main,
Whose spreading navies hide the liquid plain. 45
In this he braves the wind and stormy sea,
And to the Lesbian isle directs his way.
There the kind partner of his every care,
His faithful, lov'd Cornelia, languish'd there:
At that sad distance more unhappy far, 50
Than in the midst of danger, death, and war.

There on her heart, ev'n all the live-long day,
Foreboding thought a weary burden lay :
Sad visions haunt her slumbers with affright,
And Thessaly returns with every night. 55
Soon as the ruddy morning paints the skies,
Swift to the shore the pensive mourner flies ;
'There, lonely sitting on the cliff's bleak brow,
Her sight she fixes on the seas below ;
Attentive marks the wide horizon's bound, 60
And kens each sail that rises in the round :
Thick beats her heart, as every prow draws near,
And dreads the fortunes of her lord to hear.

At length, behold ! the fatal bark is come ! 64
See ! the swoln canvas labouring with her doom.
Preventing fame, misfortune lends him wings,
And Pompey's self his own sad story brings.
Now bid thy eyes, thou lost Cornelia, flow,
And change thy fears to certain sorrows, now.
Swift glides the woeful vessel on to land ; 70
Forth flies the headlong matron to the strand.
There soon she found what worst the gods could

do,
'There soon her dear much-alter'd lord she knew ;
Though fearful all the ghastly was his hue
Rude, o'er his face, his hoary locks were grown, 75
And dust was cast upon his Roman gown.
She saw, and fainting, sunk in sudden night ;
Grief stopp'd her breath, and shut out loathsome

light ;
The loosening nerves no more their force exert,
And motion ceas'd within the freezing heart ; 80
Death kindly seem'd her wishes to obey,
And, stretch'd upon the beach, a corpse she lay.

But now the mariners the vessel moor,
And Pompey, landing, views the lonely shore.
The faithful maids their loud lamentings ceas'd, 85
And reverently their ruder grief suppress'd.
Straight, while with dutious care they kneel

around,
And raise their wretched mistresses from the ground,
Her lord infolds her with a strict embrace,
And joins his cheek close to her lifeless face : 90
At the known touch, her failing sense returns,
And vital warmth in kindling blushes burns.
At length, from virtue thus he seeks relief,
And kindly chides her violence of grief : 94

Canst thou then sink, thou daughter of the
great,
Sprung from the noblest guardians of our state ;
Canst thou thus yield to the first shock of fate ?
Whatever dauntless monuments of praise
Thy sex can merit, 'tis in thee to raise.
On man alone life's ruder trials wait, 100
The fields of battle, and the cares of state ;
While the wife's virtue then is only try'd,
When faithless fortune quits her husband's side.
Arm then thy soul, the glorious task to prove,
And learn, thy miserable lord to love.
Behold me of my power and pomp herest,
By all my kings, and by Rome's fathers left ;
Oh make that loss thy glory ; and be thou
The only follower of Pompey now.
'This grief becomes thee not, while I survive ; 110
War wounds not thee, since I am still alive :

These tears a dying husband should deplore,
And only fall when Pompey is no more.
'Tis true, my former greatness all is lost ;
Who weep for that, no love for me can boast,
But mourn the loss of what they valued most.
Mov'd at her lord's reproof, the matron rose ;
Yet, still complaining, thus avow'd her woes :

Ah ! wherefore was I not much rather led,
A fatal bride, to Cæsar's hated bed ? 120
To thee unlucky, and a curse, I came,
Unblest by yellow Hymen's holy flame :
My bleeding Cæsar, and his fire, stood by,
And fell Erynnis shook her torch on high. 124
My fate on thee the Parthian vengeance draws,
And urges heaven to hate the juster cause.
Ah ! my once greatest lord ! ah ! cruel hour !
Is thy victorious head in fortune's power ?
Since miseries my baneful love pursue,
Why did I wed thee, only to undo ? 130

But see, to death my willing neck I bow ;
Atone the angry gods by one kind blow.
Long since, for thee, my life I would have given ;
Yet, let me, yet prevent the wrath of heaven.

Kill me, and scatter me upon the sea,
So shall propitious tides thy fleets convey, }
Thy kings be faithful, and the world obey. }
And thou, where-e'er thy fullen phantom flies,
Oh ! Julia ! let thy rival's blood suffice ; 140
Let me the rage of jealous vengeance bear,
But him, thy lord, thy once-lov'd Pompey, spare.

She said, and sunk within his arms again ;
In streams of sorrow melt the mournful train :
Ev'n his, the warrior's eyes, were forc'd to yield,
That saw, without a tear, Pharsalia's field 145

Now to the strand the Mitylenians press'd,
And humbly thus bespoke their noble guest :

If, to succeeding times, our isle shall boast
The pledge of Pompey left upon her coast,
Disdain not, if thy presence now we claim, 150
And fain would consecrate our walls to fame.
Make thou this place in future story great,
Where pious Romans may direct their feet, }
To view with adoration thy retreat. }
This may we plead, in favour of the town ; 155
That, while mankind the prosperous victor own,
Already, Cæsar's foes avow'd, are we,
Nor add new guilt, by duty paid to thee.
Some safety too our ambient seas secure :

Cæsar wants ships, and we defy his power. 160
Here may Rome's scatter'd fathers well unite,
And arm against a second happier fight.
Our Lesbian youth with ready courage stands,
To man thy navies, or recruit thy bands.
For gold, what'er to sacred use is lent, 165
Take it, and the rapacious foe prevent.
This only mark of friendship we intreat,
Seek not to shun us in any low estate ;
But let our Lesbos, in thy ruin, prove,
As in thy greatness, worthy of thy love. 170

Much was the leader mov'd, and joy'd to find
Faith had not quite abandon'd human-kind.
To me (he cry'd) for ever were you dear ;
Witness the pledge committed to your care :
Here in security I plac'd my home, 175
My household-gods, my heart, my wife, my Rome.

I know what ransom might your pardon buy,
And yet I trust you, yet to you I fly.
But, oh! too long my woes you singly bear;
I leave you, not for lands which I prefer,
But that the world the common load may share. }
Lefbos! for ever sacred be thy name;
May late posterity thy truth proclaim!
Whether thy fair example spread around,
Or whether, singly, faithful thou art found: 185
For 'tis resolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my mind,
To try the doubtful world, and prove mankind.
Oh! grant, good heaven! if there be one alone,
One gracious power to lost a cause to own, 189
Grant, Like the Lesbians, I my friends may find;
Such who, though Caesar threaten, dare be kind:
Who, with the same just hospitable heart,
May leave me free to enter, or depart.

He ceas'd; and to the ship his partner bore,
While loud complainings fill the sounding
shore. 195

It seem'd as if the nation with her pass'd,
And banishment had laid their island waste.
Their second sorrows they to Pompey give,
For her, as for their citizen, they grieve. [200
Ev'n though glad victory had call'd her thence,
And her lord's bidding been the just pretence;
The Lesbian matrons had in tears been drown'd,
And brought her weeping to the watery bound.
So was she lov'd, so winning was her grace,
Such lowly sweetness dwelt upon her face; 205
In such humility her life she led,
Ev'n while her lord was Rome's commanding
head,

As if his fortune were already fled.

Half hid in seas descending Thæbus lay, 209
And upwards half, half downwards shot the day;
When wakeful cares revolve in Pompey's soul,
And run the wide world o'er, from pole to pole.
Each realm, each city, in his mind are weigh'd,
Where he may fly, from whence depend on aid.
Weary'd at length beneath the load of woes, 215
And those sad scenes his future views disclose,
In conversation for relief he sought,
And exercis'd on various themes his thought.
Now sits he by the careful pilot's side, 220
And asks what rules their watery journey guide;
What lights of heaven his art attends to most,
Bound by the Libyan or the Syrian coast.

To him, intent upon the rolling skies,
The heaven-instructed shipman thus replies:
Of all yon multitude of golden stars, 225
Which the wide rounding sphere incessant bears,
The cautious mariner relies on none,
But keeps him to the constant pole alone.
When o'er the yard the lesser Bear aspires,
And from the topmast gleam its paly fires, 230
Then Bosphorous near-neighbouring we explore,
And hear loud billows beat the Scythian shore:
But when Calisto's shining son descends,
And the low Cynosure tow'rs ocean bends,
For Syria straight we know the vessel bears, 235
Where first Canopo's southern sign appears.
If still upon the left these stars thou keep,
And, passing Pharos, plow the foamy deep,

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Then right a-head thy luckless bark shall reach
The Libyan shoals, and Syrta's unfaithful beach 240
But stay, for lo! on thee attends my hand,
What course dost thou assign? what seas, what
land?

Speak, and the helm shall turn at thy command. }

To him the chief, by doubts uncertain tost;
Oh, fly the Latian and Thessalian coast: 245
Those only lands avoid. For all beside,
Yield to the driving winds, and rolling tide;
Let fortune, where she please, a port provide. }
Till Lesbos did my dearest pledge restore, 249
That thought determin'd me to seek that shore:
All ports, all regions, but those fatal two,
Are equal to unhappy Pompey now.

Scarce had he spoke, when straight the master
veer'd,

And right for Chios, and for Asia steer'd.
The working waves the course inverted feel, 255
And dash and foam beneath the winding keel.
With art like this, on rapid chariots borne,
Around the column skilful racers turn:
The nether wheels bear nicely on the goal,
The farther wide in distant circles roll. 260

Now day's bright beams the various earth dis-
close,

And o'er the fading stars the sun arose;
When Pompey gathering to his side beheld
The scatter'd relics of Pharfalia's field.
First from the Lesbian isle his son drew near, 265
And soon a troop of faithful chiefs appear.
Nor purple princes, yet, disdain to wait
On vanquish'd Pompey's humbler low estate.
Proud monarchs, who in eastern kingdoms reign,
Mix in the great illustrious exile's train. 270
From these, apart, Deiotarus he draws,
The long-approv'd companion of his cause:
Thou best (he cries) of all my royal friends!
Since with our loss Rome's power and empire ends;
What yet remains, but that we call from far 275
The eastern nations to support the war?
Euphrates has not own'd proud Caesar's side,
And Tigris rolls a yet unconquer'd tide.
Let it not grieve thee, then, to seek for aid
From the wild Scythian, and remotest Mede. 280
To Parthia's monarch my distress declare,
And at his throne speak this my humble prayer.
If faith in ancient leagues is to be found,
Leagues by our altars and your Magi bound,
Now string the Getic and Armenian bow, 285
And in full quivers feather'd shafts bestow.
If when o'er Caspian hills my troops I led,
'Gainst Allans, in eternal warfare bred,
I fought not once to make your Parthians yield,
But left them free to range the Persian field. 290
Beyond th' Assyrian bounds my eagles flew,
And conquer'd realms, that Cyrus never knew;
Ev'n to the utmost east I urg'd my way,
And ere the Persian, saw the rising day:
Yet while beneath my yoke the nations bend, 295
I fought the Parthian only as my friend.
Yet more; when Carræ bush'd with Crassus'
blood,

And Latium her severest vengeance vow'd;

U

When war with Parthia was the common cry,
 Who stopp'd the fury of that rage, but I? 300
 If this be true, through Zeugma take your way,
 Nor let Euphrates' stream the march delay;
 In gratitude to my assistance come;
 Fight Pompey's cause, and conquer willing Rome.
 He said; the monarch cheerful y obey'd, 305
 And straight aside his royal robes he laid;
 Then bid his slaves their humbler vestments bring:
 And in that servile veil conceals the king.
 Thus majesty gives its proud trappings o'er,
 And humbly seeks for safety from the poor: 310
 The poor, who no disguises need, nor wear;
 Unblest with greatness, and unweav'd with tear.
 His princely friend now safe convey'd to land,
 The chief o'erpass'd the fam'd Ephesian strand,
 Icaria's rocks, with Colophon's smooth deep, 315
 And foamy cliffs which rugged Samos keep.
 From Coan shores soft breathes the western wind,
 And Rhodes and Gnidos soon are left behind.
 Then crossing o'er Tenneso's ample bay,
 Right to Pamphilia's coast he cuts his way. 320
 Suspicious of the land, he keeps the main,
 Till poor Phaelis, first, receives his wandering
 train.
 There, free from fears, with ease he may com-
 mand
 Her citizens, scarce equal to his band.
 Nor lingering there, his swelling sails are
 spread, 325
 Till he discerns proud Taurus' rising head:
 A mighty mass it stands, while down his side
 Descending Dipsas rolls his headlong tide.
 In a slight bark he runs securely o'er
 The pirates once-infested dreadful shore. 330
 Ah! when he set the watery empire free,
 And swept the fierce Cilician from the sea,
 Could the successful warrior have forethought
 'Twas for his future safety, then, he fought!
 At length the gathering fathers of the state, 335
 In full assembly, on their leader wait:
 Within Syedra's walls their senate meets,
 Whom, sighing, thus th' illustrious exile greets.
 My friends! who with me fought, who with
 me fled,
 And now are to me in my country's stead; 340
 Though quite defenceless and unarm'd we stand,
 On this Cilician, naked, foreign strand:
 Though every mark of fortune's wrath we bear,
 And seem to seek for counsel in despair;
 Preserve your souls undaunted, free, and great, 345
 And know I'm not fall'n intir'ly, yet,
 Spite of the ruins of Emathia's plain,
 Yet can I rear my drooping head again.
 From Afric's dust abandon'd Marius rose,
 To seize the Faeces, and insult his foes. 350
 My loss is lighter, less is my disgrace;
 Shall I despair to reach my former place?
 Still on the Grecian seas my navies ride,
 And many a valiant leader owns my side.
 All that Pharsalia's luckless field could do, 355
 Was to disperse my forces, not subdue.
 Still safe beneath my former fame I stand,
 Dear to the world, and lov'd in every land.

'Tis yours to counsel and determine, whom
 We shall apply to, in the cause of Rome: 360
 What faithful friend may best assistance bring;
 The Lybian, Parthian, or Egyptian king.
 For me, what course my thoughts incline to take,
 Here freely, and at large, I mean to speak.
 What most dislike me in the Pharian prince, 365
 Are his raw years, and yet unpractis'd sense:
 Virtue, in youth, no stable footing finds,
 And constancy is built on manly minds.
 Nor, with less danger, may our trust explore
 The faith uncertain of the crafty Moor:
 From Carthaginian blood he draws his race.
 Still mindful of the vanquish'd town's disgrace;
 From thence Numidian mischiefs he derives;
 And Hannibal in his false heart survives:
 With pride he saw submissive Varus bow, 375
 And joys to hear the Roman power lies low.
 To warlike Parthia therefore let us turn,
 Where stars unknown in distant azure burn;
 Where Caspian hills to part the world arise,
 And night and day succeed in other skies; 380
 Where rich Assyrian plains Euphrates laves,
 And seas discolour'd roll their ruddy waves.
 Ambition, there, delights in arms to reign,
 There rushing squadrons thunder o'er the plain:
 There young and old the bow promiscuous
 bend, 385
 And fatal shafts with aim unerring send.
 They first the Macedonian phalanx broke,
 And hand to hand repell'd the Grecian stroke;
 They drove the Mede and Bactrian from the
 field,
 And taught aspiring Babylon to yield; 390
 Fearless against the Roman pile they stood,
 And triumph'd in our vanquish'd Crassus' blood.
 Nor trust they to the points of piercing darts,
 But furnish death with new improving arts,
 In mortal juices dipt their arrows fly. 395
 And if they taste the blood, the wounded die.
 Too well their powers and favouring gods we
 know,
 And wish our fate much rather would allow
 Some other aid against the common foe.
 With un auspicious success shall they come, 400
 Nurs'd in the hate and rivalry of Rome.
 With these, the neighbouring nations round shall
 arm,
 And the whole east rouse at the dire alarm.
 Should the barbarian race their aid deny,
 Yet would I choose in that strange land to die: 405
 There let our shipwreck'd poor remains be thrown,
 Our loss forgotten, and our names unknown:
 Securely there ill-fortune would I brave,
 Nor meanly sue to kings, whose crowns I gave:
 From Cæsar free, enjoy my latest hour, 410
 And scorn his anger's and his mercy's pow'r.
 Still, when my thoughts my former days restore,
 With joy, methinks, I run those regions o'er;
 There, much the better parts of life I prov'd,
 Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd; 415
 Wide o'er Mæotis spread my happy name,
 And Tanais ran conscious of my fame;

My vanquish'd enemies my conquests mourn'd,
And cover'd still with laurels, I return'd.
Approve them, Rome, my present cares for
thee; 420
Thine is the gain, whate'er th' event shall be.
What greater boon canst thou from heaven de-
mand,

Than in thy cause to arm the Parthian's hand?
Barbarians thus shall wage thy civil war,
And those that hate thee in thy ruin share. 425
When Cæsar and Phraates battle join,
They must revenge, or Crassus' wrongs, or mine.

The leader ceas'd; and straight a murmuring
sound
Ran through the disapproving fathers round.
With these, in high pre-eminence, there sat 430
Distinguish'd Lentulus, the consul late:
None with more generous indignation stung,
Or nobler grief, beheld his country's wrong.
Sudden he rose, rever'd, and thus began,
In words that well became the subject, and the
man:

Can then Pharsalia's ruins thus control
The former greatness of thy Roman soul?
Must the whole world, our laws and country,
yield

To one unlucky day, one ill-fought field?
Hast thou no hopes of succour, no retreat, 440
But mean prostration at the Parthian's feet?
Art thou grown weary of our earth and sky,
That thus thou seek'st a fugitive to fly;
New stars to view, new regions to explore,
To learn new manners, and new gods adore? 445
Wilt thou before Chaldean altars bend,
Worship their fires, and on their kings depend?
Why didst thou draw the world to arms around?
Why cheat mankind with liberty's sweet sound?
Wh. on Emathia's plain fierce Cæsar brave, 450
When thou canst yield thyself a tyrant's slave?
Shall Parthia, who with terror shook from far,
To hear thee nam'd, to head the Roman war,
Who saw thee lead proud monarchs in thy chain,
From wild Hyrcania and the Indian main; 455
Shall she, that very Parthia, see thee now,
A poor, dejected, humble suppliant bow?
Then haughtily with Rome her greatness mate,
And scorn thy country, for thy grovelling fate?
Thy tongue, in eastern languages untaught, 460
Shall want the words that should explain thy
thought:

Tears, then, unmanly, must thy suit declare;
And suppliant hands, uplifted, speak thy prayer.
Shall Parthia (shall it to our shame be known)
Revenge Rome's wrongs, ere Rome revenge her
own?

Our war no interfering kings demands, 466
Nor shall be trusted to barbarian hands:
Among ourselves our bonds we will deplore,
And Rome shall serve the rebel son the bore. 469
Why wouldst thou bid our foes transgress their
bound,

And teach their feet to tread Hesperian ground?
With ensigns, torn from Crassus, shall they come,
And, with his ravish'd honours, threaten Rome;

His fate those blood-stain'd eagles shall recall.
And hover dreadful o'er their native wall. 475
Canst thou believe the monarch who withheld
His only forces from Emathia's field,
Will bring his succours to thy waining state,
And bravely now defy the victor's hate? }
No eastern courage forms a thought so great. }
In cold laborious climes the wintery north 480
Brings her undaunted hardy warriors forth,
In body and in mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of soul, and steady in the field?
While Asia's foster climate, form'd to please, 485
Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease.
Here silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing purple streams.
Where no rude hills Sarmatia's wilds restrain,
Or rushing Tigris cuts the level plain,
Swifter than winds along the champain borne, }
At liberty they fly, or fight, or turn, }
And, distant still, the vain pursuer scorn.
Nor with like ease they force their warlike way,
Where rough unequal grounds their speed de-
lay. 495

Whene'er the thicker shades of night arise,
Unaim'd the shaft, and unavailing, flies.
Nor are they form'd with constancy to meet
Those toils, that make the panting soldier sweat
To climb the heights, to stem the rapid flood, }
To make the dusty noon-day battle good, }
Horrid with wounds and cruelties o'er in blood. }
Nor war's machines they know, nor have the
skill

To shake the rampire, or the trench to fill: 500
Each fence that can their winged shafts endure,
Stands, like a fort impregnable, secure.
Light are their skirmishes, their war is flight,
And still to wheel their wavering troops delight.
To taint their coward darts, is all their care,
And then to trust them to the fitting air. 510
Whene'er their bows have spent the feather'd
flore;

The mighty business of their war is o'er:
No manly strokes they try, nor hand to hand
With cleaving swords in sturdy combat stand.
With swords the valiant still their foes invade; 515
These call in drugs and poison to their aid.
Are these the powers to whom thou bidst us fly?
Is this the land in which thy bones would lie?
Shall these barbarian hands for thee provide
The grave, to thy unhappy friend deny'd? 520
But be it so! that death shall bring thee peace,
That here thy sorrows and thy toils shall cease.
Death is what man would wish. But, oh! what
fate

Shall on thy wife, thy sad survivor, wait! 524
For her, where lust with lawless empire reigns,
Somewhat more terrible than death remains.
Have we not heard, with what abhor'd desires
The Parthian Venus feeds her guilty fires?
How their wild monarch, like the bestial race,
Spreads the pollution of his lewd embrace? 530
Unaw'd by reverence of connubial rites,
In multitudes, luxurious, he delights;

When gorg'd with feasting, and inflam'd with wine,

No joys can sate him, and no laws confine;
 Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain, 535
 From sisters and from mothers to abstain.
 The Greek and Roman with a trembling ear,
 Th' unwilling crime of Oedipus may hear;
 While Parthian kings like deeds, with glory, own,
 And boast incestuous titles to the throne. 540
 If crimes like these they can securely brave,
 What laws, what power, shall thy Cornelia save?
 Think, how the helpless marion may be led,
 The thousandth harlot, to the royal bed.
 Though when the tyrant clasps his noble slave, 545
 And hears to whom her plighted hand she gave,
 Her beauties oft in scorn he shall prefer,
 And choose to insult the Roman name in her.
 These are the powers to whom thou would'st submit,

And Rome's revenge and Crassus' quite forget. 550

Thy cause, prefer'd to his, becomes thy shame,
 And blots, in common, thine and Caesar's name.
 With how much greater glory might you join,
 To drive the Daci, or to free the Rhine! 554
 How well your conquering legions might you lead,
 'Gainst the fierce Bactrian and the haughty Mede!
 Level proud Babylon's aspiring domes,
 And with their spoils enrich our slaughter'd leaders tombs?

No longer, Fortune! let our friendship last,
 Our peace, ill-omen'd, with the barbarous East;
 If civil strife with Caesar's conquest end, 561
 To Asia let his prosperous arms extend:

Eternal wars there let the victor wage,
 And on proud Parthia pour the Roman rage.
 There I, there all, his victories may bless, 565
 And Rome herself make vows for his success.
 Whene'er thou pass the cold Araxes o'er,
 An aged shade shall greet thee on the shore,
 Transfix'd with arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar. }
 And art thou (shall he cry, complaining) come 570
 In peace and friendship, to these foes of Rome?
 Thou! from whose hand we hop'd revenge in vain,

Poor naked ghosts, a thin unbury'd train,
 That sit, lamenting, o'er this dreary plain?
 On every side new objects shall disclose 575
 Some mournful monuments of Roman woes;
 On every wall fresh marks thou shalt descry,
 Where pale Hesperian heads were fix'd on high:
 Each river, as he rolls his purple tide,
 Shall own his waves in Latian slaughter dy'd. 580
 If sights like these thou canst with patience bear,
 What are the horrors which thy soul would fear?
 Ev'n Caesar's self with joy may be beheld,
 Inthron'd on slaughter in Emathia's field
 Say then, we grant, thy cautions were not vain,
 Of Punic frauds and Juba's faithless reign;
 Abounding Egypt shall receive thee yet,
 And yield, unquestion'd, a secure retreat
 By nature strengthen'd with a dangerous strand,
 Her Syrtes and untry'd channels guard the land.
 Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil, 591
 She plants her only confidence in Nile.

Her monarch, bred beneath thy guardian cares,
 His crown, the largeness of thy bounty, wears.
 Nor let unjust suspicions brand his truth; 595
 Candour and innocence still dwell with youth.
 Trust not a power accustom'd to be great,
 And vers'd in wicked policies of state.
 Old kings, long harden'd in the regal trade,
 By interest and by craft alone are sway'd, }
 And violate with ease the leagues they made:
 While new ones still make conscience of the trust,
 True to their friends, and to their subjects just.

He spoke; the listening fathers all were mov'd,
 And with concurring votes the thought approv'd.
 So much ev'n dying liberty prevail'd, 600
 When Pompey's suffrage, and his counsel fail'd.

And now Cilicia's coast the fleet forsake,
 And o'er the watery plain for Cyprus make.
 Cyprus to love's ambrosial goddess dear, 610
 For ever grateful smoke the altars there:
 Indulgent still she hears the Paphian vows,
 And loves the favourite seas from whence she rose.
 So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,

When her fond tales the birth of gods proclaim }
 Unborn, and from eternity the same:
 The craggy cliffs of Cyprus quickly pass, 617
 The chief runs southward o'er the ocean vast.
 Nor views he, through the murky veil of night,
 The Casian mountains far distinguish'd height,
 The high-hung lantern, or the beamy light. }
 Haply at length the labouring canvas bore
 Full on the farthest bounds of Egypt's shore,
 Where near Pelusium parting Nile descends,
 And in her utmost eastern channel ends. 625
 'Twas now the time, when equal Jove on high
 Had hung the golden balance of the sky:
 But, ah! not long such just proportions last,
 The righteous season soon was chang'd and pass'd;
 And Spring's encroachment on the shortening shade,

Was fully to the wintery nights repaid: 631
 When to the chief from shore they made report,
 That, near high Casium, lay the Pharian court.
 This known, he thither turns his ready sail,
 The light yet lasting with the favouring gale. 635
 The fleet arriv'd, the news flies swiftly round,
 And their new guests the troubled court con-

found.
 The time was short; howe'er the council met,
 Vile ministers, a monstrous motley set.
 Of these, the chief in honour, and the best, 640
 Was old Achoreus the Memphian priest:
 In Isis and Osiris he believ'd,
 And reverend tales, from sire to son receiv'd;
 Could mark the swell of Nile's increasing tide,
 And many an Apis in his time had dy'd; 645
 Yet was his age with gentlest manners fraught,
 Humbly he spoke, and modestly he taught.
 With good intent the pious seer arose,
 And told how much their state to Pompey owes:
 What large amends their monarch ought to make,
 Both for his own, and for his father's sake.
 But fate had plac'd a subtler speaker there,
 A tongue more fitted for a tyrant's ear,

Pothinus, deep in arts of mischief read,
Who thus, with false persuasion, blindly led
The easy king, to doom his guardian dead:
To strictest justice many ills belong,
And honesty is often in the wrong:
Chiefly when stubborn rules her zealots push,
To favour those whom fortune means to crush.
But thou, oh royal Ptolemy, be wise; 661
Change with the gods, and fly whom fortune flies.
Not earth, from yon high heavens which we admire,

Not from the watery element the fire,
Are sever'd by distinction half so wide, 665
As interest and integrity divide.
The mighty power of kings no more prevails,
When justice comes with her deciding scales.
Freedom for all things, and a lawless sword,
Alone support an arbitrary lord. 670

He that is cruel must be bold in ills,
And find his safety from the blood he spills.
For piety, and virtue's starving rules,
To mean retirements let them lead their fools:
There, may they still ingloriously be good: 675
None can be safe in courts, who blush at blood.
Nor let this fugitive despise thy years,
Or think a name, like his, can cause thy fears:
Exert thyself, and let him feel thy power, 679
And know, that we dare drive him from our shore.
But if thou wish to lay thy greatness down,
To some more just succession yield thy crown;
Thy rival sister willingly shall reign,
And save our Ægypt from a foreign chain.
As now, at first, in neutral peace we lay, 685
Nor would be Pompey's friends, nor Cæsar's
prey.

Vanquish'd, where'er his fortune has been try'd,
And driven, with scorn, from all the world be-
side,

By Cæsar chac'd, and left by his allies,
To us a baffled vagabond he flies. 690
The poor remaining senate loath his sight,
And ruin'd monarchs curse his fatal flight:
While thousand phantoms from th' unbury'd slain,
Who feed the vultures of Emathia's plain,
Disastrous still pursue him in the rear, 695
And urge his soul with horror and despair.

To us for refuge now he seeks to run,
And would once more with Ægypt be undone.
Rouse then, oh Ptolemy, repress the wrong;
He thinks we have enjoy'd our peace too long: 700
And therefore kindly comes, that we may share
The crimes of slaughter, and the woes of war.
His friendship shewn to thee suspicious draws,
And makes us seem too guilty of his cause:
Thy crown bestow'd, the victor may impute; 705
The senate gave it, but at Pompey's suit.
Nay, Pompey! thou thyself shall think it hard,
If from thy aid, by fate, we are debar'd
We follow where the gods, constraining, lead;
We strike at thine, but wish 'twere Cæsar's
head. 710

Our weakness this, this fate's compulsion call;
We only yell to him who conquers all.
Then doubt not if thy blood we mean to spill;
Power awes us; if we can, we must, and will.

What hopes thy fond mistaken soul betray'd, 715
To put thy trust in Ægypt's feeble aid?
Our slothful nation, long disus'd to toil,
With pain suffice to till their slimy soil;
Our idle force due modesty should teach,
Nor dare to aim beyond its humble reach. 720
Shall we resist where Rome was forc'd to yield,
And make us parties to Pharsalia's field?
We mix'd not in the fatal strife before:
And shall we, when the world has given it o'er?
Now! when we know th' avenging victor's
power?

Nor do we turn, un pitying, from distress; 725
We fly not Pompey's woes, but seek success.
The prudent on the prosperous still attends,
And none but fools choose wretches for their
friends.

He said; the vile assembly all assent, 730
And the boy-king his glad concurrence lent,
Fond of the royalty his slaves bestow'd,
And by new power of wickedness made proud.

Where Cassius high o'erlooks the shoaly
strand,
A bark with arm'd russians straight is mann'd,
And the task trusted to Achilles' hand.

Can then Ægyptian souls thus proudly dare!
Is Rome, ye gods! thus fall'n by Civil War!
Can you to Nile transfer the Roman guilt,
And let such blood by cowards hands be spilt? 740
Some kindred murderer at least afford,
And let him fall by Cæsar's worthy sword.
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardless boy!
Dar'st thou thy hand in such a deed employ?
Does not thy trembling heart, with horror
dread 745

Jove's thunder grumbling o'er thy guilty head?
Had not his arms with triumphs oft been crown'd;
And ev'n the vanquish'd world his conquest
own'd;

Had not the reverend senate call'd him head,
And Cæsar given fair Julia to his bed; 750
He was a Roman still: a name should be
For ever sacred to a king, like thee.
Ah, fool! thus blindly by thyself undone,
Thou seek'st his ruin, who upheld thy throne:
He only could thy feeble power maintain, 755
Who gave thee first o'er Egypt's realm to reign.

The seamen, now, advancing near to shore,
Strike the wide sail, and ply the plunging oar;
When the false miscreants the navy meet,
And with dissembled cheer the Roman greet. 760
They feign their hospitable land address'd,
With ready friendship, to receive he guest;
Excusing much an inconvenient shore,
Where shoals lie thick, and meeting currents roar:
From his tall ship, unequal to the place, 765
They beg him to their lighter bark to pass.

Had not the gods, unchangeably, decreed
Devoted Pompey in that hour to bleed.
A thousand signs the danger near foretel,
Seen by his sad presaging friends too well. 770
Had their low fawning justly been design'd,
If truth could lodge in an Ægyptian mind,
Their king himself with all his fleet had come,
To lead, in pomp, his benefactor home.

But thus fate will'd; and Pompey chofe to
bear 775

A certain death before uncertain fear.

While, now, aboard the hostile boat he goes, }
To follow him the frantic matron vows, }
And claims her partnership in all his woes. }
But, oh! forbear (he cries) my love, forbear; 780
Thou and my fon remain in safety here.
Let this old head the danger first explore,
And prove the faith of yon' suspected shore.
He spoke; but ſhe, unmov'd at his commands,
Thus loud exclaiming, ſtretch'd her eager
hands: 785

Whither, inhuman! whither art thou gone?
Still muſt I weep our common griefs alone?
Joy ſtill, with thee, forſakes my boding heart;
And fatal is the hour whene'er we part.
Why did thy veſſel to my Leſbos turn? 790
Why was I from the faithful iſland borne?
Muſt I all lands, all ſhores, alike, forbear,
And only on the ſeas thy ſorrows ſhare?
Thus, to the winds, loud plain'd her fruitleſs
tongue,

While eager from the deck on high ſhe hung; 795
Trembling with wild aſtoniſhment and fear, }
She dares not, while her parting lord they bear, }
Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them there. }

On him his anxious navy all are bent,
And wait, ſolicitous, the dire event. 800
No danger aim'd againſt his life they doubt;
Care for his glory only, fills their thought:
They wiſh he may not ſtain his name renown'd,
By mean ſubmiſſion to the boy he crown'd.
Juſt as he enter'd o'er the veſſel's ſide, 805
Hail, general! the curs'd Septimius cry'd,
A Roman once in generous warfare bred,
And oft in arms by mighty Pompey led;
But now (what vile diſhonour muſt it bring)
The ruſſian ſlave of an Egyptian king. 810
Pierce was he, horrible, inur'd to blood,
And ruthleſs as the ſavage of the wood.
Oh, Fortune! who but would have call'd thee
kind,

And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,
When thy o'er-ruling providence withheld 815
This hand of miſchief from Pharfalia's field?
But, thus, thou ſcatter'ſt thy deſtroying ſwords,
And every land thy victims thus affords.
Shall Pompey at a tyrant's bidding bleed!
Can Roman hands be to the taſk decreed! }
Ev'n Cæſar, and his gods, abhor the deed. }
Say you! who with the ſtain of murder brand
Immortal Brutus's avenging hand,
What monſtrous title, yet to ſpeech unknown,
'To lateſt times ſhall mark Septimius down! 825

Now in the boat defenceleſs Pompey fate,
Surrounded and abandon'd to his fate.
Nor long they hold him in their power, aboard,
Ere every villain drew his ruthleſs ſword: 82
The chieft perceiv'd their purpoſe ſoon, and ſpread
His Roman gown, with patience, o'er his head:
And when the curs'd Achilles pierc'd his breaſt,
His riſing indignation cloſe reſeſs'd.
No ſighs, no groans, his dignity profan'd,
No tears his ſtill unſully'd glory ſtain'd: 835

Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his ſeat,
And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.
Meanwhile, within his equal parting ſoul,
Theſe lateſt pleaſing thoughts revolving roll.
In this my ſtrongeſt trial, and my laſt, 840
As in ſome theatre I here am plac'd:
The faith of Ægypt, and my fate, ſhall be
A theme for preſent times, and late poſterity.
Much of my former life was crown'd with praiſe,
And honours waited on my early days: 845
Then, fearleſs, let me this dead period meet,
And force the world to own the ſcene complete.
Nor grieve, my heart! by ſuch baſe hands to
bleed;

Whoever ſtrikes the blow, 'tis Cæſar's deed.
What, though this mangled carcaſe ſhall be
torn, 850

Theſe limbs be toſt about for public ſcorn;
My long proſperity has found its end,
And death comes opportunely, like a friend:
It comes, to ſet me free from fortune's power,
And gives, what ſhe can rob me of no more. 855
My wife and ſon behold me now, 'tis true;
Oh! may no tears, no groans, my fate purſue!
My virtue rather let their praiſe approve,
Let them admire my death, and my remem-
brance love.

Such conſtancy in that dread hour remain'd, 860
And, to the laſt, the ſtruggling ſoul ſuſtain'd.

Not ſo the matron's feeble powers repreſs'd
The wild impatience of her frantic breaſt:
With every ſtab her bleeding heart was torn, 864
With wounds much harder to be ſeen than borne.
'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him! (ſhe cries)
My love the ſword and ruthleſs hand ſupplies.
'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal iſle,
That cruel Cæſar firſt might reach the Nile;
For Cæſar ſure is there; no hand but his 870
Has right to ſuch a parricide as this.
But whether Cæſar, or who'er thou art,
Thou haſt miſtook the way to Pompey's heart:
That ſacred pledge in my ſad boſom lies,
There plunge thy dagger, and he more than
dies. 875

Me too, moſt worthy of thy fury know,
The partner of his arms, and tworn your foe.
Of all our Roman wives I ſingly bore
The camp's fatigue, the ſea's tempeſtuous roar:
No dangers, not the victor's wrath, I fear'd; 880
What mighty monarchs durſt not do, I dar'd.
Theſe guilty arms did their glad refuge yield,
And clasp'd him, flying from Pharfalia's field.
Ah, Pompey! doſt thou thus my faith reward?
Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be ſpar'd? 885
But Fate ſhall many means of death afford,
Nor want th' aſſiſtance of a tyrant's ſword.
And you, my friends, in pity, let me leap
Hence headlong, down amidſt the tumbling deep:
Or to my neck the ſtrangling cordage tie:
If there be any friend of Pompey high, }
Transfix me, ſtab me, do but let me die. }
My lord! my huſband!—Yet thou art not dead;
And ſee! Cornelia is a captive led:
From thee their cruel hands thy wife detain, 895
Reſerv'd to wear th' inſulting victor's chain.

She spoke; and stiffening sunk in cold despair;
Her weeping maids the lifeless burden bear;
While the pale mariners the bark unmoor,
Spread every sail, and fly the faithless shore. 900

Nor agonies, nor livid death, disgrace
The sacred features of the hero's face;
In the cold visage, mournfully serene,
The same indignant majesty was seen;
There virtue still unchangeable abode, 905
And scorn'd the spite of every partial god.

The bloody business now complete and done,
New Furies urge the fierce Septimius on.
He rends the robe that veil'd the hero's head,
And to full view expos'd the recent dead; 910
Hard in his horrid gripe the face he press'd,
While yet the quivering muscles life confess'd:
He drew the dragging body down with haste,
Then cross a rower's feat the neck he plac'd; 914
There, aukward, haggling, he divides the bone
(The headsmen's art was then but rudely known),
Straight on the spoil his Pharian partner flies,
And robs the heartless villain of his prize.
The head, his trophy, proud Achilles bears; }
Septimius an inferior drudge appears, }
And in the meaner mischief poorly shares.
Caught by the venerable locks, which grow
In hoary ringlets on his generous brow,
To Ægypt's impious king that head they bear,
That laurels us'd to bind, and monarchs fear. 925
Those sacred lips, and that commanding tongue,
On which the listening Forum oft has hung;
That tongue that could the world with ease re-
strain,

And ne'er commanded war or peace in vain; 929
That face, in which success came smiling home,
And doubled every joy it brought to Rome:
Now pale, and wan, is fix'd upon a spear,
And borne, for public view, aloft in air.
The tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it; and decreed
To keep this pledge of his detested deed. 935
His slaves straight drain the ferous parts away,
And arm the wasting flesh against decay;
Then drugs and gums through the void vessels
pass,

And for duration fix the stiffening mafs.
Inglorious boy! degenerate and base! 940
Thou last and worst of the Lagæan race!
Whose feeble throne, ere long, shall be compell'd
To thy lascivious sister's reign to yield:
Canst thou, with altars, and with rites divine,
The rash vain youth of Macedon instruct; 945
Can Ægypt such stupendous fabrics build;
Can her wide plains with pyramids be fill'd;
Canst thou, beneath such monumental pride,
The worthless Ptolemæan fathers hide; 949
While the great Pompey's headless trunk is tofs'd
In scorn, unbury'd, on thy barbarous coast?
Was it so much? Could not thy care suffice,
To keep him whole, and glut his father's eyes?
In this, his fortune ever held the same,
Still wholly kind, or wholly cross, she came. 955
Patient, his long prosperity she bore,
But kept his death, and this sad day, in store.
No meddling god did e'er his power employ,
To ease his sorrows, or to damp his joy;

Unmingled came the bitter and the sweet, 960
And all his good and evil was complete.

No sooner was he struck by fortune's hand,
But, see! he lies unbury'd on the sand;
Rocks tear him, billows toss him up and down,
And Pompey by a headless trunk is known. 965

Yet ere proud Cæsar touch'd the Pharian Nile,
Chance found his mangled foe a funeral pile;
In pity half, and half in scorn, she gave
A wretched, to prevent a nobler grave.

Cordus, a follower long of Pompey's fate, 970
(His quæstor in Idalian Cyprus late)
From a close cave, in covert where he lay,
Swift to the neighbouring shore betook his way:
Safe in the shelter of the gloomy shade,
And by strong ties of pious duty sway'd, }
The fearless youth the watery strand survey'd. }

'Twas now the thickest darkness of the night,
And waning Phœbe lent a feeble light;
Yet soon the glimmering goddess plainly shew'd
The paler corse, amidst the dusky flood. 980
The plunging Roman flies to its relief,
And with strong arms infolds the floating chief.
Long strove his labour with the tumbling main,
And dragg'd the sacred burden on with pain. 984
Nigh weary now, the waves instruct him well,
To seize th' advantage of th' alternate swell:
Borne on the mounting surge, to shore he flies,
And on the beach in safety lands his prize.
There o'er the dead he hangs with tender care,
And drops in every gaping wound a tear: 990
Then, lifting to the gloomy skies his head,
Thus to the stars, and cruel gods, he pray'd:

See, fortune! where thy Pompey lies! and oh!
In pity, one, last little boon bestow.

He asks no heaps of frankincense to rise, 995
No eastern odours to perfume the skies;
No Roman necks his patriot corse to bear,
No reverend train of statutes to appear;
No pageant shows his glories to record, 999
And tell the triumphs of his conquering sword;
No instruments in plaintive notes to sound,
No legions sad to march in solemn round;
A bier, no better than the vulgar need,
A little wood the kindling flame to feed, 1004
With some poor hand to tend the homely fire,
Is all, these wretched relicks now require.
Your wrath, ye powers! Cornelia's hand denies;
Let that, for every other loss, suffice;
She takes not her last leave, she weeps not here,
And yet she is, ye gods! she is too near. 1010

Thus while he spoke, he saw where through
the shade

A slender flame its gleaming light display'd;
There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
A poor neglected body lonely burn'd. 1014
He seiz'd the kindled brands; and oh! (he said)
Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendless shade;
And though unpity'd and forlorn thou lie,
Thyself a better office shalt supply.
If there be sense in souls departed, thine
To my great leader shall her rights resign: 1020
With humble joy shall quit her meaner claim,
And blush to burn, when Pompey wants the
flame.

He said; and, gathering in his garment, bore
The glowing fragments to the neighbouring
shore.

There soon arriv'd, the noble trunk he found,
Half wash'd into the flood, half resting on the
ground. 1026

With diligence his hands a trench prepare,
Fit it around, and place the body there.
No cleft oaks in lofty order lie,
To lift the great patrician to the sky: 1030
By chance a few poor planks were hard at hand,
By some late shipwreck cast upon the strand;
These pious Cordus gathers where they lay,
And plants about the chief, as best he may.

Now while the blaze began to rise around, 1035
The youth sat mournful by upon the ground:
And ah! (he cry'd) if this unworthy flame
Disgrace thy great, majestic, Roman name;
If the rude outrage of the stormy seas 1039
Seem better to thy ghost, than rites like these;
Yet let thy injur'd shade the wrong forget,
Which duty and officious zeal commit.
Fate seems itself, in my excuse to plead,
And thy hard fortune justifies my deed.

Only wish'd, nor is that wish in vain, 1045
To save thee from the monsters of the main;
From vulture claws, from lions that devour,
From mortal malice, and from Cæsar's power.
No longer, then, this humbler flame withstand;
'Tis lighted to thee by a Roman hand. 1050

If e'er the gods permit unhappy me,
Once more, thy lov'd Hesperian land to see,
With me thy exil'd ashes shall return,
And chaste Cornelia give thee to thy urn.
Mean-while, a signal shall thy care provide, 1055
Some future Roman votary to guide;
When with due rites thy fate he would deplore,
And thy pale head to these thy limbs restore:
Then shall he mark the witness of my stone,
And, taught by me, thy sacred ghost atone 1060

He spoke; and straight, with busy, pious hand,
Heap'd on the smoking corse the scatter'd brands:
Slow sunk amidst the fire the wasting dead,
And the faint flame with dropping marrow fed.
Now 'gan the glittering stars to fade away, 1065
Before the rosy promise of the day,
When the pale youth th' unfinished rites forsook,
And to the covert of his cave betook.

Ah! why thus rashly would thy fears disclaim
That only deed which must record thy name?
Ev'n Cæsar's self shall just applause bestow, 1071
And praise the Roman that inters his foe.

Securely tell him where his son is laid,
And he shall give thee back his mangled head.
But soon behold! the bolder youth returns, 1075
While, half consum'd, the smouldering carcase
burns;

Ere yet the cleansing fire had melted down
The fleshy muscles from the firmer bone.
He quench'd the relics in the briny wave,
And hid them, hasty, in a narrow grave: 1080
Then with a stone the sacred dust he binds,
To guard it from the breath of scattering winds:
And lest some heedless mariner should come,
And violate the warrior's humble tomb;

Thus with a line the monument he keeps, 1085
"Beneath this stone the once great Pompey
sleeps."

Oh fortune! can thy malice swell so high?
Canst thou with Cæsar's every wish comply? }
Must he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lie? }
But oh! forbear, mistaken man, forbear! 1090
Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there:
Where there are seas, or air, or earth, or skies,
Where-e'er Rome's empire stretches, Pompey
lies:

Far be the vile memorial then convey'd!
Nor let this stone the partial gods upbraid. 1095
Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,
And Nyssa's hill, for Bacchus only, stand;
While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,
That fought the cause of liberty and Rome?
If fate decrees he must in Ægypt lie, 1100

Let the whole fertile realm his grave supply.
Yield the wide country to his awful shade,
Nor let us bear on any part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty dead
But if one stone must bear the sacred name, 1105
Let it be fill'd with long records of fame.

There let the passenger, with wonder, read,
The pirates-vanquish'd, and the ocean freed;
Sertorius taught to yield; the Alpine war; 1109
And the young Roman knight's triumphal car.
With these, the mighty Pontic king be plac'd,
And every nation of the vanquish'd east:

Tell with what loud applause of Rome, he drove
Thrice too his glad wheels to Capitolian Jove: 1114
Tell too, the patriot's greatest, best renown,
Tell, how the victor laid his empire down,
And chang'd his armour for the peaceful gown }
But ah! what marbles to the task suffice!

Instead of these, turn, Roman, turn thy eyes;
Seek the known name our Fasti us'd to wear, 1120
The noble mark of many a glorious year;
The name that wont the trophy'd arch to grace,
And ev'n the temples of the gods found place:
Decline thee lowly, bending to the ground, 1124
And there that name, that Pompey may be found.

Oh fatal land what curse can I bestow,
Equal to thine, we to thy mischiefs owe?
Well did the wise Cumæan maid of yore
Warn thy Hesperian chiefs to shun thy shore.
Forbid, just heavens! your dew to bless the
soil, 1130

And thou, withhold thy waters, fruitful Nile!
Like Ægypt, like the land of Æthiops, burn,
And her fat earth to sandy deserts turn.

Have we, with honours, dead Æliris crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the tinkling timbrel's sound;
Receiv'd her Isis to divine abodes, 1136
And rank'd her dogs deform'd with Roman gods;
While, in despite of Pompey's injur'd shade,
Low in her dust his sacred bones are laid! 1139
And thou, oh Rome! by whose forgetful hand
Altars and temples, rear'd to tyrants, stand,
Canst thou neglect to call thy hero home,
And leave his ghost in banishment to roam?
What though the victor's frown, and thy base
fear,

Bad thee, at first, the pious task forbear; 1145

Yet now, at least, oh let him now return,
And rest with honour in a Roman urn.
Nor let mistaken superstition dread,
On such occasions, to disturb the dead; II 49
Oh! would commanding Rome my hand employ,
The impious task should be perform'd with joy:
How would I fly to tear him from the tomb,
And bear his ashes in my bosom home!
Perhaps, when flames their dreadful ravage make,
Or groaning earth shall from the center shake;
When blasting dews the rising harvest seize,
Or nations sicken with some dire disease:
The gods, in mercy to us, shall command
To fetch our Pompey from th' accursed land.
Then, when his venerable bones draw near,
In long processions shall the priests appear,
And their great chief the sacred relics bear. }
Or if thou still possid'st the Pharian shore,
What traveller but shall thy grave explore;
Whether he tread Syene's burning soil, II 65
Or visit sultry Thebes, or fruitful Nile:
Or if the merchants, drawn by hopes of gain,
Seek rich Arabia, and the ruddy main;
With holy rites thy shade shall he atone,
And bow before thy venerable stone. II 70
For who but shall prefer thy tomb above
The meaner fane of an Ægyptian Jove?
Nor envy thou, if abject Romans raise
Statues and temples, to their tyrant's praise;
Though his proud name on altars may prebide,
And thine be wash'd by every rolling tide; II 76
Thy grave shall the vain pageantry despise,
Thy grave, where that great god, thy fortune,
lies.

Ev'n those who kneel not to the gods above,
Nor offer sacrifice or prayer to Jove, II 80
To the Bidental bend their humble eyes,
And worship where the bury'd thunder lies.
Perhaps fate wills, in honour to thy fame,
No marble shall record thy mighty name.
So may the dust, ere long, be worn away, II 85
And all remembrance of thy wrongs decay:
Perhaps a better age shall come, when none
Shall think thee ever laid beneath this stone;
When Ægypt's boast of Pompey's tomb shall
prove
As unbeliev'd a tale, as Crete relates of Jove. II 90

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet having ended the foregoing book with the death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheosis; from thence, after a short account of Cato's gathering up the relics of the battle of Pharsalia, and transporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to describe Cornelia's passion upon the death of her husband. Amongst other things, she informs his son Sextus of
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his father's lost commands, to continue the war in defence of the commonwealth. Sextus sets sail for Cato's camp, where he meets his elder brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the fate of their father. Upon this occasion the poet describes the rage of the elder Pompey, and the disorders that happened in the Camp, both which Cato appeases. To prevent any future inconvenience of this kind, he resolves to put them upon action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a description of the Syrtes, and their dangerous passage by them, follows Cato's speech to encourage the soldiers to march through the deserts of Lybia; then an account of Lybia, the deserts, and their march. In the middle of which is a beautiful digression concerning the temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's persuasion to Cato, to enquire of the oracle concerning the events of the war, and Cato's famous answer. From thence, after a warm elegy upon Cato, the author goes on to the account of the original of serpents in Africa; and this, with the description of the various kinds, and the several deaths of the soldiers by them, is perhaps the most poetical part of this noble work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Caesar, whom he brings into Egypt, after having shewn him the ruins of Troy, and from thence taken an occasion to speak well of poetry in general, and himself in particular. Caesar, upon his arrival on the coast of Egypt, is met by an ambassador from Ptolemy with Pompey's head. He receives the present (according to Lucan) with a feigned abhorrence, and concludes the book with tears, and a seeming grief for the misfortunes of so great a man.

NOR in the dying embers of the pile
Slept the great soul upon the banks of Nile.
Nor longer, by the earthly parts restrain'd,
Amidst its wretched relics was detain'd;
But, active and impatient of delay,
Shot from the mouldering heap, and upwards
urg'd its way.
Far in those azure regions of the air
Which border on the rolling starry sphere,
Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height,
Where Cynthia drives around her silver light; 10
Their happy seats the demi-gods possess,
Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliss;
Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
Worthy that lower heaven and stars to grace, }
Divine, and equal to the glorious place.
There Pompey's soul, adorn'd with heavenly
light, 16
Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was
bright.

New to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,
The stars and moving planets he beheld;
Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day, }
And under what a cloud of night we lay.
But when he saw, how on the shore forlorn
His headless trunk was cast for public scorn;
When he beheld, how envious fortune, still, 25
Took pains to use a senseless carcase ill,
He smil'd at the vain malice of his foe,
And pity'd impotent mankind below.

Then lightly passing o'er Emathia's plain,
His flying navy scatter'd on the main,
And cruel Caesar's tents; he fix'd at last
His residence in Brutus' sacred breast:
There brooding o'er his country's wrongs he fate,
The state's avenger, and the tyrant's fate;
There mournful Rome might still her Pompey
find,

30
T ere, and in Cato's free unconquer'd mind.
He, while in deep suspense the world yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey,
Hatred avow'd to Pompey's self did bear,
Though his companion in the common war.
40
Though, by the senate's just command, they
stood

Engag'd together for the public good;
But dread Pharfalia did all doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd side.
His helpless country, like an orphan left,
Friendless and poor, of all support bereft,
He took and cherish'd with a father's care,
He comforted, he bade her not to fear;
And taught her feeble hands once more the
trade of war.

50
Nor lust of empire did his courage sway,
Nor hate, nor proud repugnance to obey:
Passions and private interest he forgot;
Not for himself, but liberty he fought.
Straight to Corcyra's port his way he bent,
The swift advancing victor to prevent;
Who, marching sudden on to new success,
The scatter'd legions might with ease oppress.
There, with the ruins of Emathia's field,
The flying host, a thousand ships he fill'd.
Who that from land, with wonder, had descri'd
The passing fleet, in all its naval pride,
Stretch'd wide, and o'er the distant ocean spread,
Could have believ'd those mighty numbers fled?
Lalea o'erpass'd, and the Ténarian shore,
With swelling sails he for Cythera bore;
65
Then Crete he saw, and with a northern wind
Soon left the fam'd Diæan isle behind.

Urg'd by the bold Phycuntines churlish pride,
(Their shores, their haven, to his fleet deny'd)
The chief reveng'd the wrong, and as he pass'd,
Laid their inhospitable city waste
71
Thence waded forward, to the coast he came
Which took of old from Palinure its name
(Nor Italy this monument alone
Can boast, since Lybia's Palinure has shown
Her peaceful shores were to the Trojan known.)
From hence they soon descri with doubtful pain
Another navy on the distant main.

Anxious they stand, and now expect the foe,
Now their companions in the public woe:
80
The victor's haste incites them most to fear:
Each vessel seems a hostile face to wear,
And every sail they spy they fancy Caesar
there.

But oh, those ships a different burden bore,
A mournful freight they waded to the shore: 85
Sorrows that might tears, ev'n from Cato, gain,
And teach the rigid Stoic to complain.

When long the sad Cornelia's prayers, in vain,
Had try'd the flying navy to detain,
With Sextus long had strove, and long implor'd,
To wait the relics of her murder'd lord;
91
The waves, perchance, might the dear pledge re-
store,

And waft him bleeding from the faithless shore:
Still grief and love their various hopes inspire,
Till she beholds her Pompey's funeral fire, 95
Till on the land she sees th' ignoble flame
Ascend, unequal to the hero's name;
Then into just complaints at length she broke,
And thus with pious indignation spoke:

Oh fortune! dost thou then disdain t' afford
My love's last office to my dearest lord?
Am I one chaste, one last embrace deny'd?
Shall not I lay me by his clay-cold side,
Nor tears to bathe his gaping wounds provide?

Am I unworthy the sad torch to bear, 105
To light the flame, and burn my flowing hair?
To gather from the shore the noble spoil,
And place it decent on the fatal pile?
Shall not his bones and sacred dust be borne,
In this sad bosom to their peaceful urn?

110
Whatever the last consuming flame shall leave,
Shall not this widow'd hand by right receive,
And to the gods the precious relics give?
Perhaps, this last respect, which I should show,
Some vile Ægyptian hand does not bestow,
Injurious to the Roman shade below.

Happy, my Crassus, were thy bones, which lay
Expos'd to Parthian birds and beasts of prey!
Here the last rites the cruel gods allow,
And for a curse my Pompey's pile bestow.

120
For ever will the same sad fate return?
Still an unburied husband must I mourn,
And weep my sorrows o'er an empty urn?
But why should tombs be built, or urns be made?
Does grief like mine require their feeble aid? 125
Is he not lodg'd, thou wretch! within my heart,
And fix'd in every dearest vital part?

O'er monuments surviving wives may grieve,
She ne'er will need them, who disdains to live.
But oh! behold where yon malignant flames 130
Cast feebly forth their mean inglorious beams:
From my lov'd lord, his dear remains, they rise,
And bring my Pompey to my weeping eyes;

And now they sink, the languid lights decay,
The cloudy smoke all eastward rolls away,
And wafts my hero to the rising day.

Me too the winds demand, with fresh'ning gales;
Envious they call, and stretch the swelling
sails. 139

No land on earth seems dear as Ægypt now,
No land that crowns and triumphs did bestow,
And with new laurels bound my Pompey's
brow.

That happy Pompey to my thoughts is lost,
He that is left, lies dead on yonder coast;
He, only he, is all I now demand,
For him I linger near this cursed land; 145
Endear'd by crimes, for horrors lov'd the more,
I cannot, will not, leave the Pharian shore.

Thou Sextus, thou shalt prove the chance of
war,
And through the world thy father's ensigns
bear,
Then hear his last command, intrusted to my
care.

"When-e'er my last, my fatal hour shall come, 151
"Arm you, my sons, for liberty and Rome;
"While one shall of our free-born race remain,
"Let him prevent the tyrant Caesar's reign.
"From each free city round, from every land, 155
"Their warlike aid in Pompey's name demand.
"These are the parties, these the friends he
leaves,

"This legacy your dying father gives.
"If for the sea's wide rule your arms you bear,
"A Pompey ne'er can want a navy there,
"Heirs of my fame, my sons, shall wage my
war.

"Only be bold, unconquer'd in the fight, 162
"And, like your father, still defend the right.
"To Cato, if for liberty he stand,
"Submit, and yield you to his ruling hand,
"Brave, just, and only worthy to command."
At length to thee, my Pompey, I am just,
I have surviv'd, and well discharg'd my trust;
Through chaos now, and the dark realms below,
To follow thee, a willing shade I go:

If longer with a lingering fate I strive,
'Tis but to prove the pain of being alive,
'Tis to be curs'd for daring to survive.
She, who could bear to see thy wounds, and live,
New proofs of love, and fatal grief, shall give. 175
Nor need she fly for succour to the sword,
The sleepy precipice, and deadly cord;
She from herself shall find her own relief,
And scorn to die of any death but grief,

So said the matron; and about her head. 180
Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade.
Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades her woe,
She seeks the ship's deep dark'ome hold below:
There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
She hugs her sorrows, and enjoys her pain: 185
Still with fresh tears the living grief would feed,
And fondly loves it, in her husband's stead.
In vain the beating furies rage aloud,
And swelling Eurus grumbles in the shroud; 190
Her, nor the waves beneath, nor winds above,
Nor all the noisy cries of fear can move;
In fullen peace compos'd for death she lies,
And, waiting, longs to hear the tempest rise;

Then hopes the seamen's vows shall all be crost,
Prays for the storm, and wishes to be lost. 195
Soon from the Pharian coast the navy bore,
And fought through foamy seas the Cyprian
shore;

Soft eastern gales prevailing thence alone,
To Cato's camp and Libya waft them on.
With mournful look from land, as oft we know,
A sad prophetic spirit waits on woe, 201
Pompey his brother and the fleet beheld,
Now near advancing o'er the watery field:
Straight to the beach with headlong haste he flies:
Where is our father, Sextus, where? he cries: 205

Do we yet live? Stands yet the sovereign state?
Or does the world, with Pompey, yield to fate?
Sink we at length before the conquering foe?
And is the mighty head of Rome laid low? 209
He said; the mournful brother thus reply'd;
O happy thou! whom lands and seas divide:
From woes, which did to these sad eyes betide:
These eyes! which of their horror still complain
Since they beheld our godlike father slain.

Nor did his fate an equal death afford, 215
Nor suffer'd him to fall by Caesar's sword.
Trusting in vain to hospitable gods,
He dy'd, oppress'd by vile Egyptian odds:
By the curs'd monarch of Nile's slimy wave
He fell, a victim to the crown he gave. 220
Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody deed;
These eyes beheld our valiant father bleed:
Amaz'd I look'd, and scarce believ'd my fear,
Nor thought th' Egyptian could so greatly
dare;

But still I look'd and fancy'd Caesar there.
But, oh! not all his wounds so much did move,
Pierc'd my sad soul, and struck my filial love,
As that his venerable head they bear,
Their wanton trophy, fix'd upon a spear;
Through every town 'tis shown the vulgar's
sport. 230

And the lewd laughter of the tyrant's court.
'Tis said that Ptolemy preserves this prize,
Proof of the deed, to glut the victor's eyes.
The body, whether rent, or borne away,
By foul Egyptian dogs, and birds of prey: 235
Whether within their greedy maws entomb'd,
Or by those wretched flames, we saw, consum'd;
Its fate as yet we know not, but forgive:
That crime unpunish'd, to the gods we leave,
'Tis for the part preserv'd alone we grieve.

Scarce had he ended thus, when Pompey, warm
With noble fury calls aloud to arm;
Nor seeks in sighs and helpless tears relief,
But thus in pious rage express'd his grief:

Hence all aboard, and haste to put to sea, 245
Urge on against the winds our adverse way;
With me let every Roman leader go,
Since Civil Wars were ne'er so just as now.
Pompey's unbury'd relics ask your aid,
Call for due rites and honours to be paid. 250
Let Egypt's tyrant pour a purple flood,
And sooth the ghost with his inglorious blood.
Not Alexander shall his priests defend,
Nor'd from his golden shrine he shall descend:
In Marcotis deep I'll plunge him down, 255
Deep in the sluggish waves the royal carcass
drown.

From his proud pyramid Amasis torn,
With his long dynasties my rage shall mourn,
And floating down their muddy Nile be borne. 260
Each stately tomb and monumental stone,
For thee, unburied Pompey, shall atone.
His no more shall draw the cheated crowd,
Nor God Osiris in his linen shroud;
Strip of their sarines, with scorn they shall be
cast,

To be by ignominious hands defac'd; 265

Their holy Apis, of diviner breed,
 To Pompey's dust a sacrifice shall bleed,
 While burning deities the flame shall feed.
 Waste shall the land be laid, and never know
 The tiller's care, not feel the crooked plow:
 None shall be left for whom the Nile may flow:
 Till, the gods banish'd; and the people gone, 272
 Egypt to Pompey shall be left alone.

He said; then hally to revenge he flew,
 And seaward out the ready navy drew; 275
 But cooler Cato did the youth assuage,
 And praising much, compress'd his filial rage.

Meanwhile the shores, the seas, and skies
 around;

With mournful cries for Pompey's death resound.
 A rare example have their sorrows shown, 280
 Yet in no age beside, nor people known,
 How falling power did with compassion meet,
 And crouds deplor'd the ruins of the great.

But when the fair Cornelia first appear'd, 284
 When on the deck her mournful head she rear'd,
 Her locks hang rudely o'er the matron's face,
 With all the pomp of grief's disorder'd grace;
 When they beheld her, wasted quite with woe,
 And spent with tears that never ceas'd to flow,
 Again they feel their loss, again complain, 290
 And heaven and earth ring with their cries again.
 Soon as she landed on the friendly strand,
 Her lord's last rites employ her pious hand;
 To his dear shade she builds a funeral pile,

And decks it proud with many a noble spoil. 295
 There shone his arms with antic gold inlaid,
 There the rich robes which she herself had made,
 Robes to imperial Jove in triumph erst display'd:

The relics of his past victorious days,
 Now this his latest trophy serve to raise,
 And in one common flame together blaze.
 Such was the weeping matron's pious care:
 The soldiers, taught by her, their fires prepare;
 To every valiant friend a pile they build,
 That fell for Rome in curs'd Pharsalia's field: 305
 Stretch'd wide along the shores, the flames extend.

And, grateful to the wandering shades, ascend.
 So when Apulian hinds, with art, renew
 The wintry pastures on their verdant hue,
 That flowers may rise, and springing grafs re-
 turn, 310

With spreading flames the wither'd fields they
 burn,

Garganus then and lofty Vultur blaze,
 And draw the distant wandering swains to gaze;
 Far arc the glittering fires descri'd by night,
 And gold the dusky skies around with light. 315

But, oh! not all the sorrows of the crowd
 That spoke their free impatient thoughts aloud,
 That tax'd the gods, as authors of their woe,
 And charg'd them with neglect of things below;
 Not all the marks of the wild people's love, 320
 The hero's soul, like Cato's praise, could move;
 How were his words, but from an honest heart,
 Where faction and where favour had no part,
 But truth made up for passion and for art.

We've lost a Roman citizen (he said): 325
 One of the noblest of that name is dead;
 Who, though not equal to our fathers found,
 Nor by the strictest rules of justice bound,
 Yet from his faults this benefit we draw,
 He, for his country's good, transgress'd her law,
 To keep a bold licentious age in awe.
 Rome held her freedom still, though he was great;
 He sway'd the senate, but they rul'd the state. 333
 When crouds were willing to have worn his
 chain,

He chose his private station to retain,
 That all might free, and equal all remain.
 War's boundless power he never sought to use,
 Nor ask'd, but what the people might refuse: 338
 Much he possess'd, and wealthy was his store,
 Yet still he gather'd but to give the more,
 And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be
 poor.

He drew the sword, but knew its rage to charm;
 And lov'd peace best, when he was forc'd to arm,
 Unmov'd with all the glittering pomp of power,
 He took with joy, but laid it down with more: 345
 His chaster household and his frugal board,
 Nor lewdness did, nor luxury afford,
 Ev'n in the highest fortunes of their lord.
 His noble name, his country's honour grown,
 Was venerably round the nations known,
 And as Rome's fairest light and brightest glory
 shone.

When betwixt Marius and fierce Sylla toft,
 The commonwealth her ancient freedom lost,
 Some shadow was yet left, some shew of power;
 Now ev'n the name with Pompey is no more: 355
 Senate and people all at once are gone,
 Nor need the tyrant blush to mount the throne.
 Oh, happy Pompey! happy in thy fate,
 Happy by falling with the falling state,
 Thy death a benefit the gods did grant, 360
 Thou might'st have liv'd those Pharian swords
 to want.

Freedom, at least, thou dost by dying gain,
 Nor liv'st to see thy Julia's father reign;
 Free death is man's first bliss, the next is to be
 slain.

Such mercy only I from Juba crave, 365
 (If Fortune should ordain me Juba's slave)
 To Cæsar let him shew, but shew me dead,
 And keep my carcase, so he takes my head.

He said, and pleas'd the noble shade below,
 More than a thousand orators could do; 370
 Though Tully too had lent his charming tongue,
 And Rome's full Forum with his praise had rung.

But discord now infects the sullen croud,
 And now they tell their discontents aloud:
 When Tarchon first his flying ensigns bore, 375
 Call'd out to march, and hasten'd to the shore;
 Him Cato thus, pursuing as he mov'd,
 Sternly bespoke, and justly thus reprov'd:

Oh, restless author of the roving war,
 Dost thou again piratic arms prepare? 380
 Pompey, thy terror and thy scourge is gone,
 And now thou hop'st to rule the seas alone.

He said, and bent his frown upon the rest,
Of whom one bolder thus the chief address'd,
And thus their weakness of war confess'd:

For Pompey's sake (nor thou disdain to hear)
The Civil War we wage, these arms we bear;
Him we prefer'd to peace: but, Cato, now,
That cause, that master of our arms lies low.
Let us no more our absent country mourn, 390
But to our homes and household gods return;
To the chaste arms from whose embrace we fled,
And the dear pledges of the nuptial bed.
For, oh! what period can the war attend,
Which not Pharsalia's field nor Pompey's death
can end?

The better times of flying life are past, 396
Let death come gently on in peace at last.
Let age at length with providential care
The necessary pile and urn prepare,
All rites the cruel Civil War denies, 400
Part ev'n of Pompey yet unbury'd lies.
Though vanquish'd, yet by no barbarian hand,
We fear not exile in a foreign land.
Nor are our necks by fortune now bespoke,
To bear the Scythian or Armenian yoke; 405
The victor still a citizen we own,
And yield obedience to the Roman gown.
While Pompey liv'd, he bore the sovereign sway;
Cæsar was next, and him we now obey;
With reverence be the sacred shade ador'd, 410
But war has given us now another lord:
To Cæsar and superior chance we yield:
All was determin'd in Emathia's field.
Nor shall our arms on other leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain hopes molest the state, 415
We follow'd Pompey once, but now we follow
Fate.

What terms, what safety, can we hope for now,
But what the victor's mercy shall allow?
Once Pompey's presence justify'd the cause,
Then fought we for our liberties and laws; 420
With him the honours of that cause lie dead,
And all the sanctity of war is fled.
If, Cato, thou for Rome these arms dost bear,
If still thy country only be thy care,
Seek we the legions where Rome's ensigns fly, 425
Where her proud eagles wave their wings on
high:

No matter who to Pompey's power succeeds,
We follow where a Roman consul leads.
This said, he leap'd aboard; the youthful fort
Join in his flight, and haste to leave the port; 430
The senseless croud their liberty disdain,
And long to wear victorious Cæsar's chain.
Tyrannic power now sudden seem'd to threaten
The ancient glories of Rome's free-born state;
Till Cato spoke, and thus deferr'd her fate: 435
Did then your vows and servile prayers conspire
Nought but a haughty master to desire?
Did you, when eager for the battle, come
The slaves of Pompey, not the friends of Rome?
Now, weary of the toil, from war to fly, 440
And idly lay your useless armour by;
Your hands neglect to wield the shining sword,
Nor can you fight but for a king and lord.

Some mighty chief you want, for whom to
sweat;

You-felves you know not, or at least forget,
And fondly bleed, that others may be great:
Meanly you toil, to give yourselves away;
And die, to leave the world a tyrant's prey.
The gods and fortune do at length afford
A cause most worthy of a Roman sword. 450
At length 'tis safe to conquer. Pompey now
Cannot, by your success, too potent grow;
Yet now, ignobly, you withhold your hands,
When nearer liberty your aid demands.
Of three who durst the sovereign power in-
vade, 455

Two by your fortune's kinder doom lie dead;
And shall the Pharian sword and Parthian bow
Do more for liberty and Rome, than you?
Base as you are, in vile subjection go,
And scorn what Ptolemy did ill bestow. 460
Ignobly innocent, and meanly good,
You durst not stain your hardy hands in blood;
Feebly awhile you fought, but soon did yield,
And fled the first from dire Pharsalia's field;
Go then secure, for Cæsar will be good, 465
Will pardon those who are with ease subdu'd;
The pitying victor will in mercy spare
The wretch, who never durst provoke his war.
Go, sordid slaves! one lordly master gone,
Like heirlooms go from father to the son. 470
Still to enhance your servile merit more,
Bear sad Cornelia weeping from the shore;
Meanly for hire expose the matron's life,
Metellus' daughter sell, and Pompey's wife;
Take too his sons: let Cæsar find in you 475
Wretches that may ev'n Ptolemy out-do.
But let not my devoted life be spar'd,
The tyrant greatly shall that deed reward;
Such is the price of Cato's hated head,
That all your former wars shall well be paid; 480
Kill me, and in my blood do Cæsar right,
'Tis mean to have no other guilt but flight.

He said, and stopp'd the flying naval power;
Back they return'd, repenting, to the shore.
As when the bees their waxen town forsake, 485
Careless in air their wandering way they take;
No more in clustering swarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain through the various sky;
No more from flowers they suck the liquid sweet,
But all their care and industry forget: 490
Then if at length the tinkling brass they hear,
With swift amaze their flight they soon forbear;
Sudden their flowery labours they renew,
Hang on the thyme, and sip the balmy dew.
Meanwhile, secure on Hybla's fragrant plain, 495
With joy exults the happy shepherd swain;
Proud that his art had thus preserv'd his store,
He scorns to think his homely cottage poor.
With such prevailing force did Cato's care
The fierce impatient soldier's minds prepare, 500
To learn obedience, and endure the war.

And now their minds, unknowing of repose,
With busy toil to exercise he chose;
Still with successive labours are they ply'd,
And oft in long and weary marches try'd. 505

Before Cyrene's walls they now sit down ;
 And here the victor's mercy well was shown ;
 He takes no vengeance of the captive town ;
 Patient he spares, and bids the vanquish'd live,
 Since Cato, who could conquer, could forgive. 510
 Hence, Libyan Juba's realms they mean t' explore,

Juba, who borders on the swarthy Moor ;
 But Nature's boundaries the journey stay,
 The Syrts are fix'd athwart the middle way ;
 Yet led by daring Virtue on they press, 515
 Scorn opposition, and still hope success.

When nature's hand the first formation try'd,
 When seas from lands she did at first divide,
 The Syrts, not quite of sea nor land bereft,
 A mingled mass uncertain still she left ; 520
 For not the land with seas is quite o'er-spread,
 Nor sink the waters deep their cozy bed,
 Nor earth defends its shore, nor lifts aloft its head.

The site with neither, and with each complies,
 Doubtful and inaccessible it lies ; 525
 Or 'tis a sea with shallows bank'd around,
 Or 'tis a broken land with waters drown'd ;
 Here shores advanc'd o'er Neptune's rule we find,

And there an inland ocean lags behind. 529
 Thus nature's purpose by herself destroy'd,
 Is useless to herself and unemploy'd,
 And part of her creation still is void.
 Perhaps, when first the world and time began,
 Her swelling tides and plenteous waters ran ;
 But long confining on the burning zone, 535
 The sinking seas have felt the neighbouring sun :
 Still by degrees we see how they decay,
 And scarce resist the thirsty God of Day.
 Perhaps, in distant ages, 'twill be found,
 When future suns have run the burning round, 540
 These Syrts shall all be dry and solid ground ;
 Small are the depths their scanty waves retain,
 And earth grows daily on the yielding main.

And now the loaden fleet with active oars
 Divide the liquid plain, and leave the shores, 545
 When cloudy skies a gathering storm presage,
 And Aufter from the South began to rage.
 Full from the land the sounding tempest roars,
 Repels the swelling surge, and sweeps the shores ;
 The wind pursues, drives on the rolling sand, 550
 And gives new limits to the growing land.
 'Spite of the seaman's toil, the storm prevails ;
 In vain with skilful strength he hands the sails,
 In vain the cordy cables bind them fast,
 At once it rips and rends them from the mast ; 555
 At once the winds the fluttering canvas tear,
 Then whirl and whistle it through the sportive air.
 Some, timely for the rising rage prepar'd,
 Furl the loose sheet, and lash it to the yard.
 In vain their care ; sudden the furious blast 560
 Scaps by the board, and bears away the mast ;
 Of tackling, sails, and mast, at once bereft,
 The ship a naked helpless hull is left.

Forc'd round and round, she quits her purpos'd way,
 And bounds uncertain o'er the swelling sea. 565

But happier some a steady course maintain,
 Who stand far out, and keep the deeper main.
 Their masts they cut, and driving with the tide,
 Safe o'er the surge beneath the tempest ride :
 In vain did, from the southern coast, their foe, 570
 All black with clouds, old stormy Aufter blow ;
 Lowly secure amidst the waves they lay,
 Old Ocean heav'd his back, and toil'd them on
 their way.

Some on the shallows strike, and doubtful stand,
 Part beat by waves, part fix'd upon the sand. 575
 Now pent amidst the shoals the billows roar,
 Dash on the banks, and scorn the new-made shore :

Now by the wind driven on in heaps they swell,
 The steadfast banks both winds and waves repel :
 Still with united force they rage in vain,
 The sandy piles their station fix'd maintain,
 And lift their heads secure amidst the watery
 plain.

There 'scaped from seas, upon the faithless strand,
 With weeping eyes the shipwreck'd seamen stand,
 And, cast on shore, look vainly out for land.

Thus some were lost ; but far the greater part,
 Preserv'd from danger by the pilot's art,
 Keep on their course, a happier fate partake,
 And reach in safety the Tritonian lake.

These waters to the tuneful god are dear, 590
 Whose vocal shell the sea-green Nereids hear,
 These Pallas loves, so tells reporting fame,
 Here first from heaven to earth the goddess came,
 (Heaven's neighbourhood the warmer clime be-
 trays,

And speaks the nearer Sun's immediate rays) 595
 Here her first footsteps on the brink the staid
 Here in the watery glass her form survey'd,
 And call'd herself from hence the chaste Tri-
 tonian maid.

Here Lethe's streams, from secret springs be-
 low,
 Rise to the light ; here heavily and slow,
 The silent dull forgetful waters flow.
 Here by the wakeful dragon kept of old,
 Hesperian plants grew rich with living gold ;
 Long since, the fruit was from the branches
 torn, 604

And now the gardens their lost honours mourn.
 Such was in ancient times the tales receiv'd,
 Such by our good forefathers was believ'd ;
 Nor let enquirers the tradition wrong,
 Or dare to question, now, the poet's sacred song.
 Then take it for a truth, the weakly wood 610
 Here under golden boughs low bending stood ;
 On some large tree his folds the serpent
 wound,

The fair Hesperid virgins watch'd around,
 And join'd to guard the rich forbidden ground.
 But great Alcides came to end their care. 615
 Stript the gay grove, and left the branches bare ;
 Then back returning fought the Argive shore,
 And the bright spoil to proud Eurytheus bore.

These famous regions and the Syrts o'erpast,
They reach'd the Garamantian coast at last ; 620
Here, under Pompey's care the navy lies,
Beneath the gentlest clime of Libya's skies.

But Cato's soul, by dangers unrestrain'd,
Eafe and a dull inactive life disdain'd.
His daring virtue urges to go on. 625

Through desert lands, and nations yet unknown :
To march, and prove th' inhospitable ground,
To shun the Syrts, and lead the soldier round.

Since now tempestuous seasons vex the sea, 629
And the declining year forbids the watery way ;
He sees the cloudy drizzling winter near,

And hopes kind rains may cool the sultry air :
So haply may they journey on secure,
Nor burning heats, nor killing frosts endure ; 634

But while cool winds the winter's breath
supplies,

With gentle warmth the Libyan sun may rise
And both may join and temper well the skies.

But ere the toilsome march he undertook,
The hero thus the listening host bespoke : 639

Fellows in arms ! whose bliss, whose chiefest
good,

Is Rome's defence, and freedom bought with
blood.

You, who, to die with liberty, from far
Have follow'd Cato in this fatal war,

Be now for virtue's noblest task prepar'd,
For labours many, perilous, and hard. 645

Think through what burning climes, what
wilds we go :

No leafy shades the naked deserts know,
Nor silver streams through flowery meadows
flow.

But horrors there, and various deaths abound,
And serpents guard th' inhospitable ground. 650

Hard is the way ; but thus our fate demands ;
Rome and her laws we seek amidst these sands.

Let those who, glowing with their country's love,
Resolve with me these dreadful plains to prove,

Nor to return nor safety once debate, 655
But only dare to go, and leave the rest to fate.

Think not I mean the dangers to disguise,
Or hide them from the cheated vulgar's eyes.

Those, only those, shall in my fate partake,
Who love the daring for the danger's sake ; 660

Those who can suffer all the worst can come,
And think it what they owe themselves and
Rome.

If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear ;
If life be, more than liberty, his care ;

Here, ere we journey farther, let him stay,
Inglorious let him, like a slave, obey,

And seek a master in some safer way. }
Faremost, behold, I lead you to the toil,
My feet shall foremost print the dusty soil :

Strike me the first, thou flaming God of Day, 667
First let me feel thy fierce, thy scorching ray ;

Ye living poisons all, ye snaky train,
Meet me the first upon the fatal plain.

In every pain, which you my warriors fear,
Let me be first, and teach you how to bear. 675

Who sees me pant for drought, or fainting first,
Let him upbraid me, and complain of thirst.

If e'er for shelter to the shades I fly,
Me let him curse, me, for the sultry sky,

If while the weary soldier marches on,
Your leader by distinguish'd ease be known, }
For sake my cause, and leave me there alone.

The sands, the serpents, thirst, and burning
heat,

Are dear to patience, and to virtue sweet ; 684
Virtue, that scorns on cowards terms to please,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with ease ;

But then the joys, then smiles upon her state,
Then fairest to herself, then more complete, }
When glorious danger makes her truly great.

So Libya's plain alone shall wipe away 690
The foul dishonours of Pharfalia's day ;
So shall your courage now transcend that fear :

You fled with glory there, to conquer here.
He said ; and hardy love of toil inspir'd ;

And ev'ry breast with godlike ardour fir'd. 695
Straight careless of return, without delay
Through the wide waste he took his pathless
way.

Libya, ordain'd to be his last retreat,
Receives the hero, fearless of his fate ; 699

Here the good gods his last of labours doom,
Here shall his bones and sacred dust find room, }
And his great head be hid, within an humble
tomb.

If this large globe be portion'd right by fame,
Then one third part shall sandy Libya claim :

But if we count, as suns descend and rise, 705
If we divide by east and west the skies,
Then, with fair Europe, Libya shall combine,
And both to make the western half shall join.

Whilst wide-extended Asia fills the rest,
Of all from Tanais to Nile possess, }
And reigns sole empress of the dawning east.

Of all the Libyan soil, the kindest so and
Part to the western seas extends its bound ;

Where cool gales, where gentle zephyrs fly,
And setting suns adorn the gaudy sky : 715

And yet ev'n here no liquid fountain's vein
Wells through the soil, and gurgles o'er the plain ;

But from our northern clime, our gentler heaven,
Refreshing dews and fruitful rains are driven ;

All bleak, the god, cold Boreas, spreads his wing,
And with our winter gives the Libyan spring. 721

No wicked wealth infects the simple soil,
Nor golden ores disclose their shining spoil :

Pure is the globe, 't is earth, and earth alone,
To guilty pride and avarice unknown : 725

There citron groves, the native riches, grow,
There cool retreats and fragrant shades be-
flow,

And hospitably screen their guests below.
Safe by their leafy office, long they stood
A sacred, old, unviolated wood,

Till Roman luxury to Afric past,
And foreign axes laid their honours waste.

Thus utmost lands are ransack'd to afford
The far-fetch'd dainties, and the costly board. 734

But rude and wasteful all these regions lie
That border on the Syrts, and feel too nigh }
Their sultry summer sun and arching sky.

No harvest there, the scatter'd grain repays,
But withering dies, and ere it shoots decays : 739
There never loves to spring the mantling vine,
Nor wanton ringlets round her elm to twine :
The thirsty dust prevents the swelling fruit,
Drinks up the generous juice, and kills the root ;
Through secret veins no tempering moistures
pass,

To bind with viscous force the mouldering
mass : 745

But genial Jove, averse, disdains to smile,
Forgets, and curses the neglected soil.
Thence lazy Nature droops her idle head ;
As every vegetable sense were dead ; 749
Thence the wide dreary plains one visage
wear,

Alike in summer, winter, spring appear,
Nor feels the turns of the revolving year.
Th'n herbage here (for some ev'n here is found)
The Nafamonian hinds collect around ;
A naked race and barbarous of mind,
That live upon the losses of mankind :
The Syrts supply their wants and barren soil,
And strow th' inhospitable shores with spoil.
Trade they have none, but ready still they
stand,

Rapacious, to invade the wealthy strand,
And hold, a commerce, thus, with every dis-
tant land.

Through this dire country Cato's journey lay,
Here he pursu'd, while Virtue led the way.
Here the bold youth, led by his high command,
Fearless of storms and raging winds, by land 765
Repeat the dangers of the swelling main,
And strive with storms and raging winds again.
Here all at large, where nought restrains his
force,

Impetuous Auster runs his rapid course ;
Nor mountains here, nor steadfast rocks resist, 770
But free he sweeps along the specious list.
No stable groves of ancient oak arise,
To tire his rage, and catch him as he flies ;
But wide, around, the naked plains appear,
Here fierce he drives unbounded through the
air,

Roars and exerts his dreadful empire here.
The whirling dust, like leaves in eddies wrought,
Rising aloft, to the mid heaven is caught ;
There hangs a fullen cloud ; nor falls again,
Nor breaks, like gentle vapours, into rain. 780
Gazing, the poor inhabitant descries,
Where high above his land and cottage flies ;
Bereft, he sees his lost possessions there,
From earth transported, and now fixed in air. 784
Not rising flames attempt a bolder flight ;
Like smoke by rising flames uplifted, light
The sands ascend, and stain the heavens with
night.

But now, his utmost power and rage to boast,
The stormy god invades the Roman host ;
The soldier yields, unequal to the shock, 790
And staggers at the wind's tempestuous stroke.
Amaz'd he sees that earth, which lowly lay,
Forc'd from beneath his feet, and torn away.

Oh Libya ! where thy pliant surface bound,
And form'd a solid, close-compacted ground ; 795
Or hadst thou rocks, whose hollows deep below ;
Would draw those raging winds that loosely
blow ;

Their fury, by thy firmer mass oppos'd,
Or in those dark infernal caves inclos'd,
Thy certain ruin would at once complete, 800
Shake thy foundations, and unfix thy seat :
But well thy sitting plains have learn'd to
yield ;

Thus, not contending, thou thy place hast
held,
Unfix'd art fixed, and flying keep'st the field.
Helms, spears, and shields, snatch'd from the
warlike host,

Through heaven's wide regions far away were
tost ;

While distant nations, with religious fear,
Beheld them, as some prodigy in air,
And thought the gods by them denounc'd a
war. 809

Such haply was the chance, which first did raise
The pious tale, in priestly Numa's days ;
Such were those shields, and thus they came from
heaven,

A sacred charge to young patricians given ;
Perhaps, long since, to lawless winds a prey,
From far barbarians were they forc'd away ; 815
Thence through long airy journeys safe did come,
To cheat the croud with miracles at Rome.
Thus, wide o'er Libya, rag'd the stormy south,
Thus every way assail'd the Latian youth :
Each several method for defence they try, 820
Now wrap their garments tight, now close they
lie :

Now sinking to the earth, with weight they
press

Now clasp it to them with a strong embrace,
Scarce in that posture safe ; the driving blast 824
Bears hard, and almost heaves them off at last.
Meantime a sandy flood comes rolling on,
And swelling heaps the prostrate legions drown ;
New to the sudden danger, and dismay'd,
The frighted soldier hasty calls for aid,
Heaves at the hill, and struggling rears his head.
Soon shoots the growing pile, and, rear'd on
high,

Lifts up its lofty summit to the sky : 831
High sandy walls, like forts, their passage stay,
And rising mountains intercept their way :
The certain bounds which should their jour-
ney guide,

The moving earth and dusky deluge hide :
So landmarks sink beneath the flowing tide.
As through mid seas uncertainly they move,
Led only by Jove's sacred lights above : 839
Part e'en of them the Libyan clime denies,
Forbids their native northern stars to rise,
And shades the well-known lustre from their
eyes.

Now near approaching to the burning zone,
To warmer, calmer skies they journey'd on. 844

The slackening storms the neighbouring sun
confess,
The heat strikes fiercer, and the winds grew
less,
Whilst parching thirst and fainting sweats en-
crease.
As forward on the weary way they went,
Panting with drought, and all with labour spent,
Amidst the desert, desolate and dry, 850
One chanc'd a little trickling spring to spy:
Proud of the prize, he drain'd the scanty store,
And in his helmet to the chieftain bore.
Around, in clouds, the thirsty legions flood,
Their throats and clammy jaws with dust be-
strew'd
And all with wishful eyes the liquid treasure
view'd.
Around the leader cast his careful look,
Sternly the tempting envy'd gift he took,
Held it, and thus the the giver fierce bespoke;
And think'st thou then that I want virtue most!
Am I the meanest in the Roman host! 861
Am I the first soft coward that complains!
That shrinks, unequal to those glorious pains!
Am I in ease and infamy the first!
Rather be thou, base as thou art, accurs'd,
Thou that dar'st drink, when all beside thee thirst.
He said; and wrathful stretching forth his hand,
Pour'd out the precious draught upon the sand 868
Well did the water thus for all provide,
Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,
A little thus the general want supply'd.
Now to the sacred temple they draw near,
Whose only altars Libyan lands revere;
There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd, 874
A form uncouth, stands heaven's Almighty Lord.
No regal ensigns grace his potent hand,
Nor shakes he there the lightning's flaming
brand;
But, ruder to behold, a horned ram
Belies the god, and Ammon is his name.
There, though he reigns unrival'd and alone, 880
O'er the rich neighbours of the Torrid Zone;
Though swarthy Æthiops are to him confin'd,
With Araby the blest, and wealthy Indes;
Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are
seen,
To blaze upon his shrines with costly sheen; 885
But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he stood,
Such, as to whom our great forefathers bow'd:
A god of pious times, and days of old,
That keeps his temples safe from Roman gold. 890
Here, and here only, through wide Libya's space,
Tall trees, the land, and verdant herbage grace;
Here the loose sands by plenteous springs are
bound,
Knit to a mass, and moulded into ground:
Here smiling nature wears a fertile dress,
And all things here the present god confess 895
Ye' here the sun to neither pole declines,
But from his zenith vertically shines:
Hence, ev'n the trees no friendly shelter yield,
Scarce their own trunk the leafy branches shield;

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The rays descend direct, all round embrace, 900
And to a central point the shadow chase.
Here equally the middle line is found,
To cut the radiant Zodiac in its round:
Here unoblique the Bull and Scorpion rise, 904
Nor mount too swift, nor leave too soon the
skies;
Nor Libra does too long the Ram attend,
Nor bids the Maid the *fishy* sign descend,
The Boys and Centaur justly time divide,
And equally their several seasons guide:
Alike the Crab and wintery Goat return, 910
Alike the Lion and the flowing Urn.
If any farther nations yet are known,
Beyond the Libyan fires, and scorching zone;
Northward from them the sun's bright course is
made, 914
And to the southward strikes the leaning shade
There slow Boötes, with his lazy wain
Descending, seems to reach the watery main.
Of all the lights which high above they see
No star what-e'er from Neptune's waves is
free,
The whirling axle drives them round, and
plunges in the sea.
Before the temple's entrance, at the gate, 921
Attending crouds of eastern pilgrims wait:
These from the horned god expect relief:
But all give way before the Latian chief.
His host, (as crouds are superstitious still)
Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's skill,
Intreat their leader to the god would go,
And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know:
But Labienus chief the thought approv'd, 930
And thus the common suit to Cato mov'd.
Chance, and the fortune of the way, he said,
Have brought Jove's sacred counsels to our aid.
This greatest of the gods, this mighty chief,
In each distress shall be a sure relief; 935
Shall point the distant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war,
To thee, O Cato! pious! wife! and just!
Their dark decrees the cautious gods shall trust;
To thee their fore-determin'd will shall tell; 940
Their will has been thy law, and thou hast kept
it well.
Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with
Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance shall
come
To impious Cæsar, and thy native Rome;
Try to avert, at least, thy country's doom.
Ask if these arms our freedom shall restore:
Or else, if laws and rights shall be no more.
Be thy great breast with sacred knowledge
fraught, 950
To lead us in the wandering maze of thought:
Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave some perfect rule to guide mankind.
Full of the God that dwelt within his breast,
The hero thus his secret mind express'd, 955
Y

And in-born truths reveal'd; truths which might
well

Become ev'n oracles themselves to tell.

Where would thy fond, thy vain enquiry go?
What mystic fate, what secret, would'st thou
know?

Is it a doubt if death should be my doom,
Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
Rather than see a tyrant crown'd in Rome?
Or would'st thou know, if what we value here,
Life, be a trifle hardly worth our care?

What by old age and length of days we gain, 965
More than to len. then out the sense of pain?

Or if this world, with all its forces join'd,
The universal malice of mankind,

Can shake or hurt the brave and honest mind?
If stable virtue can her ground maintain, 970
Whilst fortune feebly threatens and frowns in vain?

If truth and justice with uprightness dwell,
And honesty consist in meaning well?

If right be independent of success,
And conquest cannot make it more or less? 975

Are these, my friend, the secrets thou would'st
know,

Those doubts for which to oracles we go?
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,

And horned Ammon can no more unfold,
From God deriv'd, to God by nature join'd, 980

We act the dictates of his mighty mind:
And though our priests are mute, and temples

still,
God never wants a voice to speak his will.

When first we from the teeming womb were
brought,

With in-born precepts then our souls were
fraught,

And then the maker his new creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,

He gave us all our useful knowledge, then.
Canst thou believe, the vast eternal mind

Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan sands confin'd? 990
That he would choose this waste, this barren

ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,

And leave his truths in wilds and deserts
drown'd?

Is there a place that God would choose to love
Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heaven above,

And virtuous minds, the noblest throne for
Jove?

Why seek we farther then? behold around,
How all thou see'st does with the god abound,

Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let those weak minds who live in doubt and

fear. 1000
To jug ling priests for oracles repair;

One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fix'd, my certain soul from doubt has freed.

The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall;
And when Jove told this truth, he told us all. 1005

So spoke the hero; and, to keep his word,
Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;

But left the croud at freedom to believe,
And takes such answers as the priest should give.

Foremost on foot he treads the burning sand,
Bearing his arms in his own patient hand; 111

Scorning another's weary neck to press,
Or in a lazy chariot loll at ease:

The panting soldier at his toil succeeds,
Where no command, but great example leads.

Sparing of sleep, still for the rest he wakes, 1016
And at the fountain, last, his thirst he slakes;

Whene'er by chance some living stream is found,
He stands, and sees the cooling draughts go round,

Stays till the last and meanest drudge be past, 1020
And, till his slaves have drunk, disdains to taste.

If true good men deserve immortal fame;
If virtue, though distress'd, be still the same;

Whate'er our fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew,

Their virtues all are his, and all their praise
his due.

Whene'er, with battles fortunately fought,
Whoe'er, with Roman blood, such honours

bought?
This triumph, this, on Libya's utmost bound,

With death and desolation compass'd round, 1030
To all thy glories, Pompey, I prefer,

Thy trophies, and thy third triumphal car,
To Marius' mighty name, and great Jugur-

thine war.
His country's father here, O Rome behold! 1034

Worthy thy temples, priest, and shrines of gold!
If e'er thou break'st thy lordly master's chain,

If liberty be e'er restor'd again,
Him shalt thou place in thy divine abodes,

Swear by his holy name, and rank him with thy
gods

Now to those sultry regions were they past,
Which owe to stop inquiring mortals plac'd,

And as their utmost, southern, limits cast.
Thirsty, for springs they search the desert round,

And only one, amidst the sands, they found.
Well stor'd it was, but all access was barr'd: 1045

The stream ten thousand noxious serpents guard:
Dry Aspics on the fatal margin stood,

And Diapas thirst'd in the middle flood. 1048
Back from the stream the frighted soldier flies,

Though parch'd, and languishing for drink, he
dies:

The chief beheld, and said, You fear in vain,
Vainly from safe and healthy draughts abstain,

My soldier, drink, and dread not death or pain.
When urg'd to rage, their teeth the serpents fix,

And venom with our vital juices mix; 1055
The pest infus'd through every vein runs round,

Infects the mass, and death is in the wound.
Harmless and safe, no poison here they shed:

He said; and first the doubtful draught essay'd;
He, who through all their march, their toil,

their thirst, 1060
Demanded, here alone, to drink the first.

Why plagues, like these, infect the Libyan air,
Why deaths unknown in various shapes appear;

Why, fruitful to destroy, the cursed land
Is temper'd thus, by nature's secret hand; 1065

Dark and obscure the hidden cause remains,
And still deludes the vain inquirer's pains;

Unless a tale for truth may be believ'd,
And the good-natur'd world be willingly de-
ceiv'd.

Where western waves on farthest Libya beat,
Warm'd with the setting sun's descending heat,
Dreadful Medusa fix'd her horrid seat.
No leafy shade, with kind protection, shields
The rough, the squalid, unfrequented fields: 1074
No mark of shepherds, or the plowman's toil,
To tend the flocks, or turn the mellow soil:
But, rude with rocks, the regions all around
Its mistress, and her potent visage, own'd.
'Twas from this monster to afflict mankind,
That nature first produc'd the snaky kind: 1080
On her, at first their forked tongues appear'd;
From her, their dreadful hissings first were heard.
Some wreath'd in folds upon her temples hung;
Some backwards to her waist depended long; 1084
Some with their rising crests her forehead deck;
Some wanton play, and lash her swelling neck:
And while her hands the curling vipers comb,
Poisons distil around, and drops of livid foam.

None, who beheld the fury, could complain;
So swift their fate, preventing death and pain: 1090
Ere they had time to fear, the change came on,
And motion, sense, and life, were lost in stone.
The soul itself, from sudden flight debarr'd,
Congealing, in the body's fortune shar'd.
The dire Eumenides could rage inspire, 1095
But could no more; the tuneful Thracian lyre
Infernal Cerberus did soon assuage,
Lull'd him to rest, and sooth'd his triple rage;
Hydra's seven heads the bold Alcides view'd,
Safely he saw and what he saw, subdu'd: 1100
Of these in various terrors each excell'd;
But all to this superior fury yield.
Phorcus and Cæto, next to Neptune he,
Immortal both, and rulers of the sea. 1104
This monster's parents did their offspring dread;
And from her sight her sister Gorgons fled.
Old Ocean's waters and the liquid air,
The universal world her power might fear:
All nature's beauteous works she could invade, }
Through every part a lazy numbness shed,
And over all a stony surface spread.
Birds in their flight were stopt, and ponderous
grown,

Forget their pinions, and fell senseless down.
Beasts to the rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were tribes of stone and marble nations
found. 1115

No living eyes so fell a sight could bear;
Her snakes themselves, all deadly though they
were,
Shot backward from her face, and shrunk away
for fear.

By her, a rock Titanian Atlas grew,
And heaven by her the giants did subdue: 1120
Hard was the fight, and Jove was half dismay'd,
Till Pallas brought the Gorgon to his aid:
The heavenly nation laid aside their fear,
For soon the finish'd the prodigious war;
To mountains turn'd, the monster race re-
mains, 1125
The trophies of her power on the Phlegrean plains.

To seek this monster, and her fate to prove,
The son of Danaë and golden Jove,
Attempts a flight through airy ways above.
The youth Cyllenian Hermes' aid implor'd; 1130
The god assist'd with his wings the sword,
His sword which late made watchful Argus bleed,
And so from her cruel keeper freed,
Unwedded Pallas lent a sister's air;
But ask'd, for recompence, Medusa's head. 1135
Eastward she warns her brother bend his flight,
And from the Gorgon realms avert his sight;
Then arms his left with her resplendent shield,
And shews how there the foe might be beheld
Deep slumbers had the drowsy fiend possess'd, 1140
Such as drew on, and well might seem, her last:
And yet she slept not whole; one half her snakes
Watchful, to guard their horrid mistress, wakes;
The rest dishevel'd, loosely, round her head, 1144
And o'er her drowsy lids and face were spread.
Backward the youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a stroke:
His faltering hand the virgin goddess guides,
And from the monster's neck her snaky head divides.
But oh! what art, what numbers, can ex-
press 1150

The terrors of the dying Gorgon's face!
What clouds of poison from her lips arise,
What death, what vast destruction, threaten'd in
her eyes!

'Twas somewhat that immortal gods might fear,
More than the warlike maid herself could
bear. 1155

The victor Perseus still had been subdu'd,
Though, wary still, with eyes averse he stood:
Had not his heavenly sister's timely care
Veil'd the dread visage with the hissing hair.
Seis'd of his prey, heavenwards, uplifted light, 1160
On Hermes' nimble wings, he took his flight.
Now thoughtful of his course, he hung in air,
And meant through Europe's happy clime to steer;
Till pitying Pallas warn'd him not to blast
Her fruitful fields, nor lay her cities waste. 1165
For who would not have upwards cast their sight,
Curious to gaze at such a wondrous sight?
Therefore, by gales of gentle Zephyrs borne,
To Libya's coast the hero minds to turn.
Beneath the sultry line, expos'd it lies 1170
To deadly planets, and malignant skies.
Still, with his fiery steeds, the god of day
Drives through that heaven, and makes his burn-
ing way.

No land more high erects its lofty head,
The silver moon in dim eclipse to hide; 1175
If through the summer signs direct she run,
Nor bends obliquely, north or south to shun
The envious earth that hides her from the sun.
Yet could this soil accurst, this barren field 1179
Increase of deaths, and poisonous harvests yield.
Where-e'er sublime in air the victor flew,
The monster's head distill'd a deadly dew;
The earth receiv'd the seed, and pregnant
grew.

Still as the putrid gore dropt on the sand, 1184
'Twas temper'd up by nature's forming hand;

The glowing climate makes the work complete,
And broods upon the mafs, and lends it genial heat.

First of thofe plagues the droufy Alp appear'd,
Then firft her creft and swelling neck ſhe rear'd;
A larger drop of black congealing blood 1190
Diftinguiſh'd her amidſt the deadly brood.
Of all the ſerpent race are none ſo fell,
None with ſo many deaths ſuch plenteous venom
ſwell;

Chill in themſelves, our colder climes they ſhun,
And chooſe to baſk in Afric's warmer ſun; 1195
But Nile no more confines them now: What bound
Can for infatiate avarice be found!

Frighted with Lybian deaths our merchants come,
And poiſonous aſps are things of price at Rome.

Her ſcaly folds th' Hæmorrhoids unbends, 1200
And her vaſt length along the ſand extends;
Where e'er ſhe wounds, from every part the blood
Cuſhes reſiſtleſs in a crimſon flood.

Amphibious ſome do in the Syrts abound,
And now on land, in waters now are found. 1205
Slimy Chelyders the parch'd earth diſtain,
And trace a reeking furrow on the plain.

The ſpotted Cenchris, rich in various dyes,
Shoots in a line, and forth directly flies:
Not like ban marbles are ſo gayly drefs'd, 1210
Nor with ſuch party-colour'd beauties grac'd.

Safe in his earthly hue and duſky ſkin,
Th' Ammodites lurks in the ſands unſeen:
The Swimmer there the cryſtal ſtream pollutes;
And ſwift, through air, the flying Javelin ſhoots.
The Scytale, ere yet the ſpring returns,
There caſts her coat; and there the Dipſas burns;
The Amphibæna doubly arm'd appears,
At either end a threatening head ſhe rears.
Rais'd on his active tail the Pareas ſtands, 1220
And, as he paſſes, furrows up the ſands.
The Preſſer by his forming jaws is known;
The Seps invades the fleſh and firmer bone,
Diſſolves the mafs of man, and melts his fabric
down.

The Baſiliſk, with dreadful hiſſings heard, 1225
And from afar by every ſerpent fear'd,
To diſtance drives the vulgar, and remains
The lonely monarch of the deſert plains.

And you, ye dragons of the ſcaly race,
Whom glittering gold and ſhining armours grace,
In other nations harmleſs are you found,
This guardian Genii and protectors own'd;
In Afric only are you fatal; there,
On wide-expanded wings, ſublime you rear
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air. }
The ſowing kine in droves you chace, and cull
Some maſter of the herd, ſome mighty bul:
Around his ſtubborn ſides your tails you twiſt,
By force compeſs, and burſt his brawny cheſt.
Not elephants are by their larger ſize 1240
Secure, but, with the reſt, become your prize.

Reſiſtleſs in your might, you all invade,
And for deſtruction need not poiſon's aid.

Thus, though a thouſand plagues around
them ſpread,

A weary march the hardy ſoldiers tread,
Through thirſt, through toil and death, by }
Cato led,

Their chief, with pious grief and deep regret,
Each moment mourns his friends untimely fate;
Wondering, he ſees ſome ſmall, ſome trivial wound
Extend a valiant Roman on the ground. 1250
Aulus, a noble youth of Tyrrhene blood,
Who bore the ſtandard, on a Dipſas trode;
Backward the wrathful ſerpent bent her head,
And, fell with rage, th' unheeded wrong re-
pay'd.

Scarce did ſome little mark of hurt remain, 1255
And ſcarce he found ſome little ſenſe of pain;
Nor could he yet the danger doubt, nor fear
That death, with all its terrors, threaten'd
there.

When lo! unſeen, the ſecret venom ſpreads,
And every nobler part at once invades; 1260
Swift flames conſume the marrow and the brain,
And the ſcorch'd entrails rage with burning
pain;

Upon his heart the thirſty poiſons prey,
And drain the ſacred juice of life away. 1264
No kindly floods of moiſture bathe his tongue,
But cleaving to the parched roof it hung;
No trickling drops diſtil, no dewy ſweat,
To caſe his weary limbs, and cool the raging
heat.

Nor could he weep; ev'n grief could not ſupply
Streams for the mournful office of his eye,
The never-failing ſource of tears was dry.
Frantic he flies, and with a careleſs hand
Hurls the neglected eagle on the ſand;
Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying chief's com-
mand.

For ſprings he ſeeks, he digs, he proves the
ground,

For ſprings, in vain, explores the deſert round, 1276
For cooling draughts, which might their aid im-
part,

And quench the burning venom in his heart.
Plung'd in the Tanais, the Rhone, or Po,
Or Nile, whoſe wandering ſtreams o'er Ægypt
flow,

Still would he rage, ſtill with the fever glow.
The ſcorching climate to his fate conſpires,
And Libya's ſun aſſiſts the Dipſas' fires. 1283

Now every where for drink, in vain he pries,
Now to the Syrts and briny ſeas he flies;
The briny ſeas delight, but ſeem not to ſuffice. }
Nor yet he knows what ſecret plague he nurl'd,
Nor found the poiſon, but believ'd it thirſt.
Of thirſt, and thirſt alone, he ſtill complains,
Raving for thirſt, he tears his ſwelling veins; 1290
From every veſſel drains a crimſon flood,
And quaffs in greedy draughts his vital blood.
This Cato ſaw, and ſtraight, without delay,
Commands his legions on to urge their way;
Nor give th' inquiring ſoldier time to know 1295
What deadly deeds a fatal thirſt could do.

But ſoon a fate more ſad, with new ſurprize,
From the firſt object turns their wondering
eyes

Wretched Sabellus by a Seps was ſtung;
Fix'd to his leg, with deadly teeth, it hung: 1300
Sudden the ſoldier ſhook it from the wound,
Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren ground.

Of all the dire destructive serpent race,
None have so much of death, though none are less.
For straight, around the part, the skin withdrew.
The flesh and shrinking sinews backward flew,
And left the naked bones expos'd to view.

The spreading poisons all the darts confound,
And the whole body sinks within the wound.
The brawny thighs no more their muscles boast,
But, melting, all in liquid filth are lost; 1311
The well-knit groin above, and ham below,
Mixt in one putrid stream, together flow;
The firm Peritonæum, rent in twain,
No more the pressing entrails could sustain,
It yields, and forth they fall, at once they gush
again.

Small relics of the mouldering mass were left,
At once of substance, as of form bereft;
Dissolv'd the whole in liquid poison ran,
And to a nauseous puddle shrunk the man. 1320
Then burst the rigid nerves, the manly breast,
And all the texture of the heaving chest:
Resistless way the conquering venom made,
And secret nature was at once display'd;
Her sacred privacies all open lie 1325
To each prophane, inquiring, vulgar eye.
Then the broad shoulders did the pest invade,
Then o'er the valiant arms and neck it spread;
Last sunk, the mind's imperial seat, the head. }
So flows dissolv'd by southern breezes run, 1330
So melts the wax before the noon-day sun.
Nor ends the wonder here; though flames are
known

To waste the flesh, yet still they spare the bone:
Here none were left, no least remains were seen;
No mark to shew, that once the man had
been. 1335

Of all the plagues which curse the Libyan land,
(If death and mischief may a crown demand.)
Serpent, the palm is thine. Though others may
Boast of their power to force the soul away,
Yet soul and body both become thy prey.

A fate of different kind Nasidius found, 1341

A burning Prester gave the deadly wound;
And straight a sudden flame began to spread,
And paint his visage with a glowing red.
With swift expansion swells the bloated skin,
Nought but an undistinguish'd mass is seen,
While the fair human form lies lost within. }
The puffy poison spreads, and heaves around,
Till all the man is in the monster drown'd.
No more the steely plate his breast can stay, 1350
But yields, and gives the burbling poison way.
Not waters so, when fire the rage supplies,
Bubbling on heaps, in boiling cauldrons rise:
Nor swells the stretching canvas half so fast,
When the fair rather all the driving blast,
Strain the tough yards, and bow the lofty mast.
The various parts no longer now are known,
One headless formless heap remains alone;
The feather'd kind avoid the fatal feast,
And leave it deadly to some hungry beast; 1360
With horror seiz'd, his sad companions too,
In haste from the unbury'd carcase flew;
Look'd back, but fled again, for still the mon-
ster grew.

But fertile Libya still new plagues supplies,
And to more horrid monsters turns their eyes. 1365
Deeply the fierce Hæmorrhoids imprint
Her fatal teeth on Tullus' valiant breast:
The noble youth, with virtue's love inspir'd,
Her, in her Cato, follow'd and admir'd;
Mov'd by his great example, vow'd to share, 1370
With him, each chance of that disastrous war.
And as when mighty Rome's spectators met
In the full theatre's capacious seat,
At once, by secret pipes and channels fed, 1374
Rich tinctures gush from every antique head;
At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,
And rain their odours on the croud below:
So the warm blood at once from every part
Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting
heart.

Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful
face 1380

The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace:
Where'er the liquid juices find a way,
There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray:
His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling
blood; 1385

In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.
Lævus, a colder Aspic bit, and straight
His blood forgot to flow, his heart to beat; 1389
Thick shades upon his eye-lids seem'd to creep,
And lock him fast in everlasting sleep:
No sense of pain, no torment did he know,
But sunk in slumbers to the shades below.

Not swifter death attends the noxious juice,
Which dire Sabæan Aconites produce 1395
Well may their crafty priests divine, and well
The fate which they themselves can cause, foretell.

Fierce from afar a darting Javelin shot,
(For such, the serpent's name has Afric taught) }
And through unhappy Paulus' temples flew; 1400
Nor poison, but a wound, the soldier flew.
No flight so swift, so rapid none we know,
Stones for the sounding sling, compar'd, are }
slow,

And the shaft loiters from the Scythian bow.
A basilisk bold Murrus kill'd in vain, 1405
And nail'd it dying to the sandy plain;
Along the spear the sliding venom ran,
And sudden, from the weapon, seiz'd the man:
His hand first touch'd, ere it his arm invade,
Soon he divides it with his shining blade: 1410
The serpent's force by sad example taught,
With his lost hand, his ransom'd life he bought.

Who that the scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys? 1414
Threatening, he rears his knotty tail on high;
The vast Orion thus he doom'd to die, }
And fix'd him, his proud trophy in the sky.
Or could we the Salpuga's anger dread,
Or fear upon her little cell to tread?
Yet she the fatal threads of life commands, 1420
And quickens off the Stygian sister's hands,
Pursu'd by dangers, thus they pass'd away
The restless night, and thus the cheerless day;

Ev'n earth itself they fear'd, the common bed,
 Where each lay down to rest his weary head: 1425
 There no kind trees their leafy couches strow,
 The sands no turf nor mossy beds bestow;
 But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious toil,
 Expos'd they sleep upon the fatal soil. 1429
 With vital heat they brood upon the ground,
 And breathe a kind attractive vapour round.
 While chill, with colder night's ungentle air,
 To man's warm breast his snaky foes repair, }
 And find, ungrate ul guests, a shelter there.
 Thence fresh supplies of poisonous rage return, 1435
 And fiercely with recruited deaths they burn.
 Restore, thus sadly oft the soldier said,
 Restore Emathia's plains, from whence we fled;
 This grace, at least, ye cruel gods afford,
 That we may fall beneath the hostile sword. 1440
 The Dipa's here in Caesar's triumph share,
 And sell Cerastra wage his civil war.
 Or let us haste away, press farther on,
 Urge our bold passage to the burning zone, }
 And die by those ethereal flames alone.
 Afric, thy deserts we accuse no more, 1446
 Nor blame, oh nature! thy creating power:
 From man thou wisely didst these wilds divide,
 And for the monsters here alone provide; }
 A region waste and void of all beside.
 Thy prudent care forbade the barren field 1451
 The yellow harvest's ripe increase to yield;
 Man and his labours well thou didst deny,
 And bad'st him from the land of poisons fly.
 We, impious we, the bold irruption made; 1455
 We, this the serpent's world, did first invade;
 Take then our lives a forfeit for the crime,
 Whoe'er thou art, that rust it this cursed clime:
 What god so'er, that only lov'st to reign,
 And dost the commerce of mankind disdain: 1460
 Who, to secure thy horrid empire's bound,
 Hast fix'd the Syrts, and torrid realms around;
 Here the wild waves, there the flames scorching
 breath,
 And fill'd the dreadful middle space with death.
 Behold, to thy retreats our arms we bear, 1465
 And with Rome's civil rage prophane thee here;
 Ev'n to thy inmost seats we strive to go,
 And seek the limits of the world to know.
 Perhaps more dire events attend us yet; 1469
 New deaths, new monsters, still we go to meet.
 Perhaps to those far seas our journey bends,
 Where to the waves the burning sun descends;
 Where, rushing headlong down heaven's azure
 sleep,
 All red he plunges in the hissing deep.
 Now sink the pole, declining from its height, 1475
 And seems to yield beneath the rapid weight.
 Nor farther lands from fame herself are known,
 But Mauritanian Juba's realms alone.
 Perhaps, while, rashly daring, on we pass,
 Fate may direct some more dreadful place; 1480
 Till, late repenting, we may wish in vain
 To see these serpents, and these lands again.
 One joy at least do these sad regions give,
 Ev'n here we know 'tis possible to live: }
 That, by the native plagues, we may perceive.

Nor ask we now for Asia's gentler day,
 Nor now for European suns we pray;
 Thee, Afric, now, thy absence we deplore,
 And sadly think we ne'er shall see thee more.
 Say, in what part, what climate are they lost?
 Where have we left Cyrene's happy frost? 1491
 Cold skies we felt, and frosty winter there,
 While more than summer suns are raging here, }
 And break the laws of the well order'd year.
 Southward, beyond earth's limits, are we
 pass'd, 1495
 And Rome, at length, beneath our feet is plac'd.
 Grant us, ye gods, one pleasure ere we die,
 Add to our harder fate this only joy,
 That Caesar may pursue, and follow where we
 fly.
 Impatient, thus the soldier oft complains, 1500
 And seems, by telling, to relieve his pains.
 But most the virtues of their matchless chief
 Inspire new strength, to bear with every grief;
 All night, with careful thoughts and watchful
 eyes,
 On the bare sands expos'd the hero lies; 1505
 In every place alike, in every hour,
 Dares his ill fortune, and defies her power.
 Unweary'd still, his common care attends
 On every fate, and cheers his dying friends:
 With ready haste at each sad call he flies, 1510
 And more than health, or life itself, supplies;
 With virtue's noblest precepts arms their souls,
 And ev'n their sorrows, like his own controls
 Where-e'er he comes, no signs of grief are
 shown;
 Grief, an unmanly weakness, they disown,
 And scorn to sigh, or breathe one parting
 groan.
 Still urging on his pious cares, he strove
 The sense of outward evils to remove;
 And, by his presence, taught them to disdain
 The feeble rage and impotence of pain. 1520
 But now, so many toils and dangers past,
 Fortune grew kind, and brought relief at last.
 Of all who scorched Afric's sun endure,
 None like the swarthy Psyllians are secure. 1524
 Skill'd in the lore of powerful herbs and charms,
 Them, not the serpent's tooth, nor poison harms;
 Nor do they thus in arts alone excel,
 But nature too their blood has temper'd well, }
 And taught with vital force the venom to re-
 pel.
 With healing gifts, and privileges grac'd, 1530
 Well in the land of serpents were they plac'd;
 Truce with the dreadful tyrant, death, they
 have,
 And border safely on his realm, the grave.
 Such confidence is in their true-born blood,
 That oft with asps they prove their doubtful
 brood: 1535
 When wanton wives their jealous rage inflame,
 The new-born infant clears or damns the dame;
 If subject to the wrathful serpent's wound,
 The mother's shame is by the danger found;
 But if unhurt the fearless infant laugh; 1540
 The wife is honest, and the husband false.

So when Jove's bird, on some tall cedar's head,
Has a new race of generous eaglets bred,
While yet unplum'd, within the nest they lie,
Wary she turns them to the eastern sky;
Then if, unequal to the god of day,
Abash'd they shrink, and shun the potent ray,
She spurns them forth, and casts them quite
away;

But if with daring eyes unmov'd they gaze, 1549
Withstand the light, and bear the golden blaze;
Tender she broods them with a parent's love,
The future servants of her master Jove.
Nor safe themselves, alone, the Pnyllians are,
But to their guests extend their friendly care.
First, when the Roman camp is mark'd,
around

Circling they pass, then chanting, charm the
ground,

And chase the serpents with the mystic sound.
Beyond the farthest tents rich fires they build,
That healthy medicinal odours yield;
There foreign Galbanum dissolving fries, 1560
And crackling flames from humble Wall-wort
rise;

There Tamarisk, which no green leaf adorns,
And there the spicy Syrian Costos burns.
There Centory supplies the wholesome flame,
That from Thessalian Chiron takes its name; 1565
The gummy Larch tree, and the Thapsos there,
Wound-wort and Maiden-weed perfume the air.
There the large branches of the long-liv'd hart,
With Southern-wood, their odours strong im-
part.

The monsters of the land, he serpents fell, 1570
Fly far away, and shun the hostile smell.

Securely thus they pass the nights away;
And if they chance to meet a wound by day, }
The Pnyllian artists straight their skill display.
Then strives the Leach the power of charms to
show, 1575

And bravely combats with the deadly foe;
With spittle first, he marks the part around,
And keeps the poison prisoner in the wound;
Then sudden he begins the magic song, 1579

And rolls the numbers hasty o'er his tongue;
Swift he runs on; nor pauses once for breath,
To stop the progress of approaching death:
He fears the cure might suffer by delay,

And life be lost but for a moment's stay, 1584

Thus oft, though deep within the vein it lies,
By magic numbers chac'd, the mischief flies:

But if it hear too slow, if still it stay,
And scorns the potent charmer to obey;

With forceful lips he fastens on the wound, 1589
Drains out, and spits the venom to the ground.

Thus, by long use and of experience taught,
He knows from whence his hurt the patient got;
He proves the part through which the poison
pass,

And knows each various serpent by the taste.

The warriors thus reliev'd, amidst their
pains, 1595

Held on their passage through the desert plains:
And now the silver empress of the night

Had lost, and twice regain'd, her borrow'd light,

While Cato, wandering o'er the wasteful field,
Patient in all his labours she beheld. 1600

At length condens'd in clods the sands appear,

And shew a better soil and country near;

Now from afar thin tufts of trees arise,

And scattering cottages delight their eyes.

But when the soldier once beheld again 1605

The raging lion shakes his horrid mane,

What hopes of better lands his soul possess?

What joys he felt, to view the dreadful beast!

Leptis at last they reach'd, that nearest lay,

There free from storms, and the sun's parching
ray,

At ease they pass'd the wintery year away. }

When fated with the joys which slaughter
yield,

Retiring Cæsar left Emathia's field;

His other cares laid by, he fought alone

To trace the footsteps of his flying son. 1615

Led by the guidance of reporting fame,

First to the Thracian Hellepont he came.

Here young Leander perish'd in the flood,

And here the tower of mournful Hero stood:

Here, with a narrow stream, the flowing tide,

Europe, from wealthy Asia, does divide. 1621

From hence the curious victor passing o'er,

Admiring fought the fam'd Sigæan shore.

There might the tombs of Grecian chiefs behold,

Renown'd in sacred verse by bards of old. 1625

There the long ruins of the walls appear'd,

Once by great Neptune, and Apollo, rear'd:

There stood old Troy, a venerable name;

For ever consecrate to deathless fame.

Now blasted mossy trunks with branches fear, 1630

Brambles and weeds, a loathsome forest rear;

Where once, in palaces of regal state,

Old Priam, and the Trojan princes, sat.

Where temples once, on lofty columns born,

Majestic did the wealthy town adorn, 1635

All rude, all waste and desolate is lay'd,

And even the ruin'd ruins are decay'd.

Here Cæsar did each story'd place survey,

Here saw the rock, where, Neptune to obey, }

Hesione was bound the monster's prey.

Here, in the covert of a secret grove,

The blest Anchises clasp'd the queen of love:

Here fair Oenone play'd, here stood the cave

Where Paris once the fatal judgment gave;

Here lovely Ganymede to Heaven was born, 1645

Each rock, and every tree, recording tales adorn.

Here all that does of Xanthus' stream remain,

Creeps a small brook along the dusty plain.

Whilst careless and securely on they pass,

The Phrygian guide forbids to press the grass;

This place, he said, for ever sacred keep, 1651

For here the sacred bones of Hector sleep.

Then warns him to observe, where, rudely cast,

Disjointed stones lay broken and defac'd:

Here his last fate, he cries, did Priam prove;

Here, on this altar of Hercæan Jove.

O poetry divine! O sacred song!

To thee, bright fame and length of days belong;

Thou, goddess! thou eternity canst give,

And bid secure the mortal here live. 1660

Nor, Cæsar, then disdain, that I rehearse
Thee, and thy wars; in no ignoble verse;
Since, it in aught the Latian Muse excel,
My name, and thine, immortal I foretel;
Eternity our labours shall reward, 1665
And Lucan flourish, like the Grecian bard;
My numbers shall to latest times convey
The tyrant Cæsar, and Pharsalia's day.

When long the chief his wondering eyes had
e st:

On ancient monuments of ages past; 1670
Of living turf an altar straight he made,
Then on the fire rich gums and incense laid, }
And thus, successful in his vows, he pray'd,
Ye shades divine! who keep this sacred place,
And thou, Æneas! author of my race, 1675
Ye powers, whose'er from burning Troy did come,
Domestic gods of Alba, and of Rome,
Who still preserve your ruin'd country's name,
And on your altars guard the Phrygian flame:
And thou, bright maid, who art to men de-
ny'd;

Pallas, who dost thy sacred privilege confide
To Rome, and in her inmost temple hide; }
Hear, and auspicious to my vows incline,
To me, the greatest of the Julian line:
Prosper my future ways; and lo! I vow 1685
Your ancient state and honours to bestow;
African hands shall Phrygian walls restore,
And Rome repay, what Troy conferr'd before.
He said; and hasted to his fleet away,
Swift to repair the loss of this delay. 1690
Up sprung the wind, and with a freshening gale,
The kind north-west fill'd ev'ry swelling sail;
Light o'er the foamy waves the navy flew,
Till Asia's shores and Rhodes no more they view.
Six times the night her sable round had made,
The seventh now passing on the chief survey'd }
High Pharos shining through the gleamy shade;
The coast descri'd, he waits the rising day,
Then safely to the port directs his way.
There wide with crouds o'erspread he sees the
shore,

And echoing hears the loud tumultuous roar.
Distrustful of his fate, he gives command
To stand aloof, nor trust the doubted land;
When lo! a messenger appears, to bring
A fatal pledge of peace from Ægypt's king: 1705
Hid in a veil, and closely cover'd o'er,
Pompey's pale visage in his hand he bore.
An impious orator the tyrant sends,
Who thus, with fitting words, the monstrous gift
commends.

Hail! first and greatest of the Roman
name; 1710

In power most mighty, most renown'd in fame:
Hail! rightly now, the world's unrival'd lord!
That benefit thy Pharian friends afford.
My king bestows the prize thy arms have fought,
For which Pharsalia's field in vain was fought.
No task remains for future labours now; 1716
The civil wars are finish'd at a blow.
To heal Thessalia's ruins, Pompey fled
To us for succour, and by us lies dead.

Thee, Cæsar, with this costly pledge we buy,
Thee, to our friendship, with this victim tie. 1721
Ægypt's proud sceptre freely then receive,
Whate'er the fertile flowing Nile can give:
Accept the treasures which this deed has spar'd;
Accept the benefit, without reward. 1725

Deign, Cæsar! deign to think my royal lord
Worthy the aid of thy victorious sword.
In the first rank of greatness shall he stand;
He, who could Pompey's destiny command.
Nor frown disdainful on the proffer'd spoil, 1730
Because not dearly bought with blood and toil:
But think, oh think, what sacred ties were broke,
How friendship pleaded, and how nature spoke:
That Pompey, who restor'd Auletes' crown, 1734
The father's ancient guest was murder'd by the
son.

Then judge thyself, and ask the world and fame,
If services like these deserve a name.

If gods and men the daring deed abhor,
Think, for that reason, Cæsar owes the more;
This blood for thee, though not by thee was spilt;
Thou hast the benefit, and we the guilt. 1741

He said, and straight the horrid gift unveil'd,
And steadfast to the gazing victor held
Chang'd was the face, deform'd with death all
o'er,

Pale, ghastly, wan, and stain'd with clotted
gore,

Unlike the Pompey Cæsar knew before.
He, nor at first disdain'd the fatal boon,
Nor started from the dreadful sight too soon,
Awhile his eyes the dreadful scene endure, 1749
Doubting they view; but shun it, when se-
cure.

At length he stood convinc'd, the deed was done;
He saw 'twas safe to mourn his lifeless son:
And straight the ready tears, that staid till now,
Swift at command with pious semblance flow:
As if detesting, from the sight he turns, 1755
And groaning, with a heart triumphant mourns.
He fears his impious thought should be descri'd,
And seeks in tears the swelling joy to hide.
Thus the curst Pharian tyrant's hopes were cross'd,
Thus all the merit of his gift was lost; 1760
Thus for the murder Cæsar's thanks were spar'd;
He chose to mourn it, rather than reward.
He who, relentless, through Pharsalia rode,
And on the senate's mangled fathers trode;
He who, without one pitying sigh, beheld, 1765
The blood and slaughter of that woeful field;
Thee, murder'd Pompey, could not ruthlessly see,
But pay'd the tribute of his grief to thee.
Oh mystery of fortune, and of fate!

Oh ill-consorted piety and hate! 1770

And canst thou, Cæsar, then thy tears afford
To the dire object of thy vengeful sword?
Didst thou, for this, devote his hostile head,
Pursue him living, to bewail him dead?
Could not the gentle tie of kindred move? 1775
Wert thou not touch'd with thy sad Julia's
love?

And weep'st thou now? dost thou those tears
provide

To win the friends of Pompey to thy side?

If, reeking from Emathia's dreadful plain,
And horrid with the blood of thousands slain,
He sinks lascivious in a lewd embrace,
While Pompey's ghastly spectre haunts the place : 115
If Julia's chasteft name he can forget,
And raife her, brethren of a bastard fet ;
If indolently he permits, from far,
Bold Cato to revive the fainting war ;
If he can give away the fruits of blood, 120
And fight to make a strumpet's title good.
To him difdaining, or to feign a tear,
Or fpread her artfully dihevell'd hair,
In comely sorrow's decent garb array'd,
And trufting to her beauty's certain aid,
In words like thefe began the Pharian maid :
If royal birth and the Lætan name,
Thy favouring pity, greateft Cæfar, claim,
Redrefs my wrongs, thus humbly I implore,
And to her ftate an injur'd queen reftore. 130
Here fhed thy juft influence, and rife
A ftar auspicious to Ægyptian fkie's.
Nor is it ftrange for Pharos to behold
A woman's temples bound with regal gold :
No laws our fofter fex's powers re- rain, 135
But undiftinguifh'd equally we reign.
Vouchsafe my royal father's will to read,
And learn what dying Ptolemy decreed :
My juft pretentions ftand recorded there,
My brother's empire and his bed to share. 140
Nor would the gentle boy his love refufe,
Did curs'd Photinus leave him free to choofe ;
But now in vaffalage he holds his crown,
And acts by power and paffions not his own.
Nor is my foul on empire fondly fet, 145
But could with eafe my royal rights forget ;
So thou the throne from vile difhonour fave,
Reftore the mafter, and depofe the flave
What fcorn, what pride, his haughty bofom fwell,
Since, at his bidding, Roman Pompey fell ! 150
Ev'n now, which oh ! ye righteous gods avert,
His fword is levell'd at thy noble heart.
Thou and mankind are wrong'd, when he fhall
dare,
Or in thy prize, or in thy crime to share.
In vain her words the warrior's ears af-
fail'd, 155
Had not her face beyond her tongue prevail'd ;
From thence refiftlefs eloquence fhine draws,
And with the fweet perfuafion gains her caufe.
His ftubborn heart diffolves in loofe delight,
And grants her fuit, for one lascivious night. 160
Ægypt and Cæfar, now, in peace agreed,
Riot and feafting to the war fucceed :
The wanton queen difplays her wealthy ftore,
Excefs unknown to frugal Rome before.
Rich, as fome fane by lavifh zealots rear'd, 165
For the proud banquet, ftood the hall prepar'd :
Thick golden plates the latent beams infold,
And the high roof was fretted o'er with gold :
Of folid marble all, the walls were made,
And onyx ev'n the meaner floor inlay'd ; 170
While porphyry and agat, round the court,
In mafsy columns, rofe a proud fupport.
Of folid ebony each poft was wrought,
From fwarthy Meroë profufely brought :

With ivory was the entrance crufted o'er, 175
And polifh'd tortoise hid each fhining door ;
While on the cloudy fpo's enchas'd was feen
The lively emerald's never-fading green.
Within, the royal beds and couches fhone,
Beamy and bright with many a costly ftone. 180
In glowing purple rich the coverings lie ;
Twice had they drunk the nobleft Tyrian dye ;
Others, as Pharian artifts have the fkill
To mix the party-colour'd web at will, 184
With winding trails of various filks were made,
Where branching gold fet off the rich brocade.
Around, of every age, and choicer form,
Huge crouds, whole nations of attendants fwarm :
Some wait in yellow rings of golden hair,
The vanquifh'd Rhine fhew'd Cæfar none fo
fair : 190
Others were feen with fwarthy woolly heads,
Black as eternal night's unchanging fhades.
Here fquealing eunuchs, a difmember'd train,
Lament the lofs of genial joys in vain :
There nature's nobleft work, a youthful band, 195
In the full pride of blooming manhood ftand.
All duteous on the Pharian princes wait,
The Princes round the board recline in ftate, }
With mighty Cæfar, more than princes great. }
On ivory feet the citron board was wrought, 200
Richer than thofe with captive Juba brought.
With every wile ambitious beauty tries
To fix the daring Roman's heart her prize.
Her brother's meaner bed and crown ſhe fcorns,
And with fierce hopes for nobler empire burns ; 205
Collects the mifchiefs of her wanton eyes,
And her faint cheeks with deeper rofes dyes ;
Amidft the braidings of her flowing hair,
The fpoils of orient rocks and fhells appear ;
Like midnight ftars, ten thoufand diamonds
deck 210
The comely rifing of her graceful neck :
Of wondrous work, a thin transparent lawn
O'er each foft breaft in decency was drawn ;
Where ftill by turns the parting threads with-
drew,
And all the panting bofom rofe to view. 215
Her robe, her every part, her air, confeſs
The power of female ſkill exhauſted in her dref.
Fantafic madnefs of unthinking pride,
To boaft that wealth, which prudence ftives to
hide !
In Civil Wars fuch treafures to difplay, 220
And tempt a foldier with the hopes of prey !
Had Cæfar not been Cæſar, impious, bold, }
And ready to lay waſte the world for gold, }
But juſt as all our frugal names of old ; }
This wealth could Curius or Fabricius know, 225
Or ruder Cincinnatus from the plow,
As Cæſar, they had feiz'd the mighty ſpoil,
And to enrich their Tiber robb'd the Nile.
Now, by a train of flaves, the various fealt
In mafsy gold magnificent was plac'd : 230
Whatever earth, or air, or feas afford,
In vaſt profuſion crowns their labouring board.
For dainties, Ægypt every land explores,
Nor ſpares thoſe very gods her zeal adores.
The Nile's ſweet wave capacious cryſtals pour, 235
And gems of price the grapes delicious ſtore ;

No growth of Mareotis' marshy fields,
But such as Meroë maturer yields;
Where the warm sun the racy juice refines,
And mellow into age the infant wines. 240
With wreaths of Nard the guests their temples
bind,

And blooming roses of immortal kind;
Their dropping locks with oily odours flow,
Recent from near Arabia, where they grow:
The vigorous spices breathe their strong perfume,
And the rich vapour fills the spacious room. 246
Here Cæsar Pompey' poverty disdain'd,
And learn'd to waste that world his arms had
gain'd.

He saw th' Egyptian wealth with greedy eyes,
And with'd some fair pretence to seize the prize.
Sated at length with the prodigious feast, 251
Their weary appetites from riot ceas'd;
When Cæsar, curious of some new delight,
In conversation fought to wear the night:
Then gently thus address'd the good old priest, 255
Receiving decent in his linen vest.
O wife Achoreüs! venerable seer!
Whose age bespeaks thee heaven's peculiar care,
Say from what origin thy nation sprung,
What boundaries to Egypt's land belong? 260
What are thy people's customs, and their modes,
What rites they teach, what forms they give their
gods?

Each ancient sacred mystery explain,
Which monumental sculptures yet retain.
Divinity disdain'd to be confin'd, 265
Fain would be known, and reverenc'd by man-
kind.

'Tis said, thy holy predecessors thought
Cecropian Plato worthy to be taught:
And sure the sages of your schoo's have known
No soul more form'd for science than my own. 270
Fame of my potent rival's flight, 'tis true,
To this your Pharian shore my journey drew;
Yet know the love of learning led me too. }
In all the hurries of tumultuous war,
The stars, the gods, and heavens, were still my
care.

Nor shall my skill to fix the rolling year 276
Inferior to Eudoxus' art appear
Long has my curious soul, from early youth,
Toil'd in the noble search of sacred truth:
Yet still no views have urg'd my ardour more,
Than Nile's remotest fountain to explore
Then say what source the famous stream supplies,
And bids it at revolving periods rise;
Shew me that head from whence, since time be-
gun,

The long succession of his waves has run; 285
This let me know, and all my toils shall cease,
The sword be sheath'd, and earth be blest with
peace.

The warr or spoke; and thus the seer reply'd:
Nor shalt thou, mighty Cæsar, be deny'd.
Our fires forbad al', but them'elves, to know, 290
And kept with care profaner laymen low:
My soul, I own, more generously inclin'd,
Would let in daylight to inform the blind

Nor would I truth in mysteries restrain, 294
But make the gods, their power, and precepts
plain;

Would teach their miracles, would spread their
praise,

And well-taught minds to just devotion raise.
Know then, to all those stars, by nature driven
In opposition to revolving heaven, }
Some one peculiar influence was given.
The sun the seasons of the year supplies,
And bids the evening and the morning rise;
Commands the planets with superior force,
And keeps each wandering light to his appointed
course.

The silver moon o'er briny seas presides, 305
And heaves huge ocean with alternate tides.
Saturn's cold rays in icy climes prevail;
Mars rules the winds, the storm, and rattling
hail;

Where Jove ascends, the skies are still serene;
And fruitful Venus is the genial queen: 310

While every limpid spring, and falling stream,
Submits to radiant Hermes' reigning beam.

When in the Crab the humid ruler shines,
And to the sultry Lion near inclines, 314

There fix'd immediate o'er Nile's latent source,
He strikes the watery stores with ponderous force;

Nor can the flood bright Maia's son withstand,
But heaves, like ocean, at the moon's command;

His waves ascend, obedient as the seas,
And reach their destin'd height by just degrees.

Nor to its bank returns th' enormous tide,
Till Libra's equal scales the days and nights di-
vide.

Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
In dreams of Ethiopian snaws believ'd:

From hills they taught, how melting currents
ran, 325

When the first swelling of the flood began.
But, ah, how vain the thought! no Boreas there

In icy bonds constrains the wintery year,
But sultry southern winds eternal reign,

And scorching suns the swarthy natives stain. 330
Yet more, whatever flood the frost congeals,
Melts as the genial spring's return he feels;

While Nile's redundant waters never rise,
Till the hot Dog inflame the summer skies;

Nor to his bank his shrinking stream confines, 335
Till high in heaven th' autumnal Balance shines.

Unlike his watery brethren he presides,
And by new laws his liquid empire guides.

From dropping seasons no increase he knows,
Nor feels the fleecy showers of melting snaws

His river swells not idly, ere the land 341
The timely office of his waves demand;

But knows his lot, by Providence assign'd,
To cool the season, and refresh mankind.

Whene'er the Lion sheds his fires around, 345
And Cancer burns Syene's parching ground;

Then, at the prayer of nations, comes the Nile,
And kindly tempers up the mouldering soil.

Nor from the plains the covering god retreats,
Till the rude fervour of the skies abates; 350

Till Phœbus into milder autumn fades,
And Meroë projects her lengthening shades.

Perhaps with secret rage thou dost repine,
That he should die by any hand but thine : 1780
Thence fall thy tears, that Ptolemy has done
A murder due to Cæsar's hand alone.
What secret springs soe'er these currents know,
They ne'er, by piety, were taught to flow.
Or didst thou kindly, like a care-ful friend, 1785
Pursue him flying, only to defend ?
Well was his fate deny'd to thy command !
Well was he snatch'd by fortune from thy hand !
Fortune witheld this glory from thy name,
Forbad thy power to save, and spar'd the Roman
shame.

Still he goes on to vent his griefs aloud, 1791
And artful, thus, deceives the easy croud.

Hence from my sight, nor let me see thee
more,

Haste, to thy king his fatal gift restore.
At Cæsar you have aim'd the deadly blow, 1795
And wounded Cæsar worse than Pompey now ;
The cruel hands by which this deed was done,
Have torn away the wreaths my sword had won,
That noblest prize this civil war could give,
The victor's right to bid the vanquish'd live. 1800
Then tell your king, his gift shall be repay'd ;
I would have sent him Cleopatra's head ;
But that he wishes to behold her dead.

How has he dar'd, this Ægypt's petty lord,
To join his murders to the Roman sword ? 1805
Did I, for this, in heat of war, distain
With noble blood Emathia's purple plain,
To license Ptolemy's pernicious reign ?

Did I with Pompey scorn the world to share ?
And can I an Egyptian partner bear ? 1810

In vain the warlike trumpet's dreadful sound
Has rous'd the universe to arms around ;
Vain was the shock of nations, if they own,
Now, any power on earth but mine alone.

If hither to your impious shores I came, 1815
'Twas to assert at once my power and fame ;

Left the pale fury Envy should have said,
Your crimes I damn'd not, or your arms I fled.
Nor think to fawn before me and deceive ;
I know the welcome you prepare to give. 1820
Thessalia's field preserves me from your hate,
And guards the victor's head from Pompey's
fate.

What ruin, Gods ! attended on my arms,
What dangers unforeseen ! what waiting harms !
Pompey, and Rome, and exile, were my fear ;
See yet a fourth, see Ptolemy appear !
The boy-king's vengeance loiters in the rear. }
But we forgive his youth, and bid him know
Pardon and life's the most we can bestow.

For you, the meaner herd, with rites divine, 1830
And pious cares, the warriors head inshrine :
Atone with penitence the injur'd shade,
And let his ashes in their urn be laid ;
Pleas'd, let his ghost lamenting Cæsar know, 1834
And feel my presence here, ev'n in the realms
below.

Oh, what a day of joy was lost to Rome,
When hapless Pompey did to Ægypt come !
When, to a father and a friend unjust,
He rather chose the Phasian boy to trust. 1839

Vol. IV.

The wretched world that loss of peace shall rue,
Of peace, which from our friendship might en-
sue.

But thus the gods their hard decrees have made ;
In vain, for peace, and for repose, I pray'd ;
In vain implor'd, that wars and rage might
end,

That, suppliant-like, I might to Pompey
bend,

Beg him to live, and once more be my friend.

Then had my labours met their just reward.

And, Pompey, thou in all my glories shar'd ;

Then, jars and enmities all past and gone,

In pleasure had the peaceful years roll'd on ; 1850

All should forgive, to make the joy complete ;

Thou shouldst thy harder fate, and Rome my
wars forget.

Fast falling still the tears, thus spoke the chief,
But found no partner in the specious grief.

Oh ! glorious liberty ! when all shall dare 1855

A face, unlike their mighty lord to wear !

Each in his breast the rising sorrow kept,

And thought it safe to laugh, though Cæsar
wept.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæsar, upon his arrival in Ægypt, finds Ptolemy engaged in a quarrel with his sister Cleopatra ; whom, at the instigation of Ptolemy, and his other evil counsellors, he had deprived of her share in the kingdom, and imprisoned : she finds means to escape, comes privately to Cæsar, and puts herself under his protection. Cæsar interposes in the quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great magnificence and luxury at the Royal Palace in Alexandria. At this feast Cæsar, who at his first arrival had visited the tomb of Alexander the Great, and whatever else was curious in that city, enquires of the chief priest Achæreus, and is by him informed of the course of the Nile, its stated increase and decrease, with the several causes that had been till that time assigned for it. In the mean time Ptolemy writes privately to Achilles, to draw the army to Alexandria, and surprize Cæsar ; this he immediately performs, and besieges the palace. But Cæsar, having set the city and many of the Egyptian ships on fire, escapes to the island of Pharos, carrying the young king and Ptolemy, whom he still kept in his power, with him ; there having discovered the treachery of Ptolemy, he puts him to death. At the same time Arsinæ, Ptolemy's younger sister, having by the advice of her tutor, the eunuch Ganimedes, assumed the regal authority, orders Achilles to be kill'd likewise, and renews the war against Cæsar. Upon the mole between Pharos and Alexandria he is encompassed by the enemy, and very near being slain, but

at length breaks through, leaps into the sea, and with his usual courage and good fortune swims in safety to his own fleet.

SOON as the victor reach'd the guilty shore,
Yet red with stains of murder'd Pompey's
gore,

New toils his still prevailing fortune met,
By impious Ægypt's genius hard beset. 4
The strife was now, if this detested land
Should own imperial Rome's supreme com-
mand,

Or Cæsar bleed beneath some Pharian hand.
But thou, oh Pompey! thy diviner shade,
Came timely to this cruel father's aid;
Thy influence the deadly sword withstood, 10
Nor suffer'd Nile, again to blush with Roman
blood.

Safe in the pledge of Pompey, slain so late,
Proud Cæsar enters Alexandria's gate;
Ensigns on high the long procession lead;
The warrior and his armed train succeed. 15
Meanwhile, loud murmuring, the moody throng
Behold his Fasces borne in state along;
Of innovations fiercely they complain,
And scornfully reject the Roman reign. 19

Soon saw the chief th' untoward bent they take,
And found that Pompey fell not for his sake.
Wisely, howe'er, he did his secret fear,
And held his way with well-diffembled cheer.
Careless, he runs their gods and temples o'er,
The monuments of Macedonian power; 25
But neither god, nor shrine, nor mystic rite,
Their city, nor her walls, his soul delight:
Their caves beneath his fancy chiefly led,
To search the gloomy mansions of the dead:
Thither with secret pleasure he descends, 30
And to the guide's recording tale attends.

There the vain youth who made the world his
prize,
That prosperous robber, Alexander, lies.
When pitying death, at length, had freed man-
kind,

To sacred rest his bones were here consign'd: 35
His bones, that better had been toils'd and
hurl'd,

With just contempt, around the injur'd world.
But fortune spar'd the dead; and partial Fate,
For ages, fix'd his Pharian empire's date.
If e'er our long lost liberty return, 40
That carcase is reserv'd for public scorn:
Now, it remains a monument confest,
How one proud man could lord it o'er the rest.
To Macedon, a corner of the earth,
The vast ambitious spoiler ow'd his birth: 45
There, soon, he scorn'd his father's humbler
reign,

And view'd his vanquish'd Athens with dis-
dain,
Driv'n headlong on, by Fate's resistless force,
Through Asia's realms he took his dreadful
course:

His ruthless sword laid Human Nature waste, 50
And desolation follow'd where he pass'd.
Red Ganges blush'd, and fam'd Suphrates' flood,
With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.

Such is the bolt which angry Jove employs,
When, undistinguishing, his wrath destroys: 55
Such to mankind, portentous meteors rise,
Trouble the gazing earth, and blast the skies.
Nor flame, nor flood, his restless rage withstand,
Nor Syrts unfaithful, nor the Libyan sand:
O'er waves unknown he meditates his way, 60
And seeks the boundless empire of the sea;
Ev'n to the utmost west he would have gone,
Where Thetys' lap receives the setting sun;
Around each pole his circuit would have made,
And drunk from secret Nile's remotest head, }
When nature's hand his wild ambition stay'd. }
With him, that power his pride had lov'd so
well,

His monstrous universal power fell: 68
No heir, no just successor left behind,
Eternal wars he to his friends assign'd, }
To tear the world, and scramble for mankind. }
Yet still he dy'd the master of his fame,
And Parthia to the last rever'd his name:
The haughty East from Greece receiv'd her doom,
With lower homage than the pays to Rome. 75
Though from the frozen pole our empire run,
Far as the journ'ys of the southern sun;
In triumph though our conquering eagles fly,
Where-e'er soft Zephyrs fan the western sky;
Still to the haughty Parthian must we yield, 80
And mourn the loss of Carræ's dreadful field:
Still shall the race untam'd their pride avow,
And lift those heads aloft which Pella taught to
bow.

From Casium now the beardless monarch
came,

To quench the kindling Alexandrian's flame. 85
Th' unwarlike rabble soon the tumult cease,
And he, their king, remains the pledge of
peace;

When, veil'd in secrecy, and dark disguise,
To mighty Cæsar Cleopatra flies. 89
Won by persuasive gold, and rich reward,
Her keeper's hand her prison gates unbarr'd, }
And a light galley for her flight prepar'd. }
Oh, fatal form! thy native Ægypt shame!
Thou low'd perdition of the Latian name!

How wert thou doom'd our furies to increase, 95
And be what Helen was to Troy and Greece!
When with an host, from vile Canopus led,
Thy vengeance aim'd at great Augustus' head;
When thy shrill timbrel's sound was heard from
far.

And Rome herself shook at the coming war; 100
When doubtful fortune, near Leucadia's
strand,
Suspended long the world's supreme com-
mand,

And almost gave it to a woman's hand.
Such daring courage swells her wanton heart,
While Roman lovers Roman fires impart: 105
Glowing alike with greatness and delight,
She rose still bolder from each guilty night.
Then blame me, hapless Anthony, no more,
Lost and undone by beauty's fatal power;
If Cæsar, long inur'd to rage and arms, 110
Submits his stubborn heart to those soft charms;

No noisy trumpets sound the dread alarm,
But silently the moving legions arm :
All unperceiv'd, for battle they prepare, 595
And bustle through the night with busy care.
The mingled bands who form'd the mongrel
hoft,

To th' disgrace of Rome, were Romans most;
A herd, who had they not been lost to shame,
And long forgetful of their country's name, 600
Had blush'd to own ev'n Ptolomy their head;
Yet now were by his meaner vassel led.
Oh! mercenary war, thou slave of gold!
How is thy faithless courage bought and sold!
For base reward thy hireling hands obey;
Unknown right or wrong they fight for pay, }
And give their country's great revenge away. }
Ah, wretched Rome! for whom thy fate pre-
pares,

In every nation, new domestic wars;
The fury, that from pale Theffalia fled, 610
Rears on the banks of Nile her baleful head.
What could protecting Ægypt more have done,
Had she receiv'd the haughty victor's son?
But thus the gods our sinking state confound,
Thus tear our mangled empire all around; 615
In every land fit instruments employ,
And suffer ruthless slaughter to destroy.
Thus ev'n Ægyptian paricides presume
To meddle in the sacred cause of Rome; 619
Thus, had not Fate those hands of murder ty'd,
Success had crown'd the vile Achilles' side.
Nor wanted fit occasion for the deed;
Timely the traitors to the place succeed,
While in security the careless guest,
Lingering as yet, his couch supinely prest : 625
No gates, no guards, forbad the open way,
But all dissolv'd in sleep and surfeits lay;
With ease the victor at the board had bled,
And lost in riot his defenceless head;
But pious caution now their rage withstands, 630
And care for Ptolomy withholds their hands:
With reverence and remorse, unknown before,
They dread to spill their royal master's gore;
Lest, in the tumult of the murderous night,
Some erring mischief on his youth may light. 635
Sway'd by this thought, not doubting to succeed,
They hold it fitting to defer the deed.
Gods! that such wretches should so proudly
dare!

Can such a life be theirs to take, or spare?
Till dawn of day the warrior stood repriev'd, 640
And Cæsar at Achilles' bidding liv'd.
Now o'er aspiring Casim's eastern head
The rosy light by Lucifer was led;
Swift through the land the piercing beams were
borne,

And glowing Ægypt felt the kindling morn : 645
When from proud Alexandria's walls afar,
The citizens behold the coming war.
The dreadful legions shine in just array,
And firm, as to the battle, hold their way.
Conscious, mean-while, of his unequal force, 650
Straight to the palace Cæsar bends his course :
Nor in the lofty bulwarks dares confide,
Their ample circuit stretching far too wide :

To one fix'd part his little band retreats,
There mans the walls and towers, and bars the
gates.

There fear, there wrath, by turns, his bosom
tears;

He fear, but still with indignation fears.
His daring soul, restrain'd, more fiercely burns,
And proudly the ignoble refuge scorns.
The captive lion thus, with generous rage, 660
Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his cage.
Thus, if some power could Mulciber inflame,
And bind him down in Ætna's smoky cave,
With fires more fierce th' imprison'd god would
glow,

And bellow in the dreadful deeps below. 665
He who so lately, with undaunted pride,
The power of mighty Pompey's arms defy'd, }
With justice and the senate on his side; }
Who, with a cause which gods and men must hate,
Stood up, and struggled for success with fate; 670
Now abject foes and slaves insulting fears,
And shrinks beneath a shower of Pharian spears.
The warrior who disdain'd to be confin'd
By Tyrian Gades, or the eastern Inde, 674
Now in a narrow house conceals that head,
From which the fiercest Scythians once had
fled,

And horrid Moors beheld with awful dread.
From room to room irresolute he flies,
And on some guardian bar or door relies.
So boys and helpless maids, when towns are
won, 680

To secret corners for protection run.
Still by his side the beardless king he bears,
Ordain'd to share in every ill he fears:
If he must die, he dooms the boy to go,
Alike devoted to the shades below; 685
Resolves his head a victim first shall fall,
Hurl'd at his slaves from off the lofty wall.
So from Æetes fierce Medea fled,
His sword still aim'd at young Absyrtos' head;
Whene'er she sees her vengeful fire draw nigh, 690
Ruthless she dooms the wretched boy should die.
Yet ere the cruel last extreme he proves,
By gentler steps of peace the Roman moves;
He sends an envoy, in the royal name,
To chide their fury, and the war disclaim : 695
But impious they nor gods nor kings regard,
Nor universal law by all rever'd;
No right of sacred characters they know,
But tear the olive from the hallow'd brow;
To death the messenger of peace pursue, 700
And in his blood their horrid hands embue.

Such are the palms which curs'd Ægyptians
claim,

Such prodigies exalt their nation's name.
Nor purple Theffaly's destructive shore,
Nor dire Pharnaces, nor the Libyan Moor, 705
Nor every barbarous land, in every age,
Equal a soft Ægyptian eunuch's rage.
Incessant still the roar of war prevails,
While the wild host the royal pile assails. 709
Void of device, no thundering rams they bring,
Nor kindling flames with spreading mischief
fling:

Bellying around they run with fruitless pain,
Heave at the doors, and thrust and strive in vain :
More than a wall, great Cæsar's fortune stands,
And mocks the madge's of their feeble hands. 715

On one proud side the lofty fabric stood
Projected bold into th' adjoining flood ;
There, fill'd with armed bands, their barks draw
near.

But find the same defending Cæsar there ;
'To every part the ready warrior flies, 720
And with new rage the fainting fight supplies ;
Headlong he drives them with his deadly blade,
Nor seems to be invaded, but t' invade.
Against the ships Phalaric darts he aims ;
Each dart with pitch and livid sulphur flames. 725
The spreading fire o'er-runs their unctuous sides,
And, nimbly mounting, on the top mast rides :
Planks, yards and cordage, feed the dreadful
blaze ;

The drowning vessel hisses in the seas ; 729
While floating arms and men, promiscuous
frow'd,

Hide the whole surface of the azure flood.
Nor dwells destruction on their fleet alone,
But, driven by winds, invades the neighbouring
town ;

On rapid wings the sheeted flames they bear,
In wavy lengths, along the reddening air. 735
Not much unlike, the shooting meteors fly,
In gleamy trails, athwart the midnight sky.

Soon as the croud behold their city burn,
Thither, all headlong, from the siege they turn.
But Cæsar, prone to vigilance and haste, 740
To snatch the just occasion ere it pass'd,
Hid in the friendly night's involving shade,
A safe retreat to Pharos timely made.

In elder times of holy Proteus' reign,
An isle it stood, compass'd by the main ; 745
Now by a mighty mole the town it joins,
And from wide seas the safer port confines.

Of high importance to the chief it lies,
To him brings aid, and to the foe denies :
In close restraint the captive town is held. 750
While free behind he views the watery field.
There safe, with curs'd Photinus in his power,
Cæsar defers the villain's doom no more.

Yet, ah ! by means too gentle he expires ; 754
No gnashing knives he feels, no scorching fires :
Nor were his limbs by grinning tigers torn,
Nor pendant on the horrid cross is borne :
Beneath the sword the wretch resigns his breath,
And dies too gloriously by Pompey's death.

Mean-while, by wily Ganymede convey'd, 760
Arsinöe, the younger royal maid,
Fled to the camp ; and with a daring hand
Assumes the sceptre of supreme command :
And, for her feeble brother was not there,
She calls herself the sole Lagæan heir. 765

Then, since he dares dispute her right to reign,
Sheooms the fierce Achilles to be slain.
With just remorse, repenting fortune paid
This second victim to her Pompey's shade.
But oh ! nor this, nor Pto'my, nor all 770
The race of Lagos doom'd at once to fall,

Not hecatombs of tyrants shall suffice,
Till Brutus strikes, and haughty Cæsar dies.

Nor yet the rage of war was hush'd in peace,
No should that storm, with him who rais'd it,
cease.

A second eunuch to the task succeeds, 776
And Ganymede the power of Ægypt leads :
He cheers the drooping Pharians with success,
And urg'd the Roman chief with new distress.
Such dangers did one dreadful day afford,
As annals might to latest times record,
And consecrate to fame the warrior's sword. }

While to their barks his faithful bands descends,
Cæsar the mole's contracted space defends. 784
Part from the crowded key aboard were pass'd,
The careful chief remain'd among the last ;
When sudden Ægypt's furious powers unite,
And fix on him alone the unequal fight.

By land the numerous foot, by sea the fleet,
At once surround him and prevent retreat. 790
No means for safety or escape remain,
To fight, or fly, were equally in vain :
A vulgar period on his wars attends,
And his ambitious life obscurely ends.

No seas of gore, no mountains of the slain, 795
Renown the fight on some distinguish'd plain :
But meanly in a tumult must he die,
And, over-borne by crowds, inglorious lie :
No room was left to fall as Cæsar should, 799
So little were the hopes his foes and fate allow'd.
At once the place and danger he surveys,
The rising mound, and the near neighbouring
seas :

Some fainting struggling doubts as yet remain : }
Can he, perhaps, his navy still regain ? }
Or shall he die, and end the uncertain pain ? }
At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,
His own brave Scæva to his thought returns ;
Scæva, who in the breach undaunted stood,
And singly made the dreadful battle good ;
Whose arm advancing Pompey's host repell'd, 810
And, coop'd within a wall the captive leader
held.

Strong in his soul the glorious image rose,
And taught him, sudden, to disdain his foes ;
The force oppos'd in equal scales to weigh,
Himself was Cæsar, and Ægyptians they ; 815
To trust that fortune, and those gods, once
more,

That never fail'd his daring hopes before.
Threatening, aloft his flaming blade he shook,
And through the throng his course resistless took :
Hands, arms, and helmet heads before him
fly, 820
While mingling screams and groans ascend the
sky.

So winds, imprison'd, force their furious way,
Tear up the earth, and drive the foamy sea.
Just on the margin of the mount he stay'd, 824
And for a moment, thence, the flood survey'd :
Fortune divine ! be present now, he cry'd ;
And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy tide.
Th' obedient deep, at fortune's high command,
Receiv'd the mighty master of the land ;

Nor let inquiring sceptics ask the cause,
'Tis Jove's command, and these are Nature's laws.

Others of old, as vainly too, have thought
By western winds the spreading deluge brought;
While at fix'd times, for many a day, they last,
Possess the skies, and drive a constant blast:
Collected clouds united Zephyrs bring,
And shed huge rains from many a dropping
wing,
To heave the flood, and swell th' abounding
spring.

Or when the airy brethren's stedfast force
Resists the rushing current's downward course,
Backward he rolls indignant, to his head: 364
While o'er the plains his heapy waves are spread.

Some have believ'd, that spacious channels go
Through the dark entrails of the earth below;
Through these, by turns, revolving rivers pass,
And secretly pervade the mighty mass;
Through these the sun, when from the north he
flies,

And cuts the glowing Ethiopic skies, 371
From distant streams attract their liquid stores,
And through Nile's spring th' assembled waters
pours:

Till Nile, o'er-burden'd, disembogues the load,
And spews the foamy deluge all abroad. 375
Sages there have been too, who long main-
tain'd,

That ocean's waves through porous earth are
drain'd;

'Tis thence their saltness they no longer keep,
By slow degrees still freshening as they creep:
Till at a period, Nile receives them all, 380
And pours them loosely spreading as they fall.

The stars, and sun himself, as some have said,
By exhalations from the deep are fed;
And when the golden ruler of the day
Through Cancer's fiery sign pursues his way, }
His beams attract too largely from the sea;
The refuse of his draughts the night return,
And more than fill the Nile's capacious urn.

Were I the dictates of my soul to tell,
And speak the reasons of the watery swell, 390
To Providence the task I should assign,
And find the cause in workmanship divine.
Less streams we trace, unerring, to their birth,
And know the parent Earth which brought them
forth:

While this, as early as the world begun, 395
Ran thus, and must continue thus to run;
And still, unfathom'd by our search, shall own
No cause, but Jove's commanding will alone.

Nor, Cæsar, is thy search of knowledge strange;
Well may thy boundless soul desire to range, 400
Well may she strive Nile's fountain to explore;
Since mighty kings have fought the same before;
Each for the first discoverer would be known,
And hand, to future times, the secret down;
But still their powers were exercis'd in vain, 405
While latent nature mock'd their fruitless pain.
Philip's great son, whom Memphis still records,
The chief of her illustrious scepter'd lords,
Sent, of his own, a chosen number for him, 409
To trace the wondrous stream's mysterious birth.

Through Æthiopia's plains they journey'd on,
Till the hot sun oppos'd the burning zone:
There, by the god's resistless beams repell'd,
An unbeginning stream they still beheld.

Fierce came Sciostris from the eastern dawn; 415
On his proud car by captive monarchs drawn;
His lawless will, impatient of a bound,
Commanded Nile's hid fountain to be found:
But sooner much the tyrant might have known
Thy fam'd Hesperian Po, or Gallic Rhone. 420
Cambyzes too, his daring Persians led,
Where hoary age makes white the Eth'op's head;
Till fore distress'd and destitute of food,
He stain'd his hungry jaws with human blood;
Till half his host the other half devour'd, 425
And left the Nile behind them unexplor'd.

Of thy forbidden head, thou sacred stream,
Nor fiction dares to speak, nor poets dream.
Through various nations roll thy waters down, }
By many seen, though still by all unknown;
No land presumes to claim thee for her own. }

For me, my humble tale no more shall tell;
Than what our just records demonstrate well;
Than God, who bade thee thus mysterious flow,
Permits the narrow mind of man to know. 435

Far in the south the daring waters rise,
As in disdain of Cancer's burning skies;
Thence, with a downward course they seek the
main,

Direct against the lazy northern wain;
Unless when, partially, thy winding tide 440
Turns to the Libian or Arabian side.

The distant Seres first beheld thee flow;
Nor yet thy spring the distant Seres know.

'Midst sooty Ethiops, next, thy current roams;
The sooty Ethiops wonder whence it comes; 445
Nature conceals thy infant stream with care,
Nor lets thee, but in majesty, appear.

Upon thy bank astonish'd nations stand,
Nor dare assign thy rise, to one peculiar land.

Exempt from vulgar laws thy waters run, 450
Nor take their various seasons from the sun:

Though high in heaven the fiery solstice stand,
Obedient winter comes at thy command.

From pole to pole thy boundless waves extend;
One never knows thy rise, nor one thy end. 455

By Meroë thy stream divided roves,
And winds encircling round her eben groves;

Of sable hue the costly timbers stand,
Dark as the swarthy natives of the land: 460

Yet, though tall woods in wide abundance spread,
Their leafy tops afford no friendly shade;

So vertically shine the solar rays,
And from the Lion dart the downward blaze.

From thence, through deserts dry, thou jour-
ney'st on,

Nor shrink'st, diminish'd by the Torrid Zone, }
Strong in thyself, collected, full, and one. }

Anon, thy streams a parcel do o'er the plain,
Anon the scatter'd currents meet again;

Jointly they flow, where Philæ's gates divide
Our fertile Ægypt from Arabia's side; 470

Thence, with a peaceful, soft descent, they
creep,
And seek, insensibly, the distant deep;

Till through seven months the famous flood is
lost.

On the last limits of our Pharian coast ;
Where Gaza's isthmus rises, to restrain 475
The Erythraean from the midland main.
Who that beholds thee, Nile! thus gently flow,
With scarce a wrinkle on thy glassy brow,
Can guess thy rage, when rocks resist thy force,
And hurl thee headlong in thy downward
course; 480

When spouting cataracts thy torrent pour,
And nations tremble at the deafening roar ;
When thy proud waves with indignation rise,
And dash their foamy fury to the skies?
Their wonders ready Abatos can tell, 485
And the tall cliffs that first declare thy swell ;
The cliffs with ignorance of old believ'd
Thy parent veins, and for thy spring receiv'd.
From thence huge mountains nature's hand pro-
vides,

To bank thy too luxurious river's fides; 490
As in a vale thy current she restrains,
Nor suffers thee to spread the Libyan plains :
At Memphis, first free liberty she yields,
And lets thee loose to float the thirsty fields.

In unsuspected peace securely laid, 495
Thus waste the silent night's declining shade.
Meanwhile accusom'd Furies still infest,
With usual rage, Photinus' horrid breast,
Nor can the ruffian's hand from slaughter rest.
Well may the wretch, disdain'd with Pompey's
blood,

Think every other dreadful action good, 501
Within him still the snaky sisters dwell,
And urge his soul with all the powers of hell
Can fortune to such hands such mischief doom,
And let a slave revenge the wrongs of Rome !
Prevent th' example, pre-ordain'd to stand 506
The great renown of Brutus' righteous hand !
Forbid it, Gods! that Caesar's hallow'd blood,
To Liberty by Fate a victim vow'd.
Should on a less occasion e'er be spilt, 510
And prove a vile Ægyptian eunuch's guilt.
Harden'd by crimes, the bolder villain, now,
Avows his purpose with a daring brow ;
Scorns the mean aids of falsehood and surprize,
And openly the victor chief defies, 515
Vain n his hopes, nor doubting to succeed.
He trusts that Caesar must, like Pompey, bleed.

The feeble boy to curs'd Achilles' hand
Had, with his army, given his crown's com-
mand ;

To him, by wicked sympathy of mind, 520
By leagues and brotherhood of murder join'd,
To him, the first and fittest of his friends,
Thus, by a trusty slave, Photinus sends :
While stretch'd at ease the great Achilles lies,
And sleep sits heavy on his slothful eyes, 525
The bargain for our native land is made,
And the dishonest price already paid.
The former rule no longer now we own,
Uturping Cleopatra wears the crown.
Dost thou alone withdraw thee from her state, 530
Nor on the bridal of thy mistress wait ?

To-night at large she lavishes her charms,
And riots in luxurious Caesar's arms.
Ere long her brother may the wanton wed,
And reap the refuse of the Roman's bed; 535
Doubly a bride, then doubly shall she reign,
While Rome and Ægypt wear, by turns, her
chain.

Nor trust thou to thy credit with the boy,
When arts and eyes, like hers, their powers em-
ploy.

Mark with what ease her fatal charms can mould
The heart of Caesar, ruthless, hard, and old :
Were the soft king his thoughtless head to rest,
But for a night, on her incestuous breast ;
His crown and friends he'd barter for the bliss,
And give thy head and mine for one lewd kiss;
On crosses, or in flames, we should deplore 546
Her beauty's terrible resistless power.

On both, her sentence is already pass'd,
She dooms us dead, because we kept her chaste.
What potent hand shall then assistance bring? 550
Caesar's her lover, and her husband king.

Haste, I adjure thee by our common guilt,
By that great blood which we in vain have spilt,
Haste, and let war, let death, with thee return,
And the funereal torch for Hymen's burn. 555

Whate'er embrace thy hostile charmer hold,
Find, and transfix her in the luscious fold.
Nor let the fortune of this Latian lord
Abash thy courage, or restrain thy sword ;

In the same glorious guilty paths we tread, 560
That rais'd him up, the world's imperious head.
Like him, we seek dominion for our prize,
And hope, like him, by Pompey's fall to rise.

Witness the stains of yonder blushing wave,
Yon bloody shore, and yon inglorious grave. 565
Why fear we then to bring our wish to pass?

This Caesar is not more than Pompey was.
What though we boast nor birth, nor noble name,
Nor kindred with some purple monarch claim?
Conscious of Fate's decree, such aid we scorn, 570
And know we were for mighty mischief born.
See, how kind Fortune, by this proffer'd prey,
Finds means to purge all past offence away :
With grateful thanks Rome shall the deed ap-
prove,

And this last crime the first offence remove.
Stripp'd of his titles, and the pomp of power,
Caesar's a single soldier and no more
Think then how easily the task were done,
How soon we may an injur'd world atone ;
Dismiss all wars, appease each Roman shade, 580
By sacrificing one devoted head.

Fearless, ye dread united legions, go ;
Rush, all undaunted, on your common foe ;
This right, ye Romans! to your country do
Ye Pharians! this your king expects from you. 585
But chief, Achilles! may the praise be thine ;
Haste thou, and find him on his bed supine,
Weary with toiling lust, and gorg'd with wine.
Then strike, and what their Cato's prayers de-
mand, 589

The gods shall give to thy more favour'd hand.
Nor fail'd the message, fitted to persuade ;
But, prone to blood, the willig chief obey'd.

Her servile waves officious Tethys spread, 830
 To raise with proud support his awful head.
 And, for he scorn'd th' inglorious race of Nile
 Should pride themselves in aught of Cæsar's spoil,
 In his left hand, above the water's power,
 Papers and scrolls of high import he bore; 835
 Where his own labours faithfully record
 The battles of ambition's ruthless sword:
 Safe in his right, the deadly steel he held,
 And plough'd, with many a stroke, the liquid field;
 While his fix'd teeth tenaciously retain 840
 His ample Tyrian robe's imperial train;
 Th' incumber'd folds the curling surface sweep,
 Come slow behind, and drag along the deep,
 From the high mole, from every Pharian prow,
 A thousand hands a thousand javelins throw; 845
 The thrilling points dip bloodless in the waves,
 While he their idle wrath securely braves.
 So when some mighty serpent of the main
 Rolls his huge length athwart the liquid plain,
 Whether he range voracious for the prey, 850
 Or to the sunny shore directs his way,
 Him if by chance the fishers view from far,
 With flying darts they wage a distant war;
 But the fell monster, unappall'd with dread,
 Above the seas exerts his poisonous head; 855

He rears his livid crest and kindling eyes,
 And, terrible, the feeble foe defies;
 His swelling breast a foamy path divides,
 And, careless, o'er the murmuring flood he glides.
 Some looser Muse, perhaps, who lightly treads
 The devious paths where wanton fancy leads, 861
 In heaven's high court, would feign the queen of
 love,
 Kneeling in tears before the throne of Jove,
 Imploring, sad, th' almighty father's grace,
 For the dear offspring of her Julian race. 865
 While to the just recording Romans eyes,
 Far other forms, and other gods arise;
 The guardian furies round him rear their heads,
 And Nemesis the shield of safety spreads;
 Justice and fate the floating chief convey, 870
 And Rome's glad genius wafts him on his way;
 Freedom and laws the Pharian darts withstand,
 And save him for avenging Brutus' hand.
 His friends, unknowing what the gods decree,
 With joy receive him from the swelling sea; 875
 In peals on peals their shouts triumphant rise,
 Roll o'er the distant flood, and thunder to the
 skies.

P O E M S

BY

MR. ADDISON.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship; and, therefore, I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one*, whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and, as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better, than that he may continue to deserve the favour and countenance of such a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity between us, which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept my hearty wishes, that the great reputation you have acquired so early, may increase more and more: and that you may long serve your

* Mr. Tickell.

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country with those excellent talents, and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable Monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

Dear SIR,

Your most entirely affectionate friend,
and faithful obedient servant,
J. ADDISON.

June 4, 1719.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

HOW long, great Poet, shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our
praise?

Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising
thought:

Penfive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our stile
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
The copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow:
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the
woods.

O may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age, nor sickness, interrupt thy song:
Then may we wondering read, how human
limbs

Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mold
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How in some feathers, of a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures
try'd.

Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.

June 2. 1693.

The Author's age 24.

A P O E M

TO

H I S M A J E S T Y.

PRESENTED TO THE LORD KEEPER.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL,

1695.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares:
If yet your time and actions are your own;
Receive the present of a Muse unknown:
A Muse that, in adventurous numbers, sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of Kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.

To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts be-
long,

Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But, since the state has all your cares engross'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is left,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indit's,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.

On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

* *King William.*

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep, and canons cease to roar,

When every dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auspicious prince; and let the Muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.

Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My Muse expecting on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in every blow;
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her voice:

She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the shore;
She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her Hero through the dusty plain:
When through the thick embattled lines he broke,

Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.

O that some Muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse!
Draw thee below'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Lur'd to noon-day sweats, and mid-night cares!
But still the God-like man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man
Who, driven by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world his birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,

Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the towering Muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or slaughtering mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's god-like acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age;
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame
And here Senefle shall wear another name.

Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
Flow, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.

The race of Nassau was by Heaven design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And light in every injur'd nation's cause,

The world's great patriots; they for justice call;
And, as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarin'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,

Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And add their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was
flow'd

With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.

In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way,

Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namur's late terrors and destruction show,
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:

Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.

His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears:
Opprest Religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd Justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming Muse would copy forth

A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore
With horror hear the British engines roar;
Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they run,

And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;

The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were
flow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous
flow'd.

Spain's numerous fleet, that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast;

The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,

And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to e'er pole;
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the polar circle spread our sails:
Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars:
Fetch uncontroul'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has rais'd,

On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain and purple flood,
Thy arms have made; and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care.
Or, if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Nassau through the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side:
Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
The countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to every blow, and edge his sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Atk Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd, and the treaty seal'd)
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole power of France stood looking on.

But stop not here: behold where Berkeley stands,

And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling towers;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round them where they break,

The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.

Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heaven with ashes, and the earth with smoke:

Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.

Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main

Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wondering mates where towns and steeples rose,

Where crowd'd citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes stood.

Here Ruffel's actions should my Muse require;
And, would my strength but second my desire,

I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thundering in my verse;
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.

But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames dispers'd on every shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's God-like acts refuse,
Ormond, the theme of every Oxford Muse?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chace of fame,
Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,
Observe each blow and keep him still in sight.
Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!

Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:

When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's loss more light.
But stop, my Muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,

Maria's name still wounds each British ear:
Each British heart Maria still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in fight.
Come, mighty Prince, desir'd of Britain, come!
May Heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement struck
Through Gallic hoists; but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thine eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy fate be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's sound:
Well-pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
And steeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful blessings flow.

A TRANSLATION

OF ALL

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHEREAL sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.

A trifling theme provokes my humble lays:
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.

First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.

Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,

To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor friking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass;

Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,

And shallow rills, run trickling through the grass;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,

And shady covers yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones,
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind,
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With store of favory scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,

A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen build-
ings drop:

The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,

To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores:

For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops,

Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell,
At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,

And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marishes send out streams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in
the fire:

Nor neighbouring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——

When th' under-world is seiz'd with cold and night,

And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees through woods and forests take their flight.

They rifle every flower, and lightly skim
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream:
And thus they feed their young with strange de-
light,

And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.

But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the wind through distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackening from
afar;

While shady coverts and fresh streams they choose,
Milfoil and common honey-suckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round:
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpet's harsh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;

All in a hurry spread their shivering wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight;
At last, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming
war.

All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different: one of better note,
All speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him
trails:

The people's looks are different as their kings;
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller whose dully mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
The first are best——

From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets that mingling in the glass
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinished
comb;

Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flowery banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and sturfe them in the neighbouring
soil.

Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water them, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd shew what art the gardener's toils require,
Why rosy Pæstum blushes twice a year:
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a chearful green does parsley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the
twisted grass;

Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrattle their swollen buds, and show their yellow
bloom.

For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galefus drencht the washy soil,
An old Corycian yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;
But savory herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board:

The spring did first his opening roses blow,
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tenderest of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and lingering western
breeze:

His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindens and the sappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his smiling orchard
dress'd,

As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the
shade.

But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under-ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young the public care;
In well dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode.
Each provident of cold in summer flies
Through fields, and woods, to seek for new
supplies,

And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste every bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, labouring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on its glewy base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the fled
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar every flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding storms, and tell what
tempests rise.

By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey
smells.

So in their cages the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge
they beat;
And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt compleat;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing
ball.

With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mafs;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully refound,
And Aëta shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,

The busy swarms their different labours share.
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion every part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows spoils.

On lavender and laffron-buds they feed,
On bending osiers, and the balmy reed:
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.

All work together, all together rest.

The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the ripening dew;
Again when evening warns them to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowfy hum.

Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds and storms are nigh,

Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And, lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of every blast,
They carry stones to poise them in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain.
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,

And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they chuse out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Groveling beneath their flowery load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by reapeopling their decaying state,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital date,

Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race their children's children reign.

No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With slavish fear his mighty Prince adore;

His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs de-
face,

And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.

Of on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Of in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught,

"The bees extract is heavenly; for they thought

"The universe alive; and that a soul,

"Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,

"To all the vast unbounded frame was given,

"And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and
all the deep of heaven;

"That this first kindled life in man and beast,

"Life that again flows into this at last.

"That no compounded animal could die,

"But when dissolv'd, the spirit mounted high,

"Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky."

Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to
seize,

And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and
drive

A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,

And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;

Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,

And add fresh lustre to the summer skies:

And once when hastening from the watery sign

They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound;
Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils:

Of broods of moths infect the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp the hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at the entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)

By certain marks the new disease is seen,

Their colour changes, and their looks are thin,

Their funeral rites are form'd, and every bee

With grief attends the sad solemnity;

The few diseas'd survivors hang before

Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,

Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,

Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;

In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,

And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,

Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,

Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dry'd roses, thyme, and centaury join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Pfythian vine.

Besides there grows a flower in marshy ground,

Its name Amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves;
The flower itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flower, and grow

Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.

How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,

And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds

Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,

Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.

First then a close contracted space of ground,
With straiten'd walls and low-bult roofs they found;

A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:

Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows,

And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death,
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on every side,
Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.

When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,

With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.

All this is done when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are dress'd.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcase crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals:
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;

Now strikes the air with quivering wings, and tries

To lift its body up, and learn to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcase pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer showers,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot them on the foes.

Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
While Caesar, towering to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;

I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

A SONG,

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, AT OXFORD.

I

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest;
Attend, harmonious faint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious faint, and hear our prayers;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:

Tune every string and every tongue,
Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise,
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From every voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.

Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
To Music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
The Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our prayers.

When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heaven shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia,
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO

MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL,

APRIL 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the Muse-possess,
VOL. IV.

That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,

Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength.
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses worth, though not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warin'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales abus'd a barbarous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where e'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mythic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and paltries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights. }
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light;
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;

Thy fault is only wit in its excess:
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre;
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well-pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes
a nobler flight.

Blest man! whose spotless life and charming
lays

Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
Blest man! who now shall be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty
stalks,

Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upwards springs, and towering
high

Spurns the dull province of mortality,

B b

Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critics nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What found of brazen wheels, what thunder,

fears,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantries!
Oh had the Poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,

Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs the lovely dame inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire:
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Saccharissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flattering song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward,
strong.

Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence
Oh had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!

Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show

The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring plains.

But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.

If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;

Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,

But justice still demands one labour more:

The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!

And all his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,

Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
shall longer be the Poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.

But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length: and now, dear friend, receive

The last poor present that my Muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and Muse, farewell.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE

RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

"*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiqua laudis & artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*"

VIRG. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For where'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields incompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and
woods

For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Find with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swollen with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguid'd by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels
dry)

Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description marmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the sam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream.
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the Hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse,

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast in-
spire

With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Cure the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice fer-
ments

To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds end out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the
skies,

And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy
channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse re-
tires;

And the dumb shew of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly
sued,
Still shew the charms that their proud hearts sub-
dued

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost;
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth im-
part,

The smiles of nature, and the charms of art.
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing viles and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shades repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thée, goddess, thée, Britannia's isle adores;
How she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may thy sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,

Bless the wise-conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the north rn world lies hush'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found

The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for Heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines, like Virgil's, or like yours, should please.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED.

IN A TRANSLATION OF
A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night,
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hovering in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.

'Tis said, that thunder-struck Enceladus
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,

Lies stretch'd sapine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blets out day.

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,

Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night

A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chac'd the dewy night
From earth and heaven; all nature stood disclosed:

When looking on the neighbouring woods we saw

The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tngled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.

He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd; "By heaven's eternal fires,
"By every God that sits inthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear him hence to any distant shore,
"So I may shun this savage race accurst.
"Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
"With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian
Troy,

"And laid the labour of the Gods in dust;
"For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
"Wherein'd under seas; if death must be my doom,

"Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."
He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet;
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,

And low by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity,
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.

I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmepides, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polyphemus' dark cave:

A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damp, and hung
With clots of rosy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man:
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dash'd and broke them on the grundfil edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were scatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the
blood,

And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with
life.

That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less mean while
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects:
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and
blood,

Lay stretcht at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-
charg'd

With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A fork'd staff we dextrously apply'd,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoop'd out the big round jelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays:
Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race:
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread; oft seen them as they pass,
Sculking and scouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travel'd o'er in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaming from thorns and
shrubs

A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way: around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing: to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the
deep

He fords the ocean; whilst the topmast wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side: we stood
Amaz'd, be sure; a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in every
vein,

Till, using all the force of winds and oars,
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his out-stretch'd arms around him
grop'd,

But, finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly: we with eager haste
Work every one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.

So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM,

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLEBO-
ROUGH.

1705.

“ — *Rheni pacator et Isfri.*

“ *Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit*

“ *Ordinibus; letatur eques, plaudique senator,*

“ *Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.*”

CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

“ *Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sua impensa, suo*

“ *labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate alio-*

“ *rum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinque vicini-*

“ *tatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet.*

“ *Maria trahat: ne quod toto orbe errarum in-*

“ *justum imperium sit, e. ubique jus, fas, lex, po-*

“ *tentissima sint.*” Liv. Hist. lib. 33.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts pro-
claim,

Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year:
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bound enlarg'd on every side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,

And in the midst of his wide empire flood;
 Aufonia's fates, the victor to restrain,
 Oppos'd their Alps and Appennines in vain,
 Nor round themselves, with strength of rocks im-
 mur'd,

Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
 The rising Danube its long race began,
 And half its course through the new conquests
 ran;

Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
 Germania trembled through a hundred states;
 Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
 He gaz'd round, but saw no succour near;
 He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair
 His hopes on heaven, and confidence in prayer.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
 On her resolves the western world relies,
 Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
 In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
 Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
 To sit the guardian of the continent!

That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
 And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
 Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's sport,
 Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,
 From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties:
 Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they
 share,

Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
 The nation thanks them with a public voice;
 By showers of blessings heaven approves their
 choice;

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
 And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
 Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
 Her chief already has his march begun,
 Crossing the provinces himself had won,
 Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
 Retards the progress of the moving war.
 Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
 In distant climes far from the perjurd Gaul;
 But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
 Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
 Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
 And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
 The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
 Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
 The vengeance due to their great deaths was
 near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
 The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
 Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
 The long laborious march he first surveys,
 And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
 Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
 The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
 His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues!

Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
 Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
 Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds,
 Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
 Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
 (Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
 Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
 To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
 Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
 When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
 With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
 That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
 The mid-night watches, and the noon-day
 heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
 (Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in
 grafs,)

Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
 Fire every breast, and boil in every vein:
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
 Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
 Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
 Eugenio to the glorious interview.
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
 Demand all apace, and in friendship burn;
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out
 rays

They meet each other, mingling blaze in
 blaze.

Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
 Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
 Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
 Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
 Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
 In hours of peace content to be unknown,
 And only in the field of battle shown:
 To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
 Heaven dares intrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
 Her harrafs'd troops the hero's presence warms,
 Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
 With thundering peals of British shouts resound:
 Doubling their speed, they march with fresh de-
 light,

Eager for glory, and require the fight.
 So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
 The tedious track unravelling by degrees:
 But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
 Fir'd at the near approach he shoots away
 On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are
 past;

Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:
 Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
 Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
 Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
 Threatening destruction; rows of hollow brass,

Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders
sleep:

Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious
fight,

His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray.

And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:

Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what host of foes
Were never to behold that evening close!

Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm ar-
ray,

The close-compact Britons win their way;

In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd

With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;

Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke

Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,

Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,

And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;

The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,

With showers of bullets and with storms of fire

Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,

Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,

And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many generous Britens meet their doom,

New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!

Th' illustrious youths that left their native shore

To march where Britons never march'd before,

(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,

Only destructive to the brave and great!)

After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,

Stretch'd on Bavaria's ramparts breathe their
last.

But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,

Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:

While Marlborough lives, Britannia's stars dis-
pense

A friendly light, and shine in innocence.

Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed

Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;

Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,

And turns the various fortune of the fight

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, for-
bear

To brave the thickest terrors of the war,

Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,

Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;

Let nations anxious for thy life abate

This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:

Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy Queen demands

Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;

Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,

And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,

By crowded armies fortify'd in vain;

The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,

And see their camp with British legions fill'd.

So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides

The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling
tides:

But if the rushing wave a passage finds,

Enrag'd by watery moons, and warring winds,

The trembling peasant fees his country round

Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes disperse in flight,

(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)

In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,

And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,

Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace

Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donsavert, with unresist'd force,

The gay victorious army bends its course.

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,

Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields

(The Danube's great increase), Britannia shares,

The food of armies and support of wars:

With magazines of death: destructive balls,

And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,

The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,

And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.

Deluded prince! how is thy greatness crost,

And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,

That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,

And made imaginary realms thy own!

Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,

Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,

Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms,

Thou hop'st the assistance of the Gallic arms;

The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,

And crowd thy standards with the power of
France,

While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaius

Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,

Tempering each other in the victor's mind,

Alternately proclaim him good and great,

And make the Hero and the Man compleat.

Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain

By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;

Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare

His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.

In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand

With sword and fire, and ravages the land,

A thousand villages to ashes turns,

In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.

To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,

And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;

Their trembling lords the common shade partake,

And cries of infants sound in every brake:

The listening soldier sits in sorrow stands,

Loth to obey his leader's just commands;

The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,

To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far

In shriller clangor animates the war;

Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,

And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:

Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,

Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;

The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,

And, while the thick embattled host he views

Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,

His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,

That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;

States that their new captivity bemoan'd,

Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,

Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,

And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd,

Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heaven design'd to
show

His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possess the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders
stands.

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou
find

To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
prov'd,

That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a General's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore with their dead masters mixt,
'Midst heaps of fears and standards driven
around,

Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards
glides,

In heaps the rolling billows sweep away
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps con-
vey.

From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild as-
fright,

Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly distress'd! they loud complaints forbear
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd
fell

The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging King dishonours, to compleat
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memmingen's high domes, and Augs-
burg's walls,

The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
The rescu'd States his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great de-
signs,

In every thought the towering genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;

If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swollen Rhine rushing with all its force

Divides the hostile nation in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And though the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger shew,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to incamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies.
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's sword, and Hochstet's fatal plain:

In vain Britannia's mighty chief betests
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely slush't with an immortal bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlborough's presence
charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,

And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increases'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,

Vol. IV.

To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.
Trevés fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannons roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind
By her th' unfetter'd sister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distressed,
Make every subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they
boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them
most.

COWLEY'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ADDISON.

FROM life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil discharg'd,
Here Cowley lies! beneath this shed,
To every worldly interest dead;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To fortune's goods a foe profest,
And hating wealth by all carest.
'Tis true he's dead; for oh! how small
A spot of earth is now his all;

C c

Oh! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away;
Bring flowers; the short-liv'd roses bring,
To life deceas'd, fit offering:
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

POEMAT A.

INAUGURATIO REGIS GULIELMI*, 1689.

Tityrus. **H**IC inter corylæ, umbrosa cacumina,
densas,

Nos cantare pares quouam convenimus ambo,
Dicamus laudes heroum (ut, Mopse, solemus)
Tempora transibunt sic lata canentibus, & nunc
Dic age, quos nostro celebrari carmine fumes.

Majus. Tityre, nunc reddantur eis pia mu-
nera laudum.

Or'a qui dederint nobis placidanque quietem;
Scilicet illorum resonent encomia sylvæ,
Qui dignabantur regni fulcire ruinas.

T. Tanta haud conveniunt humili tenuique ci-
cutæ;

Sed quoniam in magnis, dicunt, voluisse sat esse;
Ise tuas, Gulielme, canam laudesque Mariæ;
Nam, quos junxit amor, nemo se jungere debet.

M. Tunc mihi Phæbe fave, Musæque favete
canenti,

Ne culpa ingenii illorum minuatur honores.

T. Ast ego nec Phæbum curo, Phæbivæ sorores,
Carmina namque mihi cedit nunc lemma canenti

M. Sint licet illustri proavorum stemmate
clari,

Sunt magis ornati propriis virtutibus ambo.

T. Si Rex est, regit immanes qui pectoris æstus;
Tum quot Regna tenet Gulielmus! quotque
Maria!

M. Inclytus hic Avors, sapiens hæc altera
Pallas,

Vulnerat ille armis, formâ sed vulnerat illa.

T. Quando vias Pelagi ten arunt, mole super-
bum

Sustulit ad nubes mare se, fastuque tumebat.

M. Quando tellurem tetigerunt, Arcades om-
nes

Pani Deo Arcadiæ tenerum maculavimus agnum.

T. Tunc iterum totus resonat modulamine
campus,

Miscet pastores iterum nymphæque choreas.

M. Lætus gramineis luit tunc agnus in agris,
Floribus atque novis hædi insiluisse petulci.

T. Quantum erat victor Gulielmus, quanto pe-
celli

Vicit corda, hostes vicit, vicitque seipsum!

* These verses occasioned Mr. Addison's being elect-
ed into Magdalen College.

M. Participat sponsi virtutem & regna Mariæ,
Digna tribus Regnis, & tanto digna Marito.

T. Primus hic imperio, nulli est virtute secun-
dus,

Sic sol, quam stellæ, majori luce refulget.

M. Sed qualis itellas micat inter luna minores,
Talis, cuncta est sociis, Regina videtur.

T. At quæ nos illis nunc, Tityre, digna pre-
cemur,

Ludere qui pecori, pecorisque dedere magistris?

M. Æternam inveniam, quam donavere, qui-
etem!

T. Et fero cælos exornet fidus utrumque!

JOSEPHUS ADDISON, Commensalis è Coll. Reg.

ON THE

RETURN OF KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE*.

CUM Domini impatiens excussit lerna catenas,
Tota ruens in ærtem, intestinosque labores,
Integri quicunque graves videre tumultus
(Constitit heu! tanti virtus) in vincula missi,
Exeam luctuque trahunt et carcere vitam.

Latè agri dumis horrescunt, aspera rura
Luxuriant segete spinarum, autumnus lernæ
Nullus adest, cultorque deest quærentibus arvis.
Passim turba-dolis instat peregrina secundis,
Nativamque premit lasciva potentia plebem;
In lacrymas Gens omnis abit, manifestat ubique
Communes luctus, vultuque laborat in uno.

Præceps in tardas sic crevit Hibernia penas,
Et sic venturæ maturuit illa ruinæ:
Facta esset tanto nequaquam vindice digna,
Si minor horrendas Gulielmi fenserat iras.

Anglia in ignavam dudum resoluta quietem,
Imperius rediviva tuis, Nassove, veternum
Excudit, et longum sopitos fuscitat ignes.

Te duce quas fecit strages! quæ prælia movit!
Dum fervet cædes, et campo sanguis inundat,
Assidue sudant peragendo pensa sorores,
Et stipata gemit sub pondere cymba Charontis.

Terga premens Cæsar fugientia corripit hostes
Vindex, atque trahit partim sua quamque ruina:
Plumbea tempestas hanc obruit, eminus illa
Glande cadit, frustra que evitat missile ferrum.

Altera dum penas differt fugiendo sequaces,
Infidæ sese credit moritura paludi.

His gradibus longo se solvit Hibernia luctu,
Imperium expulsi tandem indignata tyranni
Nobiliora petit vincla, optataque catenas
Induit, atque jugo Gulielmi ornata superbit.

Gens nimium dilecta Deo! nimiumque Bri-
tanni

Felices! hæc si exundantia gaudia nullus

* From the "Academix Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro
exoptato serenissimi Regis Gulielmi ex Hibernia reditu.
Oxonia, à Theatro Sheldoniano, Annis Dom. 1690."

Frangit dolor, et Ducis * haud ignobile fatum
Lætitie nimios non calligaverat ævus.
Ille triumphato toties securus ab hoste,
Exulibus Dis ille, ille aris fidus avitis
Ah! tandem occubuit pietate insignis et armis.
Hei mihi! quale jaces veneranda mole cadaver!
Qualis honor vultus! et frontis læta senectus!
Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! et bellica virtus
Quando habitura parem!

Musa, tamen taceas intempestiva dolores,
Melpomene, taceas; non hoc sine numine Divum

Evenisse puto: Senis aspera fata triumphi
Famam auxere Tui, victor Gu'ielme, nec ulla
Æmula divisos virtus partitur honores.

I, decus, i, nostrum! agnoscat fera Gallia dextram

V Ericem, et quæ Te vidit prima arma gerentem,
Sentiat expletas maturo in corpore vires.
Sed caveas, dum Te in bellum rapit impetus ardens,

O caveas, nimio ne Marte impulsus in hostes
Irrueres, latamque darent tria regna ruinam.

Infano tandem parce indulgere labori,
Parce, Jacobæ, ultæ Loddici lanities armis.
Disceptos frustra nunc luges frontis honores;
Sera sibi veniunt tandem suspiria, sero
Nunc quereris, quæquam, nisi mens tibi læva
fuisset,

Et nisi credideras fallaci uxoris arti,
Jam ætus poteras placidis dare jura Britannis,
Et rexisse gregem, fato meliore, paternum;
Sed nunc Parcæ obstant, et non revocabilis ordo.

Jos. ADDISON, à Coll. Magd.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGUE, ARMICERO,

SCACCARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARI

PREFECTO, REGI à SECRETI-

ORIBUS CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstant Britannii, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si CONGREGIUS ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset iple pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores fisan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex verna-

* The great duke of Schomberg, whose death has been lamented by many of our poets.

culis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter hæc cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjecerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUE

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

Magd. Coll.
Oxon. 1697.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICHS EUROPE
REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque turbarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice Cæsar,
Quæ tibi sollicita, turba importuna, poetæ
Muneribus ducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristitia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.

Non ultra ante oculos numerofo milite campi
Miscetur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alter queis, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia callis
Pusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci et fuscis stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimur a longa virefcit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; inducto mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriamque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.

Aspicias ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invifens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et everfos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum A males, tristemque laborum
Inquirat seriem, attonitis ut ipsestat oculis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famosisque Ormondi volnere campos!

Hic ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hifcent divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenfes palmarum, pergrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa fuerit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique faxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, & formidabile pendet!

Hic pestem occultam, & fecundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mora tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus Catts, Baro de Goweran, &c.

Horrendum disrupa tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.

Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere dives:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupere; alium hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam:
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requi-
runt,

Errore ambigui elusi, et novitate locorum.

Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secuta
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cælo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore pe-
rullo

Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Amina, Nassovique latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura mis-
cent.

Tam vario d'sjuncta sicu, tot dissena linguis.

Te tamen e mediis, * Ductor Fortissime, tur-
mis

Exere. Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populiq; encomia fera futuri,
Quem varias edocet artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum, Marti Rhedicya furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immanes pectoris
æstus

Non juba Arcæon, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem inmodicam, et generosæ incendia men-
tis.

Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit
Arcæon,

Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuvias, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Describit focis, pugnatæque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora
curat.

En! vastos nivium tractus et pal'ida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum† qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hymnes, Britonumque Heroa perer-
rat

Luminibus ræitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namuræ
Mœnia, tunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boïcia, nunc dubii palma indiffereta Senelli.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Eurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!

Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Inferatus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,

* *Infig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii
Satellitæ Praefectis.*

† *A Gescovia Imperator.*

Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.

Dum pugnās, Gulielmæ, tuas, campisque cru-
entes

Accipit, in venis eb. Illic vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus
ardor.

Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitat inultas Sarmata prædes

Quis tamen ille proci frenitus! Quæ murmu-
ra vulgi

Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora cir-
cum

Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovi secuta tui, desiste tumentes

Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:

Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo

Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.

Olla grata quies, et pax tranquilla verendum

Composuit vultum, lætoque afflavit honores.

Ut densio lacerum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque pe-
nates

Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare re-entes

Ore cicatri es, et vulnera cruda, notasque

* ueronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.

Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti

Vestigat faciem; trepidæ formidine proles

Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.

Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli

Enumerat, tum discit infaurat prælia verbis.

Sic, postquam in patriam secunda heroibus Argo

Phryxam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem

Exposuit Graiis, et terribile velleris aurum

Stavit terrificis infamia littora monstros

D. scribit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo

Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plausuroque gemen-
tes

insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.

Te tamen, O quantis Gulielmæ erepte periculis,

Aecipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia iundit

Piebemque et procures: medias quacunque per

urbes

Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,

Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordiæ vulgus eun-
tem

Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum

Serius invertit, lucas mirata serenas

Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum, omne trium-
pho.

Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque ju-
ventæ

Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.

Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus

Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam

Insundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat

Augustam frontem, et sublimia t' mperat ora!

Agnosco faciem am.iguam, mistosque parentes.

* *Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glacæstrensis.*

Ille tuas, Gulielme acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnæ sive innocua dudum sub imagine lussit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum fido cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat tures, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.

Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine
pompa

Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura ordos?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fidele cœum,
Quæ laceram ostendunt redolentia compita char-
tam,

Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulore infesto! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantisque hyemes; crepitantia fidere passim
Scintillant, totoque pluuat incendia cœlo.
Nec minus id terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Ludit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Coela quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus An-
gustum

Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.

Latitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia
civis

Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exerct ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune ducit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Sua contracta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cœneri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque re-
centes,

Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate cœtervis
Ductorem, et tennes circum diffundite turmes.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Bri-
tannos,

O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invidetas, quanquam amplius
illum

Desineant, longamque agentent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

Quæ penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia ven-
is;

Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Quinullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signa revolvibilis imprimit udo,

Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque
rorundam.

Se vat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.

Incertum, quæ sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutil: temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiisque fluentes;
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobili usu;
Nec Deus effulsit: magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaën flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.

Quin age, fume tubum fragilem, cui densior
aër

Exclusus; fundo vitri substat in imo

Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metal-
lum

Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstas,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lymphæ monet, brumamque et frigora
narrat.

Nam quoties liquor infargit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum latos sperare dies licet, arvâ fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma ferasque
Excoquit, et languent confusio prata virore.

Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora sumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviae; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa frustur fusolinus aura,
Discevit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarisque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fecundis inbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulae radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uia metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviae, metumque
procellam,

Agri oclæ caveant; non hoc impunè colubus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Substat, penitusque imo se conat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; everfis flumina ripis
Expatiatæ ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia poti.
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quanto sperabis frigidus igem.

Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atrî nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minuant;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbræm, poscentes messor aristas
Proterreat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigor, quæ haud noctura cadunt, feriuntque
ratos.

HYMNIOTEPANOMAXIA

SIVE

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS
ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmædum refero. parvas tu, Musa, co-
hortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque
tumultus.

Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhaustit, versuque sonoro
Iussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graiūm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesæa, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Gesta latent? Fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompei quem non delassare legentem?
Primus ego intacta sacres, gracilemque tubarum
Carminibus depingam sonitum, nova castra si cutus;
Exiguosque canam pugniles, Gruiusque malignos
Heroes, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.

Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessu vireta)
Pygmaum quondam steterat, dum fata finebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per
artem

Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertisque lares, et valles obsistunt albas
Exiguus videri, et vestigia parva stupefcit.
Delata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, tunc secundo crepitat grus improba nido:
Non sic, dum multos stetit imperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et inmixta auderet se credere pugnae,
Miles atrox aderat, ignisique feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrum moribundam, humerisque
reportat

Ingentem prædam; caesoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas maculabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole paren-
tem.

Nempe lætæ quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucrumque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, ferusque necaret
Immeritos, vitæque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.

Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virum-
que

Commixta strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lustravit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miserat: hic (vix miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa. hic guttate rauco

Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Repta humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.

Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore
cessit

Pœnituit factus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymo-
nis unda,

Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cæsari
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palæde,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.

Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque unguis iclum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodatas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepat alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cælum omne tumul-
tus,

Nec minor in terris motus; dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arceps animosus hominibus telis:
Donec turba duas composita excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et Marte instructa perito.

Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmædum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in uliana.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculperat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore mores.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iras
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret conficis aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruius distrinxerat ensen,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pulvis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!

Jamque procul sonus auditur, picæque vo-
lantium

Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque feren-
tem.

Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus stratus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra penitus.
Turba polum replet, specieque inmanis obum-
brat

Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et in-
gens

Turba Gruum horrido sese super agmina lapsa
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
Mox desessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in
hostem

Imbelli; et curvos in morte recolligit unguis.
Pygmæi hic stellas lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tandit humum, et moriens unguem execratur
acutum.

Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistæque rostra lacertis.

Pygmæadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ar-
det

Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cin-
gunt

Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vaga-
tur,

Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugno, et bellum omne laborat in uno;
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Di voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pignantem; et (triste re-
laru)

Sussulit in cælum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique
densus

Alium; frustra Pygmæi lumine nectro
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt gruibus plaudentibus escam.

Jamque recrudesceit bellum, grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua
morsu;

Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Materet in cælum Briareus, folioque tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vassa gigan-
tum

Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.

Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmæia tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus cubitalis oberrat.

Instant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Inimicos, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos domina per an-
nos,

Tot bellis defuncta, gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tan-
dem

Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corrui olim
Assyriæ imperium, sic magnæ Perfidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Lati-
num.

Elysi valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, pastores per nostris opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura gruum, et veteras oblita labores,
Lætitie penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustisque terit colles, viridesque per orbem
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gau-
det.

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

EGREGIOS fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentia-
que ora

Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.

Olim planitiem (quam nunc fecunda colorum
I signit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squalent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatium moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat aether;
Mox radiante novum torrebant lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mihi ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Læteus omne
Diffuere in cælum, languoque albescere tractu.

Sic, operis postquam ludit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundat viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.

Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum rep et clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per inani
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.

Sic, dum fecundis Cadmus dat semina fucis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba la-
borat,

Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calefcit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.

Jam pulvis variis terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum sonus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque itreum cœuentia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore mul-
tum.

Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Insistit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem

Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspicere mu-
rum,

Qua si det orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
 Lumine perfusus, radisque insperitus acutis.
 Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
 Legius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
 Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
 Quantum dissimilis, quantum ô! mutatus ab illo,

Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
 Quæcûdo luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
 Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
 Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
 Nativum petiit cælum, et super æthera vëlus
 Despexit lunam exiguae, solæque minorem.
 Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
 Vulnerisque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
 Signa, et transfacti quondam vestigia ferri.
 Umbrae huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
 Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
 Matres, et longæ nunc reddita coram ora vitæ
 Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
 Stant circum, atque avides jubar immortale bi-
 bentes

Assigunt oculos in numine: laudibus æther
 Innotat, et læto ridet cælum omne triumpho.
 His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
 Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectere fervent:
 Non aequè exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
 Hospite cum tumet incluo et præcordia sentit
 Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.

Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina ful-
 gor?

Quam Mitra efficiem distinxit pictor, non sto
 Surgentem è tumulto, alatoque fœcilite iutam?
 Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo

Wainfletus, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:

I heu, quando enim par invenietur imago!

Quando alium similem virtus habitura! —

Ira! innocuas securus numinis iras

Aspicit, impavidosque in iudice figit ocellos.

Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tene-
 bris

Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fūco
 Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
 Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
 Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
 Lævda serpat opus, tenebreque abrupta recedat
 Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
 Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
 Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
 Vindex à tergo implacabile fœvit, et ense
 Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
 Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
 Heu! quid agat tristis? Quo se cœlestibus iris
 Subtrahat? O! quantum vellet nunc attere in
 alto

Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
 Nequicquam, et fero in lacrymas effunditur; ob-
 stant

Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.

Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
 Quot calani legimuse vestigia! quanta colorum
 Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris

* Coll. 1. agd. Fundator.

Offendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
 Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.

O luci nitor, O pulchri durate colores!
 Nec pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
 Dum hæc videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, suppre-
 nam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Hic ubigraminea in latum sese explicat æquor
 Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area
 campo,

Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
 Exortum, et tumida pendent in gramine gutta,
 Improbæ falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
 Desecat, exiguum radens a cespice messem:
 Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
 Depremit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
 Ligneæ percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
 Urctæ, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotunda
 Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
 Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
 Quæque suis incisæ notis stat sphaera; sed unus
 Hæc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
 Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
 Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
 Plumbæa vis, motuque finit procedere recto.

Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat
 aquas

Consilium, aut fors, quisque suis accingitur ar-
 mis.

Evolat orbiculus, quæ cursum meta futurum
 Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
 Qui certamen init, sphaeram demittit, at illa
 Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
 Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
 Subsistat: subito globus emicat alter et alter.

Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra mi-
 norem

Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia me-
 tam,

Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
 Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.

At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
 Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,

Pone urget sphaeræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
 Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.

Atque ut segnissimos honores dextræ servetur, iniquam
 Inculcat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.

Nec risus tacuere, globus cum voluitur actus
 Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum

Allicit, et sphaeram à recto trahit insita virtus.
 Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,

Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
 Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.

Sphaera sed, irarum temnens ludibria, ceptum
 Pergit iter, nullisque movetur furda querelis.

Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur ho-
 norem,

Quæ non dirupit cursum, absistitque moveri,
 Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum

Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
 Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphaeram

Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Inte:dit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphaera lacerto.

Haud ita profliliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt et fugientia tecta.

S tamen in duos, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum servet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia:—

Si vero incurfus facilis, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spoliis honore:

Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant focii; plausu strepit omne viretum.

Interea fessos inimico Sirius astra
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas;
Len a jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, ut umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

AD

D. D. H A N N E S,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Felici:re lucentis

Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax

Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;

Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis sollicitam explicas,

Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo g avidum Lyæo.

Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim

Minister ingens, imperique
Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,

Omitte tandem triste negotium
Graveſque curas, heu nimium pius!

Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem,

Fruſtra cruorem pulſibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,

Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:

Fruſtra liquores quot chemica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor

Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius ſepulchro

Debemur omnes, vitæque deferet
Expulſa morbis corpus inhospitum,

Lentumque deſieſcunt nepotes
(Reliquias animæ) cadaver.

Mænes videbis tu quoque fabulas
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua:

Suumque victorem viciffim
Subjiciet Libitina victrix.

Decurrit illi vita beator
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius

VOL. IV.

Reddit moleſtam, urgetque curas
Sponte ſua ſatis inaruentes;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitæque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis bene temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADMIRANDA cano levium ſpectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum ſine mente po-
pellum:

Quem, non ſurreptis cœli de fornice flammæ,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.

Compita qua riſu ſervent, glomeratque tumultum

Hiſtrio, delectatque inhiantem ſcœmmate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ ſtudio aut novitate tenentur,

Undique congreſſi permiſſa ſedilia complent,
Nec confuſus honos; nummo ſubſellia cedunt

Diverſo, et varii ad prætium ſtat copia ſcœmi.
Tandem ubi ſubtrahitur velamen, umina paſſim

Anguſtos penetrant aditus, qua plurima viſum
Fila ſecant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,

Pervia fraus pateat: mox ſtridula turba penates
Ingreditur pætos, et mœnia ſquallida fuco.

Hic humi es inter ſcenas, anguſtaque clauſtra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concurſus, bella, tri-
umphos,

Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.

Sed præter reliquos incidit Homuncio rauca
Noce ſtrepens; major ſubneſcit fibula veſtem,

Et referunt vivos errantia lumina, motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet in-
gens

A tergo gibbus, Pygmæum territât agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba giganteum.

Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Conſuſus, gracili jaſtat convitia vulgo.

Et crebro ſolvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quamquam res agitur ſolenni ſeria pompa,

Spernit ſollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et riſu importunus adest, atque omina turbat.

Nec raro invadit molles, piætamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.

Sed comitum vulgus diverſis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario laſcivit mobile ſaltu.

Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et ſpectabilis ætas,
Lignea gens prædit, nitidisque ſuperbit in oſtris.

Nam, quoties feſtam celebrat ſub imagine lucem,
Ordine compoſito nympharum incedit honeſtum

Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique Quirites
Pygmæos credas poſitis miſceſcere bellis,

ſamque, inſenſa gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere joci, teneriſque vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur ſidera cœlo,
Parvi ſubſiliunt lemures, populique puſilli

Fæſtivos, rediens ſua per veſtigia, gyro.

D d

Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriam, tenerisque virefcit circulus herbis.

At non tranquillas nulla abdund nubila lucet,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnae; usque adeo infincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure facti
Protensq; hæstæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra tragorem
Horrendum, raptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibilæ miscent
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique casæ
Apparent turpæ, civilis crimina belli.

Sed postquam inlatus pugnae deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diverfas repetunt artes, curaque priores.
Næ raro præfici heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggarit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis fulcantur vultus, prolixæque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem iensem collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus huc, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expedit. Truncos opitex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillam
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri;
Hinc salit, atque agili se subleuat incita motu,
Vocelque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

NOW usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poscis, non hamiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Reipus officium camænæ.
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Atolemque cernis diffociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem querere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
Utcunque stet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deferit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppositas gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia

Claudit vicissim; has inter orbæ
Reliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellæque miratur nantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calefcit spiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Cogit refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbus rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquefcens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cæli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox tubitus viror
Ubique ridet: Enteretem globum!
En læta vernantes Favoni
Flamina, perpetuolque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE, Book III. ODE III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closeted several senators on the project: Horace is supposed to have written the following ode on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That sings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to rear, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him
break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Augustus, mixt with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise:
His tigers drew him to the skies;
Wild from the desert and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd them to the lash, and bent them to the yoke.

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,

When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.

Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and lofty abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.

Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst deiraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adulterer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd
the field.

My vengeance sat'd, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations croud his shrine.
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms un-
number'd roar.

Still let the curst detested place
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts and silent deserts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lions

Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall
spread,

And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
And look on gold with undefining eyes,
Nor the disbowel'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glittering ills, conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature lets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raise;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies head myself will show
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.

Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works con-
found.

And hew the shining fabric to the ground:
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece re-
turn,

And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.
But hold, my Muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their found.

THE VESTAL,

FROM

OVID DE FASTIS, LIB. III. EL. I:

"*Blanda quies victis furtim subrepat ocellis &c.*"

AS the fair Vestal to the fountain came,
(Let none be startled at a Vestal's name)
Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast,
D d. 2

To take the freshness of the morning-air,
And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair;
While thus she rested, on her arm reclin'd,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
And purling streams that through the meadow
stray'd,

In drowly murmurs lull'd the gentle maid.
The God of War beheld the virgin lie,
The God beheld her with a lover's eye;
And, by so tempting an occasion press'd,
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possess'd:
Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with the *Founder of immortal Rome*.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON:

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns
rais'd,

With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And Gods and Goddesses the waters grac'd.

Egeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving God,)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A siller's likeness was in every face.
On earth a different landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural
deities.

O'er all, the heaven's resplendent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.

Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious God:
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.

The God sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, stand.
Here spring appears with flowery chaplets bound;
Here summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary winter shivers in the rear.

Phæbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;

And cries aloud, "What wants my son? For know
"My son thou art, and I must call thee so."

"Light of the world," the trembling youth re-
plies,

"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
"The parent's name, some certain token give,
"That I may Clymené's proud boast believe,
"Nor longer under tallie reproaches grieve."

The tender Sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My son (said he)

"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymené
"Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
"As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
"Whate'er it be, with that request comply,
"By Styx I swear, whole waves are hid in night,
"And roll impervious to my piercing sight."

The youth, transported, asks without delay,
To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day.

The God repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shock:

"My son (says he) some other proof require;
"Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
"I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
"Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.

"Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
"Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
"Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
"Beyond the province of mortality:

"There is not one of all the Gods that dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
"To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
"Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,

"That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
"Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as
Jove?

"The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain;
"And when the middle firmament they gain,
"If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,

"And see the earth and ocean hang below,
"Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
"And my own heart misgives me at the sight.

"A mighty downfall sweeps the evening stage,
"And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.

"Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driven
"Down headlong from the precipice of heaven.

"Besides, consider what impetuous force
"Turns stars and planets in a different course;

"I steer against their motions; nor am I
"Borne back by all the current of the sky.

"But how could you resist the orbs that roll
"In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?

"But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
"And stately domes, and cities fill'd with Gods;

"While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
"Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:

"For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
"The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;

"Next him the bright Hæmonian Bow is strung;
"And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung;

"The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
"And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.

"Nor would you find it easy to compose
"The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils
flows

"The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows."

" Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
 " When they grow warm and restive to the rein.
 " Let not my son a fatal gift require,
 " But, O! in time, recal your rash desire;
 " You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
 " Let these my tears your parentage reveal;
 " And learn a father from a father's care;
 " Look on my face; or, if my heart lay bare,
 " Could you but look, you'd read the father
 there.
 " Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
 " For open to your with all nature lies,
 " Only decline this one unequal task,
 " For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask;
 " You ask a real mischief, Phaeton:
 " Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son:
 " I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
 " Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice."
 Thus did the God th' unwary youth advise;
 But he still longs to travel through the skies.
 When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
 At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
 A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
 The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
 Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys;
 When now the morn diuclod her purple rays;
 The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chac'd
 The stars away, and fled himself at last.
 Soon as the father saw the roly morn,
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble hours without delay
 Bring forth the steeds; the nimble hours obey:
 From their full racks the generous steeds retire,
 Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
 Still anxious for his son, the God of day,
 To make him proof against the burning ray,
 His temples with celestial ointment wet,
 Or sovereign virtue to repel the heat,
 Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
 And fetch'd a deep fore-boding sigh, and said,
 " Take this at least, this last advice, my son;
 " Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
 " The couriers of themselves will run too fast,
 " Your art must be to moderate their haste.
 " Drive them not on directly through the skies,
 " But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
 " Along the midmost Zone; but tally forth
 " Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
 " The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
 " But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
 " That no new fires or heaven or earth infect;
 " Keep the mid-way, the middle way is best.
 " Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
 " Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.
 " Shun both extremes; the rell let fortune guide,
 " And better for thee than thyself provide!
 " See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
 " Aurora gives the promise of a day;
 " I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
 " Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake,
 " And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
 " While yet securely on the earth you stand;
 " Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
 " Let me alone to light the world, while you
 " Enjoy those beams which you may lately view."

He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat
 And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
 And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
 Those thanks his father with remorse receives.
 Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
 Teth's, not knowing what had pass'd, gave way,
 And all the waste of heaven before them lay.
 They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
 But as at sea th' unballast vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
 So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
 The youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
 Their statel'd course, and leave the beaten track.
 The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
 Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
 Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
 Then the *Seven Stars* first felt Apollo's ray,
 And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
 The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
 Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll.
 And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
 And shot a redder light from every star;
 Nay, and 'tis said, Beötes too, that vain
 Thou wouldst have fled, though cumber'd with
 thy wain.

Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
 Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
 His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
 And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
 Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
 His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
 Now would he Merops for his father own,
 And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.
 So rares the pilot, when his ship is tost
 In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost;
 He gives her to the winds, and in despair
 Seeks his last refuge in the Gods and prayer.
 What could he do? His eyes, if backward cast,
 Find a long path he had already past;
 If forward, still a longer path they find:
 Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
 And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
 And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
 The horses' names he knew not in the fright:
 Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold
 them tight.

Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
 And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
 That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
 There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
 In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
 In a wide circuit of the heavens he thines,
 And fills the space of two celestial signs.
 Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
 Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
 Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
 The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
 And, flying out through all the plains above,
 Ran uncontrol'd where-e'er their fury drove;
 Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
 Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.

And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wondering moon

Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Imolus red with fires appear;
Ocagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continued range of fire.

Th' astonish'd youth, where-e'er his eyes could turn,

Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,
He flew where-e'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swartthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns;
Ætolia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns;
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails;
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonë fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast:
Ev'n Tanais, though fix'd in ice, was lost;
Erag'd Caucas and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
Through mazy winding, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thickening fumes, and darken half the skies,
In flames Ilianos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The swans, that on Cæster often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents are all dry,
And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.

The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rold;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, th' unshapen Phœæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.

Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The earth at length, on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Up-lifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapt her hands upon her brows, and said;
(But fust, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat:)
"If you, great King of Gods, my death approve,
"And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
"If I must perish by the force of fire,
"Let me tran-fix'd with thunderbolts expire.
"See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours
choke,

(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)

"See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
"And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
"And does the plough for this my body tear?
"This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
"Tortur'd with rakes, and haras'd all the year?
"That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
"And food for man, and frankincense for you?
"But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
"Why are his waters boiling in the fun?
"The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
"Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven?

"If I nor her your pity can provoke,
"See your own heavens, the heavens begin to smoke!

"Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,

"Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;

"Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,

"And almost faint beneath the glowing weight.

"If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,

"All must again into their chaos turn.

"Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,

"And succour nature, ere it is too late."

She ceas'd; for, chok'd with vapours round her spread,

Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

Jove call'd to witness every power above,

And ev'n the God, whose son the chariot drov,

That what he acts he is compell'd to do,

Or universal ruin must ensue.

Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,

From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,

From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,

But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.

Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the fork'd brand,
In dreadful thunderings. Thus th' Almighty fire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven.

The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.

The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO STAGS.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and
amaz'd

On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder,
gaze'd;

And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise,
"Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot
lies;

"His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
"But in the glorious enterprise he dy'd."

Apol'o hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted eve, without a sun:
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And, as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd, round the world she goes,
To seek where-e'er his body might be cast;
Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears,
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears;
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn;)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they
keep,

And all the day stand round the tomb and weep
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;
When now the eldest, Phaethusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move

Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with
leaves;

One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies,
stood

Crusted with bark, and hardening into wood;
But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid,
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they
grew.

She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from the verdant fingers strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to
say,

"Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear;
"A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
"Farewel for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.

The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below:
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mix'd in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd

Shine in the drefs of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN

CYCNUS beheld the nymphs transform'd,
ally'd

To their dead brother, on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to
range,

And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was less'n'd, as he try'd to speak,
And issued through a long-extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak;
All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
Who, still remembering how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sun-shine, and abhors the light;
The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obscures his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward grief he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.

"E'er since the birth of time," said he, "I've borne

"A long ungrateful toil without return;

"Let now some other manage, if he dare,

"The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car,

"Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,

"And learn to lay his murdering thunder by;

"Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,

"My son deserv'd not so severe a fate."

The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray

He would resume the conduct of the day,

Nor let the world be lost in endless night:

Jove too himself, descending from his height,

Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats,

Majestically mixing prayers and threats.

Prevail'd upon at length; again he took

The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,

And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,

And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

THE day was settled in its course; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blasted face

With running fountains, and with springing
grasses.

No tracts of heaven's destructive fire remain;
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles
again.

But, as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its
birth,

By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful
pride;

Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore;
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,

The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and
drove

The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd,
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.

Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.

"Here I am safe," he cries, "from Juno's eye;

"Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,

"Yet would I venture on a theft like this,

"And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"

Diana's shape and habit straight he took,

Softened his brows, and smoothen'd his awful look,

And mildly in a female accent spoke.

"How fares my girl? How went the morning
chace?"

To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,

"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer

To Jove himself, though Jove himself were
here."

The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himself before himself prefer'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace;

And ere she had told the morning chace,

With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,

Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss;

His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,

Nor could Diana's shape conceal the God.

The virgin did what'er a virgin could

(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd):

With all her might against his force she strove:

But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!

Possess't at length of what his heart desir'd,

Back to his heavens th' insulting god retir'd.

The lovely huntress rising from the grass,

With down-cast eye, and with a blushing face,

By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,

Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,

And almost, in the tumult of her mind,

Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train

Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,

Call'd to the nymph: "The nymph began to fear

A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;

But, when she saw the sister nymphs suppress'd

Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear!

Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;

Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,

As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.

Her looks were flush'd, and fullen was her
mien,

That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.

'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:

And now the moon had nine times lost her light,

When Dian fainting, in the mid-day beams,

Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,

That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,

And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,

The goddesses prais'd: "And now no spies are
near,

"Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash;" she
cries.

Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;

Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,

And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:

In vain excus'd; her fellows round her press'd,

And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.

The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
"Begone!" the goddess cries with stern disdain,

"Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain;"

She fled, for-ever banish'd from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the t'aming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
'It is enough! I'm fully satisfy'd!
'This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
'My husband's baseness; and the strumpet's love:

"But vengeance shall awake; those guilty charms
"That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms,
"No longer shall their wonted force retain,
"Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain."

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground;

The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;

Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
And, left the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and though

She could not call him false, she thought him so.
How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hound the frightened huntress flew!

How did she fear her fellow brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her fire!

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast;
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbid, and snatch'd them through the air

In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there:
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She fought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both ~~sever'd~~ among the gods.

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They ask what brings her there. "Ne'er ask," says she,

"What brings me here; heaven is no place for me.

"You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,

"Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
"Usurp the heavens; you'll see them proudly roll

"In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
"And who shall now on Juno's altar wait,
"When those she hates grow greater by her hate?

"I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
"Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast:
"This this was all my weak revenge could do:

"But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
"And, as he acted after Io's rape,

"Restore th' adulteress to her former shape;
"Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead

"The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
"But you, ye venerable powers, be kind;

"And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
"Receive not in your waves their setting beams,

"Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."

The goddess ended, and her wish was given.
Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE raven once in snowy plumes was dress'd,
White as the whitest dove's unfully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite

To sooty blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told;
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confer'd the fairest of the fairer kind.

Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew;
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true,
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The false-one with a secret rival join'd.

Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail;
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd;
The busy daw flew with him side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.

The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.

"Stay, silly bird, th' ill-natur'd task refuse,

"Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.

"Be warn'd by my example: you discern

"What now I am, and what I was shall learn.

"My foolish honesty was all my crime;

"Then hear my story. Once upon a time,

E c

"The two-shap'd Ericthonius had his birth
 " (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
 " Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
 " Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
 " The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
 " To guard the chest, command'd not to look
 " On what was hid within I stood to see
 " The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighbouring tree.
 " The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep
 " The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
 " And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
 " And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
 " A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
 " But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
 " I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
 " But, for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
 " The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
 " And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
 " Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
 " Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
 " But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
 " As never by the heavenly maid belov'd;
 " But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lie;
 " Though Pallas hate me now, she won't deny;
 " For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
 " Was once a maid (by heaven the story's true),
 " A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
 " A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
 " My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
 " Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
 " Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
 " He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
 " And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
 " Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand,
 " Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
 " I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
 " To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
 " A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
 " For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
 " I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
 " I strove to sling my garment on the ground;
 " My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round.
 " My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
 " Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
 " Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
 " Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore;
 " Till, rising on my wings, I was prefer'd
 " To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird:
 " Prefer'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
 " Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
 " On her incestuous life I need not dwell
 " (In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell):
 " And of her dire amours you must have heard,
 " For which she now does penance in a bird,
 " That, conscious of her shame, avoid the light,
 " And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
 " The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
 " The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."

The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
 Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
 And curst the harmless daw; the daw withdrew;
 The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
 And found him out, and told the fatal truth
 Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.

The god was wroth; the colour left his look;
 The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook;
 His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
 And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
 That had so often to his own been prest.
 Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
 And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound,
 And, weltering in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
 " Ah cruel god! though I have justly dy'd,
 " What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
 " That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
 This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The god dissolves in pity at her death;
 He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
 And hates himself for what himself had done;
 The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
 And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
 Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,

And tries the compass of his art in vain.
 Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
 The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
 With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
 And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
 Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,

And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.
 But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
 Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
 He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
 And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge:
 Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
 And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHÖE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

OLD Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
 Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
 His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore,
 The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
 With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders, came
 To see the child, Ocyrrhoe was her name;
 She knew her father's art, and could rehearse
 The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
 Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
 The god was kindled in the raving maid,
 And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
 " Hail, great physician of the world, all hail;
 " Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
 " Shall hail the nations, and defraud the tomb;
 " Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
 " Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.

"Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
 "And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
 "Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
 abode
 "Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
 "And thou, my sire, was destin'd by thy birth
 "To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
 "How wilt thou toils, and rave, and long to
 die,
 "And quit thy claim to immortality;
 "When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward
 pains,
 "The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
 "The gods in pity shall contract thy date;
 "And give thee over to the powers of fate."
 Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
 The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:
 More had she still to say; but now appears
 Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in
 tears.
 "My voice," says she, "is gone, my language
 fails;
 "Through every limb my kindred shape pre-
 vails,
 "Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
 "And with prophetic raptures swell my heart?
 "What new desires are these? I long to pace
 "O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass;
 "I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;
 "But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
 "My sire does half a human shape retain,
 "And in his upper parts preserves the man."
 Her tongue no more distinct complaints af-
 fords,
 But in shrill accents and mishapen words
 Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
 The human form confounded in the mare:
 Till by degrees, accomplish'd in the beast,
 She neigh'd outright, and all the steed express'd.
 Her flopping body on her hands is borne,
 Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in
 horn;
 Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
 And in her flowing tails she frisks her train.
 The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
 And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCHSTONE.

SORE wept the centaur, and to Phœbus
 pray'd;
 But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?
 Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
 In Elis then a herd of bees he drove;
 And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
 And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's
 cloak;
 On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
 And on his rural pipe to waste the day.
 As once, attentive, to his pipe, he play'd,
 The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd,
 A drove that separate from their fellows stray'd,
 The theft an old insidious peasant view'd
 (They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood);

Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
 His favourite mares, and watch the generous
 breed.

The thievish god suspected him, and took
 The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke:
 "Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
 "And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
 "Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on,
 "That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a
 stone.

The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
 In speech and habit like a country swain;
 And cried out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a
 stray

"Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
 "In the recovery of my cattle join,
 "A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
 The peasant quick replies, "You'll find them
 there

"In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
 The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
 The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
 "And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
 "Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he:
 Then to a *Touch-stone* turns the faithless spy,
 And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS TRANS- FORMED INTO A STATUE.

THIS done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
 O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
 And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
 All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian
 maid
 Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
 In canisters, with garlands cov'r'd o'er,
 High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore;
 And now, returning in a solemn train,
 The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.

The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
 And saw the bright procession pass below;
 Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
 And hover'd o'er them; as the spreading kite,
 That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
 Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
 And sails around, and keeps it in her eye:
 So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
 And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
 Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer;
 So much did Herse all the rest outvie,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.
 Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung
 So the cold bullet, that with fury flung
 From Baleari: engines mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
 At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and
 show'd

The form divine, the features of a god.
 He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
 And yet he strives to better them by art.

He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves with an air the sleep-procuring wand:
The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
Th' air, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
Three rooms contiguous in a range were plac'd;
The midmost by the beauteous Hebe grac'd;
Her virgins in sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching god descry'd,
And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came.
"I come," reply'd the god, "from heaven to woo

"Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
"I am the son and messenger of Jove,
"My name is Mercury, my business love;
"Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
"And gain admittance to your sister's heart."

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast;
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Besid'd with copy gore and clots of blood;
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome
skies,

In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A poisonous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In soul distort'd glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her
tongue,

In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep.
Restless in spite: while, watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy;
Foe to herself, distressing and distress'd,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.

The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight;
"On curl'd Aglauros try thy utmost art,
"And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."

This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,

And, mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven: The hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew:
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give.
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of
thorn,

And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she
steers

Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights: the meadows are desec'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year, laid
waste:

On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.

Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd,
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prick'd thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madne's the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
And rets in the blood, and festers in the heart,

To make the work more sure, a scene she
drew,

And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate;
Th' imaginary bride appears in state;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows:
For Envy magnifies whatever she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had pass'd:
At length before the door herself she cast;
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd; "Begone!" the maid re-
plies,

"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."
"Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;

Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
 And marble now appears in every nail.
 As when a cancer in the body feeds,
 And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
 So does the chilnel's to each vital part
 Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
 Till, hardening every where, and speechless
 grown,
 She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
 But still her envious hue and sullen mien
 Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

WHEN now the god his fury had allay'd,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
 From where the bright A'henian turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
 Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
 And, as he mixt among the croud of Gods,
 Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
 And in soft whispers thus his will exprest:

"My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
 "Thy Sire's commands are through the world
 convey'd,
 "Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
 "And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
 "There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
 "The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the
 shore."

Thus spoke the God, concealing his intent.
 The trusty Hermes on his message went,
 And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
 A neighbouring hill, and drove them to the
 shore;

Where the King's daughter with a lovely train
 Of fellow-nymphs was sporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aside
 (For love but ill agrees with kingly pride);
 The ruler of the skies, the thundering God,
 Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
 Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
 Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
 Large rolls of fat about his shoulders hung,
 And from his neck the double dew-lap hung.
 His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
 Unfurl'd by the breath of southern skies;
 Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
 As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
 His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
 But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
 His every look was peaceful, and exprest
 The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
 Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
 And view'd his spotless body with delight,
 And at a distance kept him in her sight.
 At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
 The gentle beast, and fondly strook'd his head.
 He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
 But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
 And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring
 strand,
 Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;

And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
 Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
 Gives her his breast to suckle, and downward
 turns

His grizzly brow, and gently floops his horns.
 In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
 His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
 Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
 Not knowing that she prest the thunderer,
 She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
 O'er fields and meadows, seated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
 Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
 Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
 Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
 The frighted nymph looks backward on the
 shore,

And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
 But still she holds him fast: one hand is bornc
 Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:
 Her train of rustling garments flies behind,
 Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the virgin
 bore,
 And lands her safe on the Dician shore;
 Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
 In his true shape he captivates the maid:
 Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
 Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
 His glowing features, and celestial light,
 And all the God discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
 He sent his son to search on every coast;
 And sternly bid him to his arms restore
 The darling maid, or see his face no more.
 But live an exile in a foreign clime;
 Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world
 around;

But how can Jove in his amours be found?
 When, tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
 To shun his angry fire and native soil,
 He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome;
 There asks the god what new-appointed home
 Should end his wanderings, and his toils relieve.
 The Delphic oracles this answer give:

"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
 "Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
 "Mark well the place where first she lay her
 down,
 "There measure out thy walls, and build thy
 town,
 "And from thy guide Boetia call the land,
 "In which the destin'd walls and town shall
 stand."

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic God,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servi-
tude;

Her gently at a distance he pursued;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè he took,
And now, Cephissus, cross'd thy si-ver brook;
When to the heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning
gaz'd

On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless
vales,

And thanks the Gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie;
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with
thorn.

Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bleated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his
foes:

His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water fought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault;
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forked tongue, and rolls his glar-
ing eyes.

The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And, gazing round him, overlook'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
The serpent in the polar circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
Sworn up with blasts of pestilential breath.

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with
cares,

To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.

A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-poss'd javelin to the field he bore
Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amid their coase he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
"Such friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer
date:

"But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate."
Then heav'd a stone, and, rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:

A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, finally join'd, preserv'd him from a
wound,

With native armour crust'd all around.
With more success the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writhed his blood to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast:
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in the maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed javelin ward'd off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For, whilst the champion with re-oubled might
Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the
blow.

The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
Till, spent with toil, and labouring hard for
breath,

He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
"Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?"

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Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
 And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
 When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
 Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
 Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
 The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
 Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
 Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He fows the teeth at Pallas's command,
 And flings the future people from his hand.
 The clods grow warm, and crumble where he
 fows:

And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
 Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
 Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts:
 O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
 A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
 Its body up, and limb by limb appears
 By just degrees; till all the man arise,
 And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus, surpriz'd, and startled at the sight
 Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
 When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man, for-
 bear

"To mingle in a blind promiscuous war."
 This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
 Himself expiring by another's wound;
 Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
 Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field,
 Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
 The furrows swam in blood: and only five
 Of all the vast increase were left alive.
 Echion one, at Pallas's command,
 Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
 And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
 Whom Cadmus as his friend and partner takes;
 So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
 And gives his new Boeotian empire birth.

Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would
 have guess'd

The royal founder in his exile blest:
 Long did he live within his new abodes,
 Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods;
 And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
 A long increase of children's children told:
 But no frail man, however great or high,
 Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,
 Who griev'd his grandfire in his borrow'd face;
 Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
 The branching horns, and vilage not his own;
 To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
 And from their huntsman to become their prey.
 And yet consider why the change was wrought,
 You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
 Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
 For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

IN a fair chace a shady mountain stood,
 Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of
 blood.

Here did the huntsmen till the heat of day
 Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
 When thus Actæon calling to the rest:

"My friends," says he, "our sport is at the best.
 "The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
 "His burning beams directly on our heads;
 "Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
 "Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
 "And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
 "Take the cool morning to renew the chace."

They all consent, and in a cheerful train
 The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
 Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypresses clad,
 Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with
 shade,

The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
 Full in the center of the darksome wood
 A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
 With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-slope:
 From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
 And trickling swell into a lake below.
 Nature had every where so play'd her part,
 That every where she seem'd to vie with art.
 Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with
 heat,

Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,
 Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
 Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
 Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
 Each busy nymph her proper part undrest;
 While Crocæ, more handy than the rest,
 Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
 Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
 Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
 Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undrest the shining goddess stood,
 When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
 To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
 The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
 The frightened virgins shriek'd at the surprize
 (The forest echo'd with their piercing cries).
 Then in a huddle round their goddess prest:
 She, proudly eminent above the rest,
 With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
 The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn:
 And though the crowding nymphs her body
 hide,

Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
 Surpriz'd, at first she would have snatch'd her
 bow,

But sees the circling waters round her flow;
 These in the hollow of her hand she took,
 And dash'd them in his face, while thus she
 spoke:

"Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight dis-
 clos'd;

"A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."

This said, the man began to disappear
 By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
 A rising horn on either brow he wears,
 And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
 Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
 His bosom pants with fears before unknown.

Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the watery glass
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their
cries:

A generous pack, or to maintain the chase,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and
flew

Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he
flies,

Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous
cries.

When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him
there,

Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad huntsman grovelling on the
ground,

Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he means,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their Lord Actæon to the game;
He shook his head in answer to the name;
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker-on.

But, to his grief he finds himself too near,
And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master panting in a deer.

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

ACTÆON's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:

She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed;
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And arry'd in her womb a future God.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke:

"Are my reproaches of so small a force?"

"Tis time I then pursue another course:

"It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,

"If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;

"If rightly styl'd among the powers above

"The wife and sister of the thundering Jove

"(And none can sure a sister's right deny);

"It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.

"She boasts an honor I can hardly claim;

"Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;

"While proud and vain she triumphs in her
Jove,

"And shows the glorious tokens of his love:

"But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,

"By her own lover the fond beauty dies."

This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.

Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,

Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;

Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,

And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.

The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd

With pleasing stories her false foster-child.

Much did she talk of love, and when she came

To mention to the nymph her lover's name,

Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,

"Tis well," says she, "if all be true that's said,

"But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear

"Some counterfeits in this your Jupiter.

"Many an honest well-designing maid

"Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.

"But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,

"Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,

"Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,

"In all the pomp of his divinity;

"Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,

"With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."

Th' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she

said,

Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,

To grant a certain gift which she would choose;

"Fear not," replied the God, "that I'll refuse

"Whate'er you ask: may Scyx confirm my voice,

"Choose what you will, and you shall have your
choice."

"Then," says the nymph, "when next you seek
my arms

"May you descend in those celestial charms,

"With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,

"And fill with transport heaven's immortal
dame."

The God surpriz'd would fain have stopp'd her
voice;

But he had sworn and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise, he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a lesser mold, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second rate,
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious God, descending from his height, }
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blatted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclod'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving God.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on
earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of state;
As to his Queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth," says he, (and as he spoke he
laugh'd,)
"The sense of pleasure in the male is far
'More dull and dead, than what you females
share."

Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd. }

It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twist'd snakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.

But, after seven revolving years, he view'd
The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
"And if," says he, "such virtue in you lie,
"That he who dares your slimy folds untie
"Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll
try."

Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the Deities create
The sovereign umpire in their grand debate:
And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno, fir'd,
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,

Vps. IV.

Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
That no one God repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of
sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

FAM'D far and near for knowing things to
come,
From him th' enquiring nations sought their
doom;

The fair Liriope his answers try'd,
And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;
This nymph the God Cephissus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
"If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the booming youth carefs'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd.
Such was his pride, in vain the friend carefs'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chase,
The babbling Echo had deserv'd his face;
She, who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for though her voice was
left,

Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often, when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers slipp'd away.
The Goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cry'd, "That tongue, for this thy
crime,

"Which could so many subtle tales produce,
"Shall be hereafter but of little use."
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.

This love-sick virgin, over-joy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus
move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,

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Liv'd in the shad, covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till, harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The founding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left,
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

THUS did the nymph in vain carefs the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy:
When one fair virgin of the flighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain,

"Oh may he love like me, and love like me
in vain!"

Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unfurl'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For, as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descends,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the watery glass.
By his own flames consum'd, the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion
move?

What kindle in thee this un pity'd love?

Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's watery gleam he
stood,

Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he
view'd.

At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:

"You trees," says he, "and thou surrounding
grove,

"Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,

"Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie

"A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I!

"I who before me see the charming fair,

"Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not
there:

"In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;

"And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,

"Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,

"No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.

"A shallow water hinders my embrace;

"And yet the lovely mimic wears a face

"That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join

"My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.

"Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,

"Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.

"My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd

"O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.

"But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns

"With equal flames, and languishes by turns.

"Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss:

"And when my arms I stretch, he stretches
his.

"His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,

"He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he
weeps.

"Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear

"To utter something, which I cannot hear.

"Ah wretched me! I now begin too late

"To find out all the long perplex'd deceit;

"It is myself I love, myself I see;

"The gay delusion is a part of me.

"I kindle up the fires by which I burn,

"And my own beauties from the well return.

"Whom should I court? How utter my com-
plaint?

"Enjoyment but produces my restraint,

"And too much plenty makes me die for want.

"How gladly would I from myself remove!

"And at a distance set the thing I love.

"My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,

"I wish him absent whom I most desire.

"And now I faint with grief; my fate draws
nigh;

"In all the pride of blooming youth I die.

"Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.

"O might the visionary youth survive,

"I should with joy my latest breath resign!

"But, oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."

This said, the weeping youth again return'd

To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;

His tears defac'd the surface of the well,

With circle after circle, as they fell:

And now the lovely face but half appears,

O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with
tears.

"Ah whither," cries Narcissus, "dost thou fly?

"Let me still feed the flame by which I die;

"Let me still see, though I'm no further blest."

Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:

His naked bosom redd'n'd with the blow,

In such a blush as purple clusters show,

Free yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
The sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun,
So melts the youth, and languishes away:
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.

She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan;
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.

"Farewel," says he: the parting sound scarce fell

From his faint lips, but she reply'd, "Farewel."
Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:
And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn:
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

THIS sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.

Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.

To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head,

"Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee

"If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:

"For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,

"When the young god's solemnities appear;

"Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,

"Thy impious carcase, into pieces torn,

"Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.

"Then, then, remember what I now foretel,

"And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."

Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;

But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.

For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,

Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.

All ranks and sexes to his Orgies ran,

To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.

When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;

"What madness, Thebans, has your soul possess'd?

"Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,

"And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,

"Thus quell your courage? Can the weak alarm

"Of women's yell those stubborn souls disarm,

"Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,

"Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?

"And you our fires, who left your old abodes,

"And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;

"Will you without a stroke your city yield,

"And poorly quit an undisputed field?

"But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire

"Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire.

"Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,

"Not flower garlands and a painted face;

"Remember him to whom you stand ally'd:

"The serpent for his well of waters dy'd.

"He fought the flood; do you his courage show,

"And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.

"If Thebes must fall, oh might the fates afford

"A nobler doom, from famine, fire, or sword!

"Then might the Thebans perish with renown:

"But now a beardless victor sacks the town;

"Whom nor the prancing steed, nor ponderous shield,

"Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,

"But the soft joys of luxury and ease,

"The purple vests, and flowery garland please.

"Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeits

"Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.

"Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd

"This boasted power; why then should Pentheus yield?

"Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;

"I'll try the force of his divinity."

Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane;

His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;

In vain his grandfire urg'd him to give o'er

His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide,
In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;

But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came beset with blood,

Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;

The god they found not in the frantic throng,

But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke:

"Vile slave, whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,

"And terrify thy base seditious crew.

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"Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
"And why thou join'st in these mad orgies
tell."

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies:

"From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,

"Of poor descent, Accates is my name:

"My fire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd

"His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low d.

"His whole estate within the waters lay;

"With lines and hooks he caught the finny
prey;

"His a t was all his livelihood; which he

"Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:

"In streams, my boy, and rivers, take thy
chance;

"There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.

"Long did I live on this poor legacy,

"Till, tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,

"To arts of navigation I inclin'd;

"Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind:

"Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note

"The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,

"The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,

"With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.

"Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,

"My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,

"Moor'd in a Chian creek: ashore I went,

"And all the following night in Chios spent.

"When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring

"Supplies of water from a neighbouring spring,

"Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;

"Then summon'd-in my crew, and went aboard.

"Opheltus heard my summons, and with joy

"Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,

"With more than female sweetness in his look,

"Whom straggling in the neighbouring fields
he took.

"With fumes of wine the little captive glows,

"And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.

"I view'd him nicely, and began to trace

"Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,

"And saw divinity in all his face.

"I know not who, said I, this god should be;

"But that he is a god I plainly see:

"And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force

"These men have us'd, and oh befriend our

course!

"Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry'd;

"Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,

"And down the ropes with active vigour slide,

"To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,

"Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the

stroke;

"The same the pilot, and the same the rest;

"Such impious avarice their souls possess.

"Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away

"Within my vessel so divine a prey,

"Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:

"When Lycabas a wretch for murder sent

"From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,

"With his clenched fist had struck me over-

board,

"Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.

"His base confederates the fact approve;

"When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,

"Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they
rais'd;

"And shook his drowfy limbs and round him
gaz'd:

"What means this nose? he cries; am I be-
tray'd?

"Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?

"Fear not, said Proteus, child, but tell us
where

"You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.

"To Naxos then direct your course, says he;

"Naxos a hospitable port shall be

"To each of you, a joyful home to me.

"By every God that rules the sea or sky,

"The perjurd villains promise to comply,

"And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.

"With eager joy I launch into the deep;

"And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:

"They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,

"And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,

"To tack about, and steer another way.

"Then let some ether to my post succeed,

"Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.

"What, says Ethalion, must the ship's whole
crew

"Follow your humour, and depend on you?

"And straight himself he seated at the prow,

"And tack'd about, and sought another shore,

"The beauteous youth now found himself
betray'd,

"And from the deck the rising waves fur-
vey'd,

"And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he
said;

"And do you thus my easy faith beguile?

"Thus do you bear me to my native isle?

"Will such a multitude of men employ

"Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?

"In vain did I the Godlike youth deplore,

"The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the
more.

"And now, by all the Gods in heaven that
hear

"This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self, I swear,

"The mighty miracle that did ensue,

"Although it seems beyond belief, is true.

"The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,

"Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.

"In vain the mariners would plough the main

"With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in
vain:

"Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,

"And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in
leaves:

"The sails are cover'd with a chearful green,

"And berries in the fruitful canvas seen.

"Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears

"Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.

"The god we now behold with open eyes;

"A herd of spotted panthers round him lies

"In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread

"On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.

" And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
 " My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
 " Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd Madon found
 " Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides sur-
 round:
 " Ah what, cries one, has thus transfo.m'd thy
 look?
 " Straight his ownmouth grew wider as he spoke:
 " And now himself he views with like surprize.
 " Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
 " But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
 " And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
 " Another, as he catches at a cord,
 " Misses his arms, and, tumbling over board,
 " With his broad fins and fork tail he laves
 " The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
 " Thus all my crew transform'd, around the
 ship,
 " Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
 " And spout the waves, and wanton in the
 deep.
 " Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
 " A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
 " I only in my proper shape appear,
 " Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
 " Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more
 " With him I landed on the Clian shore,
 " And him shall ever gratefully adore." }
 " This forging slave," says Pentheus, " would
 prevail,
 " O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale;
 " Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
 " And in the tortures of the rack expire.
 " Th' officious servants hurry him away,
 " And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
 " But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
 " The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
 " At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
 " And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

BUT Pentheus, grown more furious than be-
 fore,
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
 But went himself to the distracted throng,
 Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
 And as the fiery war horse paw'd the ground,
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
 Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
 A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
 Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
 His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd:
 Her leafy javelin at her son she cast;
 And cries, " The boar that lays our country waste!
 " The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
 " And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
 Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
 And sees the yelling matrons gathering round;
 Heeds, and weeps at his approaching fate,
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late.

" Help, help! my aunt Autonoe," he cry'd;
 " Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
 Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
 One stretch'd-out arm, the other lno lops.
 In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
 And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
 His mother howl'd; and, heedless of his

prayer,
 Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
 " And this," she cried, " shall be Agave's
 share."

When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
 And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
 With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
 Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
 As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
 Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
 Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
 With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
 And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.
 By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
 The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

THE

STORY OF SALMACIS AND HERMA-
PHRODITUS.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF OVID'S META-
MORPHOSES.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams,
 Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
 And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
 The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The Naiads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
 That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
 From both th' illustrious authors of his race
 The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
 Both the bright parents through the infant's
 face.

When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
 The boy had told, he left his native seat,
 And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
 The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
 With eager steps the Lycian fields he crost,
 And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
 A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
 It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
 Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight:
 The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
 Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
 But dealt enriching moisture all around,
 The fruitful banks with chearful verdure
 crown'd,

And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
 A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chase,
 Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
 Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
 The only stranger to Diana's train:
 Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
 " Fy, Salmacis, what always idle! fy;
 " Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
 " And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.

But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her
streams;

And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long for what she view'd.

Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well-deserv'd to be reputed fair.

"Bright youth," she cries, "whom all thy fea-
tures prove

"A god, and, if a god, the god of love;

"But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast:

"Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest;

"But oh how blest! how more than blest thy
bride,

"Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd.

"If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be;

"If not, behold a willing bride in me."

The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with
shame,

He strove, and blusht, but still the blush became;

In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;

The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,

And such the moon, when all her silver white

Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,

A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:

And now prepares to take the lovely boy

Between her arms. He, innocently coy,

Replies, "Or leave me to myself alone,

"You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone."

"Fair stranger then," says she, "it shall be so;"

And, for the fear'd his threat, she feign'd to go;

But, hid within a covert's neighbouring green,

She kept him full in sight, herself unseen.

The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,

And innocently sports about the shore;

Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,

And dips his foot, and divers as he dips.

The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste

His airy garments on the banks he cast;

His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,

And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.

His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,

While hotter passions in her bosom rise,

Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.

She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,

And looks and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,

And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood:

His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,

His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;

As lies shut within a crystal case,

Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.

"He's mine, he's all my own," the Naid cries;

And flings off all, and after him she flies.

And now she fastens on him as he swims,

And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs

The more the boy resisted, and was coy,

The more she clapt, and kiss the struggling boy.

So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagles claws, and hilles in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling t if he flings.

And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless boy full obstinately strove

To free himself, and still refus'd her love.

Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd,

"And why, coy youth," she cries, "why
thus unkind?"

"Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!

"Oh may we never, never part again!"

So pray'd the nymph, no did she pray in vain:

For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,

Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;

Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run

Together, and incorporate in one:

Last in one face are both their faces join'd,

As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd

Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:

Both bodies in a single body mix,

A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd

The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd,

(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,

Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)

You parent gods, whose heavenly names I bear,

Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;

Oh grant, that whomso'er these streams contain,

If man he enter'd, he may rise again

Supple, unfinew'd, and but half a man!

The heavenly parents answer'd, from on high,

Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;

Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,

And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprize

We see Britannia's monarch rise,

A godlike form, by thee display'd

In all the force of light and shade;

And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,

As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth

His secret soul and hidden worth,

His probity and mildness shews,

His care of friends and scorn of foes:

In every stroke, in every line,

Does some exalted virtue shine,

And Albion's happiness we trace

Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to see the day,

When the glad nation shall survey

Their Sovereign, through his wide command,

Passing in progress o'er the land!

Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal pass'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stamp'd on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial un
Has daily since his course begun
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art hast vy'd
With nature in a generous strife,
And ouch'd the canvas into life.

Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:

Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her Hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wife Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine,
With airs and lineaments divine:
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too, with upcast eyes
Beheld the abdicated skies;

And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeralurn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder flew
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove?

PROLOGUE

TO

SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut
race:

In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire:
While, lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit,
And, from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
Our home-spun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakespeare to the soft Scarlethi yield.

To your new taste the poet of this day
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play;
Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd
joy:

It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it please, should she in English
speak,

And could Hippolytus reply in Greek!
But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

PROLOGUE

TO

STEELE'S TENDER HUSBAND.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays
were scarce,

The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own:
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shews
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and
beaux;

Rough country knights are found of every shire;
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town, and beat about the Park,
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court;

As love of pleasure or of place invites;
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

However, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night:
—Here, still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with a variety of fools his play;
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies errant has expos'd to view;
The first a damsel, travell'd in romance;
The other more refin'd she comes from France:
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE

TO

LANSDOWNE'S BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While listening forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of music is to music join'd:
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand;
The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow.
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull fights in the same landskip mixt,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continued show:
But, as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, though the place stands still;
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
'Thus (without unity of place transgress)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howsoever to please your wandering eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. DANIEL
PURCELL.

PERFORMED AT OXFORD, 1799.

I.

PREPARE the hallow'd strain, my Muse,
Thy softest sounds and sweetest number
choose;

The bright Cecilia's praise rehearse,
In warbling words and gliding verse,
That smoothly run into a song,
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

II

First let the sprightly violin
The joyful melody begin,
And none of all her strings be mute,
While the sharp sound and shriller lay
In sweet harmonious notes decay,
Softened and mellow'd by the flute.
* "The flute that sweetly can complain,
" Dissolve the frozen nymph's disdain;
" Panting sympathy impart,
" Till she partake her lover's smart."

CHORUS.

III.

Next, let the solemn organ join
Religious airs and strains divine,
Such as may lift us to the skies,
And set all heaven before our eyes:
"Such as may lift us to the skies;
"So far at least till they
"Descend with kind surprize,
"And meet our pious harmony half-way."

IV.

Let then the trumpet's piercing sound
Our ravish'd ears with pleasure wound:
The soul o'er-powering with delight,
As, with a quick uncommon ray,
A streak of lightning clears the day,
And flashes on the sight.
Let Echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
And in a low expiring strain
Play all the concert o'er again.

V.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia's charming tongue:
Notes that sacred heats inspir'd,
And with religious ardour fir'd:
The love-sick youth, that long suppress'd
His smother'd passion in his breast,
No sooner heard the warbling dame,
But, by the secret influence turn'd,
He felt a new diviner flame,
And with devotion burn'd.
With ravish'd soul and looks amaz'd,
Upon her beauteous face he gaz'd;
Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes disarm'd,
And chang'd the lover to a saint.

GRAND CHORUS.

VI.

And now the choir compleat rejoices,
With trembling strings and melting voices,
The tuneful ferment rises high,
And works with mingled melody:
Quick divisions run their rounds,
A thousand trills and quivering sounds

* The four last lines of the second and third stanzas
were added by Mr. Tate.

In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance die.

AN ODE.

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale:
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all,
Move round the dark terrestrial ball:
What though, no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst the radiant orbs be found:
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter such a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

AN HYMN.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Vol. IV.

Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When Nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

VIII.

Though all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

AN ODE.

I.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine-hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes

G. g.

Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

V.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

A N H Y M N.

I.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face;
O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Hier pardon to procure,
Whom knows Thy Only Son has dy'd
To make that pardon sure.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through desolate lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

THE PLAY-HOUSE.

WHERE gentle Thames through stately
channels glides,
And England's proud metropolis divides;
A lofty fabric does the sight invade,
And stretches o'er the waves a pompous shade;
Whence sudden shouts the neighbourhood surprize,
And thundering claps and dreadful hisings rise.
Here thrifty R— hires monarchs by the day,
And keeps his mercenary kings in pay;
With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant scenes,
And rakes the stewards for goddesses and queens:
Here the lewd punk, with crowns and sceptres
grac'd

Teaches her eyes a more majestic cast;
And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
Of suppliant slaves, like Sancho, starve and reign.
But enter in, my Muse; the Stage survey,
And all its pomp and pageantry display:
Trap-doors and pit-falls, from the unfaithful
ground,

And magic walls encompass it around:
On either side main'd Temples fill our eyes,
And intermix'd with Brothel-houses rise:
Disjointed Palaces in order stand,
And Groves obedient to the mover's hand
O'er shade the Stage, and flourish at command.
A stamp makes broken towns and trees entire;
So when Amphion struck the vocal lyre,
He saw the spacious circuit all around,
With crowding woods and rising cities crown'd

* See Selley's *Miscellanies*, 8 vo. p. 202.

But next the tiring-room survey, and see
False titles, and promiscuous quality,
Confus'dly swarm, from heroes and from queens,
To those that swing in clouds and fill machines.
Their various characters they choose with art,
The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part:
Swollen cheeks and swaggering belly make an host,
Pale meagre looks and hollow voice a ghost;
From careful brows and heavy down-cast eyes,
Dull cuts and thick-skull'd aldermen arise:
The comic tone, inspir'd by Congreve, draws
At every word, loud laughter and applause:
The whining dame continues as before,
Her character unchang'd, and acts a whore.

Above the rest, the prince with haughty stalks
Magnificent in purple buskins walks.
The Royal robes his awful shoulders grace,
Profuse of spangles and of copper-lace;
Officious rascals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltless of blood, th' unpointed weapon tie:
Then the gay glittering diadem put on,
Ponderous with brass, and starr'd with Bristol
stone.

His royal consort next consults her glass,
And out of twenty boxes culls a face;
The whitening first her ghastly looks bestears,
All pale and wan th' unfinished form appears;
Till on her cheeks the blushing purple glows,
And a false virgin-modesty bestows.
Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes;
Length to her brows the pencil's art supplies,
And with black bending arches shades her eyes.
Well pleas'd at length the picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with artificial molds;
Her countenance compleat, the beaux she warms
With looks not hers; and, spight of nature,
charms.

Thus artfully their persons they disguise,
Till the last flourish bids the curtain rise.
The prince then enters on the Stage in state;
Behind, a guard of candle-snuffers wait:
There, swollen with empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs with
verse:

His subjects tremble; the submissive pit,
Wrapt up in silence and attention, sit;
Till, freed at length, he lays aside the weight
Of public business and affairs of state:
Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,
And to some peaceful brandy-shop retires;
Where in full gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.

The princess next her painted charms displays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays;
The callow 'squire at distance feeds his eyes,
And silently for paints and washes dies:
But if the youth behind the scenes retreat,
He sees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in sweat.
The borrow'd visage he admires no more,
And nauseates every charm he lov'd before:
So the fam'd spear, for double force renown'd,
Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.

In tedious lists 'twere endless to engage,
And draw at length the rabble of the Stage,
Where one for twenty years has given alarms,
And call'd contending monarchs to their arms;
Another fills a more important post,
And rises every other night a ghost;
Through the cleft Stage, his mealy face he rears,
Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears;
Others, with swords and shields, the soldier's
pride,
More than a thousand times have chang'd their
side.

And in a thousand fatal battles dy'd.
Thus several persons several parts perform;
Soft lovers whine, and blustering heroes storm.
The stern exasperated tyrant's rage,
Till the kind bowl of poison clears the Stage.
Then honours vanish, and distinctions cease;
Then, with reluctance, haughty queens undress.
Heroes no more their fading laurels boast,
And mighty kings in private men are lost.
He, whom such titles swell'd, such power made
proud,

To whom whole realms and vanquish'd nations
bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
And in his own vile tatters stinks again.

ON THE LADY MANCHESTER.

WRITTEN ON THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE
KIT-KAT CLUB.

WHILE haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks, an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there
In native charms, divinely fair;
Confusion in their looks they show'd,
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

THE
P O E M S
OF
J O H N H U G H E S.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO
MR. JOHN HUGHES,
ON HIS POEM ENTITLED,
THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

INSPIR'd by what melodious HUGHES has sung,

I'll tune a lyre that long has lain unstrung :
Awak'd from drowsy sloth, and soothing rest,
Poetic transports fire my ravish'd breast !

What pleasure must retiring DRYDEN find, }
To see that art his skilful Muse refin'd, }
So much improv'd by those he leaves behind ! }
So when a father sees a careful son
Enlarge those coffers which were first his own,
With joy to heaven he lifts his aged eyes, 10
Blesses his prosperous heir, and calmly dies.

May all your fortune, like your numbers, shine,
And smoothly flow, without one rugged line !
Till we confess the genius is the same, 15
That guides your fortune, and poetic flame.

So when of old some sportive amorous god
Vouchsaf'd awhile to leave his blest abode,
In whatsoever form the guest appear'd,
His heavenly lustre shone, and was rever'd.

Feb. 1697.

TO THE
MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

BY MISS JUDITH COWPER.*

ROUND HUGHES's humble, though distin-
guish'd urn,
The Muses; w.eath'd with baleful cypress
mourn;

* Daughter of Judge Cowper, afterwards married
to Col. Martin Aadan, author of the *Progress of
Poetry*, &c. and still living, an ornament to her sex
and age. Another of her compositions is prefixed to the
Poems of Mr. Pope. N.

In every face a deep distress appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears :
Such was the scene, when, by the gods requir'd, 5
Majestic Homer from the world retir'd :
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb bestow'd;
And tears like these for Addison late flow'd.

Snatch'd from the earth, above its trifling
praise,
Thee, HUGHES, to happier climes thy fate con-
veys; 10

Eas'd of its load, thy gentle spirit roves
Through realms refulgent, and celestial groves;
The toils of life, the pangs of death are o'er,
And care, and pain, and sickness, are no more.
O may the spot that holds thy blest remains 15
(The noblest spoil earth's spacious breast con-
tains)

Its tribute pay ; may richest flowers around
Spring lightly forth, and mark the sacred ground;
There may thy bays its shady honours spread,
And o'er thy urn eternal odours shed ; 20
Immortal as thy fame, and verse, still grow,
Till those shall cease to live, and Thames, to flow.

Nature subdued foretold the great decline,
And every heart was plung'd in grief, but thine;
Thy soul, serene, the conflict did maintain, 25
And trac'd the phantom death in years of pain :
Not years of pain thy steady mind alarm'd,
By judgment strengthen'd, and with virtue
arm'd ;

Still like thyself, when sinking life ebb'd low,
Norrashly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the blow ; 30
Loose to the world, of every grace possess,
Greatly resign'd, thou fought'st the stranger,

REST ;

Firm as his fate, so thy own Phocylas dy'd,
While the barb'd arrow trembled in his side.
Drawn by thy pen, the theory we see : 35
The practic part, too soon ! beheld in thee.

Who now shall strike the lyre with skill divine,
Who to harmonious sounds * harmonious num-
bers join !

Who the rapacious tide of vice control,
And, while they charm the sense, reform the
soul ! 40

* Opera of Calypso and Telemachus.

In whom the lovely sister arts unite,
With virtue, solid sense, and boundless wit?
Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,
Sparkling as polish'd gems, as purest gold re-
fin'd.

Great ruler of our passions! who with art 47
Subdued the fierce, and warm'd the frozen
heart,

Bid glory in our breasts with temper beat,
And valour, separate from feverish hate,
Love, in its true, its genuine lustre rise,
And, in Eudocia, bid it charm our eyes. 50
Virtue distress, thy happy lines disclose,
With more of triumph than a conqueror knows:
Touch'd by thy hand, our stubborn tempers
bend,

And flowing tears the well-wrought scene at-
tend,

That silent eloquence thy power approv'd; 55
The cause so great, 'twas generous to be mov'd.

What pleasure can the bursting heart possess,
In the last parting and severe distress?
Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy bestow,
And make the labouring breast with transport
glow? 60

These gaudy trifles gild our morning bright,
But O! how weak their influence on our
night!

Then fame, wealth, honour, titles, vainly bloom,
Nor dart one beam of comfort on the gloom;
But if the struggling soul a joy receives, 65
'Tis in the just applause that conscious virtue
gives:

This blameless pride the dying HUGHES pos-
sessed,

Softened his pain, sat lightly on his breast,
And sooth'd his unoffending soul to rest. }
Free from the bigot's fears, or stoic's pride, 70
Calm as our Christian hero liv'd, he dy'd.

As on the utmost verge of life he stood,
Ready to plunge, and seize th' immortal good,
Collecting all his rays diffus'd, in one,
His * last great work with heighten'd lustre
shone; 75

There his just sentiments, transferr'd, we view'd!
But, while our eyes the shining path pursu'd,
And sleep absent his steady judgment gain'd,
The shining path, alas! alone remain'd. —

So when the sun to world-unknown retires, 80
How strong, how boldly shoot his parting fires!
Larger his setting orb our eyes confess,
Eager we gaze, and the full glory bless;
As o'er the heavens, sublime, his course extends, 85
Wit equal state, the radiant globe descends,
Sinks in a cloud of gold, and azure bright,
And leaves behind gay tracks of beamy light.
1720.

If for ourselves the tears profusely flow,
Too justly we indulge the tender woe,

* *Siege of Damascus.*

Since thou in virtue's robes wast richly dress'd,
And of fine arts abundantly possesst!
But if we rather should congratulate 5
A friend's enlargement and exalted state;
Resist'd to Providence, what can we less
Than cheerful hail thy long'd-for happiness,
Who now, releas'd from every piercing pain,
Dost in the realms of light triumphant reign! 10

W. DUNCOMBE,*

February, 1719-20.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

LOST too early! and too lately known!
My love's intended marks receive in one;
Where, new to ease, and recent from thy pain,
With ampler joy thou tread'st the blissful plains:
If there, regardless of the ways of men, 5
Thou seest with pity what thou once hast been,
O gentle shade! accept this humble verse,
Amidst the meaner honours of thy hearth.

How does thy Phocyas warm Britannia's
youth,

In arms to glory, and in love to truth! 10
Oh! if the Muse of future aught presage,
These seeds shall ripen in the coming age;
Then youths, renown'd for many a field well-
fought,

Shall own the glorious lessons thou hast taught;
Honour's strict laws shall reign in every mind, 15
And every Phocyas his Eudocia find.

O! yet be this the lowest of thy fame,
To form the hero, and instruct the dame;
I see the Christian, friend, relation, son,
Burn for the glorious course that thou hast run. 20

If aught we owe thy pencil, or thy lyre,
Of manly strokes, or of superior fire,
How must thy Muse be ever own'd divine,
And in the sacred list unrival'd shine!
Nor joyous health was thine, nor downy ease; 25
To thee forbidden was the soft recess;
Worn with disease, and never-ceasing pain,
How firmly did thy soul her seat maintain!
Early thy side the mortal shaft receiv'd,
All, but the wounded hero, saw and griev'd. 30
No sense of smart, no anguish, could control,
Or turn the generous purpose of his soul.
Witness ye nobler arts, by Heaven design'd
To charm the senses and improve the mind,
How through your mazes, with incessant toil, 35
He urg'd his way, to reap th' immortal spoil!
So fabled Orpheus run'd his potent song
Death's circling shades, and Stygian glooms
among.

Of thy great labours this, the last † and chief,
At once demands our wonder, and our grief; 40

* *Of re'am see Dr. Johnson's encomium on the Life
of Hughes.*

† *The Siege of Damascus.*

Thy soul in clouded majesty till now
 Its finish'd beauties did but partly show;
 Wondering we saw disclos'd the ample store,
 Grief'd in that instant to expect no more.
 So in the evening of some doubtful day, 45
 And clouds divided with a mingled ray,
 Haply the golden sun unveils his light,
 And his whole glories spreads at once to fight;
 Th' enliven'd world look up with gladsome
 cheer,
 Bless the gay scene, nor heed the night so near,
 'Till sudden, the lucent orb drops swiftly down, 51
 Through western skies, to shine in worlds un-
 known.

March 28, 1720.

WM. COWPER.

FROM thy long languishing, and painful
 strife,
 Of breath and labour drawn, and wasting life,
 Accomplish'd spirit! thou at length art free,
 Born into bliss and immortality!
 Thy struggles are no more; the palm is won; 5
 Thy brows encircled with the victor's crown;
 While lonely left, and desolate below,
 Full grief I feel, and all a BROTHER'S woe!
 Yet would I linger on a little space,
 Before I close my quick-expiring race, 10
 Till I have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
 Thy Works, thy dear unperishing remains;
 An undecaying MONUMENT to stand,
 Rais'd to thy name by thy own skilful hand.
 Then let me wing from earth my willing way,
 To meet thy soul in blaze of living day,
 Rapt to the skies, like thee, with joyful flight,
 An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!

March 30, 1720,

JABEZ HUGHES.
 Ob. 17 Jan 1731.
 Anno Æt 46.

IMMORTAL Bard! though from the world
 retir'd,
 Still known to fame, still honour'd, and admir'd!
 While fill'd with joy, in happier realms you
 stray,
 And dwell in mansions of eternal day;
 While you, conspicuous through the heavenly
 choir, 5
 With swelling rapture tune the chosen lyre;
 Where echoing angels the glad notes prolong,
 Or with attentive silence crown your song;
 Forgive the Muse, that in unequal lays
 Offers this humble tribute of her praise. 10
 Lost in thy works, how oft I pass the day,
 While the swift hours steal unperceiv'd away;
 There, in sweet union, wit and virtue charm,
 And noblest sentiments the bosom warm;
 The brave, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair,
 May view themselves in fadeless colours there.

Through every polish'd piece correctness
 flows,
 Yet each bright page with sprightly fancy glows;
 Oh! happy elegance, where thus are join'd
 A solid judgment, and a wit refin'd! 20
 Here injur'd Phocyas and Eudocia claim
 A lasting pity, and a lasting fame:
 Thy heroine's softer virtues charm the sight,
 And fill our souls with ravishing delight.
 Exalted love and dauntless courage meet, 25
 To make thy hero's character complete.
 This finish'd piece the noblest pens commend,
 And ev'n the critics are the poet's friend.
 Led on by thee, those * flowery paths I view,
 For ever lovely, and for ever new, 30
 Where all the Graces with joint force engage
 To stem th' impetuous follies of the age:
 Virtue, there deck'd in ever-blooming charms,
 With such resplendent rays of beauty warms.
 That Vice, abash'd, confounded, skulks away,
 As night retires at dawn of rosy day.

Struck with his guilt, the hardy Atheist
 dreads
 Approaching fate, and trembles as he reads:
 Vanquish'd by reason, yet ashamed to fly,
 He dares not own a God, nor yet deny: 40
 Convinced, though late, forgiveness he implores;
 Shrinks from the jaws of hell, and heaven
 adores.
 Hither the wild, the frolic, and the gay,
 As thoughtless through their wanton rounds they
 stray,
 Compell'd by fame, repair with curious eye. 45
 And th' own various forms with wonder spy.
 The censor so polite, so kindly true,
 They see their faults, and sicken at the view.
 Hence trifling Damon ceases to be vain;
 And Chloe scorns to give her lover pain: 50
 Strephon is true, who ne'er was true before;
 And Cælia bids him love, but not adore.

Though ADDISON and STEELE the honour
 claim,
 Here to stand foremost on the list of fame;
 Yet still the traces of thy hand we see, 55
 Some of the brightest thoughts are due to thee.
 While then for those illustrious bards we mourn,
 The Muse shall visit thy DISTINGUISH'D URN;
 With copious tears bedew the sacred ground,
 And plant the never-fading bay around. 60
 Here through the gloom, aspiring bards, ex-
 plore
 These awful relics, and be vain no more:
 Learning and wit, and fame itself must die;
 VIRTUE alone can towering reach the sky.
 This crown'd his life. Admire not, heaven in
 view, 65
 He to the glorious prize with transport flew.
 A fate so blest should check our streaming woe,
 He reigns above, his works survive below.

J. BUNCE,
 Late of Trinity-Hall,
 Cambridge.

* Alluding to the Spectators written by Mr.
 Hughes.

IN MEMORIAM VIRI CLARISSIMI

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

OCCIDIT heu nimium fato sublatus acerbo,
Occidit Aonidum decus ille dolorque foro-
rum!

Quæ te, magne, tuis rapuit fors aspera, vates?
Quo fugis, ah! nostras nunquam rediturus in
oras!

En! tibi ferali erinem cinxere cupresso, 5
Et circum cineres Parnassia numina lugent.
Ipsa tuam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mor-
tem:

Te patria exposcit, fecundaque criminis ætas.
Non tua te pietas, non canida vita, nec artes
Ingenue; duro juvenem eripere sepulchro! 10
Sed tibi mors longos nequicquam invid. rit an-
nos,

Dum maneant claræ monumenta parentia famæ;
Dircausque volet superas suas ales in auras.

* Spernis trita sonans plectrum, tenuisque ca-
mœnæ

Haud petis auxilium: terris te plena relictis 15
Mens rapit impavidum, cœlique per ardua ducit.

Jam procul ex oculis gentes & regna recedunt;
Jam tellus perit, & punctum vix cernitur orois.

At vos, immensi placidissima lumina mundi,
Sol, Luna, æterno meritis O! pangite laudes 20

Auctori Dominoque; suis concussa tremiscat
Sedibus, & magnum agnoscat Natura Parentem,

Dum vates arcana, parum sententia vulgi
Ut stet sollicitus, sublimi carmine pandit!

Qualis verborum pompa! ut ruit ore profundo 25
Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum Spiritus ingens!

Nec minor incedis, tragico indignusve co-
thurno.

Dum tuus Arabices Phocyas ruit acer in hostes,
Quis non æquales toto sub pectore flammæ

Concipit, & simili laudis fervescit amore! 30
O qualis linguæ divina potentia! quali

Arte trahis faciles animos; seu pectora flecti
Dura jubes, & pulchræ acuis virtutis honore;

Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes;
Ah nimium, nimium infelix Eudocia! quem

non 35
Sors tua sæva movet? madidi vesticulæ ocelli

Quis neget? infaustos quis non deploret amores?
O semper damnata pati fata aspera virtus!

At tibi quis sensus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam
Extrahit infixam Phocyas tua flamma sagittam, 40

Securus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit?
Quis satis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ?

Quam piger ad pœnas, miserumque benignus in
hostem!

Exemplar vel Christianis imitabile, mores
Digni etiam meliore fide! O quam, nube re-
motâ 45

Erroris, tanti emiteant pietatis honores!

* Hæc, & proxima alludunt ad sublimia illa au-
thor: nostri Poemata, quibus Tituli, HYMNUS AD
CREATOREM MUNDI, & ECSTASIS.

Sed quid ego plura hic laudare nitentia per-
gam?

Tota nitet, pulchro tota ordine fabrica surgit,
Et delectamur passim, passimque monemur.

E Coll. Mert.

Oxon.

I. DUNCOMBE.

Amabilis Juvenis, hujus Carminis Author,

Obiit 26 Decem. 1730; Anno Ætatis 19.

"—Nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra."

VIRGIL.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

*Spoken by Mr. MILWARD, on the Revival of the
SIEGE of DAMASCUS, at the Theatre-Royal in
Drury-Lane, 22 March, 1734-5.*

HERE force and fancy, with united charms,
Mingle the sweets of love with war's
alarms.

Our author shows, in Eastern pomp array'd,
The conquering hero, and the constant maid.
None better knew such noble heights to soar, 5
Though Phædra, and though Cito, charm'd be-
fore.

While in the lustre of his glowing lines,
Th' Arabian paradise so gaily shines,
With winy rivers, racy fruits, supply'd,
And beauties sparkling in immortal pride, 10
Gallants you'll own that a restless fire
Did justify their enamour'd breasts inspire.

At first a numerous audience crown'd this
play,
And kind applauses mark'd its happy way,
While he, like his own Phocyas, snatch'd from
view, 15

To fairer realms with ripen'd glory flew.
Humane, though witty; humble, though ad-
mir'd;

Wept by the great, the virtuous sage expir'd!
Still may the bard, beneath kind planets born,
Whom every Grace and every Muse adorn, 20
Whose spreading fame has reach'd to foreign
lands,

Receive some tribute too from British hands!

THE

TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE OF RYSWICK,
1697.

HEAR Britain, hear a rough unpractis'd
tongue!

Though rough my voice, the Muse inspires the
song,

The heaven-born Muse; ev'n now she springs
her flight,
And bears my raptur'd soul through untrac'd
realms of light.

We mount aloft, and, in our airy way, 5
Retiring kingdoms far beneath survey
Amid the rest a spacious tract appears,
Obscure in view, and on its visage wears
Black hovering mists, which, thickening by de-
grees,

Extend a low'ring storm o'er earth and seas. 10
But, lo! an Eastern light, arising high,
Drives the tempestuous wreck along the sky!
Then thus the Muse—I look down, my son! and
see

The bright procession of a deity! 14
She spoke; the storm dispers'd, vanish'd the
night;
And well-known Europe stands disclos'd to
light.

Of various states, the various bounds appear;
There wide Hispania, fruitful Gallia here;
Belgia's moist soil, conspicuous from afar, 19
And Flandria, long the field of a destructive war.
Germania too, with cluster'd vines o'erspread;
And lovely Albion from her watery bed,
Beauteous above the rest, rears her au-picious
head.

Teneath her chalky cliffs, sea-nymphs resort,
And awful Neptune keeps his reedy court; 25
His darling Thames, rich presents in his hand
Of bounteous Ceres, traverses the land;
And seems a mighty snake, whose shining pride
Does through the meads in sinuous volumes
glide.

Ah, charming isle! fairest of all the main! 30
Too long thou dost my willing eye detain,
For see a hero on the adverse strand!
And lo! a blooming virgin in his hand!
All hail, celestial pair!—a goddess thou,
Of heavenly birth confess, a more than mortal,
He!

Victorious laurels on his brows he wears;
Th' attending fair a branching olive bears;
Slender her shape, in silver bands confin'd;
Her snowy garments loosely flow behind, 35
Rich with embroider'd stars, and ruffle in the
wind.

But once such differing beauty met before,
When warrior Mars did Love's bright queen
adore;

Ev'n Love's bright queen might seem less win-
ning fair,
And Mars submit to his heroic air.

Not Jove himself, imperial Jove can show 45
A nobler mien, or more undaunted brow,
When his strong arm, through heav'n's æthereal
plains,

Compels the kindled bolt, and awful rule main-
tains.

And now embark'd they seek the British
Isles,

Pleas'd with the charge, propitious Ocean
smiles.

Before, old Neptune smooths the liquid way; 54
Obsequious Tritons on the surface play:
And sportful dolphins, with a nimble glance,
To the bright sun their glittering scales advance.
In oozy beds profound, the billows sleep, 55
No clamorous winds awake the silent deep;
Rebuk'd, they whisper in a gentle breeze,
And all around is universal peace.

Proceed, my Muse! The following pomp de-
clare;

Say who, and what, the bright attendants were! 59
First Ceres, in her chariot seated high,
By harness'd dragon drawn along the sky;
A cornucopia fill'd her weaker hand
Charg'd with the various offspring of the land, 64
Fruit, flowers, and corn; her right a sickle bore;
A yellow wreath of twisted wheat she wore.
Next father Bacchus with his tigers grac'd
The show, and, squeezing clusters as he pass'd,
Quaff'd flowing goblets of rich-flavour'd wine.
In order, I succeed the tuneful Nine; 70
Apollo too was there; behind him hung
His useless quiver, and his bow unstrung;
He touch'd his golden lyre, and thus he sung.

“Lead on great WILLIAM! in thy happy
reign

“Peace and the Muses are restor'd again. 75

“War, that fierce lion, long disdaining law,
“Rang'd uncontroll'd, and kept the world in
awe,

“While trembling kingdoms crouch'd be-
neath his paw.

“At last the reeling monster, drunk with gore,
“Falls at thy feet subdued, and quells his
roar; 80

“Tamely to thee he bends his shaggy mane,
“And on his neck admits the long-rejected
chain.

“At thy protecting court, for this blest day,
“Attending nations their glad thanks shall pay:

“Not Belgia, and the rescued Æ alone,
“But Europe shall her great deliverer own.

“Rome's mighty grandeur was not more confess'd,
“When great Antonius travell'd through the
East,

“And crowds of monarchs did each morning wait
“With early homage at his palace gate. 90

“Haste then, bright prince! thy Britain's trans-
port meet;

“Haste to her arms, and make her bliss com-
plete!

“Whate'er glad news has reach'd her listening
ear,

“While her long absent lord provokes her
fear,

“Her joys are in suspense, her pleasures unfin-
cere. 95

“He comes, thy hero comes! O beauteous isle!

“Revive thy genius with a cheerful smile!

“Let thy rejoicing sons fresh palms prepare,
“To grace the trophies of the finish'd war; 99

“On high be hung the martial sword in sheath'd,
“The shield with ribbons dress'd, and spear with
ivy wreath'd!

" Let speaking paint in various tablets show
 " Past scenes of battle to the crowd below !
 " Round this triumphant pile, in rustic dance,
 " The shouting swains shall hand in hand advance ;
 " The wealthy farmer from his toil shall cease ;
 " The ploughman from the yoke his smoking
 " steers release,
 " And join to solemnize the festival of peace.
 " No more for want of hands th' unlabour'd
 " field,

" Choak'd with rank weeds, a sickly crop shall
 " yield :
 " Calm-peace returns ; behold her shining train !
 " And fruitful plenty is restor'd again'—
 Apollo ceas'd.—The Muses take the sound,
 From voice to voice th' harmonious notes re-
 bound,
 And echoing lyres transmit the volant fugue
 around !
 Meanwhile the steady bark, with prosperous
 gales,
 Fills the large sheets of her expanded sails,
 And gains th' intended port ; thick on the
 strand,
 Like swarming bees, th' assembled Britons
 stand,
 And press to see their welcome sovereign land.
 At his approach, unruly transport reigns
 In every breast, and rapture fires their veins.
 A general shout succeeds, as when on high
 Exploded thunder rends the vaulted sky.
 A short convulsion shakes the solid shore,
 And rock, th' adjacent deep, unmov'd before ;
 Loud acclamations through the valleys ring,
 While to Augusta's wall the crowd attend their
 king.

And now behold a finish'd temple rise,
 On lofty pillars climbing to the skies !
 Of bulk stupendous, its proud pile it rears,
 The gradual product of successive years.
 An inner gate, that folds with iron leaves,
 The charm'd spectator's entering steps re-
 ceives,
 Where curious works in twisted stems are seen
 Of branching foliage, vacuous between.
 O'er this a vocal organ, mounted high
 On marble columns, strikes the wondering eye ;
 And feeds at once two senses with delight,
 Sweet to the ear, and splendid to the sight.
 Marble the floor, enrich'd with native stains
 Of various dye, and streak'd with azure veins,
 Ev'n emulous art with nature seems to strive,
 And the carv'd figures almost breathe and live ;
 The painted altar, glorious to behold,
 Shines with delightful blue, and dazzling gold.
 Here first th' illustrious three, of heavenly race,
 Religion, Liberty, and Peace, embrace ;
 Here joyful crowds their pious thanks express,
 For Peace restor'd, and Heaven's indulgence
 blest.

* The chair of St. Paul's was first opened on the
 day of thanksgiving for the peace.

VOL. IV.

Auspicious structure ! born in happy days,
 Whose first employment is the noblest, praise !
 So, when by just degrees th' eternal Thought
 His six days labour to perfection brought,
 With laws of motion first endued the whole,
 And bade the heavens in destin'd circles roll,
 The polish'd spheres commenc'd their har-
 mony ;
 All nature in a chorus did agree,
 And the world's birth-day was a jubilee.

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

ON KING WILLIAM'S RETURN FROM HOLLAND,
 1699.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq.

BEGIN, celestial Muse ! a tuneful strain
 Of Albion's prince conducted o'er the
 main ;
 Of courts conceal'd in waves, and Neptune's
 watery reign ;
 Sing, from beneath, how the green deity
 Rose to the sovereign of the British sea ;
 To power confess'd, the triple mace resign'd,
 O'er-rul'd the floods, and charg'd the rebel
 wind ;
 Secur'd his passage homeward, and restor'd,
 Safe to the loveliest isle, the best-lov'd lord.

The generous name of MONTAGUE has long
 Been fam'd in verse, and grac'd the poet's song ;
 In verse, himself can happy wonders do,
 The best of patrons, and of poets too.
 Amid the skilful choir that court his ear,
 If he vouchsafe these ruder lays to hear,
 His bright example, while to him I sing,
 Shall raise my feeble flight, and mount me on
 the wing.

On Albion's Eastern coast, an † ancient town
 O'erlooks the sea, to mariners well known ;
 Where the swift † Stourus ends his snaky train,
 And pays his watery tribute to the main ;
 Stourus, whose stream, prolific as it glides,
 Two fertile counties in its course divides,
 And rolls to seaward with a lover's pace :
 There beauteous Orwell meets his fond em-
 brace ;
 They mix their amorous streams, the briny
 tide
 Receives them join'd ; their crooked shores
 provide
 A spacious bay within, for anchor'd ships to
 ride.

† Harwich.

† The river Stour, that runs between Suffolk and
 Essex.

H b

Here, on the margin of the rolling flood,
Divinely fair, like sea-born Venus, stood 30
Britannia's ge ius, in a robe array'd
Of broider'd arms, and heraldry display'd :
A crown of cities charg'd her graceful brows ;
In waving curls her hair luxuriant flows ;
Celestial glories in her eyes are seen ; 35
Her stature tall, majestic is her mien.
With such a presence, through th' adoring skies }
Shines the great parent of the deities ;
Such towery honours on her temples rise,
When, drawn by lions, she proceeds in state ; 40
Trains of attendant-gods around her chariot
wait ;

The mother-goddess, with superior grace,
Surveys, and numbers o'er her bright immortal
race.

While thus the lovely Genius hovers o'er
The water's brink, and from the sandy shore 45
Beholds th' alternate billows fall and rise
(By turns they sink below, by turns they mount
the skies):

" And must, she said——

" Then paus'd, and drew a sigh of anxious
love ;

" Must my dear lord this faithless ocean prove ; 50

" Escap'd the chance of war, and fraud of foes,

" Wilt thou to warring waves thy sacred life ex-
pose ?

" Why am I thus divided by the sea,

" From all the world, and all the world in thee ?

" Could sighs and tears the rage of tempests
bind, 55

" With tears I'd bribe the seas, with sighs the
wind :

" Soft-sighing gales thy canvass should inspire ;

" But hence, ye boisterous storms ! far hence
retire

" To inland woods ; there your mad powers ap-
pease,

" And scour the dusty plains, or strip the forest
trees ; 60

" Or lodge in hollow rocks profoundly sleep,

" And rest from the loud labours of the deep !

" Why should I fear ?——If heroes be the care

" Of Heaven above, and Heaven inclines to
prayer,

" Thou sail'st secure ; my sons with lifted eyes, 65

" And pious vows, for thee have gain'd the
skies.

" Come then, my much-lov'd lord ! No more
th' alarms

" Of wasteful war require thee from my arms.

" Thy sword gives plenteous peace ; but with-
out thee,

" Peace has no charms, and plenty's poverty : 70

" At length enjoy, for whom you've fought, the
queen

" Of islands, bright, majestic, and serene !

" Unveil'd from clouds, which did her form dis-
guise,

" And hid a thousand beauties from thy eyes.

" A thou and treasures unfurvey'd invite 75

" Their lord to various scenes of new delight.

" Come see the dower I brought ! My spacious
downs,

" My numerous counties, and my ancient towns ;

" Landscapes of rising mountains, shaggy woods,

" Green valleys, smiling meadows, silver
floods, 80

" And plains with lowing herds enrich'd around,

" The hills with flocks, the flocks with fleeces
crown'd.

" All these with native wealth thy power main-
tain,

" And bloom with blessings of thy easy reign.

" Haste ! hoist thy sails ! and through the foamy
brine,

" Rush to my arms ! and hence be wholly mine ;

" After nine toilsome years, let slaughter cease,

" And flourish now secure, in the soft arts of
peace !"

She said ; th' intreated winds her accents bore,
And wing'd the message to the Belgic shore. 90

The pious hero heard, nor could delay

To meet the lovely voice, that summon'd him
away ;

The lovely voice, whose soft-complaining charms
Before had call'd the succour of his arms,

Ner call'd in vain ; when fir'd with gen'rous
rage 95

To oppose the fury of a barbarous age,

Like Jove with awful thunder in his hand,

Through storms and fleets at sea, and foes at land,
He urg'd his daring way ; before his sight, 100

On silver wings, bright Glory took her flight,
And left, to guide his course, long shining

tracks of light !

And now once more embark'd, propitious gales
Blow fresh from shore, and fill his hollow sails.

As when the golden god, that rules the day,
Drives down his flaming chariot to the sea, 105

And leaves the nations here involv'd in night,

To distant regions he transports his light ;

So WILLIAM's rays, by turns, two nations cheer ;
And when he sets to them, he rises here.

Forfaken Belgia, ere the ship withdrew, 110

Shed generous tears, and breath'd this soft adieu ;

" Since empire calls thee, and a glorious throne,

" Thy people's weighty interests, and thy own ;
" (I though struggling love would fain persuade
thy stay)

" Go where thy better fortune leads the way ! 115

" Meanwhile my loss, allow me to complain,

" And wish——ah no ! that partial wish were vain.

" Though honour'd Crete had nurs'd the thun-
dering God,

" Crete was not always blest with his abode ;
" Nor was it fit that WILLIAM's godlike
mind, 120

" For nations born, should be to one confin'd.

" This only grant, since I must ask no more,

" Revisit once again your native shore !

" That hope my sorrows shall beguile ; and
thou,

" My happy rival ! wilt that hope allow ;
" 'Tis all th' enjoyment fate has left me now.

" So may'st thou, fair Britannia ! ever be
Firm to thy sovereign's love, and his to thee !

"While widow'd I"—There rising sighs re-
press'd

Her fainting voice, and stifled—in the rest 130

Now, while the bounding vessel drives before
The gusty gales, and leaves the lessening shore;
Behold the parting clouds to distance fly,
And golden glories, pouring from on high
New dress the day, and cheer th' enlighten'd
sky! 135

One shooting beam, like lightning doubly bright,
Darts on the middle main its steaming light.

Lo! WILLIAM'S guardian angel there descends;
To Neptune's court his heavenly message tends:

In arms celestial, how he shines afar, 140

Like Pallas marching 'to th' awaken'd war!

His left hand grips a spacious orb of shield,

With thousand intercepted dangers fill'd,

And deaths of various kind; his right displays

A temper'd blade, that spreads a formidable

blaze. 145

He strikes the waves; th' obsequious waves obey,

And, opening in a gulph, disclose the downward

way.

O Muse! by thee conducted down, I dare

The secrets of the watery world declare; 149

For nothing scapes thy view; to thee 'tis given,

To range the space of earth, and seas, and hea-

ven,

Descry a thousand forms, conceal'd from sight,

And in immortal verse to give the visions light.

A rock there lies, in depth of sea profound;

About its clefts, rich beds of pearl abound, 155

Where sportful nature, covering her retreat

With flowing waters, holds her secret seat:

In woods of coral, intricate she strays,

And wreathes the shells of fish a thousand ways,

And animates the spawn of all her finny

race. 160

Th' unnumber'd species of the fertile tide,

In shoals, around their mighty mother, glide.

From out the rock's wide cavern's deep below,

The rushing ocean rises to its flow;

And, ebbing, here retires; within its sides, 165

In roomy caves the god of sea resides.

Pillars unhewn, of living stone, bear high

His vaulted courts; in storms the billows fly

O'er th' echoing roof, like thunder through

the skies,

And warn the ruler of the floods to rise, 170

And check the raving winds, and the swollen

waves chastise.

Rich spoils, by plundering tempests hither borne,

An universe of wealth, the palace-rooms adorn.

Before its entrance, broken wrecks are seen

In heaps deform'd, a melancholy scene. 175

But far within, upon a mossy throne,

With wathy ooze and samphire overgrown,

The sea-green king his fork'd sceptre rears;

Awful his aspect, numerous are his years.

A pearly crown circles his brows divine: 180

His beard and dewy hair shed trickling drops of

brine.

The river-gods, his numerous progeny,

On beds of rushes round their parent lie.

Here Danube and the Rhine; Nile's secret
source

Dwells here conceal'd; hence Tiber takes his
course; 185

Hence rapid Rhodanus his current pours;

And, issuing from his urn, majestic Padus
roars;

And Alpheus seeks, with silent pace, the lov'd
Sicilian shores.

But, chief in honour, Neptune's darling son, 189

The beauteous Thames lies nearest to his throne,

Nor thou, fair Boyne! shall pass unmention'd by,

Already sung in strains that ne'er shall die.

These, and a thousand more, whose winding

trains

Seek various lands, the wealthy fire maintains;

Each day, the fluid portions he divides, 195

And fills their craving urns with fresh-recruited
tides.

But not alike; for oft his partial care

Bestows on some a disproportion'd share;

From whence their swelling currents, o'er-sup-

ply'd,

Through delug'd fields in noisy triumph ride. 200

The God was just preparing to renew

His daily task, when sudden in his view

Appear'd the guardian power, all dazzling bright;

And, entering, flash'd the caves with beamy

light.

Boyne, Rhine, the Sambre, on their banks had

seen 205

The glorious form, and knew his martial mien;

In throngs th' admiring Nereids round him

press'd,

And Tritons crowd to view the heav'nly guest.

Then thus, advancing, he his will explains,

"O mighty sovereign of the liquid plains! 210

"Haste, to the surface of the deep repair,

"This solemn day requires thy presence there,

"To rule the storms, the rising waves restrain,

"And shake thy sceptre o'er the govern'd main.

"By breathing gales on thy dominions

driven, 215

"To thee three kingdoms hopes in charge are

given,

"The glory of the world, and best belov'd of

heaven

"Behold him, figur'd here!"—He said, and

held.

Refulgent to his view, the guardian shield. 219

On the rich mould, inwrought with skill divine,

Great WILLIAM'S wars in splendid sculpture

shine.

Here, how his saving power was first display'd,

And Holland rescued by his youthful aid;

When, kindling in his soul, the martial flame

Broke fiercely out, prelude future fame, 225

And round the frontiers dealt avenging fire;

Swift from the hot pursuit the blasted foes retire.

Then battles, sieges, camps are grav'd afar,

And the long progress of the dreadful war.

Above the rest Senefle's immortal fight, 230

In larger figures offer'd to the sight,

With martial terror charms, and gives a fierce

delight.

Here the confederate troops are forc'd to yield,
Driven by unequal numbers through the field;
With his bright sword, young NASSAU there
withstands

Their flight; with prayers and blows he urges
his commands,

Upbraids their fainting force, and fondly throws
Himself the first amidst the wondering foes.

What dare not men, by such a general led? 239

Rallying with shouts, their Hero at their head,
Fir'd with new rage, ashamed they once did
fly,

Resolv'd t' o'ercome, or resolute to die,
Through trampled heaps of slain they rush to
victory.

Earth trembles at the charge; Death, Blood,
and Prey,

Infatiate riot all the murderous day; 245

Nor night itself their fury can allay;

Till the pale moon, that sickens at the sight,

Retires behind a cloud, to blind the bloody fight.

Again, the shield in savage prospect shows
An ancient * abbey, which rough woods in-
close; 250

And precipices vast abruptly rise.

Where, safe encamp'd, proud Luxemburgh
defies

All open violence, or close surprise.

But see! a second Hannibal from far,

Up the steep height, conducts th' entangled
war. 255

Brave Offory, attended with the pride

Of English valour, charges by his side.

Inclos'd they fight; the forests shine around

With flashing fires; the thunder'd hills re-
bound,

And the shock'd country, wide beneath, re-
bellow to the sound. 260

Forc'd from their holds, at length they speed
their flight;

Rich tents, and stores of war, the victor's toils

requite.

Then peace ensues; and, in a shining train,

The friendly chiefs assemble on the plain.

An ardent zeal the Gallic general warms 265

To see the youth, that kindled such alarms;

Wondering he views; secure the soldiers press

Round their late dread, and the glad treaty

blefs.

Next, on the broad circumference is wrought

The nine year's war for lov'd Britannia fought;

The cause the same: fair Liberty betray'd, 271

And banish'd Justice, fly to him for aid.

Here sailing ships are drawn, the crowded
strand,

And heaven's avenger hastening to the land. 274

Oppression, Fraud, Confusion, and Affright,

Fierce fiends, that ravag'd in the gloomy night

Of lawless power, defeated, fly before his daz-
zling light.

So to th' eclipsing moon, by the still side

Of some long thicker, revelling hags provide

* St. Dennis, near Mons.

Dire charms that threat the sleeping neighbour-
hood,

And quaff, with magic mix'd, vast bowls of hu-
man blood;

But, when the dawn reveals the purple east,
They vanish fullen from th' unfinish'd feast.

Here joyful crowds triumphant arches rear
To their deliverer's praise; glad senates there,

In splendid pomp, the regal state confer.

Hibernia's fields new triumphs then supply;

The rival kings, in arms, the fate of empire try.

See where the Boyne two warring hosts divides,

And rolls between the fight his murmuring
tides! 290

In vain—hills, forests, streams, must all give
place,

When William leads, and victory's the chase.

Thou saw'st him, Boyne! when thy charg'd
waters bore

The swimming courfers to th' opposing shore,

And, round thy banks, thou heard'st the mur-
dering cannons roar. 295

What more than mortal bravery inspir'd

The daring troops, by his example fir'd!

Thou saw'st their wondrous deeds; to Neptune's
court

Thy flying waves convey'd the swift report; 299

And, red with slaughter to their father show'd

Streams not their own, and a discolour'd flood.
Here, on th' æthereal mould, hurl'd from
afar,

Th' exploded ball had mark'd a dinted scar.

'Twas destin'd thus; for when all glowing-red,

The angel took it from the forge, he said; 305

This part he left unfated from the foe!

And, scarce escap'd, once let the Hero know,

How much to my protection he shall owe;

Yet, from the batter'd shield the ball shall bound,

And on his arm inflict a scarlet wound. 310
Elsewhere, behold NATURE's proud turrets
rise,

Majestic to the sight, advancing to the skies!

The Meuse and Sambre here united flow,

Nature's defence against th' invading foe:

Industrious art her strength of walls supplies:

Before the town the British army lies. 316

The works are mann'd; with fury they contend;

These thunder from the plains, those from the
walls defend.

Red globes of fire from bellowing engines fly,
And lead a sweeping blaze, like comets, through
the sky

The kindled region glows; with deafening
sound

They burst; their iron entrails, hurl'd around,

Strow with thick-scatter'd deaths the crimson
ground.

See, where the genius of the war appears,

Nor shuns the labour, nor the danger fears! 325

In clouds of sulphurous smoke he shines more
bright,

For Glory round him waits, with beams of living
light.

At length the widen'd gates a conquest own,
And to his arms resign the yielding town.

Here, from the field return'd, with olive
crown'd,
Applauding throngs their welcome prince fur-
round:

Bright honours in his glorious entry shine,
And peace restor'd concludes the great design.

Long o'er the figur'd work, with vast sur-
prise,

Admiring Neptune roll'd his ravis'd eyes; 335
Then, rising from his throne, thus call'd aloud;
"Ye lovely daughters of the briny flood!

"Haste, comb your silver locks, and straight
prepare

"To fill my train, and gaze in upper air.

"This day, majestic glories you shall see; 340

"Come, all ye watery powers, who under
me

"Your little tridents wield, and rule the
boisterous sea!

"What God, that views the triumphs here dis-
play'd,

"Can to such worth refuse his heavenly aid?"

He said no more - but bade two Tritons sound 345
Their crooked shells, to spread the summons
round.

Through the wide caves the blast is heard afar;
With speed two more provide his azure car,
A concave shell; two the fin'd courfers join:
All wait officious round, and own th' accustomed
sign;

The god ascends; his better hand sustains
The three-fork'd spear, his left directs the reins.
Through breaking waves, the chariot mounts
him high;

Before its thundering course, the frothy waters
fly;

He gains the surface; on his either side, 355
The bright attendants, rang'd with comely
pride,

Advance in just array, and grace the pom-
pous tide.

Meanwhile Britannia's king conspicuous stood,
And, from his deck, survey'd the boundless flood.
Smooth was the glassy scene, the sun beheld 360
His face unclouded in the liquid field.

The gazing Nereids, in a shining train,
Inclose the ruler of the British main,
And sweetly sing; suspended winds forbear 364
Their loud complaints, the soothing lay to hear.

"Hail, sacred charge, they cry; the beauties
we

"Of Neptune's court, are come to attend on
thee;

"Accept our offer'd aid! thy potent sway,

"Unbounded by the land, these watery
realms obey;

"And we, thy subject powers, our dutieous
homage pay. 370

"See Neptune's self, inferior in command,

"Presents his trident to thy honour'd hand!"
They said: the fire approach'd with awe
profound;

The rite perform'd, their shells the Tritons
sound;

Swell'd with the shrill alarm, the joyful bil-
lows bound.

Now, from the shore, Britannia first descries
White sails afar; then bulky vessels rise,
Nearer to view; her beating heart foretels
The pleasing news, and eager transport feels.
Safe to her arms, imperial Neptune bears 380
Th' intrusted charge, then diving disappears.

THE

HOUSE OF NASSAU,

A

PINDARIC ODE. 1702.

" ——— *Cælo demittitur alto*
" *Chora Deum Soboles.*"

VIRG.

I.

GODDESS of numbers, and of thoughts sub-
lime!

Celestial Muse! whose tuneful song
Can fix heroic acts, that glide along

Down the vast sea of ever-wasting time,

And all the gilded images can stay,

Till time's vast sea itself be roll'd away;

O now assist with consecrated strains!

Let art and nature join to raise

A living monument of praise

O'er William's great remains. 10

While Thames, majestically sad, and slow,

Seems by that reverend dome to flow,

Which new-interr'd his sacred urn contains.

If thou, O Muse, wouldst e'er immortal be,

This song bequeaths thee immortality; 15

For William's praise can ne'er expire,

Though nature's self at last must die,

And all this fair-erected sky

Must sink with earth and sea, and melt away in
fire.

II.

Begin—the spring of virtue trace, 20

That, from afar-descending, flow'd

Through the rich veins of all the god-like race,

And fair renown on all the godlike race be-
flow'd!

This ancient source of noble blood

Through thee, Germania, wandering wide,

Like thy own Rhine's enriching tide,

In numerous branches long diffus'd its flood.

Rhine, scarce more ancient, never grac'd thee
more,

Though mantling vines his comely head sur-
round,

And all along his sunny shore

Eternal plenty's fount. 30

III.

From heaven itself the illustrious line began;

Ten ages in descent it ran,

In each descent increas'd with honours new.

Never did Heaven's Supreme inspire 35
 In mortal breasts a nobler fire,
 Nor his own image livelier drew.
 Of pure æthereal flame their souls he made,
 And, as beneath his forming hands they grew,
 He bless'd the master-work, and said; 40
 "Go forth, my honour'd champions, go,
 "To vindicate my cause below!
 "Awful in power, defend for me
 "Religion, justice, liberty,
 "And at aspiring tyranny, 45
 "My delegated thunder throw!
 "For this, the great Nassovian name I raise,
 "And still this character divine,
 "Distinguish'd through the race shall
 shine;
 "Zeal for their country's good, and thirst of
 virtuous praise." 50

IV.

Now look, Britannia, look, and see
 Through the clear glass of history,
 From whom thy mighty sovereign came,
 And take a large review of far-extended
 fame
 See, crowds of heroes rise to fight! 55
 Adolphus*, with imperial splendour gay:
 Brave Philibert, unmatched in fight,
 Who led the German eagle to his prey;
 Through Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd
 way,
 And made: roud Rome and Naples own his un-
 resisted might. 60
 His gallant † Nephew next appears,
 And on his brows the wreaths of conquest
 wears,
 Though streaming wounds the martial
 figure stain:
 For thee, Great † Charles, in battle slain,
 Slain in all a soldier's pride, 65
 He fell triumphant by thy side,
 And falling fought, and fighting dy'd.
 And lay, a manly corpse, extended on the plain.

V.

See next, majestically great,
 The founder of the Belgic state! 70
 The sun of glory, which so bright
 Beam'd on all the darling line,
 Did, from its golden urn of light,
 On William's head redoubled shine;
 His youthful looks diffus'd an awe. 75
 Charles, who had try'd the race before,
 And knew great merits to explore,
 When he his rising virtue saw,
 He put in friendship's noble claim;
 To his imperial court the hero brought, 80
 And there by early honours fought
 Alliance with his future fame.
 O generous sympathy, that binds
 In chains unseen the bravest minds:
 O love to worthy deeds, in all great souls the
 same!

* Adolphus the Emperor, of the House of Nassau.

† Rene of Nassau.

‡ Charles V.

VI.

But time at last brought forth th' amazing day,
 When Charles, resolv'd to disengage
 From empire's toils his weary age,
 Gave with each hand a crown away,
 Philip, his haughty son, afraid 90
 Of William's virtues, basely choose
 His father's favourite to dispose;
 His tyrant reign requir'd far other aid;
 And Alva's fiery duke, his scourge of vengeance,
 rose;
 With flames of inquisition rose from hell, 95
 Of slaughter proud, and insolent in blood.
 Whathand can paint the scenes of tragic woes?
 What tongue, sad Belgia! can thy story tell,
 When with her lifted axe proud Murder stood,
 And thy brave sons, in crowds unnumber'd,
 fell! 100
 The sun with horror of the sight,
 Withdraws his sickly beams, and shrouds
 His muffled face in fallen clouds,
 And, on the scaffolds, faintly sheds a pale malig-
 nant light.

VII.

Thus Belgia's liberty expiring lay, 105
 And almost gasp'd her generous life away,
 Till Orange hears her moving cries;
 He hears, and, marching* from afar,
 Brings to her aid the sprightly war.
 At his approach, reviv'd with fresh supplies 110
 Of gather'd strength, she on her murderers
 flies.
 But Heaven, at first, resolv'd to try
 By proofs adverse his constancy.
 Four armies lost, † two gallant brothers slain,
 Will he the desperate war maintain? 115
 Though rolling tempests darken all the sky,
 And thunder breaks around his head,
 Will he again the faithless sea explore,
 And, oft driven back, still quit the shore?
 He will—his soul averse to dread, 120
 Unwearied, still the spite of fortune braves,
 Superior, and ‡ serene, amidst the stormy waves.

VIII.

Such was the man, so vast his mind!
 The steady instrument of fate,
 To fix the basis of a rising state! 125
 My Muse with horror views the scene behind,
 And fain would draw a shade, and fain
 Would hide his destin'd end, nor tell
 How he—the dreaded foe of Spain,
 More fear'd than thousands on the plain, 130
 By the vile hand of a bold ruffian fell.
 No more—th' ungrateful prospect let us leave!
 And, in his room, behold arise,
 Bright as th' immortal twins that grace the
 skies,
 A noble ‖ pair, his absence to retrieve! 135
 In these the hero's soul survives,
 And William doubly in his offspring lives.

* He was then in Germany.

† The Counts Lodowick and Henry.

‡ "Sævis tranquillis in undis," the Prince's motto.

‖ Maurice and Henry

IX.

Maurice, for martial greatness, far
His father's glorious fame exceeds;
Henry alone can match his brother's deeds; 140
Both were, like Scipio's sons, the thunderbolts of war.

None e'er, than Maurice, better knew,
Camps, sieges, battles, to ordain;
None e'er, than Henry, fiercer did pursue
The flying foe, or earlier conquests gain. 145
For scarce sixteen revolving years he told,
When, eager for the fight, and bold,
Inflam'd by glory's sprightly charms,
His brother brought him to the field;
Taught his young hand the truncheon well to
wield, 150
And practis'd him betimes to arms.

X.

Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders
wrought
Before her walls, that memorable day,
When the victorious youths in concert fought,
And matchless valour did display! 155
How, ere the battle join'd, they strove
With emulous honour, and with mutual love;
How Maurice, touch'd with tender care
Of Henry's safety, begg'd him to remove;
Henry refus'd his blooming youth to spare, 160
But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to prove
Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers share.
O generous strife! and worthy such a pair!
How dear did Albert this contention pay!
Witness the floods of streaming gore; 165
Witness the trampled heaps, that choak'd the plain,
And stopp'd the victors in their way;
Witness the neighbouring sea, and sandy shore,
Drunk with the purple life of twice three thou-
sand slain!

XI.

Fortune, that on her wheel capricious stands,
And waves her painted wings, inconstant,
proud, 171
Hood-wink'd, and shaking from her hands
Promiscuous gifts among the crowd,
Restless of place, and still prepar'd for flight,
Was constant here, and seem'd restor'd to
fight; 175
Won by their merit, and resolv'd to bless
The happy brothers with a long success—
Maurice, the first resign'd to fate:
The youngest had a longer date,
And liv'd the space appointed to complete 180
The great republic, rais'd so high before;
Finish'd by him, the stately fabric bore
Its lofty top aspiring to the sky:
In vain the winds and rains around it beat;
In vain, below, the waves tempestuous roar, 185
They dash themselves, and break, and back-
ward fly,
Dispers'd and murmuring at his feet.
Insulting Spain the fruitless strife gives o'er,
And claims dominion there no more.

Then Henry, ripe for immortality, 190
His flight to heaven eternal springs,
And, o'er his quiet grave, Peace spreads her
downy wings.

XII.

His son, a second William, fills his place,
And climbs to manhood with so swift a pace,
As if he knew he had not long to stay: 195
Such young Marcellus was, the hopeful grace
Of ancient Rome, but quickly snatch'd away,
Breda beheld th' adventurous boy,
His tender limbs in shining armour dress'd,
Where, with his father, the hot siege he
press'd. 200
His father saw, with pleasing joy,
His own reflected worth, and youthful charms
express'd.

But, when his country breath'd from war's
alarms,
His martial virtues lay obscure;
Nor could a warrior, form'd for arms, 205
Th' inglorious rest endure;
But sicken'd soon, and sudden dy'd,
And left in tears his pregnant bride,
His bride, the daughter of Britannia's king;
Nor saw th' auspicious pledge of nuptial
love, 210
Which from that happy marriage was to
spring,
But with his great forefathers gain'd a blissful
seat above.

XIII.

Here pause my Muse! and wind up higher
The strings of thy Pindaric lyre!
Then with bold strains the lofty song pur-
sue;
And bid Britannia once again review
The numerous worthies of the line.
See, like immortals, how they shine!
Each life a history alone!
And last, to crown the great design, 220
Look forward, and behold them all in one!
Look, but spare thy fruitless tears—
'Tis thy own William next appears.
Advance, celestial form! let Britain see 224
Th' accomplish'd glory of thy race in thee!

XIV.

So, when some splendid triumph was to come,
In long procession through the streets of
Rome,
The crowd beheld, with vast surprise,
The glittering train in awful order move,
To the bright temple of Feretrian Jove; 230
And trophies borne along employ'd their
dazzled eyes;
But when the laurel'd emperor, mounted
high
Above the rest, appear'd to fight,
In his proud car of victory,
Shining with rays excessive bright,
He put the long preceding pomp to flight;
Their wonder could no higher rise,
With joy they throng his chariot wheels, and read
with shouts the skies.

XV.

To thee, great prince! to thy extensive mind,
 Not by thy country's narrow bounds confin'd,
 The Fates an ample scene afford,
 And injur'd nations claim the succour of thy sword.

No respite to thy toils is given,
 Till thou ascend thy native heaven: 244
 One Hydra-head cut off, still more abound,
 And twins sprout up to fill the wound.
 So endless is the task that heroes find
 To tame the monster Vice, and to reform mankind.

For his, Alcides heretofore,
 And mighty Theseus, travell'd o'er 250
 Vast tracts of sea and land, and slew
 Wild beasts and serpents gorg'd with human prey;
 From stony dens fierce lurking robbers drew,

And bid the cheerful traveller pass on his peaceful way.

Yet, though the toilsome work they long pursue,

To rid the world's wild pathless field,
 Still poisonous weeds and thorns in clusters grew,

And large unwholesome crops did yield,
 To exercise their hands with labours ever new.

XVI.

Thou, like Alcides, early didst begin, 260
 And ev'n a child didst laurels win.

Two snaky plagues about his cradle twin'd,
 Sent by the jealous wife of Jove,

In speckled wreaths of Death they strove,
 The mighty babe to bind: 265

And twisted Faction, in thy infancy,
 Darted her forked tongue at thee.

But, as Jove's offspring slew his hissing foes,
 So thou descended from a line

Of Patriots no less divine, 270

Didst quench the brutal rage of those,

Who durst thy dawning worth oppose.
 The viper Spite, crush'd by thy virtue,
 shed

Its yellow juice, and at thy feet lay dead.
 Thus, like the sun, did thy great Genius

rise,

With clouds around his sacred head,
 Yet soon dispell'd the dropping mists, and gild'd
 all the skies.

XVII.

Great Julius, who with generous envy
 view'd

The statue of brave Philip's braver son,
 And wept to think what such a youth subdued,

While, more in age, himself had yet so little
 done,

Had wept much more, if he had lived to see

The glorious deeds achiev'd by thee;

To see thee at a beardless age, 284

Stand arm'd against th' invader's rage,

And bravely fighting for thy country's liberty;

While he inglorious laurels sought;

While he—O stain upon the greatest name,

That e'er before was known to fame!

When Rome, his awful mother, did demand 291

The sword from his unruly hand,

The sword she gave before,

Enrag'd, he spurn'd at her command,

Hurl'd at her breast the impious steel, and bath'd
 it in her gore. 295

XVIII.

Far other battles thou hast won,

Thy standard still the public good:

Lavish of thine, to save thy people's blood:

And when the hardy task of war was done,

With what a mild well-temper'd mind,

(A mind unknown to Rome's ambitious
 son) 301

Thy powerful armies were resign'd;

Thy victory o'er thyself was more,

Than all thy conquests gain'd before;

'Twas more than Philip's son could do, 305

When for new worlds the madman cry'd;

Nor in his own wild breast had spy'd

Towers of ambition, hills of boundless pride,

Too great for armies to subdue.

XIX.

O savage lust of arbitrary sway! 310

Insatiate fury, which in man, we find,

In barbarous man, to prey upon his kind,

And make the world, enslav'd, his vicious will
 obey!

How has this fiend Ambition long defac'd

Heaven's works, and laid the fair creation
 waste!

Ask silver Rhine, with springing rushes
 crown'd,

As to the sea his waters flow,

Where are the numerous cities now,

That once he saw, his honour'd banks around?

Scarce are their silent ruins found; 310

But, in th' ensuing age,

Trampled into common ground,

Will hide the horrid monuments of Gaul's de-
 stroying rage.

All Europe too had shar'd this wretched fate,

And mourn'd her heavy woes too late, 315

Had not Britannia's chief withstood

The threaten'd deluge, and repell'd,

To its forsaken banks, th' unwilling flood.

And in his hand the scales of balanc'd kingdoms
 held. 319

Well was this mighty trust repos'd in thee,

Whose faithful soul, from private interest free

(Interests which vulgar princes know),

O'er all its passions sat exalted high,

As Teneriff's top enjoys a purer sky,

And sees the moving clouds at distance fly be-
 low. 335

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike annals reads,

Behold reviv'd our valiant Edward's deeds.

* Great Edward and his glorious son
Will own themselves in thee outdone.
Though Crecy's desperate fight eternal honours
won.

Though the fifth Henry too does claim
A shining place among Britannia's kings,
And Agincourt has rais'd his lofty name;
Yet the loud voice of ever-living Fame
Of thee more numerous triumphs sings. 345
But, though no chief contends with thee,
In all the long records of history,

Thy own great deeds together strive,
Which shall the fairest light derive,
On thy immortal memory;
Whether Senef's amazing field
To celebrated Mons shall yield;
Or both give place to more amazing Boyne;
Or if Namur's well-cover'd siege must all the
rest outshine!

XXI.

While in Hibernia's fields the labouring swain
Shall pass the plough o'er skulls of warriors
slain. 356

And turn up bones, and broken spears,
Amaz'd, he'll shew his fellows of the plain,
The relics of victorious years;
And tell, how swift thy arms that kingdom did
regain.

Flandria, a longer witness to thy glory,
With wonder too repeats thy story;
How oft the foes thy lifted sword have seen
In the hot battle, when it bled
At all its open veins, and oft have fled, 365
As if their evil genius thou hadst been:
How, when the blooming spring began t' ap-
pear,

And with new life restor'd the year,
Confederate princes us'd to cry;
"Call Britain's king—the sprightly trumpet
found, 370
"And spread the joyful summons round!
"Call Britain's king, and victory!"
So when the flower of Greece, to battle led
In Beauty's cause, just vengeance swore
Upon the foul adulterer's head, 375
That from her royal lord the ravish'd Helen bore,
The Grecian chiefs, of mighty fame,
Impatient for the son of Thetis wait;
At last the son of Thetis came;
Troy shook her nodding towers, and mourn'd th'
impending fate.

XXII.

O sacred Peace! Goddess serene!
Adorn'd with robes of spotless white,
Fairer than silver robes of light!
How short has thy mild empire been!
When pregnant Time brought forth this new-
born age,
At first we saw thee gently smile
On the young birth, and thy voice awhile
Sung a soft charm to martial rage:

* Edward III. and the Black Prince,
Vol. IV.

But soon the lion wak'd again,
And stretch'd his opening claws, and shook his
grizzly mane. 390

Soon was the year of triumphs past;
And Janus, ushering in a new,
With backward look did pompous scenes re-
view;

But his fore-face with frowns was overcast;
He saw the gathering storms of war,
And bid his priests aloud, his iron gates unbar.

XXIII.

But heaven its hero can no longer spare,
To mix in our tumultuous broils below;
Yet suffer'd his foreseeing care,
Those bolts of vengeance to prepare, 400
Which other hands shall throw;

That glory to a mighty queen remains,
To triumph o'er the extinguish'd foe,
* She shall supply the thunderer's place;
As Pallas, from th' æthereal plains, 405
Warr'd on the giants impious race,
And laid their huge demolish'd works in smoky
ruins low

Then Anne's shall rival great Eliza's reign;
And William's genius, with a grateful smile,
Look down, and bless this happy isle; 410
And Peace, restor'd, shall wear her olive crown
again.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

APOLLO, god of sounds and verse,
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts in-
spire!

Whilst we thy Damon's praise rehearse:
Damon himself could animate the lyre.

Apollo, god of sounds and verse, 5
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inspire!
Look down! and warm the song with thy celest-
rial fire.

II.

Ah, lovely youth! when thou wert here,
Thyself a young Apollo did appear;
Young as that god, so sweet a grace, 10
Such blooming fragrance in thy face;
So soft thy air, thy visage so serene,
That harmony ev'n in thy look was seen.

III.

But when thou didst th' obedient strings
command,
And join in concert thy melodious hand, 15
Ev'n Fate itself, such wondrous strains to hear,
Fate ha! been charm'd, had Fate an ear.
But what does music's skill avail?

* "Vicem gerit illa Tonantis; the motto on her
Majesty's Coronation Medal.

When Orpheus did his loss deplore,
Trees bow'd attentive to his tale;
Hush'd were the winds, wild beasts forgot to
roar;
But dear Eurydice came back no more.

IV.

Then cease, ye sons of harmony, to mourn;
Since Damon never can return.
See, see! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid
way!

Bright choirs of angels, on the wing,
For the new guest's arrival stay,
And hymns of triumph sing.

They bear him to the happy seats above,
Seats of eternal harmony and love;
Where artful Purcell went before.

Cease then, ye sons of music, cease to mourn:
Your Damon never will return,
No, never, never more!

ANACREON.

ODE THE THIRD.

AT dead of night, when mortals lose
Their various cares in soft repose,
I heard a knocking at my door:
Who's that, said I, at this late hour
Disturbs my rest?—it sobb'd and cry'd,
And thus in mournful tone reply'd.

"A poor unhappy child am I,
That's come to beg your charity;
Pray let me in!—You need not fear;
I mean no harm, I vow and swear;
But, wet and cold, crave shelter here;
Betray'd by night, and led astray,
I've lost—alas! I've lost my way."

Mov'd with this little tale of fate,
I took a lamp, and op'd the gate;
When see! a naked boy before
The threshold; at his back he wore
A pair of wings, and by his side
A crooked bow and quiver ty'd.
"My pretty angel! come, said I,
Come to the fire, and do not cry!"
I strok'd his neck and shoulders bare,
And squeez'd the water from his hair;
Then chaf'd his little hands in mine,
And cheer'd him with a draught of wine.
Recover'd thus, says he; "I'd know,
Whether the rain has spoil'd my bow;
Let's try"—then shot me with a dart.
The venom throb'd, did ake and smart,
As if a bee had stung my heart.

"Are these your thanks, ungrateful child,
Are these your thanks?"—Th' impostor
smil'd;

"Farewell, my loving host, says he;
All's well: my bow's unhurt, I see;
But what a wretch I've made of thee!"

THE STORY OF

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF OVID'S
MÉTAMORPHOSES.

WHERE Babylon's proud walls, erected high
By fam'd Semiramis, ascend the sky,
Dwelt youthful Pyramus, and Thisbe fair;
Adjoining houses held the lovely pair
His perfect form all other youths surpass'd;
Charms such as her's no eastern beauty grac'd;
Near neighbourhood the first acquaintance drew,
An early promise of the love t' ensue.

Time nurs'd the growing flame, had Fate been
kind,
The nuptial rites, their faithful hands had join'd;
But, with vain threats, forbidding parents strove
To check the joy; they could not check the love.
Each captive heart consumes in like desire;
The more conceal'd, the fiercer rag'd the fire.
Soft looks, the silent eloquence of eyes,
And secret signs, secure from household spies,
Exchange their thoughts; the common wall, be-
tween

Each parted house, retain'd a chink unseen
For ages past. The lovers soon espy'd
This small defect, for Love is eagle-eyed,
And in soft whispers soon the passage try'd.
Safe went the murmuring sounds, and every day
A thousand amorous blandishments convey;
And often, as they stood on either side,
To catch by turns the sitting voice, they cry'd,
Why, envious wall, ah! why dost thou destroy
The lovers' hopes, and why forbid the joy?
How should we bless thee, would'st thou yield to
charms,

And, opening, let us rush into each other's arms!
At least, if that's too much, afford a space
To meeting lips, nor shall we slight the grace;
We owe to thee this freedom to complain,
And breathe our vows, but vows, alas! in vain.
Thus having said, when evening call'd to rest,
The faithful pair on either side imprest
An intercepted kiss, then bade good night;
But when th' ensuing dawn had put to flight
The stars; and Phoebus, rising from his bed,
Drank up the dews, and dry'd the flowery mead,
Again they meet, in sighs again disclose

Their grief, and last this bold design propose;
That in the dead of night, both would deceive
Their keepers, and the house and city leave;
And lest, escap'd, without the walls they stray
In pathless fields, and wander from the way,
At Ninus's tomb their meeting they agree,
Beneath the shady covert of the tree;
The tree well-known near a cool fountain grew,
And bore fair mulberries of snowy hue.

The project pleas'd; the sun's unwelcome
light
(That slowly seem'd to move, and slack his
flight)
Sunk in the seas; from the same seas arose the
fable night;
When, stealing through the dark, the crafty pair
Unlock'd the door, and gain'd the open air;

Love gave her courage; unperceiv'd she went, 55
 Wrapp'd in a veil, and reach'd the monument.
 Then sat beneath th' appointed tree alone;
 But, by the glimmering of the shining moon,
 She sat not long, before from far she spy'd
 A lioness approach the fountain-side; 60
 Fierce was her glare, her foamy paws in blood
 Of slaughter'd bulls besmear'd, and foul with
 food;
 For reeking from the prey, the savage came,
 To drown her thirst within the neighbouring
 stream.
 Affrighted Thisbe, trembling at the sight, 65
 Fle'd to a darksome den, but in her flight
 Her veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the flood
 The monster drank, and, satiate, to the wood
 Returning, found the garment as it lay.
 And, torn with bloody feet, dispers'd it in her
 way. 70
 Belated Pyramus arriv'd, and found
 The mark of savage feet along the sandy ground:
 All pale he turn'd; but soon as he beheld
 The crimson'd vesture scatter'd o'er the field,
 One night, he cry'd, two lovers shall destroy! 75
 She worthy to have liv'd long years of joy,
 But mine's the forfeit life; unhappy maid!
 'Twas I that slew thee, I th' appointment made;
 To places full of death thy innocence betray'd, }
 And came not first myself—O hither haste, 80
 Ye lions all, that roam this rocky waste!
 Tear my devoted entrails, gnaw, divide,
 And gorge your famine in my open side!
 But cowards call for death!—Thus having spoke,
 The fatal garment from the ground he took, 85
 And bore it to the tree; ardent he kiss'd,
 And bath'd in flowing tears the well-known vest:
 Now take a second stain, the lover said,
 While from his side he snatch'd his sharpen'd
 blade, 89
 And drove it in his groin; then from the wound
 Withdrew the steel, and staggering fell to ground:
 As when, a conduit broke, the streams shoot high,
 Starting in sudden fountains through the sky,
 So sprouts the living stream, and sprinkled o'er
 The tree's fair berries with a crimson gore, 95
 While, sapp'd in purple floods, the conscious root
 Transmits the stain of murder to the fruit.
 The fair, who fear'd to disappoint her love,
 Yet trembling with the fright, forsook the grove,
 And sought the youth, impatient to relate 100
 Her new adventure, and th' ayoided fate.
 She saw the vary'd tree had lost its white,
 And doubting stood as if that could be the right,
 Nor doubted long; for now her eyes beheld
 A dying person spurn the sanguine field.
 Aghast she started back, and shook with pain,
 As rising breezes curl the trembling main.
 She gaz'd awhile entranc'd; but when she found
 It was her lover weltering on the ground,
 She beat her lovely breast, and tore her hair, 110
 Clasp'd the dear corpse, and, frantic in despair,
 Kiss'd his cold face, supply'd a briny flood
 To the wide wound, and mingled tears with
 blood.

Say, Pyramus, oh say, what chance severe
 Has snatch'd thee from my arms?— 115
 'Tis thy own Thisbe calls, look up and hear!
 At Thisbe's name he lifts his dying eyes,
 And, having seen her, clos'd them up, and dies.
 But when she knew the bloody veil, and spy'd
 The ivory scabbard empty by his side, 120
 Ah! wretched youth, said she, by love betray'd!
 Thy hapless hand guided the fatal blade.
 Weak as I am, I boast as strong a love;
 For such a deed, this hand as bold shall prove.
 I'll follow thee to death; the world shall call 125
 Thisbe the cause, and partner of thy fall;
 And ev'n in death, which could alone disjoin
 Our persons, yet in death thou shalt be mine.
 But hear, in both our names, this dying prayer,
 Ye wretched parents of a wretched pair! 130
 Let in one urn our ashes be confin'd,
 Whom mutual love and the same fate have join'd.
 And thou, fair tree, beneath whose friendly shade,
 One lifeless lover is already laid,
 And soon shalt cover two; for ever wear 135
 Death's sable hue, and purple berries bear
 She said, and plunges in her breast the sword,
 Yet warm and reeking from its slaughter'd lord!
 Relenting Heaven allows her last request, 13
 And pity touch'd their mournful parents' breast.
 The fruit, when ripe, a purple dye retains;
 And in one urn are plac'd their dear remains.

THE

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF OVID, AMORUM LIB. I.
 ELEG. 2.

TELL me, some god, whence does this change
 arise;
 Why gentle sleep forsakes my weary eyes?
 Why, turning often, all the tedious night
 In pain I lie, and watch the springing light?—
 What cruel dæmon haunts my tortur'd mind:
 Sure, if 'twere Love, I should th' invader find;
 Unless disguis'd he lurks, the crafty boy,
 With silent arts ingenious to destroy.
 A! as! 'tis so—'tis fix'd the secret dart;
 I feel the tyrant ravaging my heart. 10
 Then, shall I yield; or th' infant flame oppose?
 I yield!—Resistance would increase my woes:
 For struggling slaves a sharper doom sustain,
 Than such as stoop obedient to the chain.
 I own thy power, almighty Love! I'm thine 15
 With pinn'd hands behold me here resign!
 Let this submission then my life obtain;
 Small praise 'twill be, if thus unarm'd I'm slain.
 Go, join thy mother's doves; with myrtle braid
 thy hair;
 The god of war himself a chariot shall prepare; 20
 I i 2

Then thou triumphant through the shouting
throng
Shalt ride, and move with art the willing birds
along,

While captive youths and maids, in solemn state,
Adorn the scene, and on thy triumph wait.

There I, a later conquest of thy bow, 25

In chains will follow too; and as I go,

To pitying eyes the new-made wound will shew,

Next, all that dare Love's sovereign power defy,

In fetters bound, inglorious shall pass by:

All shall submit to thee—th' applauding crowd 30

Shall lift their hands, and sing thy praise aloud.

Soft looks shall in thy equipage appear,

With amorous play, mistake, and jealous fear.

Be this thy guard, great Love! be this thy
train;

Since these extend o'er men and gods thy
reign; 35

But robb'd of these, thy power is weak and
vain.

From heaven thy mother shall thy pomp survey,
And, smiling, scatter fragrant showers of roses in
thy way;

Whilst thou, array'd in thy unrivall'd pride,
On golden wheels, all gold thyself, shalt ride.

Thy spreading wings shall richest diamonds
wear,

And gems shall sparkle in thy lovely hair.

Thus passing by, thy arm shall hurl around

Ten thousand fires, ten thousand hearts shall
wound.

This is thy practice, Love, and this thy gain; 45

From this thou canst not, if thou would'st, re-
frain;

Since even thy presence, with prolific heat,

Does reach the heart, and active flames create.

From conquer'd India, so the * jovial God,

Drawn o'er the plains by harness'd tigers, rode.

Then since, great Love, I take a willing place

Amidst thy spoils, the sacred show to grace;

O cease to wound, and let thy fatal store

Of piercing shafts be spent on me no more.

No more, too powerful in my charmer's eyes, 55

Torment a slave, that for her beauty dies;

Or look in smiles from thence, and I shall be

A slave no longer, but a God, like thee.

THE

PICTURE.

COME, my Muse, a Venus draw;

Not the fame the Grecians saw,

By the fam'd Apelles wrought,

Beauteous offspring of his thought.

No fantastic goddess mine,

Fiction far the does outshine.

Queen of fancy! hither bring

On the gaudy-feather'd wing

All the beauties of the spring.

* Bacchus.

Like the bee's industrious pains 10

To collect his golden gains,

So from every flower and plant

Gather first th' immortal paint.

Fetch me lilies, fetch me roses,

Daisies violets, cowslip-poesies, 15

Amaranthus, parrot pride,

Woodbines, pinks, and what beside

Does th' embroider'd meads adorn;

Where the sawns and satyrs play

In the merry month of May. 20

Steal the blush of opening morn:

Borrow Cynthia's silver white,

When she shines at noon of night,

Free from clouds to veil her light.

Juno's bird his tail shall spread,

Iris' bow its colour shed, 25

All to deck this charming piece,

Far surpassing ancient Greece.

First her graceful stature show,

Not too tall, nor yet too low. 30

Fat she must not be, nor lean;

Let her shape be straight and clean:

Small her waist, and, thence increas'd,

Gently swells her rising breast.

Next, in comely order trace 35

All the glories of her face.

Paint her neck of ivory,

Smiling cheeks and forehead high,

Ruby lips, and sparkling eyes,

Whence resistless lightning flies. 40

Foolish Muse! what hast thou done?

Scarce th' outlines are yet begun,

Ere thy pencil's thrown aside!

'Tis no matter, Love reply'd;

(Love's unlucky god stood by) 45

At one stroke behold how I

Will th' unfinished draught supply.

Smiling then he took his dart,

And drew her picture in my heart.

BARN-ELMS.

LET Phœbus his late happiness rehearse,
And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying
verse!

Smooth was the Thames, his waters sleeping
lay,

Unwak'd by winds that o'er the surface play;

When th' early god, arising from the east, 5

Disclos'd the golden dawn, with blushes dress'd.

First in the stream his own bright form he sees,

But brighter forms shine through the neighbour-

ing trees.

He speeds the rising day, and sheds his light

Redoubled on the grove, to gain a nearer sight.

Not with more speed his Daphne he pursu'd,

Nor fair Leucothoe with such pleasure view'd,

Five dazzling nymphs in gracious pomp ap-
pear;

He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,

Join'd with that heavenly three, who on mount
Ide 15

Descending once the prize of beauty try'd.

Ye verdant Elms, that towering grace this
grove,

Be sacred still to Beauty and to Love!

No thunder break, nor lightning glare between

Your twisted boughs, but such as then was seen.

The grateful sun will every morning rise

Propitious here, saluting from the skies

Your lofty tops, indulg'd with sweetest air,

And every spring your losses he'll repair;

Nor his own laurels more shall be his care. 25

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF

PHOEBE AND ASTERIA;

AND THE

SICKNESS OF THE FORMER.

AN altar raise to Friendship's holy flame,

Inscrib'd with Phœbe's and Asteria's name!

Around it mingled in a solemn band,

Let Phœbe's lovers, and Asteria's stand,

Wish fervent vows t' attend the sacrifice; 5

While rich perfumes from melted gums arise,

To bribe for Phœbe's health the partial skies. 6

Forbid it, Love, that sickly blasts consume

The flower of beauty in its tender bloom!

Shall she so soon to her own heaven retire, 10

Who gave so oft, yet never felt thy fire?

Who late at splendid feasts so graceful shone,

By pleasing smiles and numerous conquests

known;

Where, 'midst the brightest nymphs, she bore
the prize

From all—from all but her Asteria's eyes. 15

Behold the maid, who then secure repell'd

The shafts of Love, by fainting sickness quell'd!

(As Beauty's goddesses once a wound sustain'd,

Not from her son, but from a * mortal's hand)

Asteria too forgets her sprightly charms, 20

And drooping lies within her Phœbe's arms.

Thus in romantic histories we read

Of tournaments by some great prince decreed,

Where two companion-knights their lances

wield

With matchless force, and win, from all, the

field; 25

Till one, o'erheated in the course, retires,

And feels within his veins a fever's fires;

His grieving friend his laurels throws away,

And mourns the dear-bought triumphs of the

day.

So strict's the union of the tender pair, 30

What Heaven decrees for one, they both must

share.

Like meeting rivers, in one stream they flow,

And no divided joys or sorrows know.

* *Diomede.*

Not the bright * twins, preferr'd in heaven to
shine,

Fair Leda's sons in such a league could join. 35

One soul, as fables tell, by turns supply'd

That heavenly pair, by turns they liv'd and

dy'd:

But these have sworn a matchless sympathy,

They'll live together, or together die

When Heaven did at Asteria's birth bestow 40

Those lavish charms, with which she wounds us

so,

To form her glorious mind, I did inspire

A double portion of th' æthereal fire,

That half might afterward be thence convey'd,

To animate that other lovely maid. 45

Thus native instinct does their hearts combine,

In knots too close for Fortune to untwine

So India boasts a tree, that spreads around

Its amorous boughs, which bending reach the

ground,

Where taking root again, the branches raise 50

A second tree to meet its fond embrace;

Then side by side the friendly neighbours thrive,

Fed by one sap, and in each other live.

Of Phœbe's health we need not send to know

How Nature strives with her invading foe, 55

What symptoms good or ill each day arise;

We read those changes in Asteria's eyes.

Thus in some crystal fountain you may spy

The face of heaven, and the reflected sky,

See what black clouds arise, when tempests

lower, 60

And gathering mists portend a falling shower,

And when the sun breaks out, with conquering

ray

To chase the darkness, and restore the day.

Such be thy fate, bright maid! from this de-

cline

Arise renew'd thy charms, and doubly shine! 65

And as that dawning planet was address'd

With offer'd incense by th' adoring east,

So we'll with songs thy glad recovery greet,

The Muse shall lay her presents at thy feet;

With open arms, Asteria shall receive 70

The dearest pledge propitious Heaven can give.

Fann'd by these winds, your friendship's gene-

rous fire

Shall burn more bright, and to such heights as-

pire,

The wondering world shall think you from above

Come down to teach how happy angels love. 75

S O N G.

I.

FAME of Dorinda's conquest brought

The god of love her charms to view;

To wound th' unwary maid he thought,

But soon became her conquest too.

* *Castor and Pollux.*

II.

He dropp'd, half drawn, his feeble bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, and sighing pin'd;
And wish'd in vain he had been now,
As painters falsely draw him, blind.

III.

Disarm'd, he to his mother flies;
He p, Venus, help thy wretched son!
Who now will pay us sacrifice?
For Love himself's alas! undone.

IV.

To Cupid now no lover's prayer
Shall be address'd in suppliant sighs;
My darts are gone, but oh beware,
Fond mortals, of Doriganda's eyes.

TO

OCTAVIA INDISPOSED.

AROUND your couch whilst sighing lovers
view
Wit, beauty, goodness, suffering all in you;
So mournful is the scene, 'tis hard to tell
Which face betrays the sick, or who is well.
They feel not their own pains, while yours they
share,
Worse tortur'd now, than lately by despair.
For bleeding veins a like relief is found,
When iron red-hot by burning stops the wound.
Grant, Heaven, they cry, this moment our de-
fire,
To see her well, though we the next expire.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

I.

YE swains, whom radiant beauty moves,
Or music's art with sounds divine,
Think how the rapturous charm improves,
Where two such gifts celestial join;

II.

Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
In the same powerful hand are found;
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound.

III.

Inquire not who's the matchless fair,
That can this double death bestow:
If young Harmonia's strains you hear,
Or view her eyes, too well you'll know.

CUPID'S REVIEW.

CUPID, forvey thy shining train around
Of favourite nymphs, for conquest most re-
nown'd;

The lovely warriors that in bright array
Thy power support, and propagate thy sway.
Then say, what beauteous general wilt thou
choose,

To lead the fair brigade against thy rebel foes;
Behold the god advance in comely pride,
Arm'd with his bow: his quiver by his side:
Inferior Cupids on their master wait;
He smiles well-pleas'd, and waves his wings in
state.

His little hands imperial trophies bear,
And laurel-wreaths to grace th' elected fair.
Hyde-Park the scene for the Review he nam'd,
Hyde-Park for pleasure and for beauty fam'd,
Where, oft from western skies the god of light
Sees new-arising suns, than his more bright;
Then sets in blushes, and conveys his fire
To distant lands, that moze his beams require.

And now the charming candidates appear:
Behold Britannia's victor graces there,
Who vindicate their country's ancient claim
To Love's pre-eminence, and Beauty's fame.
Some, who, at Anna's court, in honour rais'd,
Adorn birth-nights, by crowding nations prais'd;
Preserv'd in Kneller's pictures ever young,
In strains immortal by the Muses sung.

Around the ring th' illustrious rivals move,
And teach to Love himself the power of love.
Scarce, though a god, he can with safety gaze
On glory so profuse, such mingled rays;
For Love had eyes on this important day,
And Venus from his forehead took the blinding
cloth away.

Here Mira pass'd, and fix'd his wondering
view,
Her perfect shape distinguish'd praises drew;
Tall, beauteous, and majestic to the sight,
She 'ed the train, and sparkled in the light.
There Stella claims the wreath, and pleads her
eyes,

By which each day some new adorer dies.
Serena, by good humour doubly fair,
With native sweetness charms, and smiling air,
While Flora's youthful years and looks display
The bloom of ripening fruits, the innocence of
May,
The opening sweets that months of pleasure
bring,

The dawn of Love, and Life's indulgent spring.
'Twere endless to describe the various darts,
With which the fair are arm'd to conquer hearts.
Whatever can the ravis'd soul inspire
With tender thoughts, and animate desire,
All arts and virtues mingled in the train:
And long the lovely rivals strove in vain,
While Cupid unresolv'd still search'd around
the plain.

O! could I find, said Love, the phoenix she,
In whom at once the several charms agree;
That phoenix she the laurel crown should have
And Love himself with pride become her slave.
He scarce had spoke, when see—Harmonia
came!
Chance brought her there, and not desire of
fame;

Unknowing of the choice, till she beheld
The god approach to crown her in the field.
Th' unwilling maid, with wond'rous modesty, 60
Disclaim'd her right, and put the laurel by :
Warm blushes on her tender cheeks arise,
And doub' e softness beautify'd her eyes.

At this, more charm'd, the rather I bestow,
Said Love, these honours you in vain forego ; 65
Take then the wreath, which you, victorious
fair,
Have most deserv'd, yet least affect to wear.

TO A

BEAUTIFUL LADY, PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

WHEN fam'd Cecilia on the organ play'd,
And fill'd with moving sounds the tune-
ful frame,
Drawn by the charm, to hear the sacred maid,
From heaven, 'tis said, a listening angel came.
Thus ancient legends would our faith abuse ; 5
In vain—for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm re-
news,
Again the seraph would appear to you.
O happy fair ! in whom with purest light,
Virtue's united beams with beauty shine ! 10
Should heavenly guests descend to bless our sight,
What form more lovely could they wear than
thine ?

SONNET.

JE mourrai de trop de plaisir
Si je la trouve favorable ;
Je mourrai de trop de desir
Se je la trouve inexorable.

Ainsi je ne sçaurois guerir
De la douleur qui me possède ;
Je suis assuré de perir
Par le mal, ou par le remède.

IN ENGLISH.

I DIE with too transporting joy,
If she I love rewards my fire ;
If she's inexorably coy,
With too much passion I expire.

No way the fates afford to shun
The cruel torment I endure ;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the disease or by the cure.

TO A

PAINTER.

PAINTER, if thou canst safely gaze
On all the wonders of that face ;
If thou hast charms to guard a heart
Secure by secrets of thy art ;
O ! teach the mighty charm, that we 5
May gaze securely too, like thee.
Canst thou Love's brightest lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded saw ?
To what then wilt thou next a fire,
Unless to imitate Jove's fire ? 10
Which is a less adventurous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmoneus dy'd.
That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whose chains so many lovers wear ;
Who with a look can arts infuse, 15
Create a Painter, or a Muse ;
Whom crowds with awful rapture view ;
She sits serene, and smiles on you !
Your genius thus inspir'd will soar
To wondrous heights unknown before, 20
And to her beauty you will own
Your future skill and fix'd renown.
So when of old great Ammon's son,
Adorn'd with spoils in battle won,
In graceful picture chose to stand, 25
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand ;
" Exert thy fire, the monarch said,
" Now be thy boldest strokes display'd,
" To let admiring nations see
" Their dreaded victor drawn by thee ; 30
" To others thou may'st life impart.
" But I'll immortalize thy art !"

TO THE

AUTHOR OF FATAL FRIENDSHIP, A TRAGEDY.

AS when Camilla once, a warlike dame,
In bloody battles won immortal fame,
Forsook her female arts, and chose to bear
The ponderous shield, and heave the massy spear,
Superior to her sex, so swift she flew,
That friends and foes, alike surpris'd, behold }
The brave Virago desperately bold,
And thought her Pallas in a human mould.
Such is our wonder, matchless maid ! to see 10
The tragic laurel thus deserv'd by thee.
Still greater praise is yours ; Camilla shines
For ever bright in Virgil's sacred lines,
You in your own.—
Nor need you to another's bounty owe, 15
For what yourself can on yourself bestow ;
So monarchs in full health are wont to rear,
At their own charge, their future sepulchre.
Who thy perfections fully would commend,
Must think how others their vain hours mispend,

In trifling visits, pride, impertinence,
 Drest, dancing, and discourse devoid of sense;
 To twirl a fan, to please some foolish beau,
 And sing an empty song, the most they know;
 In body weak, more impotent of mind. 25
 Thus some have represented woman-kind.
 But you, your sex's champion, are come forth
 To fight their quarrel, and assert their worth;
 Our Salick law of wit you have destroy'd,
 Establish'd female claim, and triumph'd o'er our
 pride.

While we look on, and with repining eyes
 Behold you bearing off so rich a prize,
 Spite of ill-nature, we are forc'd t' approve
 Such dazzling charms, and, spite of envy, love.

Nor is this all th' applause that is your due, 35
 You stand the first of itage-reformers too;
 No vicious strains pollute your moral scene,
 Chaste are your thoughts, and your expression
 clean;

Strains such as yours the strictest test will bear: }
 Sing boldly then, nor busy censure fear, 40 }
 Your virgin voice offends no virgin ear.
 Proceed in tragic numbers to disclose
 Strange turns of fate, and unexpected woes.
 Reward, and punish! awfully dispense
 Heaven's judgments, and declare a Providence;
 Nor let the comic Muse your labours share,
 'Tis meanness, after this, the sock to wear:
 Though that too merit praise, 'tis nobler toil
 T' extort a tear, than to provoke a smile.
 What hand, that can design a history, 50
 Would copy low-land boors at Snic-a-Snee?
 Accept this tribute, madam, and excuse
 The hasty raptures of a stranger Muse.
 1698.

O N

DIVINE POETRY.

IN Nature's golden age, when new-born day
 Array'd the skies, and earth was green and
 gay;

When God, with pleasure, all his works sur-
 vey'd,

And virgin innocence before him play'd;
 In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring, 5
 The Muse, by Heaven inspir'd, began to sing.
 Descending angels, in harmonious lays,
 Taught the first happy pair their Maker's praise.
 Such was the sacred art—We now deplore
 The Muse's loss, since Eden is no more. 10
 When Vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
 Th' affrighted maid, with chaste Astræa, fled,
 And sought protection in her native sky;
 In vain the heathen Nine her absence would sup-
 ply.

Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues
 shone 15

In ages past, her heavenly charms were known.
 Hence learn'd the bard, in lofty strains to tell
 How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell;

And hence the chief, who led the chosen race
 Through parting seas, deriv'd his songs of
 praise: 20

She gave the rapturous ode, whose ardent lay
 Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sitera;
 She tun'd to pious notes the psalmist's lyre,
 And fill'd Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's
 fire!

S O N G.

WRITTEN FOR THE LATE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

I.

WHILE Venus in her snowy arms
 The God of battles held,
 And sooth'd him with her tender charms,
 Victorious from the field;
 By chance she cast a lovely smile, 5
 P'opitious, down to earth,
 And view'd in Britain's happy isle
 Great Gloucester's glorious birth.

II.

Look, Mars, she said; look down, and see 10
 A child of royal race!
 Let's crown the bright nativity
 With every princely grace:
 Thy heavenly image let me bear,
 And shine a Mars below;
 Form you his mind to warlike care, 15
 Ill softer gifts bestow.

III.

Thus at his birth two deities
 Their blessings did impart;
 And love was breath'd into his eyes,
 And glory form'd his heart. 20
 His childhood makes of war a game;
 Betimes his beauty charms
 The fair; who burn'd with equal flame
 For him, as he for arms.
 1699.

O N A

P E A C O C K,

FINELY CUT IN VELLUM,

BY MOLINDA.

WHEN Fancy did Molinda's hand invite,
 Without the help of colour, shade, or
 light,
 To form in vellum, spotless as her mind,
 The fairest image of the feather'd kind,
 Nature herself a strict attendance paid, 5
 Charm'd with th' attainments of th' illustrious
 maid,

Inspir'd her thought, and, smiling, said, I'll see
How well this fair one's art can copy me.

So to her favourite Titian once she came,
To guide his pencil, and attest his fame, 10
With transport granting all that she could give,
And bid his works to wondering ages live.

Nor with less transport here the goddess sees
The curious piece advance by slow degrees;
At last such skill in every part was shown, 15
It seem'd a new creation of her own;
She starts, to view the finish'd figure rise,
And spreads his ample train enrich'd with eyes;
To see, with lively grace, his form express'd,
The stately honours of his rising crest, 20
His comely wings, and his soft silky breast!
The leaves of creeping vines around him play,
And Nature's leaves less perfect seem than they.

O matchless bird! whose race, with nicest
care,

Heaven seems in pleasure to have form'd so
fair! 25

From whose gay plumes ev'n Phœbus with de-
light

Sees his own rays reflected doubly bright!
Though numerous rivals of the wing there be
That share our praise, when not compar'd to thee,
Soon as thy rising glories strike our eyes, 30
Their beauty shines no more, their lustre dies.

So when Molinda, with superior charms,
Dazzles the ring, and other nymphs disarms,
To her the rallying Loves and Graces fly,
And, fixing there, proclaim the victory. 35

No wonder, then, since she was born to excel,
This bird's fair image she describes so well:
Happy, as in some temple thus to stand,
Immortaliz'd by her successful hand.

ON

LUCINDA'S TEA-TABLE.

POETS invoke, when they rehearse
In happy strains their pleasing dreams,
Some Muse unseen to crown their verse,
And boast of Heliconian streams:

But here, a real Muse inspires 5
(Who more reviving streams imparts)
Our fancies with the Poets fires,
And with a nobler flame our hearts.

While from her hand each honour'd guest
Receives his cup with liquor crown'd, 10
He thinks 'tis Jove's immortal feast,
And Venus deals the nectar round.

As o'er each fountain, Poets sing,
Some lovely guardian-nymph has sway,
Who from the consecrated spring,
Wild beasts and satyrs drives away: 15

So hither dares no savage press,
Who Beauty's sovereign power defies;
All, drinking here, her charms confess,
Proud to be conquer'd by her eyes. 20
VOL. IV.

When Phœbus try'd his herbs in vain
On Hyacinth, had she been there,
With tea she would have cur'd the swain,
Who only then had dy'd for her.
January 1, 1701.

THE

MARCH.

VICTORIA comes! she leaves the forag'd
groves!

Her flying camp of Graces and of Loves
Strike all their tents, and for the march prepare,
And to new scenes of triumph wait the fair.

Unlike the slaves which other warriors gain, 5
That loath subjection, and would break their
chain,

Her rural slaves their absent victor mourn,
And wish not liberty, but her return.
The conquer'd countries droop, while she's away,
And slowly to the spring their contribution pay.
While cooing turtles, doubly now alone,
With their lost loves another loss bemoan.

Mean time in peopled cities crowds press on,
And jealous seem who shall be first undone.
Victories, like Fame, before th' invader fly, 15
And lovers yet unseeing haste to die.
While she with careless unreluctant mind,
Hears daily conquests which she ne'er design'd:
In her a soft, yet cruel heart is found,
Averie to cure, and vainly griev'd to wound. 20

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK

SO fair a form, with such devotion join'd!
A virgin body and a spotless mind!
Pleas'd with her prayers, while Heaven propitious
sees

The lovely votarers on her bended knees,

Sure it must think some angel lost its way,
And happening on our wretched earth to stray;
Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
And begs to be restor'd to those blest realms of
light.

O D E

ON THE

SPRING

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

WANTON Zep'yr, come away!
On this sweet, this silent grove,
Sacred to the Muse and Love,
In gentle whisper'd murmurs play!

K k

Come let thy soft, thy balmy breeze
Diffuse thy vernal sweets around
From sprouting flowers, and blossom'd trees;
While hills and echoing vales resound
With notes, which wing'd musicians sing
In honour to the bloom of spring.

II

Lovely season of desire!
Nature smiles with joy to see
The amorous months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial fire.
The brightest object in the skies,
The fairest lights that shine below,
The sun, and Mira's charming eyes,
At thy return more charming grow:
With double glory they appear,
To warm and grace the infant year.

H O R A C E,

ODE III. BOOK III.

The design of this Ode was to insinuate to Augustus the danger of transferring the seat of the empire from Rome to Troy, which we are informed he once entertained thoughts of.

I.

THE man to right inflexibly inclin'd,
Poising on virtue's base his mind,
Rests in himself secure,
Indissolubly firm in good;
Let tempests rise, and billows rage,
All rock within, he can unmov'd endure
The foaming fury of the flood,
When bellowing winds their jarring troops engage,
Or wasteful civil tumults roll along
With fiercer strength, and louder roar,
Driving the torrent of the throng,
And gathering into power.
Let a proud tyrant cast a killing frown;
Or Jove in angry thunder on the world look down;
Nay, let the frame of nature crack,
And all the spacious globe on high,
Shatter'd with universal rack,
Come tumbling from the sky:
Yet he'll survey the horrid scene
With steady courage and undaunted mien,
The only thing serene!

II.

Thus Pollux and great Hercules,
Roam'd through the world, and blest the nations round,
Till, rais'd at length to heavenly palaces,
Mankind, as gods, their benefactions crown'd;
With these, Augustus shall for ever shine,
And stain his rosy lips in cups divine.
Thus his fierce tigers dauntless Bacchus bear;
The glaring savages resist in vain,

5 Impatient of the bit, and fretting on the rein; 30
Through yielding clouds he drives th' impetuous car.

Great Romulus pursu'd the shining trace,
And leapt the lake, where all
The rest of mortals fall,
And with his father's horses scour'd the same
bright airy race.

III.

Then in full senate of the deities.
Settling the seats of power, and future fate,
Juno began the high debate,
And with this righteous sentence pleas'd the skies:

"O Troy! she said, O hated Troy! 40
"A † foreign woman, and a † boy,
"Lewd, partial, and unjust,
"Shook all thy proudest towers to dust;
"Inclin'd to ruin from the time.
"Thy king did mock two powers divine, 45
"And ras'd thy fated walls in perjury.
"But doubly damn'd by that offence,
"Which did Minerva's rage incense,
"And offer'd wrong to me.
"No more the treacherous ravisher 50
"Shines in full pomp and youthful charms;
"Nor Priam's impious house with Hector's spear
"Repels the violence of Grecian arms.

IV.

"Our feuds did long embroil the mortal rout,
"At last the storm is spent, 55
"My fury with it ebbing out,
"These terms of peace content;
"To Mars I grant among the stars a place
"For his son Romulus, of Trojan race;
"Here shall he dwell in these divine abodes, 60
"Drink of the heavenly bowl;
"And in this shining court his name enrol,
"With the serene and ever-vacant gods;
"While seas shall rage between his Rome and
Troy,
"The horrid distance breaking wide, 65
"The banish'd Trojans shall the globe enjoy,
"And reign in every place beside;
"While beasts insult my § judge's dust, and
hide
"Their litter in his cursed tomb,
"The shining capitol of Rome 70
"Shall overlook the world with awful pride,
"And Parthians take their laws from that eternal dome.

V.

"Let Rome extend her fame to every shore;
"And let no banks or mounds restrain
"Th' impetuous torrent of her wide command; 75
"The seas from Europe, Africk part in vain;
"Swelling above those floods, her power
"Shall, like its Nile, o'erflow the Lybian land.

* Romulus was supposed to be the son of Mars by the priestess Ilia.

† Helen.

† Paris

§ Paris.

"Shining in polish'd steel, she dares
 "The glittering beams of gold despise, 80
 "Gold, the great source of human cares,
 "Hid wisely deep from mortal eyes.
 "Till, fought in evil hour by hands unblest,
 "Opening the dark abodes,
 "There issued forth a direful train of woes, 85
 "That give mankind no rest;
 "For gold, devoted to the infernal gods,
 "No native human uses knows.

VI.

"Where'er great Jove did place
 "The bounds of nature yet unseen, 90
 "He meant a goal of glory to the race
 "The Roman arms shall shine:
 "Rejoicing, onward they approach
 "To view the outworks of the world,
 "The maddening fires, in wild debauch, 95
 "The snows and rains unborn, in endless eddies
 whirl'd!

VII.

"Tis I, O Rome, pronounce these fates behind,
 "But will thy reign with this condition bind,
 "That no false filial piety,
 "In idle shapes deluding thee, 100
 "Or confidence of power.
 "Tempt thee again to raise a Trojan tower;
 "Troy, plac'd beneath malignant stars,
 "Haunted with omens still the same,
 "Rebuilt shall but renew the former flame, 105
 "Jove's wife and sister leading on the wars.
 "Thrice let her shine with brazen walls,
 "Rear'd up by heavenly bands;
 "And thrice in fatal dust she falls,
 "By faithful Grecian hands; 110
 "Thrice the dire scene shall on the world re-
 turn,
 "And captive wives again their sons and hus-
 bands mourn."
 But stop, presumptuous Muse, thy daring flight,
 Nor hope in thy weak lyric lay,
 The heavenly language to display, 115
 Or bring the counsels of the gods to light.

GREENWICH-PARK.

THE Paphian isle was once the blest abode
 Of Beauty's goddesses and her archer god.
 There blissful bowers and amorous shades were
 seen,
 Fair cypresses walks, and myrtles ever green.
 'Twas there, surrounded by a hallow'd wood, 5
 Sacred to love, a splendid temple stood;
 Where altars were with costly gums perfum'd,
 And lovers sighs arose, and smoke from hearts
 consum'd.
 Till, thence remov'd, the queen of beauty flies
 To Britain, fam'd for bright victorious eyes.
 Here fix'd, she chose a sweeter seat for love,
 And Greenwich-park is now her Cyprian grove.

Nor fair Parnassus with this hill can vie,
 Which gently swells into the wondrous sky,
 Commanding all that can transport our sight, 15
 And varying with each view the fresh delight.
 From hence my Muse prepares to wing her way.
 And wanton, like the Thames, through smiling
 meads would stray;

Describe the groves beneath, the sylvan bowers,
 The river's winding train, and great Augusta's
 towers.

But see!—a living prospect drawing near
 At once transports, and raises awful fear!
 Love's favourite band, selected to maintain
 His choicest triumphs, and support his reign.
 Muse, pay thy homage here—yet oh beware! 25
 And draw the glorious scene with artful care,
 For foolish praise is satire on the fair.

Behold where bright Urania does advance,
 And lightens through the trees with every
 glance!

A careless pleasure in her air is seen; 30
 Diana shines with such a graceful mien,
 When in her darling woods she's feign'd to rove,
 The chase pursuing, and avoiding love.
 At flying deer the goddess boasts her aim,
 But Cupid shews the nymph a nobler game. 35
 Th' unerring shafts so various fly around,
 'Tis hard to see which gives the deepest wound.

Or if with greater glory we submit,
 Pierc'd by her eyes, her humour, or her wit.
 See next her charming sister, young and gay, 40
 In beauty's bloom like the sweet month of May!
 The sportive nymph, once in the neighbouring
 grove

Surpriz'd by chance the sleeping god of love;
 His head reclin'd upon a tuft of green,
 And by him scatter'd lay his arrows bright and
 keen;

She ty'd his wings, and stole his wanton darts,
 Then, laughing, wak'd the tyrant lord of hearts.
 He smil'd,—and said—"Tis well, insulting fair!
 Yet how you sport with sleeping Love beware!
 My loss of darts I quickly can supply, 50
 Your looks shall triumph for Love's deity:
 And though you now my feeble power disdain,
 You once perhaps may feel a lover's pain.

Though Helen's form, and Cleopatra's charms,
 The boast of fame, once kindled dire alarms: 55
 Those dazzling lights the world no more must
 view,

And scarce would think the bright description
 true,

Did not that ray of beauty, more divine,
 In Mira's eyes by transfiguration shine.
 Her shape, her air, proportion lovely face, 60
 And matchless skin, contend with rival grace;
 And Venus' self, proud of th' officious aid,
 With all her charms adorns th' illustrious maid.

But hark!—what more than mortal sounds
 are these?

Be still, ye whispering winds, and moving trees!
 A second Mira does all hearts surprise,
 At once victorious with her voice and eyes.
 Her eyes alone can tenderest love inspire,
 Her heavenly voice improves the young desire.

So western gales in fragrant gardens play 70
On buds produc'd by the sun's quickening ray
And spread them into life, and gently chide
their stay.

We court that skill, by which we're sure to die;
The modest fair would fain our suit deny,
And sings unwillingly with trembling fear, 75
As if concern'd our ruin is so near;
So generous victors softest pity know,
And with reluctance strike the fatal blow.

Engaging Cynthia's arm'd with every grace;
Her lovely mind shines cheerful through her
face, 80

A sacred lamp in a fair crystal case.
Not Venus star, the brightest of the sphere,
Smiles so serene, or casts a light so clear.
O happy brother of this wondrous fair!
The best of sisters well deserves thy care; 85
Her sighing lovers, who in crowds adore,
Would with thy place, did they not wish for
more.

What angels are, when we desire to know,
We form a thought by such as she below,
And thence conclude they're bright beyond com-
pare,

Compos'd of all that's good, and all that's fair.

There yet remains unnam'd a dazzling throng
Of nymphs, who to these happy shades belong.
O Venus! lovely queen of soft desires!
For ever dwell where such supply thy fires! 95
May Virtue still with Beauty share the sway,
And the glad world with willing zeal obey!

TO

MOLINDA.

TH' inspiring Muses and the God of Love,
Which most should grace the fair Molinda
strove:

Love arm'd her with his bow and keen. It darts,
The Muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Though Greece in shining temples heretofore 5
Did Venus' and Minerva's powers adore,
The ancients thought no single goddess fit,
To reign at once o'er Beauty and o'er Wit;
Each was a separate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Molinda join'd. 10
From hence, when at the court, the park, the
play,

She gilds the evening, or improves the day,
All eyes regard her with transporting fire,
One sex with env' burns, and one with fierce de-
fire:

But when withdrawn from public shew and noise,
In silent works her fancy she employs,
A smiling train of Arts around her stand,
And court improvement from her curious hand.
She, their bright patroness, o'er all presides,
And with like skill her pen and needle guides; 20
By this we see gay filken landscapes wrought,
By that the landscape of a beauteous thought:
Whether her voice in tuneful airs she moves,
Of cuts dissembled flowers and paper groves,

Her voice transports the ear with soft delight, 25
Her flowers and groves surprise the ravish'd sight;
Which ev'n to Nature's wonders we prefer;
All but that wonder Nature form'd in her.

A LETTER

TO A

FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

WHILST thou art happy in a blest retreat,
And free from care dost rural songs re-
peat,

Whilst fragrant air fans thy poetic fire,
And pleasant groves with sprightly notes inspire.
(Groves, whose recesses and refreshing shade 5
Indulge th' invention, and the judgment aid)
I, 'midst the smoke and clamours of the town,
That choke my Muse, and weigh my fancy down,
Pass my unactive hours;—

In such an air, how can soft numbers flow, 10
Or in such soil the sacred laurel grow?
All we can boast of the poetic fire,
Are but some sparks that soon as born expire.

Hail happy woods! harbours of peace and joy!
Where no black cares the mind's repose destroy!
Where grateful Silence unmolested reigns,
Assists the Muse, and quickens all her strains.
Such were the scenes of our first parents' love,
In Eden's groves with equal flames they strove,
While warbling birds, soft whispering breaths of
wind, 20

And murmuring streams, to grace their nuptials
join'd,

All nature smil'd; the plains were fresh and green,
Unfain'd the fountains, and the heavens serene.

Ye blest remains of that illustrious age! 25

Delightful springs and woods!—
Might I with you my peaceful days live o'er,
You, and my friend, whose absence I deplore,
Calm as a gentle brook's unruffled tide
Should the delicious flowing minutes glide;
Discharg'd of care, on unfrequented plains, 30
We'd sing of rural joys in rural strains.

No false corrupt delight our thoughts should move,
But joys of friendship, poetry, and love.
While others fondly feed ambition's fire,
And to the top of human state aspire, 35
That from their airy eminence they may
With pride and scorn th' inferior world survey,
Here we should dwell obscure, yet happier far
than they.

VERSES

PRESENTED TO A LADY,
WITH A DRAWING (BY THE AUTHOR) OF
CUPID,

WHEN generous Dido in disguise caref'd
This god, and sendly clasp'd him to her
breast,

Soon the fly urchin storm'd her tender heart,
And amorous flames dispers'd through every part.
In vain she strove to check the new-born fire, 5
It scorn'd her weak essays, and rose the higher:
In vain from feasts and balls relief she sought,
The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought:
Yet Fate oppos'd her unrewarded care;
Forfaken, scorn'd, she perish'd in despair. 10

No such event, fair nymph, you need to fear,
Smiles, without darts, alone attend him here;
Weak and unarm'd, not able to surprise,
He waits for influence from your conquering eyes.
Heaven change the omen, then; and may this
prove 15
A happy prelude to successful love!

H O R A C E,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

*"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
"Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu," &c.*

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

HENCE slavish fear! thy Stygian wings display!

Thou ugly fiend of hell, away!
Wrapp'd in thick clouds, and shades of night,
To conscious souls direct thy flight!
There trod on guilt, fix there a loath'd embrace, 5

And propagate vain terrors, frights,
Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd frights,
Thy visionary tribe, thy black and monstrous
race.

Go, haunt the slave that stains his hands in
gore!

Possess the perjurd mind, and rack the usurer
more, 10

Than his oppression did the poor before.

II.

Vainly, ye feeble wretches, you prepare
The glittering forgery of war;
The poison'd shaft, the Parthian bow, and
spear

Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield,
Which pois'd and guided from his ear 15

He hurls impetuous through the field;
In vain you lace the helin, and heave in vain the
shield;

He's only safe, whose armour of defence
Is adamantine innocence. 20

III.

If o'er the steepy Alps he go,
Vast mountains of eternal snow,
Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaspes flow;

If o'er parch'd Libya's desert land,
Where threatening from afar 25

Th' affrighted traveller
Encounters moving hills of sand;

No sense of danger can disturb his rest;
He fears no human force, nor savage beast;
Impenetrable courage steels his manly breast. 30

IV.

Thus, late within the Sabine grove,
While free from care, and full of love,
I raise my tuneful voice, and stray
Regardless of myself and way,
A grizly wolf, with glaring eye, 35
View'd me unarm'd, yet pass'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer monster ne'er, in quest of food,
Apulian forests did molest;
Numidia never saw a more prodigious beast;
Numidia, mother of the yellow brood, 40
Where the stern lion shakes his knotted mane,
And roars aloud for prey, and scours the spacious
plain.

V.

Place me where no soft breeze of summer wind
Did e'er the stiffen'd soil unbind,
Where no refreshing warmth e'er durst invade,
But Winter holds his unmolested seat,
In all his hoary robes array'd,
And rattling storms of hail, and noisy tempests
beat.

Place me beneath the scorching blaze
Of the fierce sun's immediate rays, 50
Where house or cottage ne'er were seen,
Nor rooted plant or tree, nor springing green;
Yet, lovely Lalage, my generous flame
Shall ne'er expire; I'll boldly sing of thee,
Charm'd with the music of thy name, 55
And guarded by the gods of Love and Poetry.

H O R A C E,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO GROSYPHUS.

*"Otium Divos rogat in patenti
"Prensus Ægæo," &c.*

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

INDULGENT Quiet! power serene,
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
O say, thou calm propitious queen,
Say, in what solitary grove,
Within what hollow rock, or winding cell, 5
By human eyes unseen,
Like some retreated Druid dost thou dwell?
And why, illusive goddess! why,
When we thy mansion would surround,
Why dost thou lead us through enchanted
ground,
To mock our vain research, and from our wishes
fly?

II.

The wandering sailors, pale with fear,
 For thee the gods implore.
 When the tempestuous sea runs high, 14
 And when, through all the dark benighted sky,
 No friendly moon or stars appear
 To guide their steerage to the shore:
 For thee the weary soldier prays;
 Furious in fight the sons of Thrace,
 And Medes, that wear majestic by their side
 A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
 Gladly with thee would pass inglorious days,
 Renounce the warrior's tempting praise,
 And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold,
 With gems, and purple vests, and stores of plunder'd gold. 25

III.

But neither boundless wealth, nor guards that wait
 Around the consul's honour'd gate,
 Nor anti-chambers with attendants fill'd,
 The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
 Or banish sullen cares, that fly 30
 Across the gilded rooms of state.
 And their foul nests, like swallows, build
 Close to the palace-roofs, and towers that pierce
 the sky.
 Much less will nature's modest wants supply;
 And happier lives the homely swain, 35
 Who, in some cottage, far from noise,
 His few paternal goods enjoys,
 Nor knows the fordid lust of gain,
 Nor with Fear's tormenting pain
 His hovering steps destroys. 40

IV.

Vain man! that in a narrow space
 At endless game projects the daring spear!
 For short is life's uncertain race;
 Then why, capricious mortal! why
 Dost thou for happiness repair 45
 To distant climates, and a foreign air?
 Fool! from thyself thou canst not fly,
 Thyself, the source of all thy care.
 So flies the wounded stag, provok'd with pain,
 Bounds o'er the spacious downs in vain; 50
 The feather'd torment sticks within his side,
 And from the smarting wound a purple tide
 Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the grassy plain.

V.

But swifter far is execrable Care 54
 Than fogs, or winds that through the skies
 Thick-driving snows and gather'd tempests
 bear;
 Pursuing Care the sailing ship out-flies,
 Climbs the tall vessel's painted sides;
 Nor leaves arm'd squadrons in the field,
 But with the marching horsemen rides, 60
 And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes
 all places yield.

VI.

Then, since no state's completely blest,
 Let's leap the bitter to allay

With gentle mirth, and wisely gay
 Enjoy at least the present day, 65
 And leave to fate the rest.
 Nor with vain fear of ills to come
 Anticipate th' appointed doom.
 Soon did Achilles quit the stage,
 The hero fell by sudden death; 70
 While Tithon to a tedious wasting age
 Drew his protracted breath.
 And thus old partial Time, my friend,
 Perhaps unask'd to worthless me
 Those hours of lengthen'd life may lend, 75
 Which he'll refuse to thee.

VII.

These shining wealth and plenteous joys surround,
 And, all thy fruitful fields around,
 Unnumber'd herds of cattle stray.
 Thy harness'd steeds with sprightly voice 80
 Make neighbouring vales and hills rejoice,
 While smoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the swift
 measur'd way.
 To me the stars, with less profusion kind,
 An humble fortune have assign'd,
 And no untuneful lyric vein, 85
 But a sincere contented mind,
 That can the vile malignant crowd disdain.

THE

BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE, on a solemn festal day
 Held by th' immortals in the skies,
 Flora had summon'd all the deities
 That rule o'er gardens, or survey
 The birth of greens and springing flowers, 5
 And thus address'd the genial powers.

Ye shining graces of my courtly train,
 The cause of this assembly know!
 In sovereign Majesty I reign
 O'er the gay flowery universe below; 10
 Yet, my encreasing glory to maintain,
 A queen I'll choose with spotless honour fair,
 The delegated crown to wear.
 Let me your counsel and assistance ask,
 T' accomplish this momentous task. 15

The deities that stood around,
 At first return'd a murmuring sound;
 Then said, Fair goddess, do you know
 The factious feud, this must create,
 What jealous rage and mutual hate 20
 Among the rival flowers will grow?
 The vilest thistle that infects the plain
 Will think his tawdry painted pride
 Deserves the crown; and, if deny'd,
 Perhaps with traitor-plots molest your reign. 25
 Vain are your fears, Flora reply'd,
 'Tis fix'd—and hear how I'll the cause decide.

Deep in a venerable wood
Where oaks, with vocal skill endued,
Did wondrous oracles of old impart, 30
Beneath a little hill's inclining side,
A grotto's seen where nature's art
Is exercis'd in all her smiling pride.
Retir'd in this sweet grassy cell,
A lovely wood-nymph once did dwell. 35
She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inspire;
A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan
was her fire.

Chaste, wife, devout, she still obey'd 39
With humble zeal Heaven's dread commands,
To every action ask'd our aid,
And oft before our altars pray'd;
Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.
She's dead—and from her sweet remains
The wondrous mixture I would take, 45
This much desir'd, this perfect flower to make.
Assist, and thus with our transforming pains,
We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our fa-
vourite plains.

Th' applauding deities with pleasure heard,
And for the grateful work prepar'd. 50
A busy face the god of gardens wore;
Vertumnus of the party too,
From various sweets th' exhaling spirits drew,
While, in full canisters, Pomona bore
Of richest sweets a plenteous store; 55
And Vesta promis'd wondrous things to do.
Gay Venus led a lively train
Of Smiles and Graces: the plump god of
wine

From clusters did the flowing nectar strain,
And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine. 60
Thus charg'd, they seek the honour'd shade
Where liv'd and died the spotless maid.
On a soft couch of turf the body lay;
Th' approaching deities press'd all around,
Prepar'd the sacred rites to pay 85
In silence, and with awe profound.

Flora thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray.
Jove! mighty Jove! whom all adore; 69
Exert thy great creative power!
Let this fair corpse be mortal clay no more;
Transform it to a tree, to bear a bounteous
flower—

Scarce had the goddess spoke; when see!
The nymph's extended limbs the form of branches
wear:

Behold the wondrous change, the fragrant tree!
To leaves was turn'd her flowing hair; 75
And rich diffus'd perfumes regal'd the wanton air.
Heavens! what new charm, what sudden
light,

Improves the grot, and entertains the sight!
A sprouting bud begins the tree to adorn; 79
The large, the sweet vermilion flower is born!
The goddess thrice on the fair infant breath'd,
To spread it into life, and to convey
The fragrant soul, and every charm bequeath'd
To make the vegetable princess gay;

Then kiss'd it thrice: the general silence
broke, 85
And thus in loud rejoicing accents spoke.

Ye flowers at my command attendant here,
Pay homage, and your sovereign Rose revere!
No sorrow on your drooping leaves be seen;
Let all be proud of such a queen, 90
So fit the floral crown to wear,
To glorify the day, and grace the youthful
year.

Thus speaking, she the new-born favourite
crown'd:

The transformation was complete;
The deities with songs the queen of flowers did
greet:
Soft flutes and tuneful harps were heard to
sound;
While now to heaven the well pleas'd goddess
flies
With her bright train, and reascends the skies.

SIX CANTATAS

OR

POEMS FOR MUSIC

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ITA-
LIANS.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

*"Non ante vulgatas per artes,
Verba loquer socianda chordis."*

HOR.

CANTATA I.

ON

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Beauty's goddess from the ocean
sprung,
Ascending, o'er the waves she cast a smile
On fair Britannia's happy isle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus she sung.

AIR.

Hail Britannia! hail to thee, 5
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be.
Cyprus too shall own thy sway,
And dedicate to me its groves;
Yet Venus and her train of Loves 10
Will with happier Britain stay.
Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffusing wide, 15
And saw the power whom gods and men
adore,
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cry'd,
O welcome! welcome to my shore!

AIR.

Lovely isle! so richly blest!
Beauty's palm is thine confess'd.
Thy daughters all the world outshine,
Nor Venus' self is so divine.
Lovely isle! so richly blest!
Beauty's palm is thine confess'd. 25

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

SEE,—from the silent grove Alexis flies,
And seeks with every pleasing art
To ease the pain, which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.
To shining theatres he now repairs, 5
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
Where thus to Music's power the swain address'd
his prayers.

AIR.

Charming sounds! that sweetly languish,
Music, O compose my anguish!
Every passion yields to thee;
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me;
Cupid shall no more deceive me;
I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish swain;
He knew, when Daphnè once he lov'd, 15
How weak, t' assuage an amorous pain,
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain.
Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
Preluding to his voice, and sings. 20

AIR.

Sounds, though charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee,
Music is the voice of love,
If the tender maid believe thee,
Soft relenting, 25
Kind consenting,
Will alone thy pain remove,

CANTATA III.

ON THE

SPRING.

[WITH VIOLINS.]

AIR

FRAGRANT Flora! haste, appear,
Goddess of the youthful year!
Zephyr gent y courts thee now;
On thy buds of roses playing,
All thy breathing sweets displaying. 5

Hark, his amorous breezes blow!

Fragrant Flora! haste, appear!

Goddess of the youthful year!

Zephyr gently courts thee now.

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of spring,
The tuneful Colinet his voice did raise,
The vales remurmur'd with his lays,
And listening birds hung hovering on the wing,
In whispering sighs soft Zephyr by him flew,
While thus the shepherd did his song renew. 15

AIR.

Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
Come this charming season grace!
Smile, ye fair! your joys bestowing,
Spring and youth will soon be going,
Seize the blessings ere they pass: 20
Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
Come this charming season grace!

CANTATA IV.

MIRANDA.

RECITATIVE.

MIRANDA's tuneful voice and fame
Had reach'd the wondering skies;
From heaven the god of music came,
And own'd a pleas'd surprize;
Then in a soft melodious lay, 5
Apollo did these grateful praises pay.

AIR.

Matchless charmer! thine shall be
The highest prize of harmony.
Phœbus ever will inspire thee,
And th' applauding world admire thee; to
All shall in thy praise agree.
Matchless charmer! thine shall be
The highest prize of harmony.

RECITATIVE.

The god then summon'd every Muse t' appear,
And hail their sister of the quire; 15
Smiling they stood around, her soothing strains to
hear,

And fill'd her happy soul with all their fire.

AIR.

O harmony! how wondrous sweet,
Dost thou our cares allay!
When all thy moving graces meet, 20
How softly dost thou steal our easy hours away!
O harmony! how wondrous sweet,
Dost thou our cares allay!

CANTATA V.

CORYDON.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE Corydon the lonely shepherd try'd
His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove,
The jealous nightingales, that strove
To trace his notes, contending dy'd;
At last he saw within a myrtle shade 5
An echo answer all his strain;

Love stole the pipe of sleeping Pan, and play'd;
Then with his voice decoys the listening swain.

AIR. [with a flute.]

Gay shepherd, to befriend thee, 10
Here pleasing scenes attend thee,
O this way speed thy pace!
If music can delight thee,
Or visions fair invite thee,
This bower's the happy place:
Gay shepherd, to befriend thee, 15
Here pleasing scenes attend thee,
O this way speed thy pace!

RECITATIVE.

The shepherd rose, he gaz'd around,
And vainly fought the magic sound;
The God of Love his motion spies, 20
Lays by the pipe, and shoots a dart
Through Corydon's unwary heart,
Then, smiling, from his ambush flies;
While in his room, divinely bright,
The reigning beauty of the groves surpris'd the 25
shepherd's sight.

AIR.

Who, from love his heart securing,
Can avoid th' enchanting pain?
Pleasure calls with voice alluring,
Beauty softly binds the chain.
Who from love his heart securing, 30
Can avoid th' enchanting pain?

CANTATA VI.

THE

COQUET.

RECITATIVE.

AIRY Cloe, proud and young,
The fairest tyrant of the plain,
Laugh'd at her adoring swain.
He sadly sigh'd—She gayly sung,
And, wanton, thus reproach'd his pain. 5

AIR.

Leave me, silly shepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thousand charms in me;
Then cease thy prayers, I'll kinder grow,
When I can view such charms in thee. 10
Leave me, silly shepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thousand charms in me.

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this disdain,
Curs'd the proud fair, and broke his chain; 15
He rav'd, and at the scornful swore,
And vow'd he'd be Love's fool no more—
But Cloe smil'd, and vow'd she call'd him back
again.

AIR.

Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee; 20
And without a blush resign,
Yea, I.

But ungrateful is the passion,
And destroys our inclination,
When, like slaves, our lovers whine.
Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee, 25
Now thou art a man, I love thee,
And without a blush resign.

THE PRAISES OF

HEROIC VIRTUE.

FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF TYRTÆUS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1701,

ON OCCASION OF

THE KING OF FRANCE'S BREAKING
THE PEACE OF RYSWICK.

O Spartan youths! whose fascinating charms
Have froze your blood? why rust your idle
arms?

When with awaken'd courage will you go,
And minds resolv'd, to meet the threatening foe?
What! shall our vile lethargic sloth betray 5
To greedy neighbours an unguarded prey?
Or can you see their armies rush from far,
And sit secure amidst the rage of war?
Ye gods! how great, how glorious 'tis to see
The warrior-hero fight for liberty, 10
For his dear children, for his tender wife,
For all the valu'd joys, and soft supports of life!
Then let him draw his sword, and take the field,
And fortify his breast behind the spacious shield.
Nor fear to die; in vain you shun your fate, 15
Nor can you shorten, nor prolong its date;
For life's a measur'd race, and he that flies
From darts and fighting foes, at home inglorious
dies;

No grieving crowds his obsequies attend;
But all applaud and weep the soldier's end, 20
Who, desperately brave, in fight sustains
Inflicted wounds, and honourable stains,
And falls a sacrifice to glory's charms:
But if a just success shall crown his arms,
For his return the rescued people wait, 25
To see the guardian genius of the state;
With rapture viewing his majestic face,
His dauntless mien, and every martial grace,
They'll bless the toils he for their safety bore,
Admire them living, and when dead adore, 30

UNDER THE PRINT OF

TOM BRITTON,

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.

THOUGH mean thy rank, yet in thy humble
cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell.

1. 1

Well pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain:
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a liberal mind.

S O N G.

THE

FAIR TRAVELLER.

I.

IN young Astrea's sparkling eye,
Resistless Love has fix'd his throne;
A thousand lovers bleeding lie
For her, with wounds they fear to own.

II.

While the coy beauty speeds her flight
To distant groves from whence she came;
So lightning vanishes from sight,
But leaves the forest in a flame!

A C A N T A T A.

SET BY MR. D. PURCELL.

AIR.

LOVE, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaste Diana's train.
Away, thou winged boy!
Thou bear'st thy darts in vain,
I hate the languid joy,
I mock the trifling pain.
Love, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaste Diana's train.

RECITATIVE.

Bright Venus and her son stood by,
And heard a proud disdainful fair
Thus boast her wretched liberty;
They scorn'd she should the raptures share,
Which their happier captives know,
Nor would Cupid draw his bow
To wound the nymph, but laugh'd out this reply.

AIR.

Proud and foolish! hear your fate!
Waste your youth, and sigh too late
For joys which now you say you hate.
When your decaying eyes
Can dart their fires no more,
The wrinkles of threescore
Shall make you vainly wife.
Proud and foolish! hear your fate!
Waste your youth, and sigh too late
For joys which now you say you hate.

S O N G.

5 WOULD you gain the tender creature,
Softly—gently—kindly—treat her!
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.

CUPID AND SCARLATI

A

C A N T A T A.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

ON silver Tyber's vocal shore,
The fam'd Scarlati strook his lyre,
And strove, with charms unknown before,
The springs of tuneful sound to explore,
Beyond what art alone could e'er inspire;
When see—the sweet essay to hear,
Venus with her son drew near,
And pleas'd to ask the master's aid,
The mother goddess smiling said.

AIR.

Harmonious son of Phœbus, see,
'Tis Love, 'tis little Love I bring.
The queen of beauty sues to thee,
To teach her wanton boy to sing.

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd musician heard with joy,
And, proud to teach the immortal boy,
Did all his songs and heavenly skill impart;
The boy, to recompense his art,
Repeating did each song improve,
And breath'd into his ears the charms of love.
And taught the master thus to touch the heart.

AIR.

Love inspiring,
Sounds persuading,
Makes his darts resistless fly;
Beauty aiding,
Arts aspiring,
Gives them wings to rise more high.

A C A N T A T A.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES

BY

SIGNIOR NICOLINI HAYM.

AIR.

25 YE tender powers! how shall I move
A careless maid that laughs at love?
Cupid to my succour fly:

Come with all thy thrilling darts,
Thy melting flames to soften hearts;
Conquer for me, or I die!
Ye tender powers! how shall I move
A careless maid that laughs at love?
Cupid, to my succour fly!

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy shade,
A pensive lover to his aid
Invok'd the god of warm desire;
Love heard him, and, to gain the maid,
Did this successful thought inspire.

AIR.

Take her humour, smile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.
Cast thy serious airs away,
Freely courting,
Toying, sporting,
Sooth her hours with amorous play.
Take her humour, smile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.

PASTORAL

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd Arcadia's flowery plains,
The gay Pastora once was heard to sing;
Close by a fountain's crystal spring,
She warbled out her merry strains.

AIR.

Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
You must every humour try;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
Often laugh, and sometimes cry.
Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
You must every humour try.
Soft denials
Are but trials,
You must follow when we fly.
Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
You must every humour try.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd the sprightly maid,
Yet never durst his love relate,
Resolv'd at last to try his fate;
He sigh'd!—She smil'd!—He kneel'd and
pray'd!
She frown'd;—He rose, and walk'd away, 20
But soon returning look'd more gay,
And sung and danc'd, and on his pipe a cheerful
echo play'd.

AIR. [with an echo of flutes.]

Pastora fled to a shady grove;
Damon view'd her,
And pursu'd her;

Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.
The nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to see
That Damon ran as swift as she.

Pastora fled to a shady grove;
Damon view'd her,
And pursu'd her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.

A

PASTORAL MASQUE.

SCENE, A Prospect of a Wood.

Enter a Shepherd, and sings.

YE nymphs and shepherds of the grove,
That know the pleasing pains of love,
Eager for th' expected blessing,
Sighing, panting for possessing!
Leave your flocks, and haste away,
With solemn state,
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

Enter a band of shepherds on one side with garlands;
on the other side, shepherdesses with canisters of
flowers.

CHORUS.

From the echoing hills, and the jovial plains,
Where pleasure, and plenty, and happiness reign
We leave our flocks, and haste away,
With solemn state
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

[A dance here.]

Scene opening discovers a pleasant bower, with the God
of Love asleep, attended by Cupids, some playing
with his bow, others sharpening his arrows, &c.
On each side the bower, walks of cypress trees, and
fountains playing; a distant landscape terminates the
prospect.

Verse for a shepherdess, with flutes.

See the mighty Power of Love,
Sleeping in a Cyprian grove!
Nymphs and shepherds, gently shed
Spices round his sacred head;
On his lovely body shower
Leaves of roses, virgin lilies,
Cowslips, violets, daffodiles,
And with garlands dress the bower.

Ritornel of flutes. After which Cupid rises, and
sings with his bow drawn.

Yield to the god of soft desires!
Whose gentle influence inspires
Every creature
Throughout nature
With sprightly joys and genial fires.
L I 2

Chorus of the shepherds and nymphs.

Hail, thou potent deity!
Every creature
Throughout nature
Owns thy power as well as we.

Enter Hymen in a saffron-colour'd robe, a chaplet of flowers on his head, and in his hand the nuptial torch; attended by priests.

HYMEN.

Behold a greater power than he,
Behold the marriage deity!

Chorus, by Hymen's attendants.

Behold the marriage deity!

CUPID, smiling.

Behold the god of household strife,
That spoils the happy lover's life,
And turns a mistress to a wife!

HYMEN.

Foolish and inconstant boy!
Thine's a transitory joy;
Sudden fits in Pleasure's fever;
Hymen's blessings last for ever.

CUPID.

Hymen's bondage lasts for ever;
Love's free pleasures failing never.

HYMEN.

Love's stolen pleasures, insincere,
Purchas'd at a rate too dear,
Shame and sorrow will destroy,
If Hymen license not the joy.

[Both together.]

Then let us join hands and unite.

Last Chorus of the shepherds and nymphs.

How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
Where Cupid and Hymen in consort agree!
We'll revel all day with sports and delight,
And Hymen and Cupid shall govern the night.

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS! thy throne of Beauty now resign!
Behold on earth a conquering fair,
Who more deserves Love's crown to wear!
Not thy own star so bright in Heaven does shine.
Ask of thy son her name, who with his dart
Has deeply grav'd it in my heart;

Or ask the god of tuneful sound,
Who sings it to his lyre,
And does this maid inspire
With his own art, to give a surer wound.

AIR.

Hark! the groves her songs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow springs,
And, transported while she sings,
Learns her voice, and grows more sweet;
Could Narcissus see or hear her,
From his fountain he would fly,
And, with awe approaching near her,
For a real beauty die.
Hark! the groves her songs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow springs,
And, transported while she sings,
Learns her voice, and grows more sweet.

RECITATIVE.

Yet Venus once again my suit attend!
And when from Heaven you shall descend,
This shining empress to array,
When you present her all your train of Loves,
Your chariot, and your murmuring doves,
Tell her she wants one charm to make the rest
more gay,
Then smiling to th' harmonious beauty say:

AIR.

To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.
Love can make you doubly fair;
Music's sweeter when you're kind.
To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.

A

FRAGMENT.

IN every age, to brighter honours born,
Which loveliest nymphs and sweetest birds
adorn,
Beauty and Wit each other's aid require,
And poets sing what once the fair inspire;
The fair for ever thus her charms prolong,
And live rewarded in the tuneful song.
Thus Sacharissa shines in Waller's lays,
And she, who rais'd his genius, shares his praise.
Each does in each a mutual life infuse,
Th' inspiring Beauty, the recording Muse.

CLAUDIANUS.

IN EPITHALAMIO HONORII ET MARIE.

CUNCTATUR stupefacta Venus. Nunc
puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
Hæc modo crescenti, plenæ par altera lunæ;
Assurgit cœu fortè minor sub matre virenti
Laurus: & ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
Promittit jam parva comas: vel siæc sub uno,

Ceug-minz Pæstana rosæ per jugera regnant.
Hæc largo matura die, saturataque vernis
Roribus, indulget spatio: latet altero nodo,
Nec teneris audent foliis admittere soles.

10

TRANSLATED.

Venus coming to a nuptial ceremony, and entering the room, sees the bride and her mother sitting together, &c. On which occasion Claudian makes the following description.

THE Goddess pau'd; and, held in deep
amazement,
Now views the mother's, now the daughter's
face;
Different in each, yet equal beauty glows,
That, the full moon, and this, the crescent
shows:
Thus, rais'd beneath its parent tree is seen
The laurel shoot, while, in its early green,
Thick-sprouting leaves, and branches are essay'd,
And all the promise of a future shade.
Or, blooming thus, in happy Pæstian fields,
One common stock two lovely roses yields;
Mature by vernal dews, this dares display
Its leaves full blown, and boldly meets the day;
That, folded in its tender nonage lies,
A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the skies.

10

A

C A N T A T A .

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

FOOLISH Love! I scorn thy darts,
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.
Shall a woman, proud and coy,
Make me languish for a toy?
Foolish Love! I scorn thy darts,
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.

5

RECITATIVE.

Thus Strephon mock'd the power of Love, and
swore
His freedom he would still maintain,
Nor ever wear th' inglorious chain,
Or slavishly adore.
But when Lamira cross'd the plain,
The shepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his strain.

10

AIR.

Love, I feel thy power divine,
And blushing now my heart resign!
Ye swains, my folly don't despise;
But look on fair Lamira's eyes,
Then tell me if you can be wife.
Love, I feel thy power divine,
And blushing now my heart resign!

15

20

THE
SOLDIER IN LOVE.

A

C A N T A T A .

SET WITH SYMPHONIES BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

WHY, too amorous hero! why
Dost thou the war forego,
At Celia's feet to lie,
And sighing tell thy woe?
Can you think that sneaking air
Fit to move th' unpyting fair?
She laughs to see thee trifle so.
Why, too amorous hero! why
Dost thou the war forego,
At Celia's feet to lie,
And sighing tell thy woe?

5

RECITATIVE.

Cleander heard not this advice,
Nor would his languishing refrain.
But while to Celia once he pray'd in vain,
By chance his image in a glass he spies,
And, blushing at the sight, he grew a man again.

15

AIR. [with a trumpet.]

Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from scornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.
Celia beholds his alter'd brow,
And would regain her lover now.
Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from scornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.

20

25

A N

O D E

IN PRAISE OF

M U S I C .

PERFORMED AT STATIONER'S HALL, 1703.

*Descende Cælo, & dic age tibia
Regina longum Calliope melos!
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
Seu fidibus, Cytbarave Phœbi.*

HORACE.

[Begin with a Chorus.]

I.

AWAKE, celestial Harmony!
Awake, celestial Harmony!
Turn thy vocal sphere around,
Goddess of melodious sound.
Let the trumpet's shrill voice,
And the drum's thundering noise,
Rouse every dull mortal from sorrows profound.
See, see!
The mighty power of Harmony!

5

Behold how soon its charms can chace 19
Grief and gloom from every face!
How swift its raptures fly,
And thrill through every soul, and brighten every
eye!

II.

Proceed, sweet charmer of the ear!
Proceed; and through the mellow flute, 15
The moving lyre,
And solitary lute.
Melting airs, soft joys inspire:
Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer; 20
Joys to flatter dull Despair,
And softly sooth the amorous fire.

CHORUS.

Melting airs soft joys inspire:
Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer; 25
Joys to flatter dull Despair,
And softly sooth the amorous fire.

III.

Now let the sprightly violin
A louder strain begin;
And now
Let the deep-mouth'd organ blow,
Swell it high, and sink it low.
Hark!—how the treble and base
In wanton fugue each other chace,
And swift divisions run their airy race! 35
Through all the travers'd scale they fly,
In winding labyrinths of harmony:
By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and
die.

CHORUS.

In winding labyrinths of harmony,
Through all the travers'd scale they fly: 40
By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and
die.

IV.

Ye sons of art, once more renew your strains;
In loftier verse, and loftier lays,
Your voices raise,
To music's praise! 45
A nobler song remains.
Sing how the great Creator-God,
On wings of flaming cherubs rode,
To make a world; and round the dark abyss
Turn'd the * golden compasses, 50
The compasses in Fate's high storehouse found;
Thus far extend, he said; be this
O World, thy measur'd bound.
Meanwhile a thousand harps were play'd on
high;
Be this thy measur'd bound, 55
Was echo'd all around;
And now arise, ye Earth, and Seas, and Sky!
A thousand voices made reply,
Arise, ye Earth, and Seas, and Sky.

* Milton.

V.

What can Music's power control? 60
When Nature's sleeping soul
Perceiv'd th' enchanting sound.
It wak'd, and shook off foul deformity;
The mighty melody
Nature's secret chains unbound;
And Earth arose, and Seas and Sky.
Aloft expanded spheres were flung,
With shining luminaries hung;
A vast Creation stood display'd,
By Heaven's inspiring Music made. 70

CHORUS.

O wond'rous force of Harmony!

VI.

Divinest art! whose fame shall never cease!
Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's
birth;
When Heaven vouchsaf'd to treat with Earth,
Music was herald of the peace? 75
Thy voice could best the joyful tidings tell;
Immortal mercy! boundless love!
A God descending from above,
To conquer Death and Hell.

VII.

There yet remains an hour of fate, 80
When music must again its charms employ;
The trumpets' sound
Shall call the numerous nations under ground.
The numerous nations straight
Appear; and some with grief, and some with
joy, 85
Their final sentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then other arts shall pass away;
Proud Architecture shall in ruins lie,
And Painting fade and die,
Nay Earth, and Heaven itself, in wasteful fire 90
decay.
Music alone, and Poesy,
Triumphant o'er the flame, shall see
The world's last blaze.
The tuneful sisters shall embrace,
And praise and sing, and sing and praise, 95
In never-ceasing choirs to all eternity.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

DAPHNE, the beautiful, the coy,
Along the winding shore of Peneus flew,
To shun Love's tender, offer'd joy;
Though 'twas a god that did her charms pur-
sue.
While thus Apollo, in a moving strain, 5
Awak'd his lyre, and softly breath'd his amorous
pain.

AIR.

Fairest mortal! stay and hear;
Cannot Love, with Music join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind?
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear; 10
Fairest mortal! stay and hear;
Cannot Love, with Music join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind?

RECITATIVE.

The river's echoing banks with p'asure did pro-
long
The sweetly-warbled sounds, and murmur'd with
the song. 15
Daphne fled swifter, in despair,
To 'scape the god's embrace:
And to the genius of the place,
She sigh'd this wondrous prayer:

AIR.

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me! 20
Let some sudden change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy shore.
Cease, Apollo, to persuade me;
I am Daphne now no more.
Father Peneus, hear me, aid me! 25
Let some sudden change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy shore.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo wondering stood to see
The nymph transform'd into a tree.
Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art,
His passion, and his race divine;
Nor could th' eternal beams that round his tem-
ples shine,
Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart:

AIR.

Nature alone can love inspire;
Art is vain to move desire. 35
If Nature once the fair incline,
To their own passion they resign.
Nature alone can love inspire;
Art is vain to move desire.

THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

DELIGHTFUL mansion! blest retreat!
Where all is silent, all is sweet!
Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd Muse more tuneful sings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flowers.
Gay Pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears.
Pursu'd by Fancy, how she roves
Through airy walks, and muscful groves:
Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and see!

In this elysium while I stray,
And Nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new-born, and life more bright; 15
Time steals away, and smooths his flight;
And thought's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I saw of late?
What are those tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spanish crown; 20
And leagues to pull usurpers down?
Of marching armies, distant wars;
Of factions, and domestic jars?
Sure these are last night's dreams, no more:
Or some romance, read lightly o'er; 25
Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And powers confederate to destroy
Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
And, to possess another's right, 30
Durst the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids close,
These dull impressions help me lose:
Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to sooth my mind; 35
Or waking let me learn to live;
The prospect will instruction give.
For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow, 40
Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low:
Such let my life's smooth current be,
Till from Time's narrow shore set free,
It mingle with th' eternal sea;
And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more 45
That trifling thing it was before.

A W I S H,

TO THE

N E W Y E A R, 1705.
I.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurry'd o'er,
No longer now deserve a smile, or tear;
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace 5
With brightest aspect thy foreface,
While Time's new offspring hastens to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling seasons to advance,
And form their renovated dance, 10
With flowing pleasures fraught, and blest'd by
friendly powers.

II.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know
A mortal's trifling cares below;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far, from great misfortunes free, 15
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common ills in vain;
Which folly cannot shun, nor wise reflection cure.

III.

But oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
 I would foreknow my future doom.
 Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
 Events that yet in embryo lie
 For me, in time's mysterious womb?
 Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear,
 A thousand accidents severe;
 I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
 If love rejected add not to its weight,
 To finish me in woes, and crush me down with
 fate.

IV.

But if the goddess, in whose charming eyes,
 More clearly written than in fate's dark book,
 My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
 If she must with a less propitious look
 Forbid my humble sacrifice,
 Or blast me with a killing frown;
 If, Janus, this thou seest in store;
 Cut short my mortal thread, and now
 Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
 Here let me lay my burden down,
 And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no
 more.

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
 Your tender lips, your soft enchanting
 eyes,
 And all the Venus in your face,
 I'm fill'd with pleasure and surprise:
 But, cruel goddess! when I find
 Diana's coldness in your mind,
 How can I bear that fix'd disdain?
 My pleasure dies, and I but live in pain.

AIR.

Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
 Will you touch the charmer's heart?
 Sooth her breast to soft consenting,
 Or remove from mine the dart!
 Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
 Will you touch the charmer's heart?

RECITATIVE.

But see! while to my passion voice I give,
 Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
 Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
 And looks as she would let me live;
 And yet she chides, but with so sweet an air,
 That while she love denies, yet she forbids de-
 spair.

AIR.

Fear not, doubting fair! t'approve me;
 Can you love me?
 Frown not, if you answer no;
 If you answer, frown not, no.
 When again I ask, pursuing,
 If you'll stay and see my ruin?

Fly—but let me with you go!
 Blush not, doubting fair! t'approve me;
 Can you love me?
 Smile, and every fear forego!

AN
 O D E
 FOR

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
 TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST NOBLE
 WILLIAM, DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

ANNO MDCCVII.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

[OVERTURE OF SOFT MUSIC.]

BRITANNIA.
 RECITATIVE.

YE generous Arts and Muses, join;
 While down your cheeks the streaming sor-
 rows flow,
 Let murmuring strings with the soft voice com-
 bine

T'express the melody of woe.
 And thou, Augusta! rise and wait
 With decent honours on the great;
 Condole my loss, and weep Devon's fate.

AIR. [with flutes.]

Queen of cities! leave awhile
 Thy beauteous smile,
 Turn to tender grief the joy.
 From thy shore of Thames replying,
 Gentlest echoes, fainting, dying,
 Shall their sorrow too employ.
 Queen of cities! leave awhile
 Thy beauteous smile,
 Turn to tender grief thy joy.

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis fame's chief immortality,
 Britannia, to be mourn'd by thee.
 I know the loss; from midnight skies
 Ill omens late did strike my eyes,
 Near the radiant northern ear
 I look'd, and, saw a falling star.

AIR.

Lands remote the loss will hear;
 From rocks reporting,
 Seas transporting,
 Will the wasted sorrow bear.
 Winds that fly
 Will softly sigh,

A star has left the British sphere.
 Lands remote, &c.

BRITANNIA.
 RECITATIVE.

Great George! whose azure emblems of re-
 nown
 Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,

Patron of my illustrious isle!
Thou saw'st thy order late express'd
With added brightness on Devon's breast; 35
Meet the companion knight, and own him with
a smile.

DUETTO FOR BRITANNIA
AND AUGUSTA.

BRIT. To shade his peaceful grave,
Let growing palms extend!

AUG. To grace his peaceful grave,
Let hovering Loves attend!

BOTH. { To shade, &c.
 { To grace, &c.

BRIT. And wakeful Fame defend,

AUG. And grateful Truth commend,

BOTH. The generous and the brave!

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Now shall Augusta's sons their skill impart,
And summon the dumb sister art,
In marble life to shew,
What the patriot was below.
Here, let a weeping Cupid stand,
And wound himself with his own dart;
There place the ducal crown, the sword, the
wand,
The mark of Anna's trust and his command.

AIR.

Lofty birth and honours shining,
Bring a light on noble minds,
Every courtly grace combining,
Every generous action joining,
With eternal laurel binds.
Lofty birth and honours shining,
Bring a light on noble minds.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Behold fair Liberty attend,
And in Devon's loss bewail a friend.
See o'er his tomb perpetual lamps she lights.
Then, on his urn the Goddess writes;
" Preserve, O urn! his silent dust,
" Who faithful did obey
" Princes like Anna, good and just,
" Yet scorn'd his freedom to betray;
" And, hated by all tyrants, chose
" The glory to have such his foes."

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Genius of Britain! give thy sorrows o'er;
A grateful tribute thou hast paid
To thy Devon's noble shade;
Now vainly weep the dead no more!
For see—the duke and patriot still survives,
And in his great successor lives.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

I own the new-aring light,
I see paternal grandeur shine,
Descending through th' illustrious line,
In the same royal favours bright.

VOL. IV.

Last DUETTO, with all the instruments.

BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O Time!

AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!

BOTH. And as thou flying growest old,

Still this happy race behold

In Britannia's court sublime.

85

BRIT. Lead along their smiling hours;

AUG. Long produce their smiling hours;

BOTH. Blest by all auspicious powers.

BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O Time!

AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!

BOTH. And as thou flying growest old,

Still this happy race behold

In Britannia's court sublime.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS,

At the Queen's Theatre, on his Benefit-night, February 16. 1709; a little before the Duke of Marlborough's going for Holland.

WHETHER our stage all others does excel
In strength of wit, we'll not presume to
tell:

But this, with noble, conscious pride, we'll say,

No Theatre such glories can display;

Such worth conspicuous, beauty so divine, 5

As in one British audience mingled shine.

Who can, without amazement, turn his sight

And mark the awful circle here to-night?

Warriors, with ever-living laurels, brought 9

From empires sav'd, from battles bravely fought,

Here sit; whose matchless story shall adorn

Scenes yet unwrit, and charm e'en ages yet un-
born.

Yet who would not expect such martial fire,

That sees what eyes those gallant deeds inspire?

Valour and beauty still were Britain's claim, 15

Both are her great prerogatives of fame;

By both the Muses live, from both they catch

their flame;

Then, as, by you in solid glory bright,

Our envy'd isle through Europe spreads her

light,

And rising honours every year sustain, 20

And mark the golden track of Anne's distin-

guish'd reign;

So, by your presence here we'll strive to raise

To nobler heights our action and our plays;

And poets from your favour shall derive

That immortality they boast to give.

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW

AT

GREENHITHE.

GREAT president of light, and eye of day,
As through this glass you cast your visual
ray,

And view with nuptial joy two brothers best,

And see us celebrate the genial feast,

M m

80

Confess that in your progress round the sphere
You've found the happiest youths and brightest
beauties here.

THE TOASTERS.

WHILE circling healths inspire your sprightly wit,
And on each glass some beauty's praise is writ,
You ask, my friends, how can my silent Muse
To Montague's fist name a verse refuse?
Bright though she be, of race victorious sprung,
By wits ador'd, and by court-poets sung;
Unmov'd I hear her person call'd divine,
I see her features uninspiring shine;
A softer fair my soul to transport warms,
And, she once nam'd, no other nymph has charms.

TOFTS AND MARGARETTA.

MUSIC has learn'd the discords of the state,
And concerts jar with whig and tory hate,
Here Somerset and Devonshire attend
The British Tofts, and every note commend;
To native merit just, and pleas'd to see
We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free:
There sam'd L'Epine does equal skill employ,
While listening peers crowd to th' ecstatic joy:
Bedford, to hear her song, his dice forsakes,
And Nottingham is raptur'd when she shakes:
Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowsy cares
Of England's safety, in Italian airs.
Who would not send each year blank passes o'er,
Rather than keep such strangers from our shore?

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

THE Graces and the wandering Loves
Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns, or deep in groves
To wound admiring swains.
With their bright mistresses they stray,
Who turns her careless eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while she flies.

II.

But see! implor'd by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,
Think you she'll e'er resign?
Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
Or you, like her, divine!

DIALOGUE

DE

L'AMOURET DU POËTE

LE P. **A**MOUR, je ne veux plus aimer;
J'abjure à jamais ton enpire:
Mon Cœur lassé de son martire,
A résolu de se calmer.

L'AM. Contre moi, qui peut t'animer?
Iris dans ses bras te rappelle.

LE P. Non, Iris est une infidelle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Pour toi, j'ai pris soin d'enflamer
Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle;
Daphné.—**LE P.** Non, Daphné n'est que
belle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. D'un soupir, tu peux défarmer
Dircé, jusqu'ici si sauvage.

LE P. Elle n'est plus dans le bel âge;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Mais si je t'aidois à charmer
La jeune, la brillante Flore.—
Tu rougis—vas-tu dire encore,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

LE P. Non, Dieu charmant, daigne former
Pour nous une chaîne éternelle;
Mais pour tout ce qui n'est point elle,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

DIALOGUE

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE

POET. **N**O, Love—I ne'er will love again;
Thy tyrant empire I abjure;
My weary heart resolves to cure
Its wounds, and ease the raging pain.

LOVE. Fool! canst thou fly my happy reign?
Iris recalls thee to her arms.

POET. She's false—I hate her perjur'd charms;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But know, for thee I've toil'd to gain
Daphné, the bright, the reigning toast.

POET. Daphné but common eyes can boast;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. She who before scorn'd every swain,
Dircé, shall for one sigh be thine.

POET. Age makes her rays too faintly shine;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But should I give thee charms to obtain
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
I see thee blush—now, rebel, say,
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

POET. No, charming God, prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me!
Yet still know every fair but she,
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

VENUS AND ADONIS,

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. HANDEL.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD where weeping Venus stands!
 What more than mortal grief can move
 The bright, th' immortal Queen of Love?
 She beats her breast, she wrings her hands;
 And hark, she mourns, but mourns in vain,
 Her beauteous, lov'd Adonis, slain,
 The hills and woods her loss deplore;
 The Naiads hear, and flock around;
 And Echo sighs, with mimic sound,
 Adonis is no more!
 Again the goddess raves, and tears her hair;
 Then vents her grief, her love, and her despair.

AIR.

Dear Adonis, beauty's treasure,
 Now my sorrow, once my pleasure;
 O return to Venus' arms!
 Venus never will forsake thee;
 Let the voice of Love o'ertake thee,
 And revive thy drooping charms.

RECITATIVE.

Thus Queen of Beauty, as the poets feign,
 While thou didst call the lovely swain;
 Transform'd by heavenly power,
 The lovely swain arose a flower,
 And, smiling, grac'd the plain.
 And now he blooms, and now he fades;
 Venus and gloomy Proserpine
 Alternate claim his charms divine;
 By turns restor'd to light, by turns he seeks the
 shades.

AIR.

Transporting joy,
 Tormenting fears,
 Reviving smiles,
 Succeeding tears,
 Are Cupid's various train.
 The tyrant boy
 Prepares his darts,
 With soothing wiles,
 With cruel arts,
 And pleasure bleeds with pain.

CANTATA.

PASTORAL.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG Strephon, by his folded sheep,
 Sat wakeful on the plains:
 Love held his weary eyes from sleep,
 While, silent in the vale,
 The listening nightingale,
 Forgot her own, to hear his strains.
 And now the beauteous Queen of Night,
 Unclouded and serene,

Sheds on the neighbouring sea her silver
 light;
 The neighbouring sea was calm and bright;
 The shepherd sung inspir'd, and blest'd the lovely
 scene.

AIR.

While the sky and seas are shining,
 See my Flora's charms they wear;
 Secret Night, my joys divining,
 Pleas'd my amorous tale to hear,
 Smiles, and softly turns her sphere.
 While the sky and seas are shining,
 See, my Flora's charms they wear.

RECITATIVE.

Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain;
 The lovely scene false joy inspires:
 For look, thou fond, deluded swain,
 A rising storm invades the main!
 The planet of the night,
 Inconstant from thy sight,
 Behind a cloud retires.
 Flora is fled; thou lovest in vain:
 Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain.

AIR.

Hope beguiling,
 Like the moon and ocean smiling,
 Does thy easy faith betray.
 Flora ranging
 Like the moon and ocean changing,
 More inconstant proves than they.

BEAUTY,
AN ODE.

I.

FAIR rival to the god of day,
 Beauty, to thy celestial ray
 A thousand sprightly fruits we owe;
 Gay wit, and moving eloquence,
 And every art to improve the sense,
 And every grace that shines below.

II.

Not Phœbus does our songs inspire,
 Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,
 'Tis thou art music's living spring;
 To thee the poet tunes his lays,
 And, sweetly warbling Beauty's praise,
 Describes the power that makes him sing.

III.

Painters from thee their skill derive,
 By thee their works to ages live,
 For even thy shadows give surprise,
 As when we view in crystal streams
 The morning sun, and rising beams,
 That seem to shoot from other skies.

IV.

Enchanting vision! who can be
 Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee?
 Yet brighter skill thy glories shine,
 And double charms thy power improve,
 When Beauty, dress'd in smiles of love,
 Grows, like its parent Heaven, divine!

M in 2

M Y R A,
A C A N T A T A.
SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

LOVE frowns in beauteous Myra's eyes;
Ah, nymph! those cruel looks give o'er.
While Love is frowning, Beauty dies,
And you can charm no more.

RECITATIVE.

Mark, how when fullen clouds appear, 5
And wintry storms deface the year,
'The prudent cranes no longer stay,
But take the wing, and through the air,
From the cold region fly away,
And far o'er land and seas to warmer climes re-
pair. 10

Just so, my heart—But see—Ah no!
She smiles—I will not, cannot go.

A.R.

Love and the Graces smiling,
In Myra's eyes beguiling,
Again their charms recover. 15
Would you secure your duty,
Let kindness aid your beauty,
Ye fair, to soothe the lover.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR THE

POWER OF MUSIC:

AN

O D E,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

ALTERED FOR MUSIC BY MR. HUGHES.

I.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son;
Aloft in awful state,
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne: 5
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

AIR.

Lovely Thais by his side
Blooming fat in beauty's pride,
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave deserves the fair!

II.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Mid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
Trembling the notes ascend the sky, 15
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above;
(Such is the power of mighty Love!)

A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god; 20
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he fought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curld,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign
of the world. 25

The listening crowd adore the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the echoing roofs rebound!

AIR.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects the nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

RECITATIVE.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
Behold he comes, the victor god!
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face; 15
As when, by tigers drawn, o'er India's plains he
rode,
While, loud with conquest and with wine, 40
His jolly troop around him reel'd along,
And taught the vocal skies to join
In this applauding song.

DUETTO.

Bacchus ever gay and young,
First did drinking joys ordain: 45
1. Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
2. Drinking is the foldier's pleasure.
1. Rich the treasure!
2. Sweet the pleasure!

BOTH. Sweet is pleasure after pain! 50

IV.

RECITATIVE.

Fir'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heaven and Earth defy'd,
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse; 5
Then thus he chang'd his song, and check'd his
pride.

AIR.

See Darius great and good, 60
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n from his high estate;
Behold his flowing blood!
On earth th' expiring monarch lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

V.

RECITATIVE.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow. 70

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree,
'Twas but a kindred sound to move:
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly iwee' in Lydian measures, 75
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

AIR. [with flutes.]
War is toil and trouble,
Honour is an airy bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying, 80
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it, worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

RECITATIVE.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once op-
press'd, 90
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

DUETTO.

1. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
2. Cupid, god of soft desire,
1. Cupid, god of soft desire,
2. Phœbus, patron of the lyre, 95
1 and 2. How victorious are your charms!
1. Crown'd with conquest,
2. Full of glory,
1 and 2 See a monarch fall'n before ye,
Chain'd in beauty's clasping arms! 100

V.1.

RECITATIVE.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
Rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around! >

AIR. [with symphonies.]

Revenge, revenge, Alecto cries,
See the furies arise! 110
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand! 115
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
slain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew, 120
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!

AIR.

The princes applaud with a furious joy:
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to de-
stroy;

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

IX.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow, 130
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came, 135
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added strength to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.

AIR.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies.
She drew an angel down.

SONGS.

I.

THY origin's divine, I see,
Of mortal race thou canst not be;
Thy lip a ruby lustre shows;
Thy purple cheek outshines the rose,
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any star.
Thy sordid way of life despise,
Above thy slavery, Silvia, rise;
Display thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddess, or a queen.

II.

CONSTANTIA, see, thy faithful slave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!
Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond pursuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart,
Regard my sighs and flowing tears,
And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou wouldst be,
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the western sun decline,
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

III.

THRICE lov'd Constantia, heavenly fair,
For thee a servant's form I wear;
Though blest with wealth, and nobly born,
For thee, both wealth and birth I scorn:
Trust me, fair maid, my constant flame
For ever will remain the same;
My love, that ne'er will cease, my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

TRANSLATED

FROM

PERSIAN VERSES,

Alluding to the Custom of Women being buried with their Husbands, and Men with their Wives.

ETERNAL are the chains which here,
The generous souls of lovers bind,
When Hymen joins our hands, we swear
To be for ever true and kind;
And when by death the fair are snatch'd away,
Lest we our solemn vows should break,
In the same grave our living corpse we lay,
And willing the same fate partake.

ANOTHER.

MY dearest spouse, that thou and I
May shun the fear which first shall die,
Clasp'd in each others arms we'll live,
Alike consum'd, in love's soft fire,
That neither may at last survive,
But gently both at once expire.

ON

ARQUEANASSA

OF

COLOPHOS.

ARQUEANASSA's charms inspire
Within my breast a lover's fire;
Age, its feeble spite displaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupid's, in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with lasting grace:
But, before old Time pursued her,
Ere he sunk these little caves,
How I pity those who view'd her,
And in youth were made her slaves!

ON

FULVIA,

THE

WIFE OF ANTHONY.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

WHILE from his consort false Antonius flies,
And darts on Glaphyra's far brighter
eyes,
Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
Reprisals seek, and spreads for me her snares.
"The husband's false."—But why must I endure
This nauseous plague, and her revenge procure?
What though she ask?—How happy were my
doom,
Should all the discontented wives of Rome
Repair in crowds to me, when scor'd at home!

"'Tis war," she says "if I refuse her charms."
Let's think—she's ugly.—trumpets, sound to
arms!

HUDIBRAS IMITATED,

WRITTEN IN 1710.

O Blessed time of reformation,
That's now beginning through the nation!
The Jacks bawl loud for church triumphant,
And swear all Whigs shall kiss the rump on't.
See how they draw the beastly rabble
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join notes to roar fanatics down!
As bigots give the sign about,
They stretch their throats with hideous shout,
Black tinkers bawl aloud "to settle
"Church privilege"—for "mending kettle."
Each sow gelder that blows his horn,
Cries out "to have dissenters sworn,"
The oyster-wench esock their fish up,
And cry "no presbyterian bishop!"
The mouse-trap men lay save-alls by,
And 'gainst "low-church men" loudly cry;
A creature of amphibious nature,
That trims betwixt the land and water,
And leaves his mother in the lurch,
To side with rebels 'gainst the church!
Some cry for "penal laws," instead
Of "padding pies, and gingerbread:"
And some for, "brooms, o'd boots, and shoes,"
Roar out, "God bleis our commons house!"
Some bawl "the votes" about the town,
And wish they'd "vote dissenters down."
Instead of "kitchen-stuff," some cry,
"Confound the late whig-ministry!"
And some, for "any chairs to mend,"
The commons late address commend.
Some for "old gowns for china ware,"
Exclaim against "extempore prayer:"
And some for "old suits, cloaks, or coat,"
Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"
He that cries "coney-skins, or onions,"
Blames "toleration of opinions,"
Blue-apron whores, that sit with formety,
Rail at "occasional conformity."
Instead of "cucumbers to pickle,"
Some cry aloud, "no conventicle!"
Masons, instead of "building houses,"
To "build the church," would starve their spouses,
And gladly leave their trades, for storming
The meeting-houses, or informing.
Bawds, strumpets, and religion-haters,
Pimps, panders, atheists, fornicators,
Rogues, that, like Falstaff, scarce know whether
A church's inside's stone or leather,
Yet join the parsons and the people,
To cry "the church,"—but mean "the steeple."

If, holy mother, such you'll own
For your trucons, and such alone,
Then Heaven have mercy upon you,
But the de'il take your beastly crew!

AN
O D ETO THE
CREATOR OF THE WORLD:

OCCASIONED BY THE

FRAGMENTS OF ORPHEUS.

" Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
 " Laudibus? —
 " Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
 " Temperat horis?
 " Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
 " Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum."

HORAT.

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true celestial fire,
 Brighter than that which rules the day,
 Descend! a mortal tongue inspire
 To sing some great immortal lay!
 Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre!
 Hence, ye profane! be far away!
 Hence all ye impious slaves that bow
 To idol lusts, or altars raise,
 And to false heroes give fantastic praise!
 And hence ye gods, who to a crime your spu-
 rious beings owe!
 But hear, O Heaven, and Earth, and Seas pro-
 found!
 Hear, ye fathom'd deeps below,
 And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound;
 Let nature, trembling all around,
 Attend her master's awful name,
 From whom heaven, earth, and seas, and all the
 wide creation came.

II.

He spoke the great command; and Light,
 Heaven's eldest-born and fairest child
 Flash'd in the lowering face of ancient Night,
 And pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd.
 The Sons of Morning, on the wing,
 Hovering in choirs, his praises sung,
 When from th' unbounded vacuous space
 A beauteous rising world they saw,
 When Nature shew'd her yet unfinished face,
 And motion took th' establish'd law
 To roll the various globes on high;
 When Time was taught his infant wings to try.
 And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme Almighty, still the same!
 'Tis he, the great inspiring mind,
 That animates and moves this universal frame,
 Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
 Not Heaven itself can bound his sway;
 Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the sky,
 Invisible to mortal eye
 He dwells in uncreated day.
 Without beginning, without end; 'tis he
 That fills th' unmeasur'd growing orb of vast
 immensity.

IV.

What power but his can rule the changeful
 main,
 And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage re-
 strain?

When winds their gather'd forces try,
 And the chaf'd ocean proudly swells in vain,
 His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
 In murmuring tides th' abated billows fly,
 And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
 The meteor world is his, heaven's wintry store,
 The moulded hail, the feather'd snow;
 The summer breeze, the soft refreshing shower,
 The loose divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;
 The crooked lightning darts around,
 His sovereign orders to fulfil;
 The shooting flame obeys th' eternal will,
 Launch'd from his hand, instructed where to
 kill,
 Or rive the mountain oak, or blast th' unshelter'd
 ground.

V.

Yet, pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
 He with a father's tender care,
 Supports the numerous family
 That peoples earth, and sea, and air.
 From Nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,
 Down to the insect worm and creeping ant;
 From th' eagle, sovereign of the sky,
 To each inferior feather'd brood;
 From crowns and purple majesty
 To humble shepherds on the plain,
 His hand unseen divides to all their food,
 And the whole world of life sustains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye surveys
 His works, in every distant clime,
 He shifts the seasons, months, and days,
 The short-liv'd offspring of revolving time;
 By turns they die, by turns are born;
 Now cheerful Spring the circle leads,
 And strows with flowers the smiling meads;
 Gay Summer next, whom ruflet robes adorn,
 And waving fields of yellow corn;
 Then Autumn, who with lavish stores he lap of
 Nature spreads;
 Decrepit Winter, laggard in the dance,
 (Like feeble age oppress'd with pain)
 A heavy season does maintain
 With driving snows, and winds and rain;
 Till Spring recruited to advance,
 The various year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, thou great Ador'd, who can with-
 stand
 The terrors of thy lifted hand.
 When, long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
 And conscious Nature to her center shakes?
 Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
 Hurling pale fear and wild confusion round,
 How dreadful is th' inimitable sound,
 The shock of earth and seas, and labour of the
 skies!
 Then where's th' ambition's haughty crest?
 Where the gay head of wanton Pride?
 See! tyrants fall, and with the opening ground
 Would take them quick to shades of rest,
 And in their common parent's breast
 From thee their bugied forms for ever hide;

In vain—for all the elements conspire,
The shatter'd earth, the rushing sea,
Tempestuous air, and raging fire,
To punish vile mankind, and fight for thee;
Nor death itself can intercept the blow,
Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

VIII.

O Cæsar! Alexander! Julius! all
Ye mighty lords that ever ru'd this ball!
Once gods of earth, the living destinies
That made a hundred nations bow!
Where's your extent of empire now!
Say where preserv'd your phantom glory lies?
Can brass the fleeting thing secure?
Enshrin'd in temples does it stay?
Or in huge amphitheatres endure
The rage of rolling Time, and scorn decay?
Ah no! the mouldering monuments of Fame
Your vain deluded hopes betray,
Nor shew th' ambitious founder's name,
Mix'd with yourselves in the same mass of clay.

IX.

Proceed, my Muse! Time's wasting thread
pursue,
And see at last th' unravel'd clue,
When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more,
And weary Nature shall her work give o'er.
Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his hand the book of fate!
My iads of spirits fill the sky
I'll attend, with dread solemnity,
The world's last scene, and time's concluding date.
The feeble race of short-liv'd Vanity
And sickly Pomp at once shall die;
Foul Guilt to midnight caves will shrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her flight,
And curse at Heaven's pursuing light,
Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
How will you then, ye impious, scape your doom,
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your clouds of painted bliss shall melt before your fight.
Yet shall you not the giddy chace refrain,
Nor hope more solid bliss to obtain,
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
But sigh, a long eternity of pain,
Toft in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

X.

But see where the mild sovereign fits prepar'd
His better subjects to reward!
Where am I now! what power divine
Transports me! what immortal splendours shine!
Torrents of glory that oppress the sight!
What joys, celestial King! thy throne surround!
The sun, who, with thy borrow'd beams so bright,
Sees not his peer in all the starry round,
Would here diminish'd fade away,
Like his pale sister of the night,
When she resigns her delegated light,
Lost in the blaze of day.
Here wonder only can take place;—
Then, Muse, th' adventurous flight forbear!

These mystic scenes thou canst no farther trace;
Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace
But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vast immeasurable thought contain.

TO

MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

THOUGH Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
Prescribing laws among th' Elysian throng:
Though Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;
The Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On Tyber's bank thy thought was first inspir'd
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy Muse this manly work design'd:
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.

'Tis done—the hero lives and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British stage.
Great Shakespeare's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,

(Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the scene, and wondering view
His favourite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That sure the Sibyls books this year foretold,
And in some mystic leaf was found enroll'd,
'Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Africa's shore,
'Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
'When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
'His annual race shall through the zodiac run,
'An isle remote his monument shall rear,
'And every generous Briton pay a tear.'

ADVICE TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS INTENDED TRANSLATION OF

HOMER'S ILLIAD, 1714.

OHOMU, who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wife, nor trust to barren praise.

Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage,
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' unliving
age:

If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the listening
ear;

So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid—though late, and paid to thee.

TO THE
MEMORY OF MILTON.

*HOMER'S Description of himself, under the Character
of Demodocus the Musician, at the Feast of
King Alcinoüs.*

FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE Muse with transport lov'd him; yet, to
fill
His various lot, she blended good with ill;
Depriv'd him of his eyes, but did impart
The heavenly gift of song, and all the tuneful art.

TO
A L A D Y,

WITH THE
TRAGEDY OF CATO.

TWO shining maids this happy work dis-
plays;
Each moves our rapture, both divide our praise;
In Marcia, we her godlike father trace;
While Lucia triumphs with each softer grace.
One strikes with awe, and one gives chaste de-
light;
That bright as lightning, this serene as light.
Yet by the Muse the shadow'd forms were
wrought,
And both are creatures of the poet's thought.

In her that animates these lines, we view
The wonder greater, the description true;
Each living virtue, every grace combin'd,
And Marcia's worth with Lucia's sweetness
join'd.

Had she been born ally'd to Cato's name,
Numidia's prince had felt a real flame;
And, pouring his resistless troops from far,
With bolder deeds had turn'd the doubtful war;
Cæsar had fled before his conquering arms,
And Roman Muses sung her beauty's charms.

A
F R A G M E N T.

PROMISCUOUS crowds to worthless riches
born,
Thy pencil paints, 'tis true, yet paints with
scorn.
VOL. IV.

Sometimes the fool, by nature left half-made,
Mov'd by some happy instinct asks thy aid,
To give his face to reason some pretence,
And raise his looks with supplemental sense.

S E R E N A T A

FOR TWO VOICES,

ON THE
M A R R I A G E

OF THE

RIGHT HON. THE LORD COBHAM,

TO

MRS. ANNE HALSEY.

DUETTO.

WAKE th' harmonious voice and string,
Love and Hymen's triumph sing.
Sounds, with secret charms combining,
In melodious union joining,
Best the wondrous joys can tell,
That in hearts united dwell.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

To young Victoria's happy fame,
Well may the Arts a trophy raise,
Music grows sweeter in her praise,
And, own'd by her, with rapture speaks her name.
To touch the brave Cleander's heart,
The Graces all in her conspire;
Love arms her with his surest dart,
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR.

The listening Muses, all around her,
Think 'tis Phœbus strains they hear:
And Cupid, drawing near to wound her,
Drops his bow, and stands to hear.

RECITATIVE.

SECOND VOICE.

While crowds of rivals, with despair,
Silent admire, or vainly court the fair;
Behold the happy conquest of her eyes,
A hero is the glorious prize!
In courts, in camps, through distant realms re-
nown'd,
Cleander comes—Victoria, see,
He comes, with British honour crown'd;
Love leads his eager steps to thee.

AIR.

In tender sighs he silence breaks,
The fair his flame approves.
Consenting blushes warm her cheeks,
She smiles,—she yields,—she loves.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

Now Hymen at the altar stands,
And while he joins their faithful hands,
Behold! by ardent vows drawn down,
Immortal Concord, heavenly bright,
Array'd in robes of purest light,

N n

Descends, th' auspicious rites to crown.
Her golden harp the goddess brings;
Its magic sound
Commands a sudden silence all around,
And strains prophetic thus attune the strings.

DUETTO.

1 Voice. The swain his nymph possessing,
2 Voice. The nymph her swain caressing,
1 and 2. { Shall still improve the blessing.
 { For ever kind and true.
 { While rolling years are flying,
Born. { Love, Hymen's lamp supplying;
 { With fuel never dying,
 { Shall still the flame renew.

HORATIUS,

IN LIBRO PRIMO EPISTOLARUM.

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude:
Incipe. Vivendi qui rectè prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

TRANSLATED.

TO-MORROW cheats us all. Why dost thou
stay
And leave undone what should be done to-day?
Begin—the present minute's in thy power;
But still t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,
Is like the clown, who at some river's side
Expecting stands, in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long be past—Fool! not to know
It still has flow'd the same, and will for ever flow.

ON A
COLLAR
PRESENTED FOR

HAPPY GILL, 1712.

THOU little favourite of the fair!
When thou these golden bands shalt wear,
The hand that binds them softly kifs,
Proud of his chain, who would not be
A slave, to gain her smiles, like thee?

THE
CHARACTEROF THE
LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH
HOLLES*,—1712-13.

SUCH early wisdom, such a lovely face
Such modest greatness, such attractive grace,
Wit, beauty, goodness, charity and truth,
The ripen sense of age, the bloom of youth!

* This Lady, also celebrated by Mr. Prior in a beautiful Ode, called "Collin's Mistake," was afterwards married to Edward Earl of Oxford, and was mother of the present Duchess Dowager of Portland.

Whence is it, that in one fair piece we find
these various beauties of the female kind
Sure but in one such different charms agree,
And Henrietta is that Phoenix she.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY:

THE MOTTO CHOSEN BY THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH
HOLLES.

IN thee, bright maid, though all the virtues shine,
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three, distinguish'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in heaven itself displays
Her charms celestial born, and purest rays,
Which thence in streams, like golden sunshine
flow,
And shed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the second place;
She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts and godlike acts inspires.

Then, Honesty, with native air, succeeds,
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;
And, just alike to friends and foes, she draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from
equal laws.

From Heaven this scale of virtue thus descends
By just degrees, and thy full choice defends.
So when, in visionary trains, by night
Attending angels blest'd good Jacob's light,
The mystic ladder thus appear'd to rise,
Its foot on earth, its summit in the skies.

HYMN,

SUNG BY THE

CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,

AT THE ENTRY OF KING GEORGE

INTO LONDON, 1714.

I.

HEAR us, O God, this joyful day!
Whole nations join their voice,
To thee united thanks to pay,
And in thy strength rejoice.

II.

For led by thee, O King of Kings!
Our Sovereign George we see;
Thy hand the Royal blessing brings,
He comes, he reigns, by thee!

III.

Plenteous of grace, pour from above
Thy favours on his head;
Truth, Mercy, Righteousness, and Love,
As guards around him spread.

IV.

With length of days, and glory crown'd,
 With wealth and fair increase,
 Let him abroad be far renown'd,
 Still blest at home with peace.

A.

MONUMENTAL ODE,
 TO THE MEMORY OF
 MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,
 LATE WIFE OF
 EDWARD HUGHES, ESQ.

*Of Hertfordbury in the County of Hertford, and
 Daughter of Richard Harrison, Esq.
 of Balls, in the same County.*

OBITU 15 NOV. MDCCXIV.

I.

SEE! how those drooping monuments decay!
 Frail mansions of the silent dead!
 Whose souls to uncorrupting regions fled,
 With a wife scorn their mouldering dust survey.
 Their tombs are rais'd from dust as well as they;
 For see! to dust they both return,
 And Time consumes alike the ashes and the urn.

II.

We ask the sculptor's art in vain
 To make us for a space ourselves survive;
 In Parian stone we proudly breathe again,
 Or seem in figur'd brass to live.
 Yet stone and brass our hopes betray,
 Age steals the mimic forms and characters away.
 In vain, O Egypt, to the wondering skies
 With giant pride thy pyramids arise;
 Whate'er their vast and gloomy vaults contain,
 No names distinct of their great dead remain.
 Beneath the mass confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs lie,
 Unknown, and blended in mortality.

III.

To death ourselves and all our works we owe.
 But is there nought, O Muse can save
 Our memories from darkness and the grave,
 And some short after-life bestow?
 That task is mine, the Muse replies,
 And hark! she tunes the sacred lyre!
 Verse is the last of human works that dies,
 When virtue does the song inspire.

IV.

Then look, Eliza, happy faint, look down!
 Pause from immortal joys awhile
 To hear, and gracious with a smile
 The dedicated numbers own;
 Say how in thy life's scanty space,
 So short a space, so wondrous bright,
 Bright as a summer's day, short as a summer's
 night,

Couldst thou find room for every crowded
 grace?

As if thy thrifty soul foreknew,
 Like a wife envoy, Heaven's intent,
 Soon to recal whom it had sent,
 And all its task resolv'd at once to do.
 Or wert thou but a traveller below,
 That hither did a while repair,
 Curious our customs and our laws to know?
 And, sickening in our grosser air,
 And tir'd of vain repeated fights,
 Our foolish cares, our false delights,
 Back to thy native seats would'st go?
 Oh! since to us thou wilt no more return,
 Permit thy friends, the faithful few
 Who best thy numerous virtues knew,
 Themselves, not thee to mourn.

V.

Now, pensive Muse, enlarge thy flight!
 (By turns the pensive Muses love
 The hilly heights and shady grove)
 Behold where, swelling to the sight,
 Balls, a fair structure, graceful stands!
 And from yon verdant rising brow
 Sees Hertford's ancient town, and lands
 Where Nature's hand in slow meanders leads
 The Lee's clear stream its course to flow.
 Through flowery vales, and moisten'd meads,
 And far around in beauteous prospects spreads
 Her map of plenty all below.
 'Twas here—and sacred be the spot of earth!
 Eliza's soul, born first above,
 Descended to an humbler birth,
 And with a mortal's frailties strove.
 So on some towering peak that meets the sky
 When missive seraphs downward fly,
 They stop, and for awhile alight,
 But off their rays celestial bright,
 Then take some milder form familiar to our eye.

VI.

Swiftly her infant virtues grew:
 Water'd by Heaven's peculiar care,
 Her morning bloom was doubly fair,
 Like summer's day-break, when we see
 The fresh-dropp'd stores of rosy dew
 (Transparent beauties of the dawn)
 Spread o'er the grass their cobweb-lawn,
 Or hang moist pearls on every tree.
 Pleas'd with the lovely sight awhile
 Her friends behold, and joyful smile,
 Nor think the sun's exhaling ray
 Will change the scene ere noon of day,
 Dry up the glistening drops, and draw these dew
 away.

VII.

Yet first, to fill her orb of life,
 Behold, in each relation dear,
 The pious saint, the duteous child appear,
 The tender sister and the faithful wife.
 Alas! but must one circlet of the year
 Unite in bliss, in grief divide
 The destin'd bridegroom and the bride?
 Stop, generous youth, the gathering tear,
 That, as you read these lines or hear,

Perhaps may start, and seem to say,
That short-liv'd year was but a day!
Forbear—nor fruitless sorrowings now employ,
I think she was lent awhile, not given,
(Such was th' appointed will of Heaven)
Then grateful call that year an age of virtuous
joy.

AN

ALLUSION TO HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

PRINTED AT THE BREAKING OUT OF THE

REBELLION IN THE YEAR 1715.

THE man that loves his king and nation,
And shuns each vile association,
That trusts his honest deeds i' th' light,
Nor meets in dark cabals, by night,
With fools, who, after much debate,
Get themselves hang'd, and save the state,
Needs not his hall with weapons store;
Nor dreads each rapping at his door;
Nor sculks, in fear of being known,
Or hides his guilt in parson's gown;
Nor wants, to guard his generous heart,
The poniard or the poison'd dart;
And, but for ornament and pride,
A sword of lath might cross his side.

If o'er St. James's park he stray,
He stops not, pausing in his way;
Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
Nor starts, looks back, and mends his pace;
Or if he ramble to the Tower,
He knows no crime, and dreads no power,
But thence returning, free as wind,
Smiles at the bars he left behind.
Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day,
Humming—O every month was May—
And, thoughtless how my time I squander'd,
From Whitehall, through the Cockpit wander'd,
A messenger with surly eye
View'd me quite round, and yet pass'd by.
No sharper look or rougher mien
In Scottish highlands e'er was seen;
Nor ale and brandy ever bred
More pimpled cheeks, or nose more red;
And yet, with both hands in my breast,
Careless I walk'd, nor shunn'd the beast.

Place me among a hundred spies,
Let all the room be ears and eyes;
Or search my pocket-books and papers,
No word or line shall give me vapours.
Send me to Whigs as true and hearty,
As ever pity'd poor Maccarty;
Let Townsend, Sunderland, be there,
Or Robin Walpole in the chair:
Or send me to a club of Tories,
That damn and curse at Marlborough's glories,

And drink—but sure none such there are!—
The Devil, the Pope, and rebel Mar;
Yet still my loyalty I'll boast,
King George shall ever be my toast;
Unbrib'd his glorious cause I'll own,
And fearless scorn each traitor's frown.

FRAGMENT.

O Say, ye saints, who shine in realms above,
And tune your harps to sing eternal love,
When shall my voice attain your high degree;
When shall my soul, from clouds of sorrow free,
Hear your celestial song, and aid the harmony?

APOLLO AND DAPHNE,

A MASQUE.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AND PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.*"Protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis."*
OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

APOLLO,	MRS. MARGARITTA.
DAPHNE,	MRS. BARBIER.
PENEUS,	MR. TURNER.
DORIS,	MRS. WILLIS.

SCENE, THE VALLEY OF TEMPE, IN
THESSALY.

The First SCENE is a River.

PENEUS, a River-God, appears on a bed of rushes,
leaning on his urn. He rises, and comes forward, his
head crowned with rushes and flowers, a reed in his
hand.

PENEUS.

HOW long must Peneus chide in vain
His daughter's coyness and disdain?
Through Tempe's pleasant vales and bowers
As my full urn its current pours,
In every plain, from every grove,
I hear the sighs of slighted love;
And on my rushy banks the Sylvars cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
But see she comes, the beauteous cause;
Daphne, my just commands attend,
Hear me, thy father and thy friend,
And yield at last to Love and Hymen's laws.

DAPHNE.

O Peneus, urge this cruel suit no more;
Have I not to Diana sworn?
Behold again to her I bow,
Devoted ever to remain.
A virgin of her spotless train;
Hear, Cynthia, and confirm my vow.
How happy are we,
How airy, how free,

That rove through the woods and the plains!
In vain the blind boy
Our hearts would decoy,
We scorn all his joys and his pains.

[Exit Daphne.]

PENEUS.

Rash maid, return—
What hast thou sworn?
With thee shall Peneus' race expire?
Then hear once more thy slighted fire,
And know, thy fatal vow draws down
The curse of Heaven, a father's frown,
And sure destruction waits thy scorn.
Feeble Cupid! vain deceiver!
What avails thy boasted quiver?
Where are all thy conquering arts?
They that fly thee
May defy thee;
They who fear thee,
And revere thee,
Ever meet thy keenest darts.

[Exit Peneus.]

SCENE changes to a Forest.

APOLLO enters with his bow and arrows, as having newly slain the PYTHON.

APOLLO.

'Tis done—the monster Python, slain
By Phœbus' shafts, lies breathless on the plain.
Yet why with conquest am I thus adorn'd?
Alas! I feel a mortal's pain,
Conquer'd by Love, whom once I scorn'd.
O Daphne! till thy smiles I can obtain,
No more these marks of triumph let me bear;
But thus a shepherd's semblance wear,
Till blest by thee I grow a god again.

[Throws away his bow and arrows, and takes up a sheep-hook.

See—she appears; how wondrous fair!
Hail, goddess of these verdant groves!

DAPHNE.

What art thou, or from whence?

APOLLO.

A swain that loves.

DAPHNE

Thy unavailing courtship spare.
Dost thou not daily hear the shepherds cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
Go—with the rest despair.

APOLLO.

No, let the rest despair, while I
Distinguish'd, triumph in the joy,

Fair blooming creature!
Each tender feature
Speaks thee by nature
For love design'd.
Then smile consenting,
Lost time repenting,
Let soft relenting

Now shew thee kind.

DAPHNE.

Canst thou the mountain tiger bind,
Or stop the floods, or fix the wind?
Do this—then Daphne will perhaps be kind.

APOLLO.

Ev'n tigers Love's soft laws obey;
Art thou more savage far than they?
Look all around thee, and above!
Love lights the skies, and paints the meads;
Its genial flame
Through heav'n, and earth, and ocean spreads;
Thou art thyself the happiest child of Love,
Do not thy birth disclaim.

DAPHNE.

Though fair as Phœbus thou should'st seem,
And were thy words soft as his lyre,
They could not move me to desire;
Wake, shepherd, from thy dream.
Cease to sooth thy fruitless pain;
Why for frowns wilt thou be wailing?
Cease to languish and complain.
'Tis to seek thy own undoing,
Still to love, and love in vain.

APOLLO.

In her soft cheeks and beauteous eyes,
What new enchanting graces rise! [Aside.

DUETTO for APOLLO and DAPHNE.

APOL. No more deny me,
O cease to fly me,
Your faithful swain,

DAPH. No longer try me,
For ever fly me,
Despairing swain,

APOL. Yet hear me.

DAPH. Forbear me.

APOL. Let sighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
Still speak my pain.

DAPH. Your sighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
But move disdain.

[Exit Daphne.]

APOLLO.

She's gone—nor knows from whom she flies.
Mistaken coyness! false disdain!
Phœbus she prais'd, but scorns the swain—
Then, breaking from this dark disguise,
When Phœbus what he is shall seem,
My glittering rays, and melting lyre,
At last shall warm thee to desire,
And wake thee, Daphne, from thy dream.

Where Cupid's bow is failing,
Ambition's charms prevailing
Shall triumph o'er the fair.
The nymph that Love despises,

Some secret passion prizes,

That still forbids despair. [Exit Apollo.

Enter DAPHNE and DORIS.

DAPHNE.

Doris, why this trifling tale?

DORIS.

That good advice may once prevail;
Save one—nor all your lovers lose.
Alas! that I, poor I might gain
What you each day refuse!

DAPHNE.

Take all, and ease me of the pain.

DORIS.

I would—but ah! 'twere now in vain,
When I was a maiden of twenty,

And my charms and my lovers were plenty,
 Ah! why did I ever say no?
 Now the swains, though I court them, all fly me,
 I sigh, but no lover comes nigh me;
 Ye virgins, be warn'd by my woe!
 Ah! why did I ever say no?

DAPHNE.

Poor Doris! dry thy weeping eyes:
 Dost thou repent thou once wert wife?

Tender hearts to every passion
 Still their freedom would betray,
 But how calm is inclination,
 When our reason bears the sway!
 Swains themselves, while they pursue us,
 Often teach us to deny.
 While we fly, they fondly woo us;
 If we grow too fond, they fly.

DORIS.

Yet might I see one courting swain,
 Though but to slight him once again!—
 But come—I'll amorous thoughts give o'er.

DAPHNE.

'Tis well to leave them at threescore.
 Haste then, and at th' appointed place,
 See if the nymphs expect me for the chase.

[Exit Doris.]

[A symphony of instruments is heard, whilst
 Apollo descends in the chariot of the sun; a
 crown of rays about his head, and his lyre in
 his hand.]

DAPHNE.

What sounds celestial strike my ear!
 Why does the golden source of light
 Pour out new day?—how wondrous bright!
 Some god descends to human fight,
 I'm charm'd, yet aw'd with fear.

APOLLO.

Daphne, on Phœbus fix thy eye,
 With meaner shapes deceiv'd no more!
 Know, I thy beauteous form adore:
 Wilt thou a god, a god that loves thee, fly?

[Apollo strikes his lyre, and Daphne turns back
 as surpris'd at the sound.]

Fairest mortal! stay and hear,
 Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear!
 Cannot Love and Music join'd
 Touch thy unrelenting mind?
 Fairest mortal! stay and hear,
 Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear.

Hark how the river-shores prolong
 My soft complaints, and murmur to my song!
 Thy father Peneus feels my pain;
 See! how his offers gently bow,
 And seem my secret soul to know—

DAPH. [aside.] Alas! my rash, my fatal vow!

APOL. Wilt thou alone unmov'd remain?

[As Daphne is going out, she stops, and sings
 the following air.]

DAPHNE.

Shall I return—or no?—
 Charms yet unknown surround me;
 Yet, Love, thou ne'er shalt wound me.

No more alarm my breast.
 Thon let me haste to go—
 Ah no, my heart replies
 In tender, heaving sighs—
 Ye powers restore my rest.

APOL. O do not go—

DAPH. Dost thou not know,
 I'm of Diana's train?
 Thy love forbear—

APOL. Thy scorn forbear—

DAPH. I must not hear;

APOL. O stay and hear;

DAPH. Thy love is vain,

APOL. Thy flight is vain,

[Exit Daphne pursued by Apollo.]

SCENE changes to the River.

Re-enter DAPHNE, looking back as affrighted.
 DAPHNE.

He comes—the swift pursuer comes—O where
 Shall I escape his piercing sight,
 Where hide me from the God of Light?
 Ah! 'tis in vain—he's here.

[DAPHNE runs to the side of the river, and
 as she sings the following air is trans-
 formed into a laurel-tree.]

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me,
 Let some sudden change invade me,
 Fix me rooted on thy shore.
 Cease, Apollo, to persuade me,
 I am Daphne now no more.—

[APOLLO enters at the latter end of the
 air, and is met by Peneus.]

APOLLO.

O fatal flight!—O curse! disdain!
 O Peneus, how shall we our loss deplore?
 But see!

The trembling branches yet her shape retain!
 Though Daphne lives a nymph no more,
 She lives, fair verdant plant, in thee;
 Henceforth be thou Apollo's tree,
 And hear what honours to thy leaves remain.
 No thunder e'er shall blast thy boughs,
 Preserv'd to grace Apollo's brows,
 Kings, victors, poets, to adorn;
 Oft in Britannia's isle thy prosperous green
 Shall on the heads of her great chiefs be seen,
 And by a Nassau and a George, be worn.

PENEUS.

Still Peneus, with a father's care,
 Shall feed thee from his flowing urn.
 With verdure ever fresh and fair,
 Nor this thy destin'd change shall mourn.

CHORUS, or Duetto of Apollo and Peneus.

Nature alone can love inspire,
 Art is vain to move desire.
 If nature once the fair incline,
 To their own passion they resign.
 Nature alone can love inspire,
 Art is vain to move desire.

AN ODE FOR THE
BIRTH-DAY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE
PRINCESS OF WALES,

ST. DAVID'S DAY, THE FIRST OF MARCH,
1715-16.

First Voice, FAME.

Second Voice, CAMBRIA, or the Principality
of WALES.

BOTH VOICES, with a Trumpet.

TO joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!
CAMBRIA.

Rise, goddess of immortal fame,
And, with thy trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddess of immortal fame
Shall, with her trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud note re-
bound!

Each British soul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

FAME.

Hail, Cam'ria! long to Fame well known!
Thy patron-faint looks smiling down,
Well pleas'd to see

This day, prolific of renown,
Increases'd in honours to himself, and thee;
See Carolina's natal star arise,
And with new beams adorn thy azure skies!
Though on her virtues I should ever dwell,
Fame cannot all her numerous virtues tell.
Bright in herself, and in her offspring bright,
On Britain's throne she casts diffusive light;
Detraction from her presence flies;
And, while promiscuous crowds in rapture gaze,
Ev'n tongues disloyal learn her praise,
And murmuring Envy sees her smile, and dies.

Happy morn! such gifts bestowing!
Britain's joys from thee are flowing;
Ever thus auspicious shine!
Happy isle! such gifts possessing!
Britain, ever own the blessing!
Carolina's charms are thine.

CAMBRIA.

Nor yet, O Fame, dost thou display
All the triumphs of this day;
More wonders yet arise to fight;
See! o'er these rites what mighty power presides;
Behold, to thee his early steps he guides;
What noble ardour does his soul excite!
Henceforth, when to the listening universe
Thou number'st o'er my princes of renown,
The second hope of Britain's crown,
When my great Edward's deeds thou shalt re-
hearse

And tell of Cressy's well-fought plain,
Thy golden trumpet sound again!
The brave Augustus shall renew thy strain,
And Oudenard's fight immortalize the verse.

AIR, with a Harp.

Heavenly Muses! tune your lyres,
Far resounding;

Grace the hero's glorious name.
See! the song new life inspires!
Every breast with joy abounding,
Seems to share the hero's fame.

FAME.

O thou, with every virtue crown'd,
Britannia's father, and her king renown'd!
Thus in thy offspring greatly blest,
While through th' extended royal line
Thou seest thy propagated lustre shine,
What secret raptures fill thy breast!
So smiles Apollo, doubly gay,
When in the diamond, with full blaze,
He views his own paternal rays,
And all his bright reflected day.

CAMBRIA.

Hail source of blessings to our isle!
While gloomy clouds shall take their flight,
Shot through by thy victorious light,
Propitious ever on thy Britons smile!

BOTH VOICES.

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

CAMBRIA.

Rise, goddess of immortal fame,
And with thy trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

FAME.

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Shall, with her trumpet's swelling sound,
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BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud note re-
bound!

Each British soul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

O D E

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

ANNO MDCCXVII.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, LIB. II. ODE
XX.

I.

I'M rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er!
Prepar'd, a towering swan, to soar
Aloft; see, see the down arise,
And clothe my back, and plume my thighs;
My wings shoot forth; now will I try
New tracks, and boldly mount the sky;
Nor Envy, nor ill-fortune's spite,
Shall stop my course, or damp my flight.

II.

Shall I, obscure or disesteem'd
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil my name to save
From dark oblivion and the grave?
No—He can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condescends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

III.

'Tis done—I scorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths shall bind my brow.
Whether the Muse vouchsafe t' inspire
My breast with the celestial fire;
Whether my verse be fill'd with flame,
Or I deserve a Poet's name,
Let Fame be silent; only tell
That generous Cooper loves me well.

IV.

Through Britain's realms I shall be known
By Cowper's merit, not my own.
And when the tomb my dust shall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be spar'd, and every tear;
Let but some stone this sculptur'd bear;
'Here lies his clay to earth consign'd,
'To whom great Cowper once was kind.'

WHAT IS MAN.

O SON of man! O creature of a day!
Proud of vain wisdom, with false greatness
gay!
Heir of thy father's vice, to whose bad store
Thy guilty days are spent in adding more;
Thou prepagated folly!—What in thee
Could Heaven's Supreme, could perfect William
see,
To fix one glance of his regarding eye?
Why art thou chose the favourite of the sky?
While angels wonder at the mercy known,
And scarce the wretch himself the debt immense
will own!

BOILEAU,

DANS SA I. EPISTRE AU ROY.

POURQUOI ces elephans, ces armes, ce
bagage,
I Et ces vaisseaux tout prests à quitter le rivage?
Disoit au roi Pyrrhus, un sage confident,
Conseiller tres-sensé d'un roi tres-imprudent.
Je vais, lui dit ce prince, à Rome où l'on m'appelle.
Quoi faire? l'assiéger. L'entreprise est fort belle,
I Et digne seulement d'Alexandre ou de vous,
A Mais quand nous l'aurons prise, & bien que serons-
nous?
Du reste des Latins la conquête est facile.
Sans doute, ils sont à nous: est-ce tout? La Si-
cile
C Delà nous tend les bras, & bien-tôt sans effort
Ye Syracuse recoit nos vaisseaux dans son port
In demeurez vous là? Dès que nous l'aurons
prise,

Il ne faut qu'un bon vent & Carthage est con-
quise:

Les chemins sont ouverts: qui peut nous arrêter?
Je vous entends, seigneur, nous allons tout
dompter:

Nous allons traverser les sables de Lybie;
Asservir en passant l'Egypte, l'Arabie;
Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux pays;
Faire trembler le Scythe aux bords du Tanais;
Et ranger sous nos loix tout ce vaste Hémisphère;
Mais de retour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire?
Alors, cher Cineas, victorieux, contents,
Nous pourrions rire à l'aise, & prendre du bon
temps.

Hé, seigneur, dès ce jour, sans sortir de l'Empire
Du matin jusqu'au soir qui vous défend de rire?

FROM BOILEAU.

IN HIS FIRST EPISTLE TO LOUIS XIV.

WHAT mean these elephants, arms, warlike
store,
And all these ships, prepar'd to leave the shore?
Thus Cineas, faithful, old, experienc'd, wise,
Address'd king Pyrrhus;—thus the king replies;
'Tis glory call us hence; to Rome we go.
For what?—To conquer.—Rome's a noble foe,
A prize for Alexander fit, or you;
But Rome reduc'd; what next, Sir, will you do?
The rest of Italy my chains shall wear.
And is that all?—No, Sicily lies near;
See how she stretches out her beauteous arms,
And tempts the victor with unguarded charms!
In Syracuse's port this fleet shall ride
'Tis well—and there you will at last abide?—
No; that subdued, again we'll hoist our sails,
And put to sea; and, blow but prosperous gales,
Carthage must soon be ours, an easy prey.
The passage open: what obstructs our way?—
Then, Sir, your vast design I understand,
To conquer all the earth, cross seas and land,
O'er Afric's spacious wilds your reign extend,
Beneath your sword make proud Arabia bend;
Then seek remoter worlds, where Ganges pours
His swelling stream; beyond Hydaspes' shores,
Through Indian realms to carry dire alarms,
And make the hardy Scythian dread your arms.
But say—this wondrous race of glory run,
When we return, say what shall then be done?
Then pleas'd, my friend, we'll spend the joyful
day
In full delight, and laugh our cares away.
And why not now? Alas! Sir, need we roam
For this so far, or quit our native home?
No—let us now each valued hour employ,
Nor for the future lose the present joy.

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE.

IN IMITATION OF

AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

I.

SOLACE of life, my sweet companion lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,

While the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky.

II.

While whispering gales, that court the leaves and
flowers,
Play through the strings, and gently make them
sound,
Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing hours
In balmy slumbers on the carpet ground.

III.

But see—what sudden gloom obscures the air!
What falling showers impetuous change the day!
Let's rise, my lyre—Ah Pleasure false as fair!
How faithless are thy charms, how short thy stay!

A N
O D E
IN THE
PARK AT ASTED.

I.

YE Muses, that frequent these walks and
shades,
The seat of calm repose,
Which Howard's happy genius chose;
Where, taught by you, his lyre he strung,
And oft, like Philomel, in dusky shades,
Sweet amorous voluntaries sung!
O say, ye kind inspiring powers!
With what melodious strain
Will you indulge my pensive vein,
And charm my solitary hours?

II.

Begin, and Echo shall the song repeat;
While, screen'd from August's feverish heat,
Beneath this spreading elm I lie,
And view the yellow harvest far around,
The neighbouring fields with plenty crown'd,
And over head a fair unclouded sky.
The wood, the park's romantic scene,
The deer, that innocent and gay
On the soft turf's perpetual green
Pass all their lives in love and play,
Are various objects of delight,
That sport with fancy, and invite
Your aid, the pleasure to complete;
Begin—and Echo shall the song repeat.

III.

Hark!—the kind inspiring powers
Answer from their secret bowers,
Propitious to my call!
They join their choral voices all,
To charm my solitary hours.
Listen, they cry, thou pensive swain!
Though much the tuneful sisters love
The fields, the park, the shady grove;
The fields, and park, and shady grove,
The tuneful sisters now disdain,
And choose to sooth thee with a sweeter strain;

VOL. IV.

Molinda's praises shall our skill employ,
Molinda, Nature's pride, and every Muse's
joy!

The Muses triumph'd at her birth,
When, first descending from her parent skies,
This star of beauty shot to earth;
Love saw the fires that darted from her eyes,
He saw, and smil'd—the winged boy
Gave early omens of her conquering fame,
And to her mother lif'd her name,
Molinda!—Nature's pride, and every Muse's joy.

IV.

Say, beauteous Afted! has thy honour'd shade
Ever receiv'd that lovely maid?
Ye nymphs and ~~g~~van deities, confess
That shining festal day of happiness!
For if the lovely maid was here,
April himself, though in so fair a dress
He clothe the meads, though his delicious
showers,
Awake the blossoms and the breathing flowers,
And new-create the fragrant year;
April himself, or brighter May,
Assisted by the god of day,
Never made your grove so gay,
Or half so full of charms appear.

V.

Whatever rural seat we now doth grace,
And shines a goddess of the plains,
Imperial Love new triumphs there ordains,
Removes with her from place to place,
With her he keeps his court, and where she lives
he reigns.
A thousand bright attendants more
Her glorious equipage compose:
The circling Pleasure ever flows:
Friendship, and Arts, a well-selected store,
Good-humour, Wit, and Music's soft delight,
The shorten'd minutes there beguile,
And sparkling Mirth, that never looks so
bright,
As when it lightens in Molinda's smile.

VI.

Thither, ye guardian powers (if such there are,
Deputed from the sky
To watch o'er human-kind with friendly care),
Thither, ye gentle spirits, fly!
If goodness like your own can move
Your constant zeal, your tenderest love,
For ever wait on this accomplish'd fair!
Shield her from every ruder breath of air,
Nor let invading sickness come
To blast those beauties in their bloom.
May no misguided choice, no hapless doom.
Disturb the heaven of her fair life
With clouds of grief, or showers of melting tears;
Let harsh unkindness, and ungenerous strife,
Repining discontent, and boding fears,
With every shape of woe, be driven away,
Like ghosts prohibited the day.
Let Peace o'er her his dovelike wings display,
And smiling joys crown all her blissful years!

O O

TO
MR. CONSTANTINE,

ON HIS
PAINTINGS.

WHILE o'er the cloth thy happy pencil strays,
And the pleas'd eye its artful comic sur-
veys,
Behold the magick power of shade and light !
A new creation opens to our sight.
Here tufted groves rise boldly to the sky,
There spacious lawns more distant charm the eye ;
The crystal lakes in borrow'd tinctures shine,
And misty hills the fair horizon join,
Lost in the azure borders of the day,
Like sounds remote that die in air away.
The peopled prospect various pleasure yields,
Sheep grace the hills, and herds or swains the
fields ;
Harmonious order o'er the whole presides,
And Nature crowns the work, which Judgment
guides.

Nor with less skill display'd by thee appear
The different products of the fertile year ;
While fruits with imitated ripeness glow,
And sudden flowers beneath thy pencil blow.
Such, and so various, thy extensive hand,
Oft in suspense the pleas'd spectators stand,
Doubtful to choose, and fearing still to err,
When to thyself they would thyself prefer.
So when the rival gods at Athens strove,
By wondrous works, their power divine to prove,
As Neptune's trident shook the teeming earth,
Here the proud horse upstart to his birth ;
And there, as Pallas blest'd the fruitful scene,
The spreading olive rear'd its stately green ;
In doubt surprise the gazing crowds were lost,
Nor knew on which to fix their wonder most.

TO
URANIA,

ON HER

ARRIVAL AT JAMAICA.

THROUGH yilding waves the vessel swiftly
flies,
That bears Urania from our eager eyes ;
Deaf to our call, the billows waft her o'er,
With speed obsequious to a distant shore ;
A prize more rich than Spain's whole fleets could
boast
From fam'd Peru, or Chili's golden coast !
There the glad natives, on the crowded strand,
With wonder see the matchless stranger land ;
Transplanted glories in her features smile,
And a new dawn of beauty gilds their isle.

So from the sea when Venus rose serene,
And by the nymphs and tritons first was seen,
The water world beheld, with pleas'd surprise,
Her wide waste new tracks of light arise ;

The winds were hush'd, the floods forgot to move,
And nature own'd th' auspicious Queen of Love.

Henceforth no more the Cyprian isle be nam'd,
Though for th' abode of that bright goddess
fam'd ;

Jamaica's happier groves, conceal'd so long
Through ages past, are now the poets' song.
The Graces there, and Virtues fix their throne ;
Urania makes th' adopted land her own.

The Muse, with her in thought transported,
sees

The opening scene, the bloomy plants and trees,
By brighter skies rais'd to a nobler birth,
And fruits deny'd to Europe's colder earth.
At her approach, like courtiers doubly gay
To grace the pomp of some lov'd prince's day,
The gladden'd soil in all its plenty shines,
New spreads its branching palms, and new adorns
its pines ;

With gifts prepares the shining guest to meet,
And pours its verdant offerings at her feet.
As in the fields with pleasure she appears,
Smiles on the labourers, and their labour cheers,
The luscious canes with sweeter juices flow,
The melons ripen, and the citrons blow,
The golden orange takes a richer dye,
And slaves forget their toil, while she is by.
Not Ceres' self more blessings could display,
When through the earth she took her wandering
way,

Far from her native coast, and all around
Diffus'd ripe harvests through the teeming ground.

Mean while our drooping vales deserted mourn,
Till happy years bring on her wish'd return ;
New honours then, Urania, shall be thine,
And Britain shall again the world outshine.

So when of late our sun was veil'd from sight
In dark eclipse, and lost in sudden night,
A shivering cold each heart with horror thrill'd,
The birds forsook the skies, the herds the field ;
But when the conquering orb, with one bright
ray,
Broke through the gloom, and reenthron'd the
day,

The herds reviv'd, the birds renew'd their strains,
Unusual transports rais'd the cheerful swains,
And joy returning echo'd through the plains.

THE FOLLOWING
SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION
TO

Mr. MILTON's incomparable Poem, entitled
IL PENSEROSO, or THE PENSIVE MAN,
was also writ by Mr. Hughes.

It seems necessary to quote the eight foregoing
lines for the right understanding of it.

AND may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell

Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
There let Time's creeping winter shed
His hoary snow around my head;
And while I feel, by fast degrees,
My sluggish blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fixt eye
The scenes of deep eternity,
Till life dissolving at the view,
I wake, and find those visions true!

THE
HUE AND CRY.

OYES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
Musicians, poets, 'squires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell!
Say, can you tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's hasty flight?
Why in new groves she takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murmurer makes her moan?
Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and stop the lovely stray!
Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtless her conduct, free her air;
Gay, scornful, sober, indiscreet,
In whom all contradictions meet;
Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,
Form'd both to charm you and displease you;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modish her dress, her hoop full wide;
Brown skin, her eyes of sable hue,
Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a shrew.
Gentle her motion, when she walks,
Sweetly she sings, and loudly talks;
Knows all the world, and its affairs,
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
Leads honest, or dishonest, lives;
What money match each youth or maid,
And who was at each masquerade,
Of all fine things in this fine town,
She's only to herself unknown.
By this description, if you meet her,
With lowly bows, and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,
Ask for reward a lover's bliss,
And (if she'll let you) take a kiss;
Or more, if more you wish and may,
Try if at church the words she'll say,
Then make her, if you can—"obey."

THE
PATRIOT.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM LORD COWPER,
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.
HOW godlike is the man, how truly great,
Who, midst contending factions of the
state,

In council cool, in resolution bold,
Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears control'd,
And proof alike against both foes and friends,
Ne'er from the golden mean of virtue bends!
But wisely fix'd, nor to extremes inclin'd,
Maintains the steady purpose of his mind.

So Atlas, pois'd on his broad base, defies
The shock of gathering storms and wintry skies;
Above the clouds, serene, he lifts his brow,
And sees unmov'd the thunder break below.

But where's the patriot, by these virtues known,
Unsway'd by others' passions, or his own?
Just to his prince, and to the public true,
That shuns, in all events, each partial view?
That ne'er forgets the whole of things to weigh,
And scorns the short-liv'd wisdom of a day?

If there be one—hold Muse, nor more reveal—
(Yet oh that numbers could his name conceal!)
Thrice happy Britain, of such wealth possess!
On thy firm throne, great George, unshaken rest,
Safe in his judgment, on his faith rely,
And prize the worth which kingdoms cannot
buy.

Rich in itself, the genuine diamond shines,
And owes its value to its native mines;
Yet set in Britain's crown, drinks ampler rays
Of the sun's light, and casts a wider blaze.
With pleasure we the well-plac'd gem behold,
That adds a lustre to the royal gold.

Jan. 25, 1717-18.

THE SECOND SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT OF
ORESTES.

A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM EURIPIDES.

ARGUMENT.—Orestes had killed his mother Clytemnestra, in revenge of his father's death, who was murdered by her. This part of the story is the subject of the *Electra* of Sophocles, where, in the conclusion of the play, Clytemnestra is heard behind the scene crying out in vain for mercy, while her son is executing his revenge. Perhaps this play was written first; and Euripides took up the story where the other left off. The reflection on his guilt in putting his mother to death, though a criminal, with his own hands, filled Orestes's mind with so much horror as afterwards caused his distraction. In this condition he is represented in the following scene, lying on a couch, and his sister *Electra*, with a chorus of Grecian women, waiting near him.

I shall detain the reader no longer than to observe, that the tenderness of *Electra*, and the alternate starts and returns of madness and reason in Orestes, are touched with the most exquisite strokes of nature and passion.

CHORUS, ORESTES, ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

DRAW near, *Electra*, to thy brother's couch;
See if he breathes; this long-protracted rest
May end in death, and fatally deceive thee.

O O 2

ORESTES, waking.

O sweet refreshing sleep! thou balmy cure
Of sickness and of pain!
How has thy gentle power at length reliev'd me?
O soft oblivion of furrounding ills,
How grateful to th' afflicted are thy charms!
Where am I?—speak—inform me, tell me
where.

How came I hither? for I know not how!
Alas! I've lately been bereft of reason!
And now no track of former thought remains.

ELECTRA.

O my much-lov'd Orestes! O my brother!
With joy I've watch'd o'er thy late healing slum-
bers.

Come—shall I help to raise thee from thy couch?

ORESTES.

Soft, I pray thee—first wipe away these drops,
That fit all dewy o'er my face.

ELECTRA.

Ye gods!

How pleasant is this task to a sister's love!

ORESTES.

Come, let me lean upon thee; how canst thou
bear me?

Put forth thy hand; remove the clotted locks
That shade my sight; I scarcely yet can see—

ELECTRA.

O my poor brother! how has sickness chang'd
thee!

Thy face, thy beard, so long unwash'd, deform
thee,

And spread an unknown horror o'er thy mien.

ORESTES.

I'm weary; lead me to my couch again.
When my fit leaves me I am weak and faint,
And a cold trembling runs through all my limbs.

ELECTRA.

How friendly is the sick man's bed; though
pain

Dwell there, yet there he best may bear it.

ORESTES.

O! help once more; and gently bend me for-
ward.

CHORUS.

The sick are ever restless;
Uneasiness and pain make them impatient.

ELECTRA.

Wilt thou get up, and try again to walk?
Change will perhaps relieve thee.

ORESTES.

I fain would walk—and, seeming well awhile,
Delude my anxious thoughts.

ELECTRA.

Now hear me, brother;
Hear me, while yet the cruel furies leave thee
This pause from grief, this interval of reason.

ORESTES.

Speak quick thy news—if it be good, 'tis wel-
come;

If ill—I've load enough; nor add thou more.

ELECTRA.

Then know thy uncle Menelaus comes;
His ship is in the port—

ORESTES.

What dost thou say?—

He comes, like dawning light, to cheer our griefs,
And chase away the blackness of despair;
My father's brother, and his best-lov'd friend!

ELECTRA.

He's now arriv'd—and brings from conquer'd
Troy

Mis-beauteous Helen—

ORESTES.

Say'st thou? better far

He came alone—and he alone surviving;
But if with Helen—then he brings a curse,
A heavy curse—

ELECTRA.

The race of Tyndarus

Have through all Greece spread infamy and
shame.

ORESTES.

Beware then—shun the deeds of impious wo-
men.

Wear no false face—be good, as well as seem so—
Beware I say—

ELECTRA.

Alas! what means my brother? you are
chang'd.

Your colour shifts—your eyes look fiercely wild—
Your fit returns—O Heavens! he's lost again.

ORESTES.

Mother, forbear! What! no forgiveness—
never?

O! take away those furies—how they shake
Their snaky locks, and grin around me!

ELECTRA.

Alas! poor wretch; 'tis thy own fear alarms
thee.

Compose thyself: why dost thou leave thy
couch?

Here are no fiends; thou talk'st to shapeless air.

ORESTES.

Help, help me, Phœbus—See those dogs of
hell

With famish'd jaws gape horrid to devour me!
Th' infernal priestesses look fiercely on me;
They thirst for blood, and I'm the destin'd vic-
tim!

ELECTRA.

Nay, strive not—for I will not let thee go,
While these weak arms can fold thee—

ORESTES.

What art thou?

One of my curst tormentors? Hence—I know
thee;

Thou grasp'st me thus to plunge me down to
hell.

ELECTRA.

Oh! whence can wretched mortals hope for
succour,

When Heaven is dear, and all the gods our foes.

ORESTES.

Reach me the weapons of the shooting god,
Apollo's gift, the shafts and horny bow;
With these he bid me drive the fiends away,
When cruel, they attack me—

ELECTRA.

Can they feel ?
Can deathless beings feel a mortal wound ?

ORESTES.

They shall—or leave my tortur'd sight—be-
hold !
Dost thou not see their feather'd shafts fly round
me ?

Begone, ye ministers of wrath—Away ! away !
The guilt's not mine ; hence, through the yield-
ing skies,

Fly swift to heaven—and charge Apollo there,
Whose oracle betray'd me—Ah ! I faint ;
My spirits sink—Where am I now ? Alas !
How have I left my bed ? how stray'd I hither ?
O—I perceive—once more the raging waves
Have spent their force—and all is calm again—
My sister ? weeping too ? Why dost thou turn
Thy face away, thus muffled in thy garment ?
I grieve to think what I have made thee suffer ;
I know my sickness bears too hard upon thee ;
Yet weep not for my crimes, unhappy maid !
The deed was mine—Thou only didst consent :
'Twas I that slew my mother—Phœbus himself
Advis'd that impious act—the guilt be his,
Whose words spoke comfort, but who now for-
sakes me.

But oh ! Electra, had our father's shade
Been present then—had I, before the god,
Ask'd his consent, to strike the murderers dead,
The pitying manes sure had stopp'd my hand,
Nor would have wish'd for his own life again,
Red-empt'd by guilt, so horrid in a son.

Now wipe away thy tears, lamenting maid ;
Though we're both wretched, tears are shed in
vain ;

And when thou seest again my faltering reason,
Be ready thou to rule my broken sense,
And comfort my affliction—And when thou
Shalt sink beneath thy pressing woes, I'll strive
By soothing words to mitigate thy sorrows.
Such offices become our fond affection.

But now, retiring to thy own apartment,
Let gentle slumber close thy wakeful eyes ;
Then rise refresh'd ; anoint thy wearied limbs,
And with due nourishment recruit thy spirits.
Such ceaseless watchings will exhaust thy strength,
And make thy languid life a burden to thee.
Thou seest all other friends are fled ; thou art
My only solace in this dire affliction.
Should'st thou forsake me too, I'm lost indeed.

ELECTRA.

O no ! thy sister never will forsake thee ;
Nor only will I live, but die, with thee ;
What joy could life afford a wretched woman
Bereft of father, brother, every friend ?

But if you so command, I will retire ;
In the meanwhile compose thyself to rest,
Reclin'd upon thy couch ; nor let vain terrors
Rouse thee again—Thy own upbraiding consci-
ence

Is the revengeful fiend that haunts thy breast !

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE RIGHT HON.
THE LORD CHANCELLOR PARKER.

JULY XXIII. M.DCC.XIX.

AS father Thames pours out his plenteous
urn

O'er common tracts, with speed his waters
flow ;

But where some beauteous palace does adorn
His banks, the river seems to move more
slow ;

As if he stopp'd awhile, with conscious pride,
Ner to the ocean would pursue his race,

Till he reflect its glories in his tide,
And call the water-nymphs around to gaze.

So in Time's common flood the huddled throng
Of months and hours unheeded pass away,

Unless some general good our joy prolong,
And mark the moments of some festal day.

Not fair July, though Plenty clothe his fields,
Though golden suns make all his morning's
smile,

Can boast of aught that such a triumph yields,
As that he gave a Parker to our isle.

Hail happy month ! secure of lasting fame !

Doubly distinguish'd through the circling
year :

In Rome a hero gave thee first thy name ;

A patriot's birth makes thee to Britain dear.

THE XIXTH OLYMPICK OF PINDAR.

TO ASOPICUS OF ORCHOMENUS.

I.

YE heavenly Graces, who preside
O'er Minyæa's happy soil, that breeds,
Swift for the race, the fairest steeds ;
And rule the land, where with a gentle tide
Your lov'd Cephissian waters glide !
To you Orchomenus's towers belong,
Then hear, ye goddesses, and aid the song.

II.

Whatever honours shine below,
Whatever gifts can move delight,
Or sooth the ravish'd soul, or charm the sight,
To your their power of pleasing owe.
Fame, beauty, wisdom, you bestow ;
Nor will the gods the sacred banquet own,
Nor on the Chorus look propitious down,
If you your presence have deny'd,
To rule the banquet, and the Chorus guide.

III.

In heaven itself all own your happy car ;
Bless'd by your influence divine,
There all is good, and all is fair :
On thrones sublime you there illustrious shine ;
Plac'd near Apollo with the golden lyre,
You all his harmony inspire,
And warbled hymns to Jove perpetual sing,
To Jove, of Heaven the father and the king.

IV.

Now hear, Aglaia, venerable maid !
 Hear thou that tuneful verse dost love,
 Euphrosyne ! join our celestial aid,
 Ye daughters of immortal Jove !
 Thalia too be present with my lays ;
 Asopius has rais'd his city's name,
 And, victor in th' Olympic strife, may claim
 From you his just reward of virtuous praise.

V.

And thou, O Fame ! this happy triumph spread ;
 Fly to the regions of the dead,
 Through Proserpine's dark empire bear the
 sound,
 There seek Cleodamus below,
 And let the pleas'd paternal spirit know,
 How on the plains of Fisa far renown'd,
 His son, his youthful son, of matchless speed,
 Bore off from all the victor's meed,
 And with an olive wreath his envy'd temples
 crown'd.

THE MORNING APPARITION.

WRITTEN AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, IN SURREY,
The seat of Mr. Bridges.

ALL things were hush'd, as noise itself were
 dead ;
 No midnight mice stirr'd round my silent bed ;
 Not e'en a gnat disturb'd the peace profound,
 Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unbound ;
 No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,
 Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room ;
 No breeze the casement shook, or fann'd the
 leaves,
 Nor drops of rain fell soft from off the eaves ;
 Nor noisy splinter made the candle weep,
 But the dim watchlight seem'd itself asleep.
 When tir'd I clos'd my eyes—How long I lay
 In slumber wrapp'd, I list not now to say :
 When hark ! a sudden noise—See ! open flies
 The yielding door—! starting, rubb'd my eyes,
 Fast clos'd awhile ; and as their lids I rear'd,
 Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
 While through my parted curtains rushing broke
 A light like day, ere yet the figure spoke.
 Cold sweat bedew'd my limbs—Nor did I
 dream ;
 Hear, mortals, hear ! for real truth's my theme.
 And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling
 bones
 To look—when lo ! 'twas honest master Jones* ;
 Who wav'd his hand, to banish fear and sorrow,
 Well charg'd with toast and sack, and cry'd—
 “ Good morrow !”

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT WALLINGTON-
 HOUSE, THEN THE SEAT OF
 MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES.
 M.DCC.XIX.

ENVY, if thy searching eye
 Through this window chance to pry
 To thy sorrow thou shalt find,
 All that's generous, friendly, kind,

* The butler.

Goodness, virtue, every grace,
 Dwelling in this happy place :
 Then, if thou wouldst shun this sight,
 Hence for ever take thy flight.

THE SUPPLEMENT :

THE CHARACTER OF
 MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES*
 IMPERFECT.

PAINTER, give o'er ; here ends thy feeble
 art ;
 For how wilt thou describe th' immortal port ?
 Though Kneller's or though Raphael's skill were
 thine,
 Or Titian's colours on the cloth did shine,
 The labour'd piece must yet half-finish'd stand,
 And mock the weakness of the master's hand.
 Colours are but the phantoms of the day,
 With that they're born, with that they fade
 away :

Like beauty's charms, they but amuse the sight,
 Dark in themselves till, by reflection bright,
 With the sun's aid to rival him they boast,
 But light withdrawn in their own shades are lost.
 Then what are these that express the living fire,
 The lamp within, that never can expire ?
 That work can only by the Muse be wrought ;
 Souls must paint souls, and thought delineate
 thought.

Then Painter-Muse begin, and unconfin'd
 Draw boldly first a large extent of mind :
 Yet not a barren waste, an empty space,
 For crowds of virtues fill up all the place.
 See ! o'er the rest fair Piety presides,
 As the bright sun th' inferior planets guides ;
 To the soul's powers it vital heat supplies,
 And hence a thousand worthy habits rise.
 So when that genial father of the spring
 Smiles on the meads, and wakes the birds to sing,
 And from the heavenly bull his influence sheds
 On the putresces and fruitful garden beds,
 A thousand beauteous births shoot up to sight,
 A thousand buds unfolding meet the light ;
 Each useful plant does the rich earth adorn,
 And all the flowery universe is born.

O ! could my verse describe this sacred queen,
 This first of virtues, awful, yet serene,
 Plain in her native charms, nor too severe,
 Free from false zeal, and superstitious fear ;
 Such and so bright, as by th' effects we find
 She dwells in this selected happy mind,
 The source of every good should stand confess'd,
 And all who see applaud the heaven-born
 guest !

Proceed, my Muse, next in the picture place
 Diffusive charity to human race.
 Justice thou need'st not in the draught express,
 Since every greater still includes the less.
 What were the praise if Virtue idly stood,
 Content alike to do nor harm nor good ?
 Though thunning ill, unactive and supine,
 Like painted suns that warm not while they
 shine ?

* She died Dec. 1, 1745, aged 88. See some
 verses to her memory in Mrs. Collet's poems, p. 133.

The nobler soul such narrow life disdains,
Flows out, and meets another's joys and pains,
Tasteless of blessings, if possess'd alone,
And in imparted pleasures seeks its own.
Hence grows the sense of Friendship's generous
fies,

Hence Liberality the heart inspires,
Hence streams of good in constant actions flow,
And man to man becomes a god below!

A soul thus form'd, and such a soul is here,
Needs not the dangerous test of riches fear,
But, unsubdued to wealth, may safely stand,
And count o'er heaps with an unsway'd hand.
Heaven, that knew this, and where t' intrust its
store,

And, blessing one, oft' blesses many more,
First gave a will to give, then fitly join'd
A liberal fortune to a liberal mind,
With such a graceful ease her bounty flows;
She gives, and scarce that she's the giver knows,
But seems receiving most, when she the most
bestows.

Rich in her herself, well may she value more
Her wealth within, the mind's immortal store;
Passions subdued, and knowledge free from pride,
Good humour, ever to good sense ally'd,
Well-season'd mirth, and wisdom unsevere,
An equal temper, and a heart sincere;
Gifts that alone from Nature's bounty flow,
Which fortune may display, but not bestow;
For wealth but sets the picture more in sight,
And brings the beauties or the faults to light.
How true th' esteem that's founded in desert!
How pleasing is the tribute of the heart!
Here willing duty ne'er was paid in vain,
And ev'n dependence cannot feel its chain,
Yet whom she thus sets free she closer binds,
(Affection is the chain of grateful minds)
And, doubly blessing her adopted care,
Makes them her virtues with her fortune share,
Leads by example, and by kindness guards,
And raises first the merit she rewards.

Oft too abroad she calls a friendly eye,
As she would help to every need supply.
The poor near her almost their cares forget,
Their want but serves as hunger to their meat;
For, since her soul's ally'd to human kind,
Not to her house alone her store's confin'd;
But passing on, its own full banks o'erflows,
Enlarg'd, and deals forth plenty as it goes.
Through some fair garden thus a river leads
Its watery wealth, and first th' inclosure feeds,
Visits each plant, and every flower supplies;
Or, taught in sportive fountains to arise,
Casts sprinkled showers o'er every figur'd green;
Or in canals walks round the beauteous scene,
Yet stops not there, but its free course maintains,
And spreads gay verdure through th' adjacent
plains;
The labouring hinds with pleasure see it flow,
And bless those streams by which their pastures
grow.

O generous use of power! O virtuous pride!
Ne'er may the means be to such souls deny'd.

Executors of Heaven's all-bounteous will,
Who well the great First-giver's ends fulfil,
Who from superior heights still looking down
On glittering heaps, which scarce they think
their own,
Despise the empty show of useless state,
And only would by doing good be great!

Now pause awhile, my Muse, and then renew
The pleasing task, and take a second view!

* * * * *

A train of virtues yet undrawn appear;
Here just Oeconomy, strict Prudence there;
Near Liberality they ever stand;
This guides her judgment, that directs her hand.
By these see wild Profusion chas'd away,
And wanton Luxury, like birds of prey,
Whilst meek Humility, with charms serene,
Forbids vain Pomp t' approach the hallow'd
scene;
Yet through her veil the more attracts the sight,
And on her sister-virtues casts a light.

But wherefore starts the Painter-Muse, and
why,

The piece unfinish'd, throws the pencil by?
Methinks (she says) Humility I hear,
With gentle voice reproving, cry—Forbear!
Forbear, rash Muse! nor longer now commend,
Lest whom thou would'st describe, thou should'st
offend,

And in breast a painful glowing raise,
Who, conscious of the merit, shuns the praise.

THE ECSTASY. A N O D E.

"*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muses
"Accipiant, calique vias & sidera monstrent.*"

VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may appear proper to acquaint the reader that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Calpurnius, intitled *EREBUS HUMANIS EXCESSUS*, from which it is plain that COWLEY likewise took the first hint of his ode called the *ECSTASY*. The former part, therefore, is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with considerable variations, and the addition of the whole second stanza, except the first three lines: but the plan itself seeming capable of a farther improvement, the latter part, which attempts a short view of the heavens according to the modern philosophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

I.

I LEAVE Mortality's low sphere:
Ye winds and clouds, of the sky high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift through the regions of the sky.

What lofty mountains downward fly!
And lo, how wide a space of air
Extends new prospects to my eye!
The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
And royal palaces, as bright,

(The rich abodes
Of heavenly and of earthly gods)
Retire apace; whole cities too
Decrease beneath my rising view.
And now far off the rolling globe appears;
Its scatter'd nations I survey,
And all the mafs of earth and sea;
Oh object well deferving tears!
Capricious state of things below,
That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd dura-
tion know!

II.

Here new-built towns, aspiring high,
Ascend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
There others fall, and mouldering lie,
Obscure, or only by their ruins found.
Palmyra's far-extended waste I spy,
(Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab shown,
Still load with useless pomp the ground.
But where is lordly Babylon? where now
Lifts she to heaven her giant brow?
Where doth the wealth of Nineveh abound?
Or where's the pride of Afric's shore?
Is Rome's great rival then no more?
In Rome herself behold th' extremes of fate,
Her ancient greatness sunk, her modern boasted
state!
See her luxurious palaces arise,
With broken arches mixt between!
And here what splendid domes possess the
skies!
And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moss display;
And columns, awful in decay,
Rear up their rootless heads to form the various
scene:

III.

Around the space of earth I turn my eye;
But where's the region free from woe?
Where shall the Muse one little spot descry
The seat of happiness below?
Here Peace would all its joys dispense,
The vines and olives unmolested grow,
But lo! a purple pestilence
Unpeoples cities, sweeps the plains,
Whilst vainly through deserted fields
Her unreap'd harvests Ceres yields,
And at the noon of day a midnight silence reigns.
There milder heat the healthful climate
warms,
But, slaves to arbitrary power,
And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad possessors rush to arms.
I see, I see them from afar,
I view distinct the mingled war!
I see the charging squadrons prest
Hand to hand, and breast to breast.
Destruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh;
Lur'd with the hope of human blood,

She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to
fly,
But licks her drowthy jaws, and waits the pro-
mis'd food.

IV.

Here cruel Discord takes a wider scene,
To exercise more unrelenting rage;
Appointed fleets their numerous powers en-
gage,
With scarce a space of sea between.
Hark! what a brazen burst of thunder
Rends the elements afunder!
Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
And drives the billows to the distant shore;
The distant shore,
That such a storm ne'er felt before,
Transmits it to the rocks around;
The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling
sound.

V.

Still greater horrors strike my eyes.
Behold convulsive earthquakes there
And shatter'd land in pieces tear,
And ancient cities sink, and sudden mountains
rise!
Through opening mines th' astonish'd wretches
go,
Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
The bury'd ruin sleeps; and naught remains
But dust above and desert plains,
Unless some stone this sad inscription wear,
Rais'd by some future traveller,
"The prince, his peop'le, and his kingdom,
here,
"One common tomb contains."

VI.

Again, behold where seas, disdaining bound,
O'er the firm land usurping ride,
And bury spacious towns beneath their sweeping
tide.
Dash'd with the sudden flood the vaulted temples
found.
Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep,
lift high
A watery monument, in which profound
The courts and cottages together lie.
Ev'n now the floating wreck I spy,
And the wide surface far around
With spoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.
Such, Belgia, was the savage and affright,
When late thou saw'st thy ancient foe
Swell o'er thy dignies, oppos'd in vain,
With deadly rage, and rising in its might
Pour down swift ruin on thy plains below.
Thus Fire, and Air, and Earth, and Main,
A never-ceasing fight maintain,
While man on every side is sure to lose;
And fate has furnish'd out the stage of life
With war, misfortune, and with strife;
Till Death the curtain drops, and shuts the
scene of woes.

VII.

But why do I delay my flight?
Or on such gloomy objects gaze?

I go to realms serene with ever-living light.
Haste, clouds and whirlwinds, haste a raptur'd
bard to raise;

Mount me sublime along the shining way,
Where planets, in pure streams of æther driv'n,
Swim through the blue expanse of heaven.
And lo! th' obsequious clouds and winds
obey!

And lo! again the nations downwards fly,
And wide stretch'd kingdoms perish from my
eye.

Heaven! w'at bright visions now arise!
What opening worlds my ravish'd sense sur-
prise!

I pass cerulean gulphs, and now behold
New solid globes their weight, self-balanc'd,
bear,

Unprop'd amidst the fluid air,
And all, around the central sun, in circling ed-
dies roll'd.

Unequal in their course, see they advance,
And form the planetary dance!

Here the pale moon, whom the same laws or-
dain

T'obey the earth, and rule the main;
Were spots no more in shadowy streaks appear;

But lakes instead, and groves of trees,
The wondering Muse transported sees,

And their tall heads disc' ver'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward cast my sight,

When lo! the earth, a larger moon, displays
Far off, amidst the heavens, her silver face,

And to her sister moon by turns gives light!
Her seas are shadowy spots, her land a milky
wh. e.

VIII.

What power unknown my course still upwards
guides,

Where Mars is seen his ruddy rays to throw
Through heatless skies that round him seem to
glow,

And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons pre-
sides?

And now I urge my way more bold,
Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold,
And pass his planetary guards, and his bright
ring behold.

Here the sun's beams so faintly play,
The mingled shades almost extinguish day.

His rays reverted hence the fire withdraws,
For here his wide dominions end;

And other suns, that rule by other laws,
Hither th'ir bordering realms extend.

IX.

And now far off through the blue vacant borne,
I reach at last the milky road,
Once thought to lead to Jove's supreme abode,
Where stars, profuse in heaps, heaven's glittering
heights adorn.

Lost in each other's neighbouring rays,
They undistinguish'd shone in one promiscuous
blaze,

Vol. IV.

So thick the lucid gems are strown,
As if th' Almighty Builder here
Laid up his stores for many a sphere
In destin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
Hither the nightly-wakeful swain,
That guards his folds upon the plain,
Oft turns his gazing eyes,
Yet marks no stars, but o'er his head
Beholds the streamy twilight spread,
Like distant morning in the skies;
And wonders from what source its dawning splen-
dors rise.

X.

But lo!—what's this I see appear?

It seems far off a pointed flame;
From earth-wards too the shining meteor
came.

How swift it climbs th' aerial space!

And now it traverses each sphere,
And seems some living guest, familiar to the place.

'Tis he—as I approach more near

The great Columbus of the skies I know!

'Tis Newton's soul, that daily travels here

In search of knowledge for mankind below.

O stay, thou happy spirit, stay,

And lead me on through all th' unbeaten wilds of
day;

As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide

Safe through the downward roads of night,

And in Elysium blest his sight

With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.

Here let me, thy companion, stray

From orb to orb, and now behold

Unnumber'd suns, all seas of molten gold;

And trace each comet's wandering way,

And now descry Light's fountain-head,

And measure its descending speed;

Or learn how sun-born colours rise

In rays distinct, and in the skies

Blended in yellow radiance flow,

Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the watery
bow;

Or now diffus'd their beauteous tinctures shed

On every planet's rising hills, and every verdant
mead.

VI.

Thus, rais'd sublime on Contemplation's wings,

Fresh wonders I would still explore,

Still the great Maker's power adore,

Lost in the thought—nor ever more

Return to earth, and earthly things:

But here with native freedom take my flight,

An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!

So far a while the royal eagle's brood

In his low nest securely lies,

Amid the darkness of the sheltering wood,

Yet there with in-born vigour hopes the skies:

Till fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to
rise,

The bird of heaven to heaven aspires,

Soars 'midst the meteors and æth'ral fires.

With generous pride his humbler birth disdains,

And bears the thunder through th' æth'ral
plains.

P p

P O E M S

BY THE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

IN those cold climates, where the sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A dismal vale lies in a desert isle,
On which indulgent heaven did never smile.
There a thick grove of aged cypress trees,
Which none without an awful horror sees,
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-presaging birds receive:
Poisons are all the plants that soil will bear,
And winter is the only season there:
Millions of graves o'erspread the spacious field,
And springs of blood a thousand rivers yield;
Whose streams, oppress'd with carcases and
bones,

Instead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.
Within this vale a famous temple stands,
Old as the world itself, which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four iron gates
Divide mankind, by order of the Fates:
Thither in crowds come to one common grave
The young, the old, the monarch, and the slave.
Old age and pains, those evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors;
All clad in mournful blacks, which sadly lead
The sacred walls of this obscure bode;
And tapers, of a pitchy substance made,
With clouds of smoke increase the dismal shade.

A monster void of reason and of sight
The goddess is, who sways this realm of night;
Her power extends o'er all things that have
breath,

A cruel tyrant, and her name is Death.
The fairest object of our wondering eyes
Was newly offer'd up her sacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the altar stood,
Yet blushing with the fair Almeria's blood,
When griev'd Orontes, whose unhappy flame
Is known to all who e'er converse with Fame,
His mind possess'd by Fury and Despair,
Within the sacred temple made this prayer:
Great Deity! who in thy hands dost bear
That iron sceptre which poor mortals fear;
Who, wanting eyes thyself, respectest none,
And neither spar'st the laurel nor the crown!
O thou, whom all mankind in vain withstand,
Each of whose blood must one day stain thy
hand!

O thou, who every eye that sees the light
Closest for ever in the shades of night!

Goddess, attend, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy power alone can give relief.
Alas! I ask not to defer my fate,
But wish my hapless life a shorter date;
And that the earth would in its bowels hide
A wretch, whom Heaven invades on every side:
That from the sight of day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.

Thou only comforter of minds oppress'd,
The port where wearied spirits are at rest
Conductor to Elysium, take my life,
My breast I offer to thy sacred knife;
So just a grace refuse not, nor despise
A willing, though a worthless sacrifice.
Others (their frail and mortal state forgot)
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without constraint; the noise of dying rage,
Heaps of the slain of every sex and age,
The blade all reeking in the gore it shed,
With sever'd heads and arms confus'dly spread
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire:
This tragic scene in terror makes them live,
Till that is forc'd which they should freely give:
Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
Their fears eclipse the glory of their grave:
Before thy face they make indecent moan,
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one:
Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breast,
And he a murderer who was a priest.
But against me thy strongest forces call,
And on my head let all the tempest fall;
No mean retreat shall any weakness show,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,
That universal cure for every grief,
Whose aid so many lovers oft have found,
With like success can ever heal my wound:
Too weak the power of nature, or of art,
Nothing but death can ease a broken heart:
And that thou may'st behold my helpless state,
Learn the extremest rigour of my fate.

Amidst th' innumerable beauteous train,
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,
(The fairest town, the largest, and the best)
The fair Almeria shin'd above the rest:
From her bright eyes to feel a hopeless flame,
Was of our youth the most ambitious aim;
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
She made a prince whene'er she made a slave,

Love, under whose tyrannic power I groan,
Shew'd me this beauty ere 'twas fully blown;
Her timorous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
Their first assurance from my conquest took,
By wounding me, she learn'd the fatal art,
And the first sigh she had was from my heart:
My eyes, with tears moistening her snowy arms,
Render'd the tribute owing to her charms.
But, as I soonest of all mortals paid
My vows, and to her beauty altars made;
So, among all those slaves that sigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my chain:
Love's heavy burden my submissive heart
Endur'd not long, before she bore her part;
My violent flame melted her frozen breast,
And in soft sighs her pity she express'd;
Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains,
And her fair hands sustain'd me in my chains;
Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,
And tender looks were cast on me alone.
My hopes and dangers were less mine than hers,
Those fill'd her soul with joys, and these with fears;

Our hearts, united, had the same desires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.

Too faithful Memory! I give thee leave
Thy wretched master kindly to deceive;
Oh, make me not possessor of her charms,
Let me not find her languish in my arms;
Past joys are now my fancy's mournful themes;
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams:
Let not such bliss before my eyes be brought,
O hide those scenes from my tormenting thought:
And in their place disdainful beauty shew;
If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so:
And, something to abate my deep despair,
O let her seem less gentle, or less fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind;
Never was nymph so lovely or so kind:
No cold repulses my desire suppress,
I seldom sigh'd, but on Almeria's breast:
Of all the passions which mankind destroy,
I only felt excess of love and joy:
Unnumber'd pleasures charm'd my sense, and they
Were, as my love, without the least alloy.
Aspire, alas! but not so sure to last,
For, like a pleasing dream, they are all past
From heaven her beauties like fierce lightnings

came,
Which break through darkness with a glorious flame;

Awhile they shine, awhile our minds amaze,
Our wondering eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
But thunder follows, whose resistless rage
None can withstand, and nothing can assuage;
And all that light which those bright flashes

gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our grave.

When I had just begun love's joys to taste,
(Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)
A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richest work that ever nature wrought.
All things below, alas! uncertain stand;
The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand:
Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,
And no beginning is without an end.

A sacrifice to time, fate dooms us all,
And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall:
Time, whose bold hand will bring alike to dust
Mankind, and temples too in which they trust.

Her wasted spirits now begin to faint,
Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
And in her heart as in a fort remains;
But yields at last to her resistless pains.
Thus while the fever, amorous of his prey,
Through all her veins makes his delightful way,
Her fate's like Semele's; the flames destroy
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming face is in its spring decay'd,
Pale grow the roses, and the lilies fade;
Her skin has lost that lustre which surpass'd
The sun's, and well deserv'd as long to last:
Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts;
Those stars now heavily and slowly move;
And sickness triumphs in the throne of love.

The fever every moment more prevails,
Its rage her body feels, and tongue bewails:
She, whose disdain so many lovers prove,
Sighs now for torment, as they sigh for love,
And with loud cries, which rend the neighbouring

air,
Wounds my sad heart, and weakens my despair.
Both men and gods I charge now with my loss,
And, wild with grief, my thoughts each other

cross,
My heart and tongue labour in both extremes.
This sends up humble prayers, while that blas-

phemes:
I ask their help, whose malice I defy,
And mingle sacrilege with piety.
But, that which must yet more perplex my mind,
To love her truly, I must seem unkind;
So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears,

I must restrain unru'y floods of tears.
My eyes and tongue put on dissembling forms,
I shew a calmness in the midst of storms;
I seem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
And, almost dead with grief, discover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,

Or with dry eyes behold his mistress die?
When passion had with all its terrors brought,
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise,

And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping eyes:
My apprehensions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind.
The fair afflicted soon perceives my tears,
Explains my sighs, and thence concludes my

fears;
With sad presages of her hopeless case,
She reads her fate in my dejected face;
Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
While I am sensible of hers alone;
Each does the other's burthen kindly bear,
I fear her death, and she bewails my fear;
Though thus we suffer under Fortune's darts,
'Tis only those of love which reach our hearts.

Mean while the fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our sighs, and rages at our tears:

Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
Like win! and oil, increase the fatal fire.

Almeria then, feeling the destinies
About to shut her lips, and close her eyes;
Weeping, in mine, fix'd her fair trembling hand,
And with these words I scarce could understand,
Her passion in a dying voice express'd
Half, and her sighs, alas! made out the rest.

'Tis past; this pang—Nature gives o'er the
strife;

Thou must thy mistress lose, and I my life.
I die; but, dying thine, the fates may prove
Their conquest over me, but not my love:
Thy memory my glory, and my pain,
In spite of death itself shall still remain.
Dearest Orontes, my hard fate denies,
That hope is the last thing which in us dies:
From my griev'd breast all those soft thoughts are
fled,

And love survives it, though my hope is dead;
I yield my life, but keep my passion yet,
And can all thoughts, but of Orontes, quit.

My flame increases as my strength decays;
Death, which puts out the light, the heat will
raise:

That still remains, though I from hence remove;
I lose my lover, but I keep my love.

Thesighs which sent forth that last tender word,
Uptow'rds the heavens like a bright meteor
soar'd;

And the kind nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
Fell cold and breathless in her lover's arms.

Goddeſs, who now my fate I aſt underſtood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood:
Here let me end the ſtory of my cares;
My diſmal grief enough the reſt declares.
Judge thou by all this miſery diſplay'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid:
Thus to ſurvive, reproaches on me draws;
Never ſad wiſhes had ſo juſt a cauſe.

Come then, my only hope; in every place
Thou viſiteſt, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a ſwain that does the blow demand.
Vouchſafe thy dart; I need not one of thoſe,
With which thou doſt unwilling kings depoſe.
A welcome death the ſlighteſt wound can bring,
And free a ſoul already on her wing.
Without thy aid, moſt miſerable I
Muſt ever wiſh, yet not obtain to die.

O D E O N L O V E.

I.

LET others ſongs or ſatires write,
Provok'd by vanity or ſpite;
My Muſe a nobler cauſe ſhall move,
To ſound aloud the praiſe of Love:
That gentle, yet reſiſtleſs heat,
Which raiſes men to all things good and great:
While other paſſions of the mind
To low brutality debase mankind,
By love we are above ourſelves refin'd.

Oh love, thou trance divine! in which the ſoul,
Unclogg'd with wordly cares, may range with-
out control;

And ſoaring to her heaven, from thence inspir'd
can tea h

High myſteries, above poor Reaſon's feeble reach.

II.

To weak old age, Prudence ſome aid may prove,
And curl thoſe appetites that faintly move;
But wild, impetuous youth is tam'd by nothing
leſs than love.

Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,
Love's power can penetrate the hardeſt hearts;
And through the cloſeſt pores a paſſage find,
Like that of light, to ſhine o'er all the mind.
The want of love does both extremes produce;
Maids are too nice, and men as much too looſe;
While equal good an amorous couple find,
She makes him conſtant, and he makes her kind.
New charms in vain a lover's faith would
prove;

Hermits or bed-rid men they'll ſooner move:
The fair inveigler will but ſadly find
There's no ſuch eunuch as a man in love.

But when by his chaſte nymph embrac'd,
(For love makes all embraces chaſte)
Then the tranſported creature can
Do wonders, and is more than man.
Both heaven and earth would our deſires con-
fine;
But yet in vain both heaven and earth combine,
Unleſs where love bleſſes the great deſign.
Hymen makes faſt the hand, but Love the heart;
He the fool's god, thou nature's Hymen art;
Whoſe laws once broke, we are not held by
force,
But the falſe breach itſelf is a divorce.

III.

For love the miſer will his gold deſpiſe,
The falſe grow faithful, and the fooliſh wiſe;
Cautious the young and complaiſant the old.
The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.

Thou glorious ſun within our ſouls,
Whoſe influence ſo much controls;
Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,
Quickened by thee, more lively move;
And if their heads but any ſubſtance hold,
Love ripens all that droſs into the pureſt gold.
In heaven's great work thy part is ſuch,
That maſter-like thou giv'ſt the laſt great touch
To heaven's own maſter-piece of man;
And finiſheſt what nature but began:
Thy happy ſtroke can into ſoftneſs bring
Reaſon, that rough and wrangling thing.
From childhood upwards we decay,
And grow but greater children every day:
So, reaſon, how can we be ſaid to riſe?
So many cares attend the being wiſe,
'Tis rather falling down a precipice.
From Senſe to Reaſon unimprov'd we move;
We only then advance, when Reaſon turns to
Love.

IV.

Thou reignest o'er our earthly gods ;
Uncrown'd by thee, their other crowns are
loads ;

One beauty's smile their meanest courtier brings
Rather to pity than to envy kings ;
His fellow slaves he takes them now to be,
Favour'd by love perhaps much less than he.

For love, the timorous bashful maid
Of nothing but denying is afraid ;
For love she overcomes her shame,
Forfeats her fortune, and forgets her fame ;
Yet, if but with a constant lover blest,
Thanks Heaven for that, and never minds the
rest.

V.

Love is the salt of life ; a higher taste
It gives to pleasure, and then makes it last.
Those slighted favours which cold nymphs dis-
pense,

Mere common counters of the sense,
Defective both in metal and in measure,
A lover's fancy coins into a treasure.
How vast the subject ! what a boundless store
Of bright ideas shining all before !
The Muse's sighs forbid me to give o'er !
But the kind god incites us various ways,
And now I find him all my ardour raise,
His precepts to perform, as well as praise.

ELEGY TO THE
DUTCHESS OF R——.

THOU lovely slave to a rude husband's will,
By Nature us'd so well, by him so ill !
For all that grief we see your mind endure,
Your glass presents you with a pleasing cure.
Those maids you envy for their happier state,
To have your form, would gladly have your
fate ;

And of like slavery each wife complains,
Without such beauty's help to bear her chains.
Husbands like him we every where may see ;
But where can we behold a wife like thee ?

While to a tyrant you by fate are ty'd,
By love you tyrannize o'er all beside :
Those eyes, though weeping, can no pity
move ;

Worthy our grief ! more worthy of our love.
You, while so fair (do Fortune what she please)
Can be no more in pain than we at ease ;
Unless, unsatisfied with all our vows,
Your vain ambition so unbounded grows,
That you repine a husband should escape
The united force of such a face and shape.
If so, alas ! for all those charming powers,
Your case is just as desperate as ours.
Expect that birds should only sing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree should bow ;
Expect those statues, as you pass should burn,
And that with wonder men should statues turn ;
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a husband love his wife :

A husband, worse than statues, or than trees ;
Colder than those, less sensible than these.
Then from so dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waste not sighs you only owe to love.
'Tis pity, sighs from such a breast should part,
Unless to ease some doubtful lover's heart ;
Who dies because he must too justly prize
What yet the dull possessor does despise.
Thus precious jewels among Indians grow,
Who nor their use, nor wondrous value know ;
But we for those bright treasures tempt the
main,
And hazard life for what the fools disdain.

A LETTER FROM SEA.

FAIREST, if time and absence can incline
Your heart to wandering thoughts no more
than mine ;

Then shall my hand, as changeless as my mind,
From your glazing eyes a kindly welcome find ;
Then, while this note my constancy assures,
You'll be almost as pleas'd, as I with yours.
And trust me, when I feel that kind relief,
Absence itself awhile suspends its grief :
So may it do with you, but strait return ;
For it were cruel not sometimes to mourn
His fate, who this long time he keeps away.
Mourns all the night, and sighs out all the day ;
Grieving yet more, when he reflects that you
Must not be happy, or must not be true.
But since to me it seems a blacker fate
To be inconstant, than unfortunate ;
Remember all those vows between us past,
When I from all I value parted last ;
May you alike with kind impatience burn,
And something miss, till I with joy return ;
And soon may pitying Heaven that blessing give,
As in the hopes of that alone I live.

LOVE'S SLAVERY.

GRAVE sops my envy now beget,
Who did my pity move ;
They, by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.
Turks honour fools, because they are
By that defect secure
From slavery and toils of war,
Which all the rest endure.
So I, who suffer cold neglect
And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to respect
These fools that seem so wise.
'Tis true, they fondly set their hearts
On things of no delight ;
To pass all day for men of parts,
They pass alone the night.
But Celia never breaks their rest ;
Such servants she disdains ;
And so the sops are dully blest,
While I endure her chains.

THE DREAM.

READY to throw me at the feet
Of that fair nymph whom I adore,
Impatient those delights to meet
Which I enjoy'd the night before ;
By her wonted scornful brow,
Soon the fond mistake I find ;
Ixion mourn'd his error so,
When Juno's form the cloud resign'd.
Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
Than waking joys, which most prevail,
Had cunningly itself disguis'd
In a shape that could not fail.
There my Celia's snowy arms,
Breasts, and other parts more dear,
Exposing new and unknown charms,
To my raptur'd soul appear.
Then you so much kindness shew,
My despair deluded flies ;
And indulgent dreams bestow
What your cruelty denies.
Blush not that your image Love
Naked to my fancy brought :
'Tis hard, methinks, to disapprove
The joys I feel without your fault.
Wonder not a fancy'd bliss
Can such griefs as mine remove ;
That honour as fantastic is,
Which makes you slight such constant love.
The virtue which you value so,
Is but a fancy frail and vain ;
Nothing is solid here below,
Except my love and your disdain.

TO ONE WHO ACCUSED HIM OF BEING TOO
SENSUAL IN HIS LOVE.

THINK not, my fair, 'tis sin or shame,
To bless the man who so adores ;
Nor give so hard, unjust a name
To all those favours he implores.
Beauty is Heaven's most bounteous gift esteem'd,
Because by love men are from vice redeem'd.
Yet with not vainly for a love
From all the force of nature clear :
That is reserv'd for those above,
And 'tis a fault to claim it here.
For sensual joys ye scorn that we should love ye,
But love without them is as much above ye.

THE WARNING.

LOVERS, who waste your thoughts and
youth
In passion's fond extremes,
Who dream of women's love and truth,
And doat upon your dreams :
I shuld not here your fancy take
From such a pleasing state,
Were you not sure at last to wake:
And find your fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the love which crowns
Our cares is all but wiles
Compos'd of false fantastic frowns,
And soft dissembling smiles.
With anger, which sometimes they feign,
They cruel tyrants prove ;
And then turn flatterers again,
With as affect'd love.
As if some injury was meant
To thote they kindly us'd,
Those lovers are the most content
That have been still refus'd.
Since each has in his bosom nurs'd
A false and fawning foe,
'Tis just and wise, by striking first,
To scape the fatal blow.

TO AMORETTA.

WHEN I held out against your eyes,
You took the surest course
A heart unwary to surprise,
You ne'er could take by force.
However, though I strive no more,
The fort will now be priz'd,
Which, if surrender'd up before,
Perhaps had been despis'd.
But, gentle Amoretta, though
I cannot love resist,
Think not, when you have caught me so,
To use me as you list.
Inconstancy or coldness will
My foolish heart reclaim :
Then I come off with honour still,
But you, alas ! with shame.
A heart by kindness only gain'd,
Will a dear conquest prove ;
And, to be kept, must be maintain'd
At vast expence of love.

THE VENTURE.

OH, how I languish ! what a strange,
Unruly fierce desire !
My spirits feel some wondrous change,
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiser thoughts, away,
In vain your tale ye tell
Of patient hopes, and dull delay,
Love's foppish part ; farewell.

Suppose one week's delay would give
All that my wishes move ;
Oh, who so long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the rack of love ?

Her soul perhaps is too sublime,
To like such slavish fear ;
Discretion, prudence, all is crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the soldier call
To some unequal fight,
Resolv'd to conquer, or to fall,
Before his general's sight;
Advanc'd the happy hero lives;
Or if ill fate denies,
The noble rashness Heaven forgives,
And gloriously he dies.

INCONSTANCY EXCUSED.

S O N G.

I MUST confess, I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes,
But he that's smil'd upon by you,
Must all the world despise.
In winter, fires of little worth
Excite our dull desire;
But when the sun breaks kindly forth,
Those fainter flames expire.
Then blame me not for slighting now
What I did once adore;
O, do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more:
Fixt by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languishing within your arms,
I sigh my soul away.

S O N G.

OH, conceal that charming creature
From my wondering, wishing eyes!
Every motion, every feature
Does some ravish'd heart surprize;
But oh, I sighing, sighing, see
The happy swain! she ne'er can be
False to him, or kind to me.
Yet, if I could humbly show her,
Ah! how wretched I remain;
'Tis not, sure, a thing below her,
Still to pity so much pain.
The gods some pleasure, pleasure take,
Happy as themselves to make
Those who suffer for their sake.
Since your hand alone was given
To a wretch not worth your care;
Like some angel sent from heaven,
Come, and raise me from despair.
Your heart I cannot, cannot miss,
And I desire no other bliss;
Let all the world besides be his.

D E S P A I R.

ALL hopeless of relief,
Incapable of rest,
In vain I strive to vent a grief
That's not to be express'd.

This rage within my veins
No reason can remove;
Of all the mind's most cruel pains,
The sharpest, sure, is love.

Yet while I languish so,
And on thee vainly call;
Take heed, fair cause of all my woe,
What fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful, cruel faults
Suit not thy gentle sex;
Hereafter, how will guilty thoughts
Thy tender conscience vex!

When welcome Death shall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My soul enlarg'd, and once on wing,
In haste will fly to thee.

When in thy lonely bed
My ghost its moan shall make,
With saddest signs that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear sake;

Struck with that conscious blow,
Thy very soul will start:
Pale as my shadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy heart.

Too late remorse will then
Untimely pity show,
To him, who, of all mortal men,
Did most thy value know.

Yet, with this broken heart,
I wish thou never be
Tormented with the thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee.

ON APPREHENSION OF LOSING WHAT
HE HAD NEWLY GAINED.

IN IMITATION OF OVID.

SURE I of all men am the first
That ever was by kindness curs'd,
Who must my only bliss bemoan,
And am by happiness undone.

Had I at distance only seen
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this passion seiz'd.

When afterwards so near I came
As to be scorched in beauty's flame;
To so much softness, so much sense,
Reason itself made no defence.

What pleasing thoughts possess'd my mind,
When little favours shew'd you kind!
And though, when coldness oft prevail'd,
My heart would sink, and spirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,
And all your chains as bracelets wore:
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
Desiring, without knowing why;
For, not yet blest within your arms,
Who could have thought of half your charms?

Charms of such a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, must not find,
A body worthy of your mind,
Fancy could ne'er so high reflect,
Nor love itself such joys expect.

After such embraces past,
Whose memory will ever last,
Love is still reflecting back;
All my soul is on a rack:
To be in hell's sufficient curse,
But to fall from heaven is worse.
I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkness too,
Of gains, alas! I could not boast;
But little thought how much I lost.

Now heart-devouring eagerness,
And sharp impatience to possess;
Now restless cares, consuming fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce desires,
Tear my heart to that degree,
Forever fix'd on only thee:
Then all my comfort is, I shall
Live in thy arms, or not all.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

S O N G.

CÔME, let us now resolve at last
To live in love and quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That Time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love,
Each other to give.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

S O N G.

F'ROM all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented I had been too blest,
If love and you had let me rest:
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires,
Which beauty moves, and love inspires;
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear:

Yet I'll defy the worst of harms;
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

TO A COQUET BEAUTY.

F'ROM wars and plagues comes no such harm,
As from a nymph so full of charms,
So much sweetness in her face,
In her motions such a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a soft enchantment lies;
That we please ourselves too soon,
And a c with empty hopes undone.
After all her softness, we
Are but slaves, while she is free;
Free, alas! from all desire,
Except to set the world on fire.

Thou, fair dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive thyself, as well as us.
Like a restless monarch, thou
Wouldst rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But trust me, Celia, trust me, when
Apollo's self inspires my pen,
One hour of love's delight outweighs
Whole years of universal praise;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.
For what does youth and beauty serve?
Why more than all your sex deserve?
Why such soft alluring arts
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?
By our loss you nothing gain:
Unless you love, you please in vain.

THE RELAPSE.

L IKE children in a starry night,
When I beheld those eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Insensible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame so long,
At last I felt the scorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my passion strong,
And I lay dying with desire.

By all the helps of human art,
I just recover'd so much sense,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair, but fatal, influence.

But, since you shine away despair,
And now my sighs no longer shun,
No Persian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the rising sun.

If once again my vows displease,
There never was so lost a lover;
In love, that languishing disease,
A sad relapse we ne'er recover.

THE RECOVERY.

SIGHING and languishing I lay,
A stranger grown to all delight,
Passing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with despair,
Neglecting all the world beside:
Till, like some angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.

Those pleasing hopes I now pursue
Might fall if you could prove unjust;
But promises from heaven and you,
Who is so impious to mistrust?
Here all my doubts and troubles end,
One tender word my soul assures;
Nor am I vain, since I depend
Not on my own desert, but yours.

THE CONVERT.

DEJECTED, as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
So, fairest! at your feet I lie,
Of all my sex's faults asham'd.
Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Love's innocent and sacred flame,
And that divinest power have us'd
To laugh at, as an idle name.

But since so freely I confess
A crime which may your scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it less
By any just and fair excuse.
I then did vulgar joys pursue,
Variety was all my bliss;
But ignorant of love and you,
How could I choose but do amiss?
If ever now my wandering eyes
Seek out amusements as before;
If e'er I look, but to despise
Such charms, and value yours the more;

May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
And, what I tremble even to name,
May I lose all in losing thee!

THE PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

THOU flatterer of all the fair,
Come with all your skill and care;
Draw me such a shape and face,
As your flattery would disgrace.
VOL. IV.

With not that she would appear,
'Tis well for you she is not here:
Scarce can you with safety see
All her charms describ'd by me:
I, alas! the danger know,
I, alas! have felt the blow;
Mourn, as lost, my former days,
That never sung of Celia's praise;
And those few that are behind
I shall blest or wretched find,
Only just as she is kind.

With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw angels in
To a second sweeter sin.
Oh, those wanton rolling eyes!
At each glance a lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing.
Let them look both kind and killing.

Next, draw her forehead; then her nose,
And lips just opening, that disclose
Teeth so bright, and breath so sweet,
So much beauty, so much wit,
To our very soul they strike,
All our senses pleas'd alike.

But so pure a white and red,
Never, never, can be said;
What are words in such a case?
What is paint to such a face?
How should either art avail us?
Fancy here itself must fail us.

In her looks, and in her mien,
Such a graceful air is seen,
That if you, with all your art,
Can but reach the smallest part;
Next to her, the matchless she,
We shall wonder most at thee.

Then her neck, and breasts, and hair,
And her—but my charming fair
Does in a thousand things excel,
Which I must not, dare not tell.
How go on then? Oh! I see
A lovely Venus drawn by thee;
Oh how fair she does appear!
Touch it only here and there.
Make her yet seem more divine,
Your Venus then may look like mine,
Whose bright form if once you saw,
You by her would Venus draw.

ON DON ALONZO'S BEING KILLED IN PORTUGAL,
UPON ACCOUNT OF THE INFANTA, IN
THE YEAR 1683.

IN such a cause no Muse should fail
To bear a mournful part;
'Tis just and noble to bewail
The fate of fall'n desert.

In vain ambitious hopes design'd
To make his soul aspire,
If love and beauty had not join'd,
To raise a brighter fire.

Amidst so many dangerous foes,
How weak the wisest prove!
Reason itself would scarce oppose,
And seems agreed with love.

If from the glorious height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright beauty calls,
An empire is the prize.

THE SURPRISE.

SAFELY perhaps dull crowds admire
But I, alas! am all on fire.
Like him who thought in childhood past
That dire disease which kill'd at last,
I durst have sworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the danger o'er;
Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,
And borne the blasts of cold disdain;
Then reap'd at length the mighty gains,
That full reward of all our pains!

But what was all such grief or joy,
That did my heedless ears employ?
Mere dreams of feign'd fantastic powers,
But the disease of idle hours;
Amusement, humour, affectation,
Compar'd with this sublimer passion,
Whose raptures, bright as those above,
Outshine the flames of zeal or love.

Yet think not, fairest, what I sing
Can from a love platonic spring
That formal softness (false and vain)
Not of the heart but of the brain.
Thou art indeed above all nature;
But I, a wretched human creature,
Wanting thy gentle generous aid,
Of husbands, rivals, friends, afraid!
Amidst all this seraphic fire,
Am almost dying with desire,
With eager wishes, ardent thoughts,
Prone to commit love's wildest faults!
And (as we are on Sundays told
The lusty patriarch did of old)
Would force a blessing from those charms,
And grasp an angel in my arms.

A DIALOGUE,

SUNG ON THE STAGE,

BETWEEN AN ELDERLY SHEPHERD
AND A VERY YOUNG NYMPH.

SHEPHERD.

BRIGHT and blooming as the spring,
Universal love inspiring;
All our swains thy praises sing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

NYMPH.

Praises in so high a strain,
And by such a shepherd sung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet so harmless and so young.

SHEPHERD.

I should have despair'd among
Rivals that appear so gaily:
But your eyes have made me young,
By their smiling on me daily.

NYMPH.

Idle boys admire us blindly,
Are inconstant, wild, and bold;
And your using me so kindly
Is a proof you are not old.

SHEPHERD.

With thy pleasing voice and fashion,
With thy humour and thy youth,
Cheer my soul, and crown my passion:
Oh! reward my love and truth.

NYMPH.

With thy careful arts to cover
That which fools will count a fault,
Truest friend as well as lover,
Oh! deserve so kind a thought.

EACH APART, FIRST, AND THEN BOTH TOGE-
THER.

Happy we shall lie possessing,
Folded in each other's arms,
Love and Nature's chiefest blessing
In the still increasing charms.
So the dearest joys of loving,
Which scarce heaven can go beyond,
We'll be every day improving.

SHEPHERD.

You more fair, and I more fond.

NYMPH.

I more fair, and you more fond.

ON ONE WHO DIED DISCOVERING HER KIN-
NESS.

SOME vex their souls with jealous pain,
While others sigh for cold disdain:
Love's various slaves we daily see!
Yet happy all, compar'd with me.

Of all mankind, I lov'd the best
A nymph so far above the rest,
That we outshin'd the blest above,
In beauty she, and I in love.

And therefore they who could not bear
To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themselves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.

All other fate I could have borne,
And ev'n endur'd her very scorn;
But oh! thus all at once to find
That dread account! both dead and kind!
What heart can hold! if yet I live,
'Tis but to shew how much I grieve.

ON LUCINDA'S DEATH.

COME all ye doleful, dismal cares,
That ever haunted guilty mind!
The pangs of love when it despairs,
And all those things the jealous find:

Alas! heart-breaking though ye be,
 Yet welcome, welcome all to me!
 Who now have lost—but oh! how much?
 No language, nothing can express,
 Except my grief! for she was such,
 That praises would but make her less.
 Yet who can ever dare to raise
 His voice on her, unless to praise?
 Free from her sex's smallest faults,
 And fair as womankind can be:
 Tender and warm as lover's thoughts,
 Yet cold to all the world but me.
 Of all this nothing now remains,
 But only sighs and endless pains!

TO A LADY

RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.

WHAT breast but yours can hold the double fire
 Of fierce devotion, and of fond desire?
 Love would shine forth, were not your zeal so bright

Whose glaring flames eclipse his gentler light:
 Less seems the faith that mountains can remove,
 Than this which triumphs over youth and love.

But shall some threatening priest divide us two?

What worse than that could all his curses do?
 Thus with a fright some have resign'd their breath,

And poorly died, only for fear of death.

Heaven fees our passions with indulgence still,
 And they who lov'd well, can do nothing ill.
 While to us nothing but ourselves is dear,
 Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?

Fame, wealth, and power, those high-priz'd gifts of fate,

The low concerns of a less happy state,
 Are far beneath us: fortune's self may take
 Her aim at us, yet no impression make;
 Let worldlings ask her help, or fear her harms;
 We can lie safe, lock'd in each other's arms,
 Like the blest saints, eternal raptures know,
 And slight those storms that vainly rest below.

Yet this, all this you are resolv'd to quit;

I see my ruin, and I must submit:
 But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
 How lost a wretch you leave forlorn behind.

Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
 Revenge for wrongs too burdensome to bear,
 Ev'n zeal itself, from whence all mischiefs spring,
 Have never done so barbarous a thing.

With such a fate the heavens decreed to vex
 Armida once, though of the fairer sex;
 Rinaldo she had charm'd with so much art,
 Hers was his power, his person, and his heart:
 Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could move;

She sooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love:
 When straight a gust of fierce devotion blows,
 And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows:

The poor Armida tears her golden hair,
 Matchless till now, for love or for despair.
 Who is not mov'd while the sad nymph complains?

Yet you now act what Tasso only feigns:
 And after all our vows, our sighs, our tears,
 My banish'd sorrows, and your conquer'd fears;
 So many doubts, so many dangers past,
 Visions of zeal must vanquish me at last.

Thus, in great Homer's war, throughout the field

Some hero still made all things mortal yield;
 But when a god once took the vanquish'd side,
 The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

THE VISION.

WRITTEN DURING A SEA VOYAGE, WHEN SENT
 TO COMMAND THE FORCES FOR THE RELIEF
 OF TANGIER.

WITHIN the silent shades of soft repose,
 Where Fancy's boundless stream for ever flows;

Where the infranchis'd soul at ease can play,
 Tir'd with the toilsome business of the day;
 Where princes gladly rest their weary heads,
 And change uneasy thrones for downy beds;
 Where seeming joys delude despairing minds,
 And where ev'n jealousy some quiet finds;
 There I and sorrow for a while could part,
 Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a sighing heart.

But here too soon a wretched lover found
 In deepest griefs that sleep can ne'er be found;
 With strange surprise my troubled fancy brings
 Odd antic shapes of wild unheard-of things;
 Dismal and terrible they all appear,
 My soul was shook with an unusual fear.
 But as when visions glad the eyes of saints,
 And kind relief attends devout complaints,
 Some beauteous angel in bright charms will shine,
 And spread a glory round, that's all divine;
 Lust such a bright and beauteous form appears,
 The monsters vanish, and with them my fears.
 The fairest shape was then before me brought,
 That eyes e'er saw, or fancy ever thought;
 How weak are words to shew such excellence,
 Which ev'n confounds the soul, as well as sense!
 And, while our eyes transporting pleasure find,
 It stops not here, but strikes the very mind.
 Some angel speaks her praise; no human tongue,
 But with its utmost art must do her wrong.
 The only woman that has power to kill,
 And yet is good enough to want the will;
 Who needs no soft alluring words repeat,
 Nor studied looks of languishing deceit.

Fantastic beauty, always in the wrong,
 Still thinks some pride must to its power belong;
 An air affected, and an haughty mien,
 Something that seems to say, I would be seen.
 But of all mankind tis only she,
 Full of its charms, and from its frailty free.
 Deserves some nobler Muse her fame to raise,
 By making the whole sex beside her pyramid of
 praise.

She, she appear'd the source of all my joys,
The dearest care that all my thought employs:
Gently she look'd as when I left her last,
When first she seiz'd my heart, and held it fast:
When, if my vows, alas! were made too late,
I saw my doom came not from her, but fate.
With pity then she eas'd my raging pain,
And her kind eyes could scarce from tears re-
frain:

Why, gentle swain, said she, why do you grieve
In words I should not hear, much less believe?
I gaze on that which is a fault to mind.

And ought to fly the danger which I find:
Of false mankind though you may be the best,
Ye all have robb'd poor women of their rest.
I see your pain, and see it too with grief,
Because I would, yet must not, give relief.
Thus, for a husband's sake as well as yours,
My scrupulous soul divided pain endures;
Guilty, alas! to both: for thus I do
Too much for him, yet not enough for you.
Give over then, give over, hapless swain,
A passion moving, but a passion vain:
Not chance nor time shall ever change my
thought:

'Tis better much to die, than do a fault.

Oh, worse than ever! Is it then my doom
Just to see heaven, where I must never come?
Your soft compassion, if not something more;
Yet I remain as wretched as before;
The wind indeed is fair, but ah! no sight of
shore.

Farewell, too scrupulous fair-one; oh, fare-
well;

What torments I endure, no tongue can tell;
Thank Heaven, my fate transports me now
where I,

Your martyr, may with ease and safety die.
With that I kneel'd, and seiz'd her trembling
hand,

While she impos'd this cruel kind command:
Live, and love on; you will be true, I know;
But live then, and come back to tell me so;
For though I blush at this last guilty breath,
I can endure that better than your death.

Tormenting kindness! barbarous reprieve!
Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!

This tender scene my dream repeated o'er,
Just as it pass'd in real truth before.
Methought I then fell groveling to the ground,
Till, on a sudden rais'd, I wondering found
A strange appearance all in taintless white;
His form gave reverence, and his face delight:
Goodness and greatness in his eyes were seen,
Gentle his look, and affable his mien.
A kindly notice of me thus he took:

"What mean these flowing eyes, this ghastly
look!

"These trembling joints, this loose dishevell'd
hair,

"And this cold dew, the drops of deep despair?"

With grief and wonder first my spirits faint,
But thus at last I vented my complaint:
Behold a wretch whom cruel fate has found,
And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.

There shines a nymph, to whom an envy'd swain
Is ty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain;
But, cloy'd with charms of such a marriage-bed,
And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread;
And will, most husband-like, not only range,
For love perhaps of nothing else but change,
But to inferior beauty prostrate lies,
And courts her love in scorn of Flavia's eyes.

All this I knew (the form divine reply'd)
And did but ask to have thy temper try'd,
Which prove sincere. Of both I know the
mind;

She is too scrupulous, and thou too kind:
But since thy fatal love's for ever fix'd,
Whatever time or absence come betwixt;
Since thy fond heart ev'n her disdain prefers
To others love, I'll something soften hers:
Else in the search of virtue she may stray;
Well-manner'd mortals should not lose their way.
She now indeed sins on the safer side,
For hearts too loose are never to be ty'd;
But no extremes are either good or wise,
And in the midst alone true virtue lies.
When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,
'Tis a mere contract made by human care,
By which they both are for convenience ty'd,
The bridegroom yet more strictly than the
bride;

For circumstances alter every ill,
And woman meets with most temptation still;
She a forsaken bed must often bear,
While he can never fail to find her there,
And therefore less excus'd to range elsewhere.
Yet this she ought to suffer, and submit:
But when no longer for each other fit,
If usage bafe shall just repentment move,
Or, what is worse, affronts of wandering love;
No obligation after that remains,
'Tis mean, not just, to wear a rival's chains.
Yet decency requires the wonted cares
Of interest, children, and remote affairs;
But in her love, that dear concern of life,
She all the while may be another's wife:
Heaven, that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd
bed,

Permits a lover in her husband's stead.

I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiss,
And cry'd—Ev'n our base world is just in this;
Amidst our censures, love we gently blame,
And love sometimes preserves a female fame.
What tie less strong can woman's will restrain?
When honour checks, and conscience pleads in
vain;

When parent's threats, and friend's persuasions
fail,

When interest and ambition scarce prevail,
To bound that sex when nothing else can move,
They'll live reserv'd, to please the man they
love!

The spirit then reply'd to all I said,
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate:
Then the will love, when 'tis, alas! too late:
Of all thy pains she will no pity have,
Till sad despair has sent thee to the grave.

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haste,
All trembling at my doom;
Dreams oft repeat adventures past,
And tell our ills to come.

HELEN TO PARIS. FROM OVID.

TRANSLATED BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE,
AND MR. DRYDEN.

WHEN loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
She half consents, who silently denies;
How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
Marriage and hospitable rights profane?
Was it for this your fate did shelter find
From swelling seas and every faithless wind?
(For though a distant country brought you forth,
Your usage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deserve to be rewarded so!
Did you come here a stranger, or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my just disdain;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my honour still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see:
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Because a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame;
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear,
I fear'd unhurt by any thing but fear:
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted so.
Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:
Did he repent, that Paris might succeed?
Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrongs,
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
I'll not complain, for who's displeas'd with love,
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
But that I fear—not that I think you base,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
And ours, alas! too willing to deceive,
Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the best—
But why should I not shine above the rest?
For Leda's story seems at first to be
A fit example ready found for me:
But she was couzen'd by a borrow'd shape,
And under harmless feathers felt a rape:
If I should yield, what reason could I use?
By what mistake the loving crime excuse?
Her fault was in her powerful lover lost;
But of what Jupiter have I to boast?

Though you to heroes and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need:
And great alliances but useless prove
To one that springs herself from mighty Jove.
Go then and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
Which I would shew I valu'd, if I durst;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confess,
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant call,
Gives expectation such an ample field
As would move goddesses themselves to yield:
But, if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause;
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain:
Not that so fair a present I despise;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize:
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you
take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too)
A thousand things that love has made you do:
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
In which (wild man!) your wanton thoughts
would shine.
Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd
stand,
And with unusual ardour press my hand;
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass;
Which oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And blushing sat for things which you have done;
Then murmur'd to myself, He'll for my sake
Do any thing, I hope 'twas no mistake.
Oft have I read within this pleasant grove,
Under my name, these charming words, *I love*.
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame,
But now, alas! am come to write the same.
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this.
For, oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May some blest maid possess with innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should
move;
Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is sought by all mankind;
As you have eyes, so others are not blind:
Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
My virgin love when thousand rivals sought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice,
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you came too late,
Another now is master of my fate:
More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo.
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill;

But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey :
Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize :
One offer'd valour, t'other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause, who smiling promis'd me.
But, first, I am not of belief so light,
To think such nymphs would shew you such a
sight :

Yet, granting this, the other part is feign'd,
A bribe to mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward ;
I humbly am content with human praise,
A goddess's applause would envy raise :
But be it as you say : for 'tis confess'd,
'The men who flatter highest please us best :
That I suspect it ought not to displease,
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus's voice ;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice ;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
Juno and Pallas, you condemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown ?
What heart of rock but must by this be won ?
And yet bear witness, O ye powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love !
My hand is yet untaught to write to men,
This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen :
Happy those nymphs whom use has perfect
made,

I think all crime, and tremble at a shade :
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprise :
For now the rumour spreads among the crowd,
At court in whispers, but in town aloud,
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear them say :
To leave off loving were your better way ;
Yet, if you will dissemble it, you may.
Love secretly : the absence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford :
Long is his journey, long will be his stay,
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
'To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could :
Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend.
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, you shall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence :
Absent he is, yet absent he commands :
You know the proverb, " Princes have long
hands."

My fame's my burden, for the more I'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd :
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest,
Great beauty through great danger is possest.
To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard :
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in your hands by the good easy man.

I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear ;
One draws me from you, and one brings me
near.

Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone :
The nights are long ; I fear to lie alone ;
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you should force
employ ;

A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy :
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said ! for both of us 'twere best,
Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
And, like themselves, their wandering passions
range.

Hypsipyla, and the fond Minoian maid,
Were both by trusting of their guest betray'd :
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair Oenone leave ?
But, lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
You grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail, while I assign the night,
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight ;
Some bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan's wealth and Priam's court,
Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my shame.
In Asia what reception shall I find !
And what dishonour leave in Greece behind !
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modest matrons say ?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct justly may suspect ;
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I, from your rage, a strumpet's name shall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear :
You, my crime's author, will my crime up-
braid :

Deep under ground, oh ! let me first be laid !
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command :
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise ;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
What help of kindred could I there implore ?
Medea was by Jason's flattery won ;
I may, like her, believe and be undone.
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan
land ;

To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire ;

Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they who lost their cause, revenge will take,
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue:
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouse,
And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector fall from the walls of Troy;
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex:
But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire;
And I, perhaps, may yield to your desire.
You last demand a private conference:
These are your words; but I can guess your sense.

Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you understand,
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

PART OF THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

BEING A TRANSLATION OUT OF THE FOURTH
BOOK OF VIRGIL'S GEORGIC.

'TIS not for nothing when just Heaven does frown;
The injur'd Orpheus calls these judgments down;
Whose spouse, avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his joys at once were snatch'd away;
The nymph, fore-doom'd that fatal way to pass,
Spy'd not the serpent lurking in the grass:
A mournful cry the spacious valley fills,
With echoing groans from all the neighbouring hills;
The Dryades roar out in deep despair,
And with united voice bewail the fair.
For such a loss he sought no vain relief,
But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief;
Along the shore he oft would wildly stray,
With doleful notes begin and end the day.
At length to hell a frightful journey made,
Pass'd the wide-gaping gulph and dismal shade;
Visits the ghosts, and to that king repairs
Whose heart's inflexible to human prayers.
All hell is ravish'd with so sweet a song;
Light souls and airy spirits glide along
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driven home by night, or some tempestuous wind:
Matrons and men, raw youths and unripe maids;
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades;

And sons entomb'd before their parents face;
These the black waves of bounding Styx embrace
Nine times circumfluent; clogg'd with noisome weeds,
And all that filth which standing water breeds.
Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of death;
The sisters with blue snaky curls took breath;
Ixion's wheel awhile unmov'd remain'd,
And the fierce dog his three-mouth'd voice restrain'd.

When safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
His wife, restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,
Following (for so Proserpina was pleas'd),
A sudden rage th' unwary lover seiz'd;
He, as the first bright glimpse of day-light shin'd,
Could not refrain to cast one look behind;
A fault of love! could hell compassion find.
A dreadful sound thrice shook the Stygian coast,
His hopes quite fled, and all his labour lost!
Why hast thou thus undone thyself and me?
What rage is this? oh, I am snatch'd from thee!
(She faintly cry'd) night and the powers of hell
Surround my sight; oh, Orpheus! oh, farewell!
My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before;
But all in vain, for I am thine no more;
No more allow'd to view thy face, or day!—
Then from his eyes, like smoke, she fleets away.
Much he would fain have spoke: but fate, alas!
Would ne'er again consent to let him pass.

Thus twice undone, what course remain'd to take,
To gain her back, already pass'd the lake?
What tears, what patience, could procure him ease?

Or, ah! what vows the angry powers appease?
'Tis said, he seven long moons bewail'd his loss
To bleak and barren rocks, on whose cold moss,
While languishing he sung his fatal flame,
He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tigers tame.

So the sad nightingale, when childless made
By some rough swain who stole her young away,
Bewails her loss beneath a poplar shade,
Mourns all the night, in murmurs wastes the day;

Her melting songs a doleful pleasure yield,
And melancholy music fills the field.

Marriage nor love could ever move his mind;
But all alone, beat by the northern wind,
Shivering on Tanais' banks the bard remain'd,
And of the gods' unfruitful gift complain'd.
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be despis'd,
As they the feast of Bacchus solemniz'd,
Slew the poor youth, and strew'd about his limbs;

His head, torn off from the fair body, swims
Down that swift current where the Heber flows,
And still its tongue in doleful accents goes.
Ah, poor Eurydice! he dying cry'd;
Eurydice resounds from every side.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.*

OF all those arts in which the wise excel,
 Nature's chief master-piece is writing well:
 No writing lifts exalted man so high,
 As sacred and soul-moving poetry:
 No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
 And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
 But Heaven forbid we should be so profane
 To grace the vulgar with that noble name!
 'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
 Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes:
 Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
 True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
 Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
 Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
 Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
 Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
 And all in vain these superficial parts
 Contribute to the structure of the whole,
 Without a genius too; for that's the soul:
 A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
 As that of nature moves the world about;
 A flame that flows amidst conceptions fit,
 Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
 Describing all in men, but describ'd by none.
 Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the
 brain

Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
 When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence

mourn,
 Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou
 return,

Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me
 away,

From pleasures of the night, and business of the
 day?

Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
 To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
 As all is dulness, when the fancy's bad;
 So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
 And judgment has a boundless influence
 Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
 But on the world, on manners, and on men;
 Fancy is but the scather of the pen;
 Reason is that substantial useful part,
 Which gains the head, while t'other wins the
 heart.

Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
 And the whole art of poetry rehearse;
 But who that task would after Horace do?
 The best of masters, and examples too!
 Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
 Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
 'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
 But who with that mean shift himself can please,
 Without an actor's pride? A player's art
 Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.

* The "Essay on Satire," which was written by
 this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among
 the Poems of the latter.

Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
 And new absurdities inspire new thoughts:
 What need has satire then to live on theft,
 When so much fresh occasion still is left?
 Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
 And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
 But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;
 'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:
 Defects of witty men deserve a cure,
 And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.

First then, of Songs; which now so much
 abound,

Without his song no fop is to be found;
 A most offensive weapon, which he draws
 On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
 Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
 Of poetry requires a nicer art;
 For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
 Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
 The least of which defects is plainly shown
 In one small ring, and brings the value down:
 So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
 Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
 Exact propriety of words and thought;
 Expression easy, and the fancy high,
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
 No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
 As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to
 fall.

Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
 Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
 Such nauseous songs by a late author * made,
 Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
 Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
 Can shock the chafest, or the nicest cloy;
 But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
 Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
 On other themes he well deserves our praise;
 But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, Elegy, of sweet but solemn voice,
 And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
 The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;
 And there too oft despairing love complains:
 In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
 That phoenix she deserves to be belov'd;
 But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
 Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
 This to the praise of those who better knew
 The many raise the value of the few.
 But here (as all our sex too oft have try'd)
 Women have drawn my wandering thoughts
 aside.

Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
 Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
 But should this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
 And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;
 If yet a just coherence be not made
 Between each thought; and the whole model
 laid

So right, that every line may higher rise,
 Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies

* The Earl of Rochester. — It may be observed,
 however, that many of the worst songs ascribed to this
 nobleman were spurious. N.

Such trifles may perhaps of late have past,
 And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
 'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what ydu will,
 But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
 No * Panegyrick, nor a † Cooper's-Hill.
 A higher flight, and of a happier force,
 Are Odes: the Muses' most unruly horse,
 That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
 Here foams at mouth, and moves like one pos-
 sels'd.

The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
 With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd
 Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
 Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
 But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
 Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
 Though all appear in heat and fury done,
 The language still must soft and easy run.
 These laws may sound a little too severe;
 But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
 Which, though extravagant, this Muse allows,
 And makes the work much easier than it shows.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
 To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
 Satire well-writ has most successful prov'd,
 And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
 'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
 Without repeating things said oft' before:
 Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
 That stain a beauty which we so much love.
 Of chosen words some take not care enough,
 And think they should be as the subject rough;
 This poem must be more exactly made,
 And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words con-
 vey'd.

Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
 As if their only business was to rail:
 But human frailty nicely to unfold,
 Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
 Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
 A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
 So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
 Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
 The Laureat † here may justly claim our praise,
 Crown'd by Mack Fleckno § with immortal
 bays;

Yet once his Pegasus || has borne dead weight,
 Rid by some lumpish ministrant of state.

Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile,
 A more important task attends thy toil.
 As some young eagle, that designs to fly
 A long unwonted journey through the sky,
 Weighs all the dangerous enterprize before,
 O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar,
 Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
 The lofty road of airy travellers:
 But yet incited by some bold design.
 That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
 Prunes every feather, views herself with care,
 At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;

* Waller's.

† Denham's

‡ Mr. Dryden.

§ A famous satirical poem of his.

|| A Poem called *The Hind and Panther*.

Vol. IV.

Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
 She lessens to us, and is lost at last:
 So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
 The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
 And why should truth offend, when only told
 To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
 On then, my Muse, adventurously engage
 To give instructions that concern the stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
 Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
 Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
 To be taught here, where we pretend alone
 From nicer faults to purge the present age,
 Less obvious errors of the English stage.

First then, Soliloquies had need be few,
 Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
 Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
 Of others, make the pit their confidant;
 Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
 They trust a friend, only to tell it us;
 Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
 As when Bellario * confesses all.

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,
 (Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
 All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
 And in descriptions only claim a place:
 But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
 From lovers in despair fine things to force,
 Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
 A dying hero, miserably witty?
 But oh! the Dialogues, where jest and mock
 Is held up like a rest at shuttle-cock;
 O else, like bells, eternally they chime,
 They sigh in Simile, and die in Rhyme.
 What things are these who would be poets
 thought,

By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
 Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
 A better course than this, by which they starve:
 But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
 To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
 Nay more; for they must look within, to find
 Those secret turns of nature in the mind:
 Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
 And but a body all, without a soul.
 All this united yet but makes a part
 Of Dialogue, that great and powerful art,
 Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
 From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
 Scarce comprehended since, but by a few.
 Plato and Lucian are the best remains
 Of all the wonders which this art contains;
 Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
 Shakespeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
 Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
 Go see them play'd; then read them as before;
 For though in many things they grossly fail,
 Over our passions still they so prevail,
 That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
 The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
 Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
 First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;

* In *Pluſtaſter*, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

R r

Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;
 This oft, alone, has given success to plays.
 Reject that vulgar error (which appears
 So fair) of making perfect characters;
 There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
 A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.
 Some faults must be: that his misfortunes drew,
 But such as may deserve compassion too.
 Besides the main design compos'd with art,
 Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
 Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
 As painters first chalk out the future face:
 Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
 But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining thoughts to
 place,

As what a man would say in such a case:
 Neither in comedy will this suffice,
 The player too must be before your eyes;
 And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
 To him you must your secret meaning show.

Expose no single sop, but lay the load
 More equally, and spread the folly broad;
 Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft' we see
 A fool derided by as bad as he:
 Hawks fly at nobler game: in this low way
 A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
 Small poets thus will one poor sop devour,
 But to collect, like bees, from every flower,
 Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
 Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
 In spite of faction this would favour get;
 But Falstaff stands inimitable yet.

Another fault which often may befall,
 Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
 So overflow, that is, be none at all,
 That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if posselt,
 And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
 If once the justness of each part be lost,
 Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
 That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
 With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd;
 Humour is all, wit should be only brought
 To turn agreeably some proper thought.

But since the poets we of late have known
 Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
 The better by example to convince,
 Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.

First, a soliloquy is calmly made,
 Where every reason is exactly weigh'd;
 Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
 Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;
 For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
 And all in metaphor his passion proves:
 But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
 Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
 He strait grows jealous, though we know not
 why;

Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
 But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
 The absent nymph how much his flame excels;
 And yet bequeaths her generously now
 To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!

* *The matchless character of Shakespeare.*

Who strait approves; but who can fate with-
 stand?

Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
 That just has given himself the cruel stroke!
 At which his very rival's heart is broke:
 He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind,
 Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
 To love, and living in a lady's arms.
 What shameful and what monstrous things are
 these!

And then they rail at those they cannot please;
 Conclude us only partial to the dead,
 And grudge the sign of old Ben Johnson's head
 When the intrinsic value of the stage
 Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
 For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme,
 May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
 But that must fail which now so much o'er-rules,
 And sense no longer will submit to fools.

By painful steps, at last we labour up
 Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
 The epic poets so divinely show,
 And with just pride behold the rest below.
 Heroic poems have a just pretence
 To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
 A work of such inestimable worth,
 There are but two the world has yet brought
 forth!

Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe,
 Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
 Just as a changeling seems below the rest
 Of men; or rather is a two-legg'd beast;
 So these gigantic souls amaz'd we find
 As much above the rest of human kind!
 Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
 And universal shouts attend their name!
 Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
 Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
 And Homer will be all the books you need.
 Had Boffu never writ, the world had still,
 Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of skill;
 As something of divine the work admir'd;
 Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
 But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
 Has shewn where all the mighty magic lies;
 Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
 That have to such a vast proportion grown.
 Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
 Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.

But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
 To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
 The way is shewn, but who has strength to go?
 Who can all sciences profoundly know?
 Whose fancy flies beyond weak Reason's fight,
 And yet has judgment to direct it right?
 Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such
 Never to say too little or too much?
 Let such a man begin without delay;
 But he must do beyond what I can say;
 Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
 Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton fall.

ODE ON BRUTUS.

I.

TIS said, that favourite, mankind,
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,
'Tis only one man tells another so.
And, for this great dominion here,
Which over other beasts we claim,
Reason our best credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how absurdly, we may see with shame.
Reason, that solemn trifle! light as air,
Driven up and down by censure or applause;
By partial love away 'tis blown,
Or the least prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high privilege becomes our snare.
In any nice and weighty cause;
How weak, at best, is Reason! yet the grave
Impose on that small judgment which we have.

II.

In all those wits, whose names have spread so
wide,
And ev'n the force of time defy'd,
Some failings yet may be describ'd.
Among the rest, with wonder be it told,
That Brutus is admir'd for Cæsar's death;
By which he yet survive's in Fame's immortal
breath.
Brutus, ev'n he, of all the rest,
In whom we should that deed the most detest,
Is of mankind esteem'd the best.
As snow, descending from some lofty hill,
Is by its rolling course augmenting still,
So from illustrious authors down have roll'd
Those great encomiums he receiv'd of old:
Republic orators will shew esteem,
And gild their eloquence with praise of him:
But Truth, unveil'd, like a bright sun appears,
To shine away this heap of seventeen hundred
years.

III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illustrious wit,
(To whom in all besides I willingly submit)
That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve
From one who kill'd himself, rather than
serve.
Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay,
Than any master to obey,
Happy for Rome had been that noble pride;
The world had then remain'd in peace, and only
Brutus dy'd.
For he, whose soul disdains to own
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
And his own life would rather end,
Would sure much rather kill himself, than only
hurt his friend,
To his own sword in the Phil'pian field
Brutus indeed at last did yield:
But in those times self-killing was not rare,
And his proceeded only from despair:
He might have chosen else to live,
In hopes another Cæsar would forgive;

Then, for the good of Rome, he could once
more
Conspire against a life which had spar'd his be-
f re.

IV.

Our country challenges our utmost care,
And in our thoughts deserves the tenderest share;
Her to a thousand friends we should prefer,
Yet not betray them, though it be for her.
Hard is his heart, whom no desert can move,
A mistress or a friend to love,
Above what e'er he does besides enjoy;
But may he, for their sakes, his fire or sons de-
stroy!
For sacred justice, or for public good,
Scorn'd be our wealth, our honour, and our
blood:

In such a cause, want is a happy state,
Ev'n low disgrace would be a glorious fate;
And death itself, when noble fame survives,
More to be valued than a thousand lives.
But 'tis not surely of so fair renown
To spill another's blood, as to expose our own:
Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,
But what belongs to friendship, oh, 'tis sacrifice
to touch.

V.

Can we stand by unmov'd, and see
Our mother robb'd and ravish'd? Can we be
Excus'd, if in her cause we never stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ra-
visher?
Thus sing; our bard with heat almost divine;
'Tis pity that his thought was not as strong as
fine.

Would it more justly did the case express,
Or that its beauty and its grace were less!
(Thus a nymph sometimes we see,
Who so charming seems to be,
That, jealous of a soft surprise,
We scarce durst trust our eager eyes)
Such a fallacious ambush to escape,
It were but vain to plead a willing rape;
A valiant son would be provok'd the more,
A force we therefore must confess, but acted long
before;

A marriage since did intervene.
With all the solemn and the sacred scene;
Loud was the Hymenean song;
The violated dame • walk'd smilingly along,
And in the midst of the most sacred dance,
As if enamour'd of his sight,
Often she cast a kind admiring glance
On the bold struggler for delight;
Who afterwards appear'd so moderate and cool,
As if for public good alone he so desir'd to rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
Against a Roman of so great a soul!
And that fair truth permitted us to purge
His fact, of what appears so foul!
Friendship, that sacred and sublimest thing!

* Rome.

The noblest quality, and chiefest good,
 (In this dull age scarce understood)
 Inspires us with unusual warmth her injur'd rites
 to sing.
 Assist, ye angels! whose immortal bliss,
 Though more refin'd, chiefly consists in this.
 How plainly your bright thoughts to one another
 shine!

Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine!
 The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run,
 A course, as far from any end, as when at first begun.

Ye saw, and smil'd upon this matchless pair,
 Who still betwixt them did so many virtues share,
 Some which belong to peace, and some to
 strife,

Those of a calm, and of an active life,
 That all the excellence of human-kind
 Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind,
 Which friendship did so fast and closely bind,
 Not the least cement could appear by which their
 souls were join'd.

That tie which holds our mortal frame,
 Which poor unknowing we a soul and body name,
 Seems not a composition more divine,
 Or more abstruse, than all that does in friendship
 shine.

VII.

From mighty Cæsar and his boundless grace,
 Though Brutus, once at least, his life receiv'd;
 Such obligations, though so high believ'd,
 Are yet but slight in such a case.

Where friendship so possesses all the place,
 There is no room for gratitude; since he,
 Who so obliges, is more pleas'd than his fav'd
 friend can be.

Just in the midst of all this noble heat,
 While their great hearts did both so kindly
 beat,

That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
 And forc'd them to suspect a father and a son;†
 (Though here ev'n Nature's self still seem'd to be
 outdone)

From such a friendship unprovok'd to fall
 Is horrid, yet I wish that fact were all
 Which does with too much cause Ungrateful Brutus
 call.

VIII.

In coolest blood he laid a long design
 Against his best and dearest friend;
 Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed,

To spirit others up to work so black a deed;
 Himself the centre where they all did join.
 Cæsar, meantime, fearless, and fond of him,
 Was as industrious all the while

To give such ample marks of fond esteem,
 As made the gravest Romans smile
 To see with how much ease love can the wise be-
 guile.

He, whom thus Brutus doom'd to bleed,
 Did, setting his own race aside,
 Nothing less for him provide,

* *Rom.*

† *Cæsar was suspected to have begotten Brutus.*

Than in the world's great empire to succeed;
 Which we are bound in justice to allow,
 Is all-sufficient proof to show

That Brutus did not strike for his own sake;
 And if, alas! he fail'd, 'twas only by mistake.

MISCELLANIES.

THE RAPTURE.

I YIELD, I yield, and can no longer stay
 My eager thoughts, that force themselves
 away

Sure none inspir'd (whose heat transports them
 still

Above their reason, and beyond their will)
 Can firm against the strong impulse remain;
 Censure itself were not so sharp a pain.
 Let vulgar minds submit to vulgar sway;
 What Ignorance shall think, or Malice say,
 To me are trifles; if the knowing few,
 Who can see faults, but can see beauties too,
 Applaud that genius which themselves partake,
 And spare the Poet for the Muse's sake.

The Muse, who raises me from humble ground,
 To view the vast and various world around;
 How fast I mount! in what a wondrous way
 I grow transported to this large survey!
 I value earth no more, and far below
 Methinks I see the busy pigmies go.
 My soul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
 Above the common tracks of vulgar thought:
 With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
 And with contempt look down on human care.

Airy Ambition, ever soaring high,
 Stands first expos'd to my censorious eye.
 Behold some toiling up a slippery hill,
 Where, though arriv'd, they must be toiling
 still;

Some, with unsteady feet, just fallen to ground,
 Others at top, whose heads are turning round.
 To this high sphere it happens still that some,
 The most unfit, are forwardest to come;
 Yet among these are princes forc'd to choose,
 Or seek out such as would perhaps refuse.
 Favour too great is safely plac'd on none,
 And soon becomes a dragon or a drone;
 Either remiss and negligent of all,
 Or else imperious and tyrannical.

The Muse inspires me now to look again,
 And see a meaner sort of sordid men
 Doating on little heaps of yellow dust;
 For that despising honour, ease, and lust.
 Let other bards, expressing how it shines,
 Describe with envy what the miser finds;
 Only as heaps of dirt it seems to me,
 Where we such despicable vermin see,
 Who creep through filth a thousand crooked
 ways,

Insensible of infamy or praise:
 Loaded with guilt, they still pursue their course,
 Not ev'n restrain'd by love or friendship's force.

Not to enlarge on such an obvious thought,
Behold their folly, which transcends their fault!
Alas! their cares and cautions only tend
To gain the means, and then to lose the end.
Like heroes in romances, still in fight
For mistresses that yield them no delight.
This, of all vice, does most debase the mind,
Gold is itself th' alloy to human-kind.
Oh, happy times! when no such thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part, or foes to join!
Cattle or corn, among those harmless men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and silver then:
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the
bribe.

Ev'n traffic now is intercourse of ill,
And every wind brings a new mischief still;
By trade we flourish in our leaves and fruit,
But avarice and excess devour the root.

Thus far the Muse unwilling has been
Fix'd on the dull, less happy forts of sin;
But now, more pleas'd, she views the different
ways

Of luxury, and all its charms surveys.
Dear luxury! thou soft, but sure deceit!
Rife of the mean, and ruin of the great!
Thou sure preface of ill-approaching fates,
The bane of empires, and the change of states!
Armies in vain resist thy mighty power;
Not the worst conduct would confound them
more.

Thus Rome herself, while o'er the world she
flew,

And did by virtue all that world subdue,
Was by her own victorious arms oppress'd,
And catch'd infection from the conquer'd East;
Whence all those vices came, which soon de-
vour

The best foundations of renown and power.

But oh! what need have we abroad to roam,
Who feel too much the sad effects at home,
Of wild excess? which we so plainly find
Decays the body, and impairs the mind.
But yet grave sops must not presume from hence
To slight the sacred pleasures of the sense;
Our appetites are Nature's laws, and given
Under the broad authentic seal of heaven.
Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
To put restraint on innocent delight,
But Heaven and Nature's always in the right;
They would not draw poor wretched mortals in,
Or give desires that shall be doom'd for sin.
Yet, that in height of harmless joys we may
Last to old age, and never lose a day,
Amidst our pleasures we ourselves should spare,
And manage all with temperance and care.
The gods forbid but we sometimes may sleep
Our joys in wine, and lull our cares asleep:
It raises nature, ripens seeds of worth,
As moistening pictures call the colours forth;
But if the varnish we too oft apply,
Alas! like colours, we grow faint, and die.
Hold, hold, impetuous Muse: I would restrain
Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;

Abandon'd to delights, she longs to rove;
I check'd her here, and now she flies to love;
Shews me some rural nymph, by shepherd chas'd,
Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd:
The grass by her, as she by him, is press'd;
For shame, my Muse, let fancy guess the rest:
At such a point fancy can never stay,
But flies beyond whatever you can say.
Behold the silent shades, the amorous grove,
The dear delights, the very act of love.
This is his lowest sphere, his country scene,
Where love is humble, and his fare but mean;
Yet springing up without the help of art,
Leaves a sincerer relish in the heart,
More healthfully, though not so finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
But 'tis in courts where most he makes a show,
And, high enthron'd, governs the world below;
For though in histories learn'd ignorance
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
Love will in those disguises often smile,
And knows the cause was kindness all the while.
What story, place, or person, cannot prove
The boundless influence of mighty love?
Where'er the sun can vigorous heat inspire,
Both sexes glow, and languish with desire.
The weary'd swain, fast in the arms of sleep,
Love can awake, and often fighting keep;
And busy gown-men, by fond love disguis'd,
Will leisure find to make themselves despis'd.
The proudest kings submit to beauty's sway;
Beauty itself, a greater prince than they,
Lies sometimes languishing with all its pride
By a belov'd, though sickle lover's side.
I mean to slight the soft enchanting charm,
But, oh! my head and heart are both too warm.
I doat on woman-kind with all their faults,
Love turns my satire into softest thoughts;
Of all that passion which our peace destroys
Instead of mischiefs, I describe the joys.
But short will be his reign (I fear too short);
And present cares shall be my future sport.
Then Love's bright torch put out, his arrows
broke,

Loose from kind chains, and from th' engaging
yoke,

To all fond thoughts I'll sing such counter-
charms,

The fair shall listen in their lovers arms.

Now the enthusiastic fit is spent,

I feel my weakness, and too late repent.

As they who wish in dreams oft climb too
high

For sense to follow with a waking eye;
And in such wild attempts are blindly bold,
Which afterwards they tremble to behold;
So I review these fallies of my pen,
And modest reason is return'd again;
My confidence I curse, my fate accuse,
Scarce hold from censuring the sacred Muse.

No wretched poet of the railing pit,
No critic curs'd with the wrong side of wit,
Is more severe from ignorance and spite,
Than I with judgment against all I write.

ON

MR. HOBBS, AND HIS WRITINGS,

SUCH is the mode of these censorious days,
The art is lost of knowing how to praise;
Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, because themselves have none.
Yet whatsoe'er is by vain critics thought,
Praising is harder much than finding fault;
In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel,
Italians only can draw beauty well.

As strings, alike wound up, so equal prove,
That one resounding makes the other move;
From such a cause our satires please so much,
We sympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the sharp infection spreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame, is easy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the Muse inspires it, who can hold?
To merit we are bound to give applause,
Content to suffer in so just a cause.

While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
Of fancies, ghosts, and every empty shade;
Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reason's
light

Put such fantastick forms to shameful flight.
Fond is their fear, who think men needs must be
To vice enslav'd, if from vain terrors free;
The wise and good morality will guide,
And superstition all the world beside.

In other authors, though the thought be good,
'Tis not sometimes so easily understood;
That jewel oft unpolish'd has remain'd;
Some words should be left out, and some ex-
plain'd;

So that, in search of sense, we either stray,
Or else grow weary in so rough a way.
But here sweet eloquence does always smile,
In such a choice, yet unaffected style,
As must both knowledge and delight impart,
The force of reason, with the flowers of art;
Clear as a beautiful transparent skin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in;
Like a delicious stream it ever ran,
As smooth as woman, but as strong as man.

Bacon himself, whose universal wit
Does admiration through the world beget,
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,
Or greater credit to his country brought.

While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Malice pursues her, like some bird of prey;
But once on wing, then all the quarrels cease;
Envy herself is glad to be at peace,
Gives over, weary'd with so high a flight,
Above her reach, and scarce within her sight.
Hobbes, to this happy pitch arriv'd at last,
Might have look'd down with pride on dangers
past:

But such the frailty is of human-kind,
Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find;
Long ripening under ground this China lies;
Fame bears no fruit, till the vain planter dies.

Thus Nature, tir'd with his unusual length
Of life, which put her to her utmost strength,
Such stock of wit unable to supply,
To spare herself, was glad to let him die.

WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

HERE lives a man, who, by relation,
Depends upon predestination;
For which the learned and the wise
His understanding much despise;

But I pronounce with loyal tongue
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how could such a wretch succeed,
But that, alas, it was decreed?

THE MIRACLE, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they slight;
They neither act, nor reason right,
And nothing mind but pence.

Unskilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
A council without sense.

So Moses once, and Joshua,
And that virago Debora,
Bestrid poor Israel:

Like reverence pay to these! for who
Could ride a nation as they do,
Without a miracle?

O D E

ON THE

DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

GOOD angels snatch'd him eagerly on high;
Joyful they flew, singing and soaring
through the sky,
Teaching his new fledg'd soul to fly;
While we, alas! lamenting lie.

He went musing all along,
Composing new their heavenly song.
A while his skilful notes loud hallelujah
drown'd;

But soon they ceas'd their own, to catch his
pleasing sound.

David himself improv'd the harmony,
David, in sacred story so renown'd
No less for music, than for poetry!
Genius sublime in either art!

Crown'd with applause surpassing all desert!

A man just after God's own heart!
If human cares are lawful to the blest,
Already settled in eternal rest;

Needs must he wish that Purcell only might
Have liv'd to set what he vouchsaf'd to write;

For, sure, the noble thirst of fame
With the frail body never dies;
But with the soul ascends the skies,
From whence at first it came.

'Tis sure no little proof we have
That part of us survives the grave,
And in our fame below still bears a share:
Why is the future else so much our care,

Ev'n in our latest moment of despair?
 And death despis'd for fame by all the wise and
 brave?
 Oh, all ye blest harmonious choir!
 Who power almighty only love, and only that
 admire!
 Look down with pity from your peaceful bower,
 On this sad isle perplex'd,
 And ever, ever vex'd
 With anxious care of trifles, wealth and
 power.
 In our rough minds due reverence infuse
 For sweet melodious sounds, and each harmoni-
 ous Muse,
 Music exalts man's nature, and inspires
 High elevated thoughts, or gentle, kind de-
 sires.

ON THE LOSS OF AN ONLY SON, ROBERT MARQUIS
 OF NORMANDY.

OUR morning's gay and shining;
 The days our joys declare;
 At evening no repining;
 And night's all void of care.

A fond transported mother
 Was often heard to cry,
 Oh, where is such an other
 So blest'd by Heaven as I?

A child at first was wanting;
 Now such a son is sent,
 As parents most lamenting
 In him would find content.

A child of whom kind Heaven
 Not only hope bestows,
 But has already given
 Him all our hopes propose.

The happy sire's possessing
 His share in such a boy,
 Adds still a greater blessing
 To all my other joy.

But ah! this shiny weather
 Became too hot at last;
 Black clouds began to gather,
 And all the sky o'ercast.

So fierce a fever rages,
 We all lie drown'd in tears;
 And dismal sad presages
 Come thundering in our ears.

The doubts that made us languish
 Did worse, far worse than kill.
 Yet, oh, with all their anguish,
 Would he had doubted still!

But why so much digression,
 This fatal loss to show?
 Alas, there's no expression
 Can tell a parent's woe

ON

MR. POPE, AND HIS POEMS.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and busi-
 ness tir'd,

Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd,
 Too serious now a wanton Muse to court,
 And from the critics safe arriv'd in port;
 I little thought of launching forth again,
 Amidst adventurous rovers of the pen;
 And, after some small undeserv'd success,
 Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
 Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;
 Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
 Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd.
 But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
 Such various learning mix'd in every part,
 Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
 Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
 As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
 Except I justly could at once commend
 A good companion, and as firm a friend.
 One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
 Can all desert in sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's
 ways;

S T A N Z A S.

WHENEER my foolish bent to public good,
 Or fonder zeal for some misguided prince,
 Shall make my dangerous humour understood,
 For changing ministers for men of sense:

When, vainly proud to shew my public care,
 And ev'n aham'd to see three nations fool'd,
 I shall no longer bear a wretched share
 In ruling ill, or being over-ruled:

Then, as old lechers in a winter's night
 To yawning hearers all their pranks disclose;
 And what decay deprives them of delight,
 Supply with vain endeavours to impose:

Just so shall I as idly entertain
 Some stripling patriots, fond of seeming wise;
 Tell, how I still could great employments gain,
 Without concealing truths, or whispering lies!

Boast of succeeding in my country's cause
 Ev'n against some almost too high to blame;
 Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
 I oft had ridicul'd to sense and shame:

Say, I resisted the most potent fraud;
 But friendless merit openly approv'd;
 And that I was above the being aw'd
 Not only by my prince, but those he lov'd:

Who knows but my example then may please
 Such noble, hopeful spirits as appear
 Willing to slight their pleasures and their ease,
 For fame and honour? till at last they hear,

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
 The crown assist'd, and my country serv'd;
 Without good fortune I had been undone,
 Without a good clasp I might have starv'd.

THE
ELECTION OF A POET LAUREAT

IN M.DCCXIX.

A FAMOUS assembly was summon'd of late:
To crown a new Laureat, came Phœbus in
state,

With all that Montfaucon himself cou'd desire,
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair n'er did bullies so juggle,
No country-election e'er made such a bustle:
From garret, mint, tavern, they all post away,
Some thirsting for sack, some ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain
hope,

From Cibber and Dursley, to Prior and Pope.
Phœbus smil'd on these last, but yet ne'ertheless,
Said, he hop'd they had got enough by the press.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from Tonson to Curll every press had
groan'd under,

Came Blackmore, and cry'd, Look, all these are
my lays,

But at present I beg you'd but read my Eff.ys.

Lampooners and critics rush'd in like a tide,
Stern Dennis and Gildon came first side-by-side.
Apollo confess'd that their lashes had stings,
But headles and hangmen were never chose kings.

Steele long had so cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wish,
But wish'd him good luck in his project of fish.

Jame Congreve, unable such things to endure,
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;
To refuse such a writer, Apollo was loth,
And almost inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham came, he scarce car'd to be
seen,

Till Phœbus desir'd his old friend to walk in;
But a laureat peer had never been known,
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind god had been ne'er so inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of such preferment would only make sport,
And laugh'd at all suitors for places at court.

Notwithstanding this law, yet Lansdowne was
nam'd,

But Apollo with kindness his indolence blam'd
And said he would choose him, but that he should
fear

An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate * for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo soon miss'd, and he needs not be nam'd;
Since amidst a whole bench, of which some are
so bright,

No one of them shines so learn'd and polite.

To Shippen, Apollo was cold with respect,
Since he for the state could the Muses neglect:
But said, in a greater assembly he shin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

* Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

Trapp, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
For some things writ well: but Apollo declar'd
That one was too flat the other too rough,
And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the
ways,

Said, those works must be good, which had Ad-
dison's praise;

But Apollo reply'd, Child Eustace, 'tis known,
Most authors will praise whatsoever's their own.

When Phillips came forth as starch as a Quaker,
Whose simple profession's a Pastoral-maker;
Apollo advis'd him from playhouse to keep,
And pipe to nought else but his dog and his
sheep.

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay came last in the train,
Too modest to ask for the crown they would gain:
Phœbus thought them too bashful, and said they
would need

More boldness, if ever they hop'd to succeed.

Apollo, now driven to a cursed quandary,
Was wishing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary:
Nay, had honest Tom Southerne but been within
call—

But at last he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them
all:

And so spying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verse, and a dispenser of plays;
To him in great form, without any delay,
(Though a zealous fanatic) presented the bay.

All the wits stood astonish'd at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election so odd;
And though Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his
face,

Most others were ready to sink in the place.

Yet some thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept:
But the hypocrite told them, he well understood,
Though the function was wicked, the stipend
was good.

At last in rush'd Ensden, and cry'd, "Who shall
have it,

"But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave
it?"

Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd, though, till then he ne'er heard of
his name.

ON THE TIMES.

SINCE in vain our parsons teach,
Hear, for once, a poet preach.

Vice has lost its very name,
Skill and oozenage thought the same;
Only playing well the game.

Foul contrivances we see
Call'd but ingenuity:
Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in every trade;

Which an aukward child afford
 Enough to wed the greatest lord.
 The miser starves to raise a son,
 But, if once the fool is gone,
 Years of thrift scarce serve a day,
 Rake-hell squanders all away.
 Husbands seeking for a place,
 Or toiling for their pay;
 While their wives undo their race
 By petticoats and play:
 Breeding boys to drink and dice,
 Carrying girls to comedies,
 Where mama's intrigues are shown,
 Which ere long will be their own.
 Having first at sermon slept,
 Tedious day is weekly kept
 By worse hypocrites than men,
 Till Monday comes to cheat again.
 Ev'n among the noblest-born,
 Moral virtue is a scorn;
 Gratitude but rare at best,
 And fidelity a jest.
 All our wit but party-mocks,
 All our wisdom raising flocks;
 Counted folly to defend
 Sinking side, or falling friend.
 Long an officer may serve,
 Prais'd and wounded, he may starve:
 No receipt, to make him rise,
 Like inventing loyal lies.
 We, whose ancestors have shin'd
 In arts of peace, and fields of fame,
 To ill and idleness inclin'd,
 Now are grown a public shame.
 Fatal that intestine jar,
 Which produc'd our civil war!
 Ever since, how sad a race!
 Senseless, violent, and base!

ON THE DUKE OF YORK

BANISHED TO BRUSSELS.

I Feel a strange impulse, a strong desire,
 (For what vain thoughts will not a Muse in
 spire?)
 To sing on lofty subjects, and to raise
 My own low fame, by writing James's praise.
 Oft have we heard the wonders of his youth,
 Observ'd those deeds of fortitude and truth,
 Which since have spread so wide, so wondrous
 high,
 The good distress'd beneath that shelter lie.
 In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,
 And in the midst of mighty chiefs admir'd.
 Of all Heaven's gifts, no temper is so rare,
 As so much courage mix'd with so much care.
 When martial care makes all the spirits broil,
 And forces youth to military toil;
 No wonder it should fiercely then engage:
 Women themselves will venture in a rage:
 But in the midst of all that furious heat,
 While to intent on actions brave and great,
 Vol. IV.

For other lives to feel such tender fears,
 And, careless of his own, to care for their's;
 Is that composure which a hero makes,
 And which illustrious York alone partakes,
 With that great man*, whose fame has flown so
 far,

Who taught him first the noble art of war.

Oh, wondrous pair! whom equal virtues crown,
 Oh worthy of each other's vast renown!
 None but Turenne with York could glory share,
 And none but York deserve so great a master's
 care.

Scarce was he come to bless his native isle,
 And reap the soft reward of glorious toil,
 But, like Alcides, still new dangers call
 His courage forth, and still he vanquish'd all.

At sea, that bloody scene of boundless rage,
 Where floating castles in fierce flames engage
 (Where Mars himself does frowningly command,
 And by lieutenants only fight at land);
 For his own fame how'er he fought before,
 For England's honour yet he ventur'd more.

In those black times, when, faction raging
 high,

Valour and innocence were forc'd to fly,
 With York they fled; but not depress'd his mind,
 Still, like a diamond in the dust, it shin'd.
 When from afar his drooping friends beheld
 How in distress he ev'n himself excell'd;
 How to his envious fate, his country's frown,
 His brother's will, he sacrific'd his own;
 They rais'd their hearts and never doubted more
 But that just Heaven would all our joys restore.

So when black clouds surround heaven's glo-
 rious face,

Tempestuous darkness covering all the place,
 If we discern but the least glimmering ray
 Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,
 The cheerful light our fainting courage warms:
 Fix'd upon that we fear no future harms.

ON THE DEITY.

WRETCHED mankind! void of both strength
 and skill!

Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill!
 In merit humble, in pretensions high,
 Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
 And none more blind: though still I worthless
 thought

The best I ever spoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humblest mind;
 Within my soul such strong impulse I find
 The heavenly tribute of due praise to pay:
 Perhaps 'tis facted, and I must obey.

Yet such the subjects, various, and so high,
 Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
 Miraculous effects of boundless power!
 And that as boundless goodness shining more!
 All these so numberless my thoughts attend,
 Ah where shall I begin, or ever end?

* The Marechal de Turenne.

S f

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,
So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse,
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuse.

While others vainly strive to know Thee more.
Let me in silent reverence adore;
Wishing that human power were higher rais'd,
Only that thine, might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling Thee!

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ALTERATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

HOW to mend Shakespeare! or to match
his style!
'Tis such a jest would make a Stoic smile.
Too fond of fame, our poet fears too high,
Yet freely owns he wants the flings to fly:
So sensible of his presumptuous thought,
That he confesses while he does the fault:
'Tis to the fair will no great wonder prove,
Who oft in blithes yield to what they love.
Of greatest actions, and of noblest men,
This story most deserves a poet's pen:
For who can with a scene more justly fam'd,
When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd!
That state of heroes who the world had brav'd!
That wondrous man who such a state inflav'd?
Yet loth he was to take so rough a way,
And after govern'd with so mild a sway.
At distance now of seventeen hundred years,
Methinks a lovely ravisher appears;
Whom, though forbid by virtue to excuse,
A nymph might pardon, and could scarce refuse,

CHORUSES IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHORUS. I.

WHITHER is Roman honour gone?
Where is your ancient virtue now?
That valour, which so bright has shone,
And with the wings of conquest flown,
Must to a haughty master bow:
Woe, with our toil, our blood, and all we have
beside,
Gorges his ill-got power, his humour, and his
pride.

II.

Fearless he will his life expose;
So does a lion or a bear.
His very virtues threaten those,
Who more his bold ambition fear.
How stupid wretches we appear,
Who round the world for wealth and empire
room,
Yet never, never think what slaves we are at
home!

III.

Did men for this together join,
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
What other beast did e'er design

The setting up his fellow creature,
And of two mischiefs choose the greater?
Oh! rather than be slaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildness, and our woods, our huts,
and caves again.

IV.

There, secure from lawless sway,
Out of Pride or Envy's way,
Living up to Nature's rules,
Not deprav'd by knaves and fools;
Happily we all should live, and harmless as our sheep,
And at last as calmly die as infants fall asleep.

CHORUS II.

LO! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliss I come,
The awful genius of majestic Rome.

Great is her danger; but I will engage
Some few, the master-souls of all this age,
To do an act of just heroic rage.

'Tis hard, a man so great should fall so low;
More hard to let so brave a people bow
To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them
now.

Yet, oh! I grieve that Brutus should be stain'd,
Whose life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the rest combine;
The very life and soul of their design,
The centre, where those mighty spirits join.

Unthinking men no sort of scruples make;
Others do ill, only for mischief sake;
But ev' a the best are guilty by mistake.

Thus some for envy, or revenge, intend
To bring the bold usurper to his end:
But for his country Brutus stabs his friend.

CHORUS III.

BY TWO AERIAL SPIRITS.

I.

TELL, oh! tell me, whence arise
These disorders in our skies?
Rome's great genius wildly gaz'd,
And the gods seem all amaz'd.

II.

Know, in sight of this day's sun,
Such a deed is to be done,
Black enough to shroud the light
Of all this world in dismal night.

I.

What is this deed?

II.

To kill a man,
The greatest since mankind began:
Learn'd, eloquent, and wise,
Generous, merciful, and brave!

I.

Yet, not too great a sacrifice,
The liberty of Rome to save.

II.

But will not goodness claim regard,
And does not worth deserve reward?

I.

Does not their country lie at stake?
Can they do too much for her sake?

BOTH SPIRITS TOGETHER.

Though dreadful be the doom of fate,
Just is that power which governs all :
Better this wondrous man should fall,
Than a most glorious, virtuous state.

CHORUS IV.

HOW great a curse has Providence
Thought fit to cast on human kind !
Learning, courage, eloquence,
The gentlest nature, noblest mind,
Were intermixt in one alone ;
Yet in one moment overthrown.

Could chance, or senseless atoms, join
To form a soul so great as his ?
Or would those powers we hold divine
Destroy their own chief master-piece ?
Where so much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wise.

And, what must more perplex our thoughts,
Great Jove the best of Romans sends,
To do the very worst of faults,
And kill the kindest of his friends,
All this is far above our reach,
Whatever priests presume to preach.

PROLOGUE TO MARCUS BRUTUS.

OUR scene is Athens. And, great Athens
nam'd,
What soul so dull as not to be inflam'd ?
Methinks, at mentioning that sacred place,
A reverend awe appears in every face,
For men so fam'd, of such prodigious parts,
As taught the world all sciences and arts.
Amidst all these ye shall behold a man
The most applauded since mankind began,
Out-shining ev'n those Greeks who most excel,
Whose life was one fix'd course of doing well.
Oh ! who can therefore without tears attend
On such a life, and such a fatal end ?
But here our author, besides other faults
Of ill expressions, and of vulgar thoughts,
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
And breaks the law of unity of place :
Yet to such noble patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and banish'd Rome,
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield ;
And where can Brutus fall, but in Philippi field ?
Some critics judge ev'n love itself too mean
A care to mix in such a lofty scene,
And with those ancient bards of Greece believe
Friendship has stronger charms to please or
grieve :
But our more amorous poet, finding love
Amidst all other cares, still shines above,
Lets not the best of Romans end their lives
Without just softness for the kindest wives.
Yet, if ye think his gentle nature such
As to have soften'd this great tale too much,
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and passion fall,
When ye reflect 'tis all but conjugal.

This to the few and knowing was address ;
And now 'tis fit I should salute the rest.

Most reverend dull judges of the pit,
By nature curs'd with the wrong side of wit !
You need not care, whate'er you see to-night,
How ill some players act, or poets write :
Should our mistakes be never so meritorious :
You'll have the joy of being more censorious :
Shew your small talent then, let that suffice ye ;
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye :
Each petty critic can objections raise,
The greatest skill is knowing when to praise.

CHORUSES IN MARCUS BRUTUS.

* CHORUS III.

I.

DARK is the maze poor mortals tread ;
Wisdom itself a guide will need ;
We little thought, when Cæsar bled,
That a worse Cæsar would succeed.
And are we under such a curse,
We cannot change but for the worse ?

II.

With fair pretence of foreign force
By which Rome must herself enthrall ;
These, without blushes or remorse,
Proscribe the best, impoverish all.
The Gauls themselves, our greatest foes,
Could act no mischief worse than those.

III.

That Julius, with ambitious thoughts,
Had virtues too, his foes could find ;
These equal him in all his faults,
But never in his noble mind,
That free-born spirits should obey
Wretches, who know not how to sway !

IV.

Late we repent our hasty choice,
In vain bemoan so quick a turn,
Hark all to Rome's united voice !
Better that we a while had borne
Ev'n all those ills which most displease,
Than fought a cure far worse than the disease.

CHORUS IV.

OUR vows thus cheerfully we sing,
While martial music fires our blood ;
Let all the neighbouring echoes ring
With clamours for our country's good :
And, for reward, of the just gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May Rome be freed from war's alarms,
And taxes heavy to be borne ;
May she beware of foreign arms,
And send them back with noble scorn :
And, for reward, &c.

May she no more confide in friends,
Who nothing farther understood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waste her wealth, and spill her blood :
And, for reward, &c.

* See the first and second choruses, in the Poems of
Mr. Pope.

Our senators, great Jove, restrain
From private piques, they prudence call;
From the low thoughts of little gain,
And hazarding the losing all:
And, for reward, &c.

The shining arms with haste prepare,
Then to the glorious combat fly;
Our minds unclogg'd with farther care,

Except to overcome or die:
And, for reward, &c.

They fight, oppression to increase,
We for our liberties and laws;
It were a sin to doubt success,
When freedom is the noble cause:
And, for reward, of the just gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

THE

P O E M S

OF

MR. P R I O R.

On Exodus iii. 14. "I am that I am."

A N O D E.

WRITTEN 1688, AS AN EXERCISE AT ST.
JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I.

MAN! foolish man!
Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou
art;
Yet, steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st
try
To send thy doubting reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulph of vast immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence im-
part,
Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;
Mortify thy learn'd lust.
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art
dust.

II.

Let wit her sails, her oars let wisdom lend;
The helm let politic experience guide:
Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
Down spreading fate's unpavigable tide.

What though still it farther tend,
Still 'tis farther from its end;
And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and insolent delight,
Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours
crown'd,
And, your God, forsooth, is found

Incomprehensible and infinite.
But is he therefore found? vain searcher! no:
Let your imperfect definition show
That nothing you, the weak definers, know.

IV.

Say, why should the collected main
Itself within itself contain?
Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
And with delighted silence sleep
On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep?
Why should its numerous waters stay
In comely discipline, and fair array,
Till winds and tides exert their high command?
Then, prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising surges spread
Their opening ranks o'er earth's submissive
head,
Marching through different paths to different
lands?

V.

Why does the constant sun
With measur'd steps his radiant journies run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave earth's other part, and rise in ours?
Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated powers
To beautify the world, and bless the night?
Why does each animated star
Love the just limits of its proper sphere?
Why does each consenting sign
With prudent harmony combine
In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curiosity
 These unfathom'd wonders try :
 With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws
 Matter and motion he restrains ;
 And studied lines and fictitious circles draws :
 Then with imagin'd sovereignty
 Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
 He reigns : how long ? till some usurper rise ;
 And he too, mighty thoughtfu', mighty wife,
 Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
 From this last toil again what knowledge
 flows ?

Just as much, perhaps, as shows
 That all his predecessor's rules
 Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools ;
 That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne ;
 And shows his friend's mistake, and thence
 confirms his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
 Mountainous heaps of wonders rise ;
 Whose towering strength will ne'er submit
 To reason's batteries, or the mines of wit :
 Yet still inquiring, still mistaken man,
 Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward
 press ;

And, levelling at God his wandering guess
 (That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
 Which guides his doubts, and combats his
 despair),

Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give :
 Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
 Whole pregnant word did either ocean fill :
 Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they
 move and live.

Through either ocean, foolish man !
 That pregnant word sent forth again,
 Might to a world extend each atom there ;
 For every drop call forth a sea, a heaven for every
 star.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide ;
 And only list thy staggering reason up,
 To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top ;
 Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy
 pride,

Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and Eternal died :
 How by her patient victor death was slain ;
 And earth profan'd, yet bless'd, with Deicide.
 Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down ;

Only reserve the Sacred One .

Low, reverently low,
 Make thy stubborn knowledge bow ;
 Weep out thy reason's and thy bod.'s eyes ;
 Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise ;
 To look to Heaven, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall
 give

Her immortal perspective ;
 And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve :
 Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
 That all the volumes of Philosophy,

With all their comments, never could invent
 So politic an instrument,
 To reach the heaven of heavens, the high abode,
 Where Moses places his mysterious God,
 As was the ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
 When light divine had human darkness clear'd ;
 And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
 Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

CONSIDERATIONS ON PART OF THE 38th
PSALM.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE, 1690.

I.

HEAVY. O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,
 Accurst I am, while God rejects my cry.
 O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan ;
 And every place is hell ; for God is gone.
 O! Lord, arise, and let thy beams control
 Those horrid clouds, that press my frightened soul :
 Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,
 Thou that art the God of Light.

II.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place ;
 There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise.
 Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd :
 Is mercy there, or sweet forgiveness found ?
 Rebuke the storm, and wait my soul to land.
 O let her rest beneath thy wings secure,
 Thou that art the God of Power.

III.

Behold the prodigal ! to thee I come,
 To hail my father, and to seek my home.
 Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
 Staying in vice, and destitute of God.
 O let thy terrors, and my anguish end !
 Be thou my refuge and be thou my friend :
 Thou that art the God of Love.

TO THE

REV. DR. F. TURNER, BISHOP OF ELY.

WHO HAD ADVISED A TRANSLATION OF PRU-
DENTIUS.

IF poets, ere they cloth'd their infant thought,
 And the rude work to just perfection brought,
 Did still some god, or godlike man invoke,
 Whose mighty name their sacred silence broke :
 Your goodness, Sir, will easily excuse
 The bold requests of an aspiring Muse ;
 Who, with your blessing, would your aid im-
 plore,
 And in her weakness justify your power—
 From your fair pattern she would strive to write,
 And with unequal strength pursue your flight ;
 Yet hopes she ne'er can err that follows you,
 Led by your best commands, and great exam-
 ple too.

Then smiling and aspiring influence give,
 And make the Muse and her endeavours live ;

Claim all her future labours as your due,
Let every song begin and end with you.
So to the blest retreat she'll gladly go;
Where the Saint's palm and Muses' laurel grow;
Where kindly both in glad embrace shall join,
And round your brow their mingled honours
twine;

Both to the virtue due, which could excel,
As much in writing, as in living well.—
So shall she proudly press the tuneful string,
And mighty things in mighty numbers sing;
Nor doubt to strike Prudentius' daring lyre,
And humbly bring the verse which you inspire.

A PASTORAL.

TO THE BISHOP OF ELY, ON HIS DEPARTURE
FROM CAMBRIDGE.

DAMON.

TELL, dear Alexis, tell thy Damon, why
Dost thou in mournful shades obscurely lie?
Why dost thou sigh, why strike thy panting
breast?

And steal from life the needful hours of rest?
Are thy kids starv'd by winter's early frost?
Are any of thy bleating stragglers lost?
Have strangers' cattle trod thy new-plough'd
ground?

Has great Joanna, or her greater shepherd,
frown'd?

ALEXIS.

See my kids browse, my lambs securely play:
(Ah! were their master unconcern'd as they!)
No beasts (at noon I look'd) had trod my
ground;

Nor has Joanna, or her shepherd, frown'd.

DAMON.

Then stop the lavish fountain of your eyes,
Nor let those sighs from your swollen bosom rise;
Chase sadness, friend and solitude away;
And once again rejoice, and once again look
gay.

ALEXIS.

Say what can more our tortur'd souls annoy,
Than to behold, admire, and lose our joy?
Whose fate more hard than those who sadly ran,
For the last glimpse of the departing sun?
Or what severer sentence can be given,
Than, having seen, to be excluded heaven?

DAMON.

None, shepherd, none—

ALEXIS.

Then cease to chide my cares!

And rather pity than refrain my tears;
Those tears, my Damon, which I justly shed,
To think how great my joys; how soon they
fled.

I told thee friend (now bless the shepherd's
name,

From whose dear care the kin' occasion came),
That I, even I, might happily receive
That sacred wealth, which Heaven and Daphnis
give:

That I might see the lovely awful swain,

Whose holy crosser guides our willing plain;
Whose pleasing power and ruling goodness keep
Our souls with equal care as we our sheep;
Whose praise excites each lyre, employs each
tongue:

Whilst only he who caus'd, dislikes the song.
To this great, humble, parting man I gain'd
Access, and happy for an hour I reign'd;
Happy as new-form'd man in Paradise,
Ere sin debauch'd his inoffensive bliss;
Happy as heroes after battles won,
Prophets entranc'd, or monarchs on the throne;
But (oh, my friend!) those joys with Daphnis
flew:

To them these tributary tears are due.

DAMON.

Was he so humble then? those joys so vast?
Cease to admire that both so quickly past.
Too happy should we be, would smiling fate
Render one blessing durable and great;
But (oh the sad vicissitude!) how soon
Unwelcomed night succeeds the cheerful noon;
And rigid winter nips the flowery pomp of
June!

Then grieve not, friend, like you, since all man-
kind

A certain change of joy and sorrow find.
Suppress your sigh, your down-cast eyelids raise,
Whom present you revere, him absent praise.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EXETER,

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

WHAT charms you have, from what high
race you sprung,
Have been the pleasing subjects of my song:
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,
Of Ca'ndish' beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
But when you please to shew the labouring Muse,
What greater theme your musick can produce;
My babbling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it
shone:

But, as his power was known, their thoughts were
rais'd;

And soon they worship'd, what at first they
prais'd.

Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song;
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young.
That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell:
Your art no other art can speak; and you,
To shew how well you play, must play anew:
Your musick's power your musick must disclose:
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.

Strange force of harmony, that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls:
While with its utmost art your sex could move.
Our wonder only, or at best our love:
You far above both these your God did place,

That your high power might worldly thoughts
destroy ;

That with your numbers you our zeal might
raise,

And, like Himself, communicate your joy.
When to your native heaven you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings
there,

Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
Your art is perfect here ; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude Atheist }
know }

That there's a heaven by what he hears below. }

As in some piece, while Luke his skill express'd,
A cunning angel came, and drew the rest :
So when you play, some godhead does impart
Harmonious aid, divinity helps art ;
Some cherub finishes what you begun,
And to a miracle improves a tune.

To burning Rome, when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
The raging flames ; but, struck with strange
surprise,

Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes :
But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd :
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the
stone,

And from destruction call'd the rising town :
Malice to musick had been forc'd to yield ;
Nor could he burn so fast, as thou could'st
build.

ON A PICTURE OF SENECA DYING IN A BATH ; BY JORDAIN :

At the Earl of Exeter's, at Burleigh-house.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By study worn, and slack with age,
How dull, how thoughtless, is his rage
Heighten'd revenge would he have took,
He should have burnt his tutor's book ;
And long have reign'd supreme in vice :
One nobler wretch can only rise ;
'Tis he whose fury shall deface
The stoic's image in this piece ;
For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
Thy work and Seneca's remain,
He still has body, still has soul,
And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight
Sit on thy rosy cheeks confess'd,
Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain ;
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power you know I must obey ?
Exert a legal tyranny,
And do an ill, because you may ?
Still must I thee, as atheists Heaven, adore ;
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power ?

III.

Take heed, my dear : youth flies apace }
As well as Cupid, Time is blind :
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find :
The thousand Loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and
die.

IV.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears ;
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years :
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
Will show thee just above neglect :
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect :
A talking dull platonic I shall turn :
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

VI.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars, fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love.
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present voice ;
Fill every sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys :
Let millions of repeated blisses prove
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine ; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide
To me alone ; nor come so far,
As liking any youth beside :
What men e'er court thee, fly them, and be-
lieve

They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
When beauty ceases to engage ;
So, thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age :
So time itself our raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

AN EPISTLE

TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ.

WHEN crowding folks, with strange ill
faces,
Were making legs, and begging places,

And some with patents, some with merit,
 'Tir'd out my good lord Dorset's spirit :
 Sneaking I stood amongst the crew,
 Desiring much to speak with you.
 I waited while the clock struck thrice,
 And footman brought out fifty lies;
 Till, patience vex'd, and legs grown weary,
 I thought it was in vain to tarry :
 But did opine it might be better,
 By penny-post to send a letter ;
 Now, if you miss of this epistle,
 I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.
 My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little place ;
 And fair pretensions I have for 't,
 Much need, and very small desert.
 Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted ;
 I always begg'd, you always granted.
 Now, as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my learning and my vittle ;
 Ask'd for me, from my lord, things fitting,
 Kind as I 'ad been your own begetting ;
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at six and seven,
 As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen.

No family, that takes a whelp
 When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects or turns him out of gate
 When he's grown up to dog's estate :
 Nor parish, if they once adopt
 The spurious brats by strollers dropt,
 Leave them, when grown up lusty fellows,
 To the wide world, that is, the gallows :
 No, thank them for their love, that's worse,
 Than if they 'ad throttled them at nurse.

My uncle, rest his soul ! when living,
 Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving ;
 Taught me with cyder to replenish
 My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish.
 So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,
 Swear 't had the flavour, and was right wine.
 Or sent me with ten pounds to Furni-
 val's inn, to some good rogue-attorney ;
 Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
 I 'ad found some handsome ways of getting.

All this you made me quit, to follow
 That sneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo ;
 Sent me among a fiddling crew
 Of folks, I 'ad never seen nor knew,
 Calliope, and God knows who.
 To add no more invectives to it,
 You spoil'd the youth, to make a poet.
 In common justice, Sir, there's no man
 That makes the where, but keeps the woman.
 Among all honest Christian people,
 Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.

The sum of all I have to say,
 Is, that you'd put me in some way ;
 And your petitioner shall pray—

There's one thing more I had almost slip't,
 But that may do as well in postscript :
 My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd ;
 Nor would I have it long observ'd,
 That one mouse eats, while t'other's starv'd.

ANOTHER EPISTLE TO THE SAME.

SIR,

Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

AS once a twelvemonth to the priest,
 Holy at Rome, here antichrist,
 The Spanish king presents a jennet,
 To shew his love ; that's all that's in it :
 For if his holiness would thump
 His reverend bum 'gainst horse's rump,
 He might be equip'd from his own stable
 With one more white, and eke more able.

Or as, with gondolas and men, his
 Good excellence the Duke of Venice
 (I wish, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
 Sails out, and give the gulph a ring ;
 Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,
 Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance ;
 For else, in honest truth, the sea
 Has much less need of gold than he.

Or, not to rove, and purp one's fancy
 For popish similes beyond sea ;
 As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
 Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent ;
 Present a turkey, or a hen,
 To those might better spare them ten ;
 Ev'n so, with all submission, I
 (For first men instance, then apply)
 Send you each year a homely letter,
 Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
 To pay respect, and not shew wit :
 Nor look askew at what it saith ;
 There's no petition in it—faith.

Here some would scratch their heads, and try
 What they should write, and how, and why ;
 But I conceive, such folks are quite in
 Mistakes in theory of writing.
 If once for principle 'tis laid,
 That thought is trouble to the head ;
 I argue thus : the world agrees
 That he writes well, who writes with ease ;
 Then he, by sequel logical,
 Writes best, who never thinks at all.

Verse comes from heaven, like inward lig't ;
 Mere human pains can ne'er come by t ;
 The god, not we, the poem makes ;
 We only tell folks what he speaks.
 Hence, when anatomists discourse,
 How like brutes' organs are to ours ;
 They grant, if higher powers think fit,
 A bear might soon be made a wit ;
 And that, for any thing in nature,
 Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satire.

Memnon, though stone, was counted vocal ;
 But 'twas the god, meanwhile, that spoke all.
 Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,
 With prompting priest behind the hanging ;
 The wooden head resolv'd the question ;
 While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.

Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
 Are against gods, you know ; and teach us,
 The gods make not the poet ; but
 The thesis, vice-versa put,
 Should Hebrew-wise be understood ;
 And means, the poet makes the god.

Egyptian gardeners thus are said to
Have let the leeks they after pray'd to:
And Romish bakers praise the deity
They chipp'd while yet in its paneity.

That when you poets swear and cry,
The god inspires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the colick in your belly:
That writing is but just like dice,
And lucky mains make people wise:
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a speech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.

So atoms dancing round the center,
They urge, made all things at a venture.

But, granting matters should be spoke
By method, rather than by luck;
This may confine their younger styles,
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's;
But never could be meant to tie
Authentic wits, like you and I:
For as young children, who are tied in
Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding;
When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
Make use of such machine no longer;
But leap *pro libitu*, and scout
On horse call'd hobby, or without;
So when at school we first declaim,
Old Bussy walks us in a theme,
Whose props support our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain:
But, when our souls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's estate;
In verse or prose, we write or chat,
Not sixpence matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an author says;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
Tosson, who is himself a wit,
Counts writers' merits by the sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.

Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you;
I hope y^e are well; so God bewi' you;
Was all I thought at first to write:
But things since then are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high:
So God knows when my clack will lie:
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore.
And beg your pardon yet this half-hour.

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my granam I have gone,
When Lobbs had lifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next;
"Now to apply," has plagu'd me more
Than all his villain cant before.

For your religion, first, of her
Your friends do favoury things aver:
They say, she's honest as your claret,
Not sour'd with cant nor stunn'd with merit;
Your chamber is the sole retreat
Of chaplains every Sunday night:
Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
When lay-man herds with man divine;

Vol. IV.

For if their fame be justly great,
Who would no popish nuncio treat;
That his is greater, we must grant,
Who will treat nuncios protestant.
One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.

In politics, I hear, you're stanch,
Directly bent against the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe:
Are in no plots; but fairly drive at
The public welfare, in your private;
And will for England's glory try
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits, to defy,
And keep your places till you die.

For me, whom wandering fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you:
Let me just tell you how my time is
Past in a country life.—Imprimis,
As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast;
So on, till forefaid god does set,
I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes such noise,
The greatest actions I can find,
Are, that they did their work, and din'd.
The books, of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such as you have whilom conn'd;
That treat of China's civil law,
And subjects' right in Golconda;
Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
That ob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
Of apes that storm, or keep a town,
As well almost as Count Lauzun;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
And twenty other stranger matters;
Which, though they're things I've no concern
in,

Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whose remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.

Then all your wits that steer and sham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
From whom I jests and puns purloin,
And slyly put them off for mine;
Fond to be thought a country wit:
The rest—when fate and you think fit.

Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bottled ale, and neighbouring vicar;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
Squire Shephard's health—With all my heart.

Thus, without much delight or grief,
I fool away an idle life:
Till Shadwell from the town retires
(Choak'd up with fame and sea-coal fires),
To bless the wood with peaceful lyric:
Then hey for praise and panegyrick;
Justice restor'd, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

T t

TO THE COUNTESS OF DORSET.

WRITTEN IN HER MILTON.

BY MR. BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the first-born virgin
 shone,
 And how the first fond lover was undone.
 Such charming words, our beauteous mother
 spoke,

As Milton wrote, and such as yours her look.
 Yours, the best copy of th' original face;
 Whose beauty was to furnish all the race:
 Such chains no author could escape but he;
 There's no way to be false, but not to see.

TO THE LADY DURSLEY.

On the same subject.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
 And how by sin Eve's blasted charms de-
 cay'd;

Our common loss unjustly you complain;
 So small that part of it, which you sustain.

You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
 The stock of beauty destin'd for the race;
 Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
 From Heaven's first work, and Eve's original
 look.

You, happy faint, the serpent's power con-
 trol:

Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul:
 And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
 Which gains a Heaven, for earthly Eden lost.

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been
 arm'd,

In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
 Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought;
 Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

TO MY LORD BUCKHURST,

Very young, playing with a cat.

THE amor-ous youth, whose tender breast
 Was by his darling cat possess'd,

Obtain'd of Venus his desire;
 Howe'er irregular his flame they'd,
 Nature the power of love could mend;

The cat became a blushing ma-boy
 The happy change, the wonder and his joy.

Employ'd in his beauteous child, take care,
 Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
 Lest thou prefer to such a prayer:

Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
 Will e'er thy favourite's charms improve.
 O quickly from her shrine retreat;
 Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The queen of love, who soon will see
 Her own Adonis live in thee,

Will lightly her first loss deplore;
 Will easily forgive the boar:
 Her eyes with tears no more will flow;
 With jealous rage her breast will glow:
 And, on her tabby rival's face,
 She deep will mark her new disgrace.

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you
 guess

The secret passions of our mind;
 My heavy eyes, you say, confess

A heart to love and grief inclin'd:

II.

There needs, alas! but little art,

To have this fatal secret found;

With the same ease you threw the dart,

'Tis certain you may shew the wound.

III.

How can I see you, and not love,

While you as opening east are fair?

While cold as northern blasts you prove;

How can I love, and not despair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound

Your potent mercy may release:

Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,

Fair prophets, my grief would cease.

A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
 You with fair winds may waft him over:

Alas! what winds can happy prove,

That bear me far from what I love?

Alas! what dangers on the main

Can equal those that I sustain,

From lighted vows, and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To with the wildest tempests loose:

That, thrown again upon the coast

Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,

I may once more repeat my pain;

Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,
 Their rural sports, and jocund strains:
 (Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow!)

He lost his crook, he left his flocks;

And, wandering through the lonely rocks,

He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came;

His grief some pity, others blame;

The fatal cause all kindly seek:

He mingled his concern with theirs;

He gave them back their friendly tears;

He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clarinda came among the rest;

And the too kind concern express'd,

And ask'd the reason of his woe :
She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head ;
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal ?
Which nothing from my breast could tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the pain ;
You are the cause of all my care ;
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart ;
Ten thousand torments vex my heart :
I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard :
'Tis what I thought ; 'tis what I fear'd :
And yet I pardon you, she cried :
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain :
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

TO THE
HON. CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.
AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

I.

HOWEVER, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through fate's perverse meander errs,
He can imagin'd pleasures find,
To combat against real cares.

II.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought ;
Each, like the Grecian artist, woos
The image he himself has wrought.

III.

Against experience he believes ;
He argues against demonstration ;
Pleas'd, when his reason he deceives ;
And sets his judgment by his passion.

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desperate bet upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes ; 'tis noon, 'tis night !
This day like all the former flies :
Yet on he runs, to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

VI.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height :
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In search of what we like, employ :
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

VIII.

At distance through an artful glass
To the mind's eye things will appear :
They lose their forms, and make a mass,
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX.

If we see right, we see our woes :
Then what avails it to have eyes ?
From ignorance our comfort flows :
The only wretched are the wise.

X.

We wearied should lie down in death :
This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame but empty breath,
Phyllis, but a perjurd whore.

VARIATIONS IN A COPY, PRINTED 1692.

OUR hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height ;
But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.

The worthless prey but only shews
The joy consisted in the strife ;
Whate'er we take, as soon we lose
In Homer's riddle and in life.

So, whilst in feverish sleeps we think
We taste what waking we desire,
The dream is better than the drink,
Which only feeds the sickly fire.

To the mind's eye things will appear,
At distance through an artful glass ;
Bring but the flattering objects near,
They're all a senseless gloomy mass.

Seeing aright, we see our woes :
Then what avails it to have eyes ?
From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.

We wearied should lie down in death,
This cheat of life would take no more ;
If you thought fame but stinking breath,
And Phyllis but a perjurd whore.

AD VIRUM DOCTISSIMUM DOMINUM SAMUELEM
SHAW, CUM THESIS DE ICTERO PRO GRADO
DOCTORIS DEFENDERET, 4 JUNII, 1692.

PHŒBE, potens sœvis morbis vel lædere gentes,
Læsas solerti vel relevare manu,
Aspice tu decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatore
Indomitus quantum prosit in arte labor :
Non icterum posthac pestilente minaberis orbi,
Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet :
Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona ;
Neglectum telum dejice, fume lyram.

TRANSLATION.

BY MR. COOKE.

O ! PHŒBUS, deity, whose powerful hand
Can spread diseases through the joyful land,
Alike all-powerful to relieve the pain,
And bid the groaning nations smile again ;
When this our pride you see, confess you find
In him what art can do with labour join'd :

No more the world thy direful threats shall fear,
While he, the youth, our remedy, is near;
Suppress thy rage; with verse thy son inspire,
The dart neglected, to assume the lyre.

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

THE town which Louis bought, Nassau re-claims,
And brings instead of bribes avenging flames.
Now Louis, take thy titles from above,
Boileau shall sing, and we'll believe thee Jove:
Jove gain'd his mistresses with alluring gold,
But Jove like thee was impotent and old!
Active and young did he like William stand,
He 'ad stunn'd the dame, his thunder in his hand.

O D E

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, 3. OD. II.
WRITTEN IN 1692.

I.

HOW long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose,
By which thy close, thy constant enemy,
Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes?
Or wake, degenerate isle, or cease to own
What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done;
The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns
they won:
William (if fate requires) again is arm'd;
Thy father to the field is gone:
Again Maria weeps her absent lord,
For thy repose content to rule alone.
Are thy enervate sons no yet alarm'd?
When William fights, dare they look tamely
on,
So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd,
As not to melt at Beauty's tears, nor follow Va-
lour's sword?

II.

See the repenting isle awakes,
Her vicious chains the generous goddess breaks:
The fogs around her temples are dispell'd;
Abroad the looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's com-
mand;
Her lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her
hand:
And, blushing to have been so long with-held,
Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field.
Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear
Hazardous toil and active war;
To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
Patient of summer's drought, and martial
sweat;
And only grieve in winter's camps to find
Its days too short for labours they design'd:
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch;
All day to mount the trench, to storm the
breach;

And all the rugged paths to tread,
Where William and his virtue lead.

III

Silence is the soul of war;
Deliberate counsel must prepare
The mighty work, which va our must complete;
Thus William rescued, thus preserves the state:
Thus teaches us to hink and dare.
As whilst his cannon just prepar'd to breathe
Avenging anger and swift death,
In the tried metal the close dangers glow,
And now, too late, the dying foe
Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow;
So whilst in William's breast ripe counsels lie,
Secret and sure as brooding Fate,
No more of his design appears,
Than what awakens Gallia's fears;
And (though Guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)
Distracted Lewis can destroy
Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On Norman coasts and banks of frighted Seine
Lo! the impending storms begin:
Britannia safely through her master's sea
Ploughs up her victorious way.
The French Salmons throws his bolts in vain,
Whilst the true Thunder asserts the main:
'Tis done! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
Swift victory in vengeful flames
Burns down the pride of their presumptuous name:
They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,
And the torn vessels that regain their coast
Are the sad marks to shew the rest are lost:
All this the mild, the beautiful, Queen has done,
And William's softer-half shakes Lewis' throne:
Maria does the sea command
Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arms by land.
So, the Sun absent, with full sway the Moon
Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone:
So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
To Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains,
Whilst Ruffel strikes the blow thy queen ordains;
Thus rescued, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
And bless the counsel, and reward the hand,
To Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

V.

From Mary's conquests, and the rescued main,
Let France look forth to San-bre's armed shore,
And boast her joy for William's death no more.
He lives; let France confess, the victor lives;
Her triumphs for his death were vain,
And spoke her terror of his life too plain.
The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
In which that one of Lewis' many wives,
Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
Shall o'er the plains, from distant towers on high,
Cast around her mournful eye,
And with prophetic sorrow cry:
"Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight?
Why does despair provoke his age to fight?
As well the wolf may venture to engage
The angry lion's generous rage;
The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night,
As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight;

As Lewis to unequal arms defy
 You're hero, crown'd with blooming victory,
 Just triumphing o'er rebel-rage restrain'd,
 And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
 See! all you're dusty field's quite cover'd o'er
 With hostile troops; and Orange at their head;
 Orange, destin'd to complete
 The great designs of labouring Fate;
 Orange, the name that tyrants dread:
 He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more;
 Down, like the Persian, goes the Gallic throne;
 Darius flies, young Assimon urges on."

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat,
 Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing,
 Impatient to secure a base retreat:
 Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
 For the vile privilege to breathe.
 To live with shame in dread of glorious death!
 In vain: for Fate has swifter wings than Fear,
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear;
 Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
 His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound;
 Whilst through the fiercest troops, and thickest
 press,

Virtue carries on success;
 Whilst equal Heaven guards the distinguish'd
 brave,
 And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

VII.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives
 Each by the other's mutual friendship lives;
 Æneas suffer'd, and Achilles fought,
 The Hero's acts enlarg'd the Poet's thought,
 Or Virgil's majesty, and Homer's rage,
 Had ne'er like lasting nature vanquish'd age.
 Whilst Lewis then his rising terror drowns
 With drums' alarms, and trumpets' sounds,
 Whilst, hid in arm'd retreats and guarded
 towns,

From danger as from honour far,
 He bribes close murder against open war:
 In vain you Gallic Muses strive
 With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive:
 Your mouldering monuments in vain ye raise
 On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise:
 Your songs are sold, your numbers are profane,
 'Tis incense to an idol given;
 Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man
 That had no soul from Heaven.

Against his will, you chain your frighted king
 On rapid Rhine's divided bed;
 And mock your hero, whilst ye sing
 The wounds for which he never bleeds;
 Falshood does poison on your praise diffuse,
 And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's Muse.

VIII.

On its own worth true majesty is rear'd,
 And Virtue is her own reward;
 With solid beams and native glory bright,
 She neither darkness dreads, nor covets light;
 True to herself, and fix'd to inborn laws,
 Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause,
 She from her settled orb looks calmly down,
 On life or death, a prison or a crown.

When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
 To foreign arms and inward strife a prey,
 Whilst one good man buoy'd up her sinking state,
 And Virtue labour'd against Fate;
 When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
 And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's mind;
 When storms let loose and raging seas,
 Just ready the torn vessel to overwhelm,
 Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,
 Nor all the Siren songs of future peace,
 And dazzling prospects of a promis'd crown,
 Could lure his stubborn virtue down;
 But against charms, and threats, and hell, he
 stood.

To that which was severely good;
 Then, had no trophies justified his fame,
 No Poet blest his song with Nassau's name,
 Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
 And Heaven as plainly pointed out THE KING,
 As when he at the altar stood
 In all his types and robes of power,
 Whilst at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
 And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful Maese, and Boyne's victorious flood,
 (For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)
 When William's armies past, did he retire,
 Or view from far the battle's distant fire?
 Could he believe his person was too dear?
 Or use his greatness to conceal his fear?
 Could prayers or sighs the dauntless hero move?
 Arm'd with Heaven's justice, and his people's
 love?

Through the first waves he wing'd his venturous
 way,

And on the adverse shore arose,
 (Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose).

Like the great ruler of the day,
 With strength and swiftness mounting from the
 sea:

Like him all day he toil'd; but long in night
 The god has eas'd his wearied light,
 Ere vengeance left the stubborn foes,
 Or William's labours found repose!

When his troops falter'd, slept not he between?
 Restor'd the dubious fight again,
 Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,
 And led the fainting brave to Victory?

Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
 Her doubtful course, still brought her bleeding
 back?

By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?
 as he not king, commander, soldier, all?

His dangers lucas with becoming dread,
 His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read:
 And were not those the only days that e'er

The pious prince refus'd to bear
 His friends' advice, or his subjects' prayer?

X.

Where'er old Rhine, his fruitful water turns,
 Or fills his vassals' tributary urns;
 To Belgia's fav'd dominions and the sea,
 Whose righted waves rejoice in William's sway;
 Is there a town where children are not taught,
 Here Holland prosper'd, for here Orange fought;

Through rapid waters, and through flying fire,
Here rush'd the prince, here made whole France
retire?

By different nations be his valour blest,
In different languages confest;

And then let Shannon speak the rest:

Let Shannon speak, how on her wondering
shore,

When Conquest hovering on his arms did wait,
And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er;
The god-like man, the more than conqueror,
With high contempt sent back the specious bait;
And, scorning glory at a price so great,
With so much power, such piety did join,

As made a perfect virtue fear

A pitch unknown to man before;

And lifted Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne.

XI.

Nor do his subjects only share
The prosperous fruits of his indulgent reign;
His enemies approve the pious war,
Which, with their weapon, takes away their
chain.

More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes;
They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose.
Justice and freedom on his conquests wait;
And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:
Succeeding times shall with long joy contend,
If he were more a victor, or a friend:
So much his courage and his mercy strive,
He wounds, to cure; and conquers, to forgive.

XII.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cause,
Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
To my adventurous song just witness bear,
Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear;
That 'tis no Poet's thought, no flight of youth,

But solid story, and severest truth,
That William treasures up a greater name,
Than any country, any age, can boast:

And all that ancient flock of fame

He did from his fore-fathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with interest back;
And in his constellation does unite
Their scatter'd rays of fainter light:

Above or Envy's lash, or Fortune's wheel

That settled glory shall for ever dwell:

Above the rolling orbs, and common sky,

Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

XIII.

Where roves the Muse? Where, thoughtless to
return,

Is her short-liv'd vessel borne,
By potent winds too subject to be tost,
And in the sea of William's praises lost?
Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore,

Where our abandon'd youth she sees,
Shipwreck'd in luxury, and lost in ease;

Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,

Nor William's exemplary virtue warm:

Tell them, howe'er, the king can yet forgive

Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,

And let their wounded honour live:

But sure and sudden be their just remorse;

Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course;

For though for certain years and destin'd times,
Merit has lain confus'd with crimes;

Though Jove seem'd negligent of human cares,
Nor scourg'd our follies, nor return'd our
prayers,

His justice now demands the equal scales,

Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails:

Fate its great ends by slow degrees attains,

And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

SET BY DR. H. PURCELL.

AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG BEFORE THEIR
MAJESTIES ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1693-4.

LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great career;
And, as thou dost thy radiant journeys run,
Through every distant climate own
That in fair Albion thou hast seen
The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
That ever fav'd a land, or blest a throne,
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial
power was known.

II

So may thy godhead be confest,
So the returning year be blest,
As his infant months bestow
Springing wreaths for William's brow;
As his summer's youth shall shed
Eternal sweets around Maria's head.

From the blessings they bestow,
Our times are dated, and our *æras* move;
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou dost all above.

III.

Let our hero in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear:
Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee,
When, clad in rising majesty,
Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hill confest,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory dress'd,
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
The raging Python to destroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From fairest years, and time's more happy stores,
Gather all the smiling hours;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conquest have rewarded
Triumphant victors' happy cares;
Such as story has recorded:
Sacred as Nassau's long renown,
For countries sav'd, and battles won.

V.

March then again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day design'd to wait
On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crown'd
With great event, and fair success;
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace.

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wisdom as in power;
Again, for good Maria's sake, and ours,
Choose out other smiling hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counsels were advising;
Such as have lucky omens shed
O'er forming laws, and empires rising;
Such as many courses ran,
Hand in hand a goodly train,
To bless the great Eliza's reign;
And in the typic glory show
What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

VII.

As the solemn hours advance,
Mingled send into the dance
Many fraught with all the treasures,
Which thy eastern travel views;
Many wing'd with all the pleasures,
Man can ask, or heaven diffuse:
That great Maria all those joys may know,
Which, from her cares, upon her subjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory sing our sovereign's praise,
God of verses and of days:
Let all thy tuneful sons adorn
Their lasting work with William's name;
Let chosen Muses yet unborn
Take great Maria for their future theme:
Eternal structures let them raise
On William's and Maria's praise;
Nor want new subject for the song,
Nor fear they can exhaust the store,
Till nature's music lies unstrung;
Till thou, great god, shalt lose thy double power,
And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more.

THE

LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams intire, his fierceness lost:
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight:
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I,
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good humour dress'd;
When gentle reason rules thy breast:
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh:
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I hide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A PASTORAL.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH SINGER, AFTERWARDS ROWE.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends,
And rising night the evening shade extends:
While pearly dews o'er-spread the peaceful field:
And closing flowers reviving odours yield:
Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our Muses may indite:
Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
Lest any swain our amorous secrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To every shepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair Aminta is my softest theme:
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove:

And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire;
Propitious god of love, thy succour bring,
Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing:
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
For him each virgin sighs; and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whispering
spring,

In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing;
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves,
And Phœbus the superior song approves.

SYLVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Reaking the melancholy shades of night.

When she is near, all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
In every breast the beauteous nymph inspires;
And on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on: the eastern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees:
In vain the birds begin their evening song,
And to the silent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant
field,

Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And, in his absence, all the pensive day
In some obscure retreat I lonely stray,
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying strain;
Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around;
Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales resound.

SYLVIA.

On flowery banks, by every murmuring
stream,
Aminta is my Muse's softest theme:
'Tis she that does my artful notes refine:
With fair Aminta's name my noblest verse shall
shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And consecrate to him eternal vows:
The charming youth shall my Apollo prove;
He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to
love.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING PASTORAL.

BY Sylvia if thy charming self be meant;
If Friendship be thy virgin vows extent:
Oh! let me in Aminta's praises join:
Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A second wreath shall bind Aminta's hair;
And, when my choicest songs thy worth pro-
claim,

Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name;
My heart shall own the justice of her cause,
And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws.

But if, beneath thy numbers' soft disguise,
Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis lies;
If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains,
And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains;
May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind!
May Venus long exert her happy power,
And make thy beauty, like thy virtue, endure!
May every god his friendly aid afford,
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board!

But, if by chance the series of thy joys,
Permit one thought less cheerful to arise,
Pitious transfer it to the mournful swain,
Who, loving much, who, not beloved again,
Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess,
And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

TO A LADY:

SHE REFUSING TO CONTINUE A DISPUTE WITH
ME, AND LEAVING ME IN THE ARGUMENT.

A N O D E.

I.

SPARE, generous victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the dispute what'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd;
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.

VI.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd:
And, arm'd with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, she fluns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conquest by her flight;
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

VIII.

So, when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and, as he fled, he flew.

SEEING THE DUKE OF ORMOND'S PIC- TURE AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

OUT from the injur'd canvas, Kneller,
Strike

These lines too faint: the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's duke: impendent in the air
Let his keen sabre, comet-like, appear,
Where'er it points, denouncing death: below
Draw routed squadrons, and the numerous foe,
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow:
Till, weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with
blood,

Which from the Patriot's breast in torrents flow'd,
He faints; his steed no longer feels the rein;
But stumbles o'er the heap, his hand had slain.

And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lies;
 Lovely, sad object! in his half-clos'd eyes
 Stern vengeance yet, and hostile terror stand:
 His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.
 The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call;
 Fear to approach him, though they see him fall.

O Kneller, could thy shades and light express
 The perfect hero in that glorious dress;
 Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,
 And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow:
 In spite of time, thy work might ever shine;
 Nor Homer's colours last so long as thine.

CELIA TO DAMON.

*"Atque in amore mala hec proprio, summeque se-
 cundo Invenimus".—*

LUCRET. lib. iv.

WHAT can I say, what arguments can
 prove,

My truth, what colours can describe my love,
 If its excess and fury be not known,
 In what thy Celia has already done?

Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were con-
 ceal'd

In timorous doubts, with pity I beheld;
 With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear,
 That durst not tell me what I dy'd to hear,
 In vain I strove to check my growing flame,
 Or shelter passion under friendship's name,
 You saw my heart; how it my tongue bely'd;
 And when you press'd, how faintly I deny'd.—

Ere guardian thought could bring its scatter'd
 aid,

Ere reason could support the doubting maid,
 My soul, surpris'd, and from herself disjoin'd,
 Left all reserve, and all the sex, behind:
 From your command her motions she receiv'd;

And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd,
 But ever blest be Cytherea's shrine,
 And fires eternal on her altars shine;!

Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound;
 Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd.
 By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis
 shown,

Thy joys are center'd all in me alone;
 And sure I am, thou wouldst not changethishour
 For all the white ones Fate has in its power.—

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess,
 Yet thus receiving and returning bliss,

In this receiving and returning bliss,
 In this great moment, in this golden now,

When every trace of what, or when, or how,
 Should from my soul by raging love be torn,
 And far on swelling seas of rapture borne;

A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,
 And my heart labours with a sudden sigh;

Invading fears repel my coward joy,
 And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this beauty was the cause,
 That with first sighs your panting bosom rose:

Vol. IV.

But with no owner Beauty long will stay,
 Upon the wings of Time borne swift away;
 Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes
 (Where now without a boast some lustre lies)
 No longer shall their little honours keep;
 Shall only be of use to read or weep:
 And on this forehead, where your verse has said,
 The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd,
 Insulting age will trace his cruel way,
 And leaves sad marks of his destructive sway.

Mov'd by my charms, with them your love
 may cease,

And as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease:
 Or angry Heaven may quicker darts prepare,
 And sickness strike what time a while would spare:
 Then will my swain his glewing vows renew,
 Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true;
 When my own face deters me from my glafs,
 And Kneller only shews what Celia was?

Fantastic Fame may sound her wide alarms.
 Your country, as you think, may want your arms;
 You may neglect or quench, or hate the flame,
 Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising name;
 And quickly cold indifference will ensue,
 When you Love's joys through Honour's optic
 view.

Then Celia's loudest prayer will prove too weak,
 To this abandon'd breast to bring you back;
 When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,
 With music gay, and wet with jovial friends,
 The tender accent of a woman's cry
 Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
 When the rough seamen's louder shouts prevail,
 When fair occasion shews the springing gale,
 And Interest guides the helm, and Honour
 swells the sail.

Some wretched lines, from this neglected
 hand,

May find my hero on the foreign strand,
 Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new
 command:

While she who wrote them, of all joy bereft,
 To the rude censure of the world is left;
 Her mangled fame in barbarous pastime lost,
 The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies
 Sighs to my breast, and sorrow to my eyes.
 Love, love himself (the only friend I have)
 May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.
 That tyrant-god, that restless conqueror,
 May quit his pleasure, to assert his power;
 Forsake the provinces that bless his sway,
 To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another Nymph with fatal power may rise,
 To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes;
 With haughty pride may hear her charms con-
 fess,

And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest.
 You every night may sigh for her in vain,
 And rise each morning to some fresh disdain:
 While Celia's softest look may cease to charm,
 And her embraces want the power to warm:
 While these fond arms, thus circling you, may
 prove,

More heavy chains than those of hopeless love.

U u

Just Gods! all other things their like produce;
 The vine arises from her mother's juice:
 When feeble plants or tender flowers decay,
 They to their seed their images convey:
 Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds,
 Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:
 And when the parent rose decays and dies,
 With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
 That product only which our passions bear
 Eludes the planter's miserable care.
 While blooming Love assures us golden fruit,
 Some inborn poison taints the secret root:
 Soon fall the flowers of Joy, soon seeds of Hatred shoot.

Say, shepherd, say, are these reflections true?

Or was it but the woman's fear that drow
 This cruel scene, unjust to love and you?
 Will you be only and for ever mine?
 Shall neither time nor age our souls disjoin?
 From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
 Or you grow cold, respectful, and forsworn?
 And can you not for her you love do more
 Than any youth for any nymph before?

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY LORD BUCKHURST, IN WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL,

AT A REPRESENTATION OF MR. DRYDEN'S CLEOMENES, AT CHRISTMAS, 1695

PISH, lord I wish this prologue was but Greek.

Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak:
 But can lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
 Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?
 No, witness all ye gods ancient of Greece,
 Rather than condescend to terms like these,
 I'd go to to school six hours on Christmas-day,
 Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
 Such work by hireling actors should be done,
 Who prebend when they see a critic frown;
 Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their bread,

And, if they are not wounded, are not fed.
 But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
 We act our tragedy to see our friends:
 Our generous scenes are for pure love repeated,
 And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
 The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
 Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
 To learn our parts, we left our midnight bed,
 Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read:
 Not that from this confession we would sue
 Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:
 Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
 We neither censure fear, nor beg applause,
 For these are Westminster and Sparta's laws.
 Yet, if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
 To young desert, and growing virtue kind,

That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
 That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
 And that your little hero does inherit
 Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

AN ODE, PRESENTED TO THE KING,

ON HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND AFTER THE QUEEN'S DEATH, 1695.

"*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus*
 "*Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres*
 "*Canthus, Melpomene."*

I.

AT Mary's tomb, (sad sacred place!)
 The Virtues shall their vigils keep:
 And every Muse, and every Grace,
 In solemn state shall ever weep.

II.

The future pious, mournful fair,
 Oft as the rolling years return,
 With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair,
 Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

III.

For her the wife and great shall mourn,
 When late records her deeds repeat:
 Ages to come, and men unborn,
 Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
 Her holy queen's sad reliques guard,
 Till Heaven awakes the precious dust,
 And gives the saint her full reward.

V.

But let the king dismiss his woes,
 Reflecting on his fair renown;
 And take the cypress from his brows,
 To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If prest by grief our monarch stoops,
 In vain the British lions roar:
 If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops,
 The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattled princes wait the chief,
 Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead;
 And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
 Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand
 Who still to conquest led the way;
 Wishing him present to command,
 As they stand ready to obey.

IX.

They seek that joy, which us'd to glow,
 Expanded on the Hero's face;
 When the thick squadrons prest the foe,
 And William led the glorious chase.

X.

To give the mourning nations joy,
 Restore them thy auspicious light,
 Great fun: with radiant beams destroy
 Those clouds, which keep thee from our sight.

XI.

Let thy sublime meridian course
 For Mary's setting rays atone.
 Our lustre, with redoubled force,
 Must now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious king, with different strife
 Thy struggling Albion's bosom torn:
 So much she fears for William's life,
 That Mary's fate she dares not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy softer half
 Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve;
 But let her strength in thee be safe;
 And let her weep; but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, save the land
 From thy own grief, her fiercest foe;
 Left Britain, rescued by thy hand,
 Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
 Unless new triumphs shall be fought,
 And hoary majesty sustain
 The battles which thy youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
 Which made her hate the war's alarms?
 That soft excess, with which she strove
 To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII.

While still she chid the coming spring,
 Which call'd him o'er his subject seas:
 While, for the safety of the king,
 She wish'd the victor's glory less.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: sad Britain now
 Hastens her lord to foreign wars:
 Happy, if toils may break his woe,
 Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
 Left he the rising grief should hear:
 She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
 Left he should see the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty prince; let France be taught,
 How constant minds by grief are try'd;
 How great the land, that wept and fought,
 When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
 Where Death with all his darts is seen,
 That he can touch thy heart with none.
 But that which struck the beautiful queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
 Whilst yet her master was not near:
 With fullen pride refus'd relief,
 And sat obdurate in despair.

XXIII.

As waters from her sluices, flow'd
 Unbounded for.ow from her eyes:
 To earth her bended front the bow'd,
 And sent her wailings to the skies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
 Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
 She smiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd,
 She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom which all sorrows claim,
 She does for thy content resign:
 Her piety itself would blame,
 If her regrets should weaken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, she shews thy fame.
 Left thy great mourner should forget
 That all the race, whence Orange came,
 Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII.

William his country's cause would fight,
 And with his blood her freedom seal:
 Maurice and Henry guard that right,
 For which their pious parents sell.

XXVIII.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,
 Thy father's bloom and death may tell:
 Excelling others, these were great:
 Thou, greater still, must these excel.

XXIX.

The last fair instance thou must give,
 Whence Nassau's virtue can be try'd;
 And shew the world that thou can't live
 Intrepid, as thy consort dy'd;

XXX.

Thy virtue, whose resileless force
 No dire event could ever stay,
 Must carry on its destin'd course,
 Though death and envy stop the way,

XXXI.

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's live:
 Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own;
 New toils endure, new conquest give,
 And bring them ease, though thou hast none.

XXXII.

Vanquish again; though she be gone,
Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair:
And reign, though she has left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII.

Fair Britain nearer yet before
Breath'd to her king an useless prayer:
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turn'd averse his ear.

XXXIV.

But, should the weeping hero now
Relentless to their wishes prove;
Should he recall, with pleasing woe,
The object of his grief and love;

XXXV.

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,
Her power with boundless joy confest,
Her person only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his sorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his passion to abate;
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death complete.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee:
Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little that her life
O'er earth and waters bears thy fame:
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidst the stars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;
From Mary's glory, angels trace
The beauty of her partner's soul.

XL.

Wife Fate, which does its heaven decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis given,
Unbounded through all worlds to go:
While she, great Saint, rejoices Heaven;
And thou sustain'st the orb below.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

LET them censure: what care I?
The herd of critics I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write,
Regardless of their grace, or spite.
No, No: the fair, the gay, the young,
Govern the numbers of my song;
All that they approve is sweet;
And all is sense that they repeat,

Bid the warbling Nine retire;
Venus, string thy servant's lyre:
Love shall be my endless theme;
Pleasure shall triumph over Fame:
And, when these maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine!
May I grasp at empty praise;
And lose the nymph, to gain the bays!

O D E

SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR, PAR LES ARMES DU
ROI, L'ANNEE INNE 1692.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

I.

QUELLE docte & saint yvreffe
Aujourd'hui me fait la loi?
Chastes Nymphes du Permesse,
N'est-ce pas vous que je voi?
Accourez, troupe scavante:
Des sons que ma lyre enfante;
Ces arbres sont réjouis:
Marquez en bien la cadence:
Et vous, vents, faites silence:
J'avais parler de Louis.

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ses aîsles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidèle lyre,
Si, dans ardeur qui m'inspire

AN ENGLISH BALLAD

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR BY THE KING OF
GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

"Dulce est desipere in loco."

I. and II.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it:
So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a Muse, O lofty Poet,
Or Virgin of St. Cyr, you saw?
Why all this fury? what's the matter,
That oaks must come from Thrace to dance?
Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no such wood in France?
Why must the winds all hold their tongue?
If they a little breath should raise,
Would that have spoil'd the Poet's song,
Or puff'd away the Monarch's praise?
Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies,
While Virtue leads the noble way:
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where sordid Interest shews the prey.

Tu peux suivre mes transports :
Les chênes des monts de Thrace
N'ont rien ouï, que ne s'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

III.

Est-ce Apollon et Neptune,
Qui sur ces rocs fourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
Bâti ces murs orgueilleux ?
De leur enceinte, fameuse
La Sambre unie à la Meuse,
Defend le fatal abord ;
Et par ces bouches horribles
L'airain sur ces monts terribles
Vomit le fer, & la mort.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs remparts :
Et dans son sein infidèle
Par toute la terre y recèle
Un feu prêt à s'élançer,
Qui soudain percant son goufre,
Ouvre un sepulchre de foudre,
A quiconque ose avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la Grece eût vingt ans
Sans fruit vu les funeraillies
De ses plus fiers combattans.
Quelle effroyable puiffance
Aujourd'hui pourtant s'avance,
Prête à foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
C'est Jupiter en personne ;
Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point : c'est lui-même,
Tout brille en lui ; tout est roi.
Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême
Commence à trembler pour toi.
En vain il voit le Batave,
Deformais docile esclave,
Range sous ses étendards :
En vain au lion Belgique
Il voit l'aigle Germanique
Un sous les leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ses sens sont agités,
A son secours il appelle
Les peu, les plus vantés.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Où s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux ;
Ceux-cides champs, où la neige

When once the Poet's honour ceases,
From reason far his transports rove :
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban :
They arm'd these rocks ; then shew'd old Jove
Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
Such walls, these three wise gods agreed,
By human force could ne'er be shaken :
But you and I in Homer read
Of gods, as well as men, mistaken.
Sambre and Maese their waves may join ;
But ne'er can William's force restrain :
He'll pass them both, who pass'd the Boyne :
Remember this, and arm the Seine.

IV.

Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows
With fire and sword the fort maintain :
Each was a Hercules, you tell us ;
Yet out they march'd, like common men.
Cannons above, and mines below,
Did death and tombs for foes contrive :
Yet matters have been order'd so,
That most of us are still alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy ;
Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks :
Their siege did ten long years employ ;
We've done our business in ten weeks.
What godhead does so vast advance,
With dreadful power, those hills to gain ?
'Tis little Will, the scourge of France ;
No godhead, but the first of men.
His mortal arm exerts the power
To keep e'en Mons's victor under :
And that same Jupiter no more
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our King thus trembles at Namur ;
Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
To Bruxelles marches on secure,
To bomb the monks, and scare the ladies.
After this glorious expedition,
One battle makes the Marshal great :
He must perform the King's commission :
Who knows but Orange may retreat ?
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to fight :
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William would preserve that right

VII.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,
See every mother's son appear :
In such a case ne'er blame a foe,
If he betrays some little fear.
He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes ;
Finds a small river in his way ;
So waves his colours, beats his drums,
And thinks it prudent there to stay.

Des marais de la Norvège
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,
Des froids torrens de Decembre
Les champs par tout sont noyés.
Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proie à Borée
Ses guerets d'epics chargés,
Et sous les urns fangeuses
Des Hyades orageuses
Tous ses trésors submergés.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;
Ramassez tous vos nuages ;
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber sous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand la superbe-Espagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezancon, Dole,
Ypres, Mastricht, & Cambray.

X.

Mes présages s'accomplissent ;
Il commence à chanceler :
Sous les coups qui retentissent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnerre,
Semblent tombant sur la terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

XI.

Aecourez, Nassau, Baviere,
De ces murs l'unique espoir :
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.
Considérez ces approches :
Voyez grimper sur ces roches
Ces athletes belliqueux ;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,
Louis à tout d'unant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempête,
Qui sort de ces boulevards,
La plume qui sur sa tête
Attire tous les regards.
A cet astre redoutable
Toujour un sort favorable
S'attache dans les combats :
Et toujours vec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, & le suit à grands pas

The Gallic troops breathe blood and war ;
The Marshal cares not to march faster .
Poor Villeroy moves so slowly here,
We fancied all, it was his Master.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,
Disguise the Marshal's plain disgrace ?
No torrents swell the low Mchayne ?
The world will say, he durst not pass.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear Poet on the banks of Sambre ;
Just as they did that mighty year,
When you turn'd June into December ?
The water-nymphs are too unkind
To Villeroy ; are the land-nymphs so ?
And fly they all, at once combin'd
To shame a General, and a Beau ?

XI.

Truth, justice, sense, religion, fame,
May join to finish William's story :
Nations set free may bleis his name ;
And France in secret own his glory.
But Ypres, Mastricht, and Cambray,
Besancon, Ghent, St. Omers, Lisle,
Courtray, and Dole——Ye critics, say,
How poor to this was Pindar's style ?
With eke's and also's tack thy strain,
Great bard ! and sing the deathless Prince,
Who lost Namur the same campaign
He bought Dixmuyd, and plunder'd Deynse.

X.

I'll hold ten ten pound my dream is out :
I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
Of those confounded drums ; no doubt
Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.
Dear me ! a hundred thousand French
With terror fill the neighbouring field :
While William carries on the trench,
Till both the town and castle yield.
Villeroy to Boufflers should advance,
Says Mars, though cannon's mouths in fire ;
Id est, one Marschal of France
Tells t'other, he can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the lines the shortest way,
Villeroy ; or to Versailles take post ;
For, having seen it, thou canst say
The steps, by which Namur was lost.
The smoke and flame may vex thy sight :
Look not once back : but, as thou goest,
Quicken the squadrons in their flight,
And bid the devil take the slowest.
Think not what reason to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear :
He'll own the strength of thy excuse ;
Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Lodis' feather,
That us'd to shine so like a star :
The Generals could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war.
O Poet ! thou hadst been discreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat so high,
If thou hadst dubb'd thy star, a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

Grands défenseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous : il en est tems :
Courage ; vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont vu sur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
Courez donc : Qui vous retarde ?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'osez vous la traverser ?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le passage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ses pavillons.
Quoi ? leur seul aspect vous glace ?
Où sont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis si prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamise,
Et de la Drave soumise,
Jusqu' à Paris nous chercher ?

XV.

Cependant l'effroi redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur.
Son gouverneur qui se trouble
S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
Déjà jusques à ses ports
Je voi monter nos cohortes,
La flamme & le fer en main :
Et sur les monceaux de piques,
De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces rochers éperdus
Battre un signal pour se rendre ;
Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
Dépouillez votre arrogance,
Fiers ennemis de la France,
Et désormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris à vos yeux.

AN ODE.

I.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;
But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray :
In vain France hopes, the sickly light
Should shine near William's fuller day :
It knows Versailles, its proper station ;
Nor cares for any foreign sphere :
Where you see Boileau's constellation,
Be sure no danger can be near.

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force
And William met them in their way :
Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse.
What has friend Boileau left to say ?
When his high Muse is bent upon't,
To sing her king—that great commander,
Or on the shores of Hellepont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander ;
Would it not spoil his noble task,
If any foolish Phrygian there is,
Impertinent enough to ask,
How far Namur may be from Paris ?

XV.

Two stanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire :
Leave them behind you, honest friend ;
And with your countrymen retire.
Your ode is spoilt : Namur is freed ;
For Dixmuyd something yet is due :
So good count Guiscard may proceed ;
But Boufflers, Sir, one word with you.—

XVI.

'Tis done. In sight of these commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raise the siege,
The foes of France march safe through Flan-
ders ;
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain:
He the same play by land has shewn,
As Tourville did upon the main.
Yet is the Marshal made a peer :
O William ! may thy arms advance !
That he may lose Dinant next year,
And so be constable of France.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And, whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
I sung, and gaz'd : I play'd, and trembled :
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

AT HIS ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AFTER THE
DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY, 1696.

"Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque

"Lætus interfis populo Quirini :

"Nève te nostris vitiis iniquum

"Ocyor aura

"Tollat —" HOR. ad Augustum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait ;
And bid predestin'd empires rise and fall :
Your sacred aid religious monarchs own,
When first they merit, then ascend the throne ;
But tyrants dread you, lest your just decree
Transfer the power, and set the people free.
See rescued Britain at your altars bow ;
And hear her hymns your happy care avow :
That still her axes and her rods support
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court ;
That law with all her pompous terror stands,
To wrest the dagger from the traitor's hands ;
And rigid Justice reads the fatal word,
Poises the balance first, then draws the sword.

Britain her safety to your guidance owns,
That she can separate parricides from sons ;
That, impious rage disarm'd, she lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.

And thou, great minister, above the rest
Of guardian spirits, be thou for ever blest ;
Thou who of old wast sent to Israel's court,
With secret aid great David's strong support,
To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
And strike the useless javelin to the wall.
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heavenly
shield ;

When power divine did sovereign right declare ;
And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to
spare.

Still, blessed angel, be thy care the same !
Be William's life untouch'd as is his fame !
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand :
Save thou the King, as he has sav'd the land !

We angels' forms in pious monarchs view ;
We reverence William ; for he acts like you ;
Like you, commissioned to chastise and bless,
He must avenge the world, and give it peace.

Indulgent Fate our potent prayer receives ;
And still Britannia smiles, and William lives.
The hero dear to earth, by heaven belov'd,
By troubles must be vex'd, by dangers prov'd :
His foes must aid, to make his fame complete,
And fix his throne secure on their defeat.

So, though with sudden rage the tempest
comes ;
Though the winds roar ; and though the water
foams ;

Imperial Britain on the sea looks down,
And smiling sees her rebel-subjects frown.
Striking her cliff, storm confirms her power
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore :

In vain they would advance, in vain retreat ;
Broken they dash, and perish at her feet.

For William still new wonders shall be shown ;
The powers, that refused, shall preserve the
throne.

Safe on his darling Britain's joyful sea,
Behold, the monarch ploughs his liquid way ;
His fleets in thunder through the world de-
clare,

Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.
Bless'd by aspiring winds, he finds the strand
Blacken'd with crowds ; he sees the nation
stand,

Blessing his safety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great leader's praise ; by turns they
tell,

And listen, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France re-
tir'd ;

How Belgia, freed, the hero's arm confess'd,
But trembled for the courage which she blest.

O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a hero and a foe ;
By sounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes ;
And see the foldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.

Hence then, close ambush and perfidious war,
Down to your native seats of night repair.
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
Restrain'd, behind the victor's chariot tied
In brazen knots and everlasting chains
(So Europe's peace, so William's fate ordains).
While on the ivory chair, in happy state,
He sits, secure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency ; and views beneath
Averted darts of rage, and pointless arms of
death.

THE SECRETARY.

Written at the Hague, 1696.

WHILE with labour assiduous due pleasure
I mix

And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a Nymph on my
right :

No memoirs to compose, and no post-boy to
move,

That on Sunday may hinder the softness of
love ;

For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next shall be hers, shall be
mine,

To good or ill-fortune the third we resign :
Thus scorning the world and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in processional state.

So with Phya through Athens Pilistratus rode ;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new
god.

But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to
verse ;

Since none can with justice my pleasures op-
pose,

In Holland half drowned in interest and prose ?
By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
When the Hague and the present are both on
my side ?

And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say ?
When good Vandergoes, and his provident
Vrew,

As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, search all the province, you'll find no
man dar is,

So blest as the Englishen Heer Secretar' is.

TO CLOE WEeping.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see,
The world in sympathy with thee.
The cheerful birds no longer sing ;
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow ;
And louder murmurs speak their woe.
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares ;
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantastic nymph ! that grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against love.
Strange tears ! whose power can soften all,
But that dear breast on which they fall.

TO MR. HOWARD.

AN ODE.

I.

DEAR Howard, from the soft assaults of
love,
Poets and Painters never are secure ;
Can I untouch'd the fair-one's passions move,
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its power ?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart ;
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention sat,
To have her charms recorded by his art :

III.

The amorous master own'd her potent eyes ;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he
drew ;
Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprise.
And, as the piece advanc'd, the passion grew.

IV.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son, was near,
What different tortures does his bosom feel !
Vol. IV.

Great was the Rival, and the God severe :
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress ;
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
And gave the fair-one to the friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe sat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art ;
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predecessor's
heart !

VII.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain ;
Had I been vested with the monarch's power ;
Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain ;
Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

VIII.

Though, to convince thee that the friend did
feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
I would have sooth'd the flame I could not heal ;
Given thee the world ; though I with-held the
fair.

LOVE DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant shade
As Cloe half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
And in that heaven desir'd to rest :
Over her paps his wings he spread ;
Between he found a downy bed,
And nestled in his little head.

Still lay the God : the nymph, surpris'd,
Yet mistress of herself, devis'd
How she the vagrant might intral,
And captive him, who captives all.

Her bodice half-way she unlac'd ;
About his arms she slyly cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.

The god awak'd ; and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel chain ;
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Incumber'd in the silken string.

Fluttering the God, and weeping, said,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way ;
Who stray'd, alas ! but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell ;
Set an unhappy prisoner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies ;
What are his haunts, or which his way ;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray :

X x

Yet will I never set thee free ;
For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart !
I'll give thee up my bow and dart ;
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.

Agreed : secure my virgin heart :
Instant give up thy bow and dart :
The chain I'll in return untie ;
And freely thou again shalt fly.
Thus she the captive did deliver ;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The God disarm'd, e'er since that day,
Passes his life in harmless play ;
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little, fluttering, idle guest.

E'er since that day, the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's stead ;
Directs his arrow as she wills ;
Gives grief, or pleasure ; spares, or kills.

CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A hunting Cloe went : she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.

Apollo, passing by, beheld the maid ;
And, sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said :
The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the God's mistake ;
And, laughing, cried, Learn better, great di-
vine,

To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know :
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow ;
Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighbouring
grove,
Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer ;
I and my Cloe take a nobler aim ;
At human hearts we sling, nor ever miss the
game.

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

IN Heaven, one holy-day, you read
In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
A main, to pass an hour, or so.
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.
The god unhappily engag'd,
By nature rash, by play engag'd,
Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cried and fretted ;
Lost every earthly thing he betted ;

In ready money, all the store
Pick'd up long since from Danæ's shower ;
A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts ;
His nine-pins made of myrtle wood
(The tree in Ida's forest stood) ;
His bowl pure gold, the very same
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame ;
Two table-books in shagreen covers,
Fill'd with good verse from real lovers ;
Merchandise rare ! a billet-doux,
Its matter passionate, yet true ;
Heaps of hair-rings, and cypher'd seals ;
Rich trifles ; serious bagatelles.

What sad disorders play begets !
Desperate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts, whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power ;
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise : those darts—Come, seven's the main,
Cries Ganymede ; the usual trick ;
Seven, flur a fix ; eleven ; a nick.

All news goes fast ; 'twas quickly known
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew ;
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the goddess greets her son ;
Come hither, sirrah ; no, begone ;
And, hark ye, is it so indeed ?
A comrade you for Ganymede ?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page ;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy ;
A prince's son ; a black-guard boy ;
A sharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.

All Heaven is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither ;
Juno herself has had no peace ;
And truly I've been favour'd less ;
For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name),
Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.

And thou, unhappy child, she said,
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)
Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
All the estate we e'er could boast ;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known ?
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd ;
Nor shall thy power in heaven be own'd ;
When thou nor man nor god canst wound.

Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide :
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble :
Yet why this great excess of trouble ?
The dice were false ; the darts are gone :
Yet how are you, or I, undone ?
The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Cloe's eye :
Fear not we e'er can be disgrac'd
While that bright magazine shall last :
Your crowded altars still shall smoke ;
And man your friendly aid invoke :

Jove shall again reverse your power,
And rise a Iwan, or fall a shower.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

I.

AS after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New string his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too-well guided arrow flew.

III.

Faint! I die! the goddesses cried;
O cruel, could'st thou find none other,
To wreck thy spleen on? parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

IV.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye;
Alas! how easy my mistake!
Look you for your likeness Cloe.

VENUS MISTAKEN.

WHEN Cloe's picture was to Venus shown,
Surpris'd, the goddesses took it for her own.

And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride;

And who's blind now, Mamma? the urchin cried.

'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest.

A SONG.

IF wine and music have the power
To ease the sickness of the soul;
Let Phœbus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's absence light;
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn;
And meet thy favourite nymph in state.
Kind goddesses, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's blessings own;
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours;
And all the day be thine alone.

THE DOVE.

" — Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? VIRE.

I.

IN Virgil's sacred verse we find,
That passion can depress or raise
The heavenly, as the human mind:
Who dare deny what Virgil says?

II.

But, if they should, what our great master
Has thus laid down my tale shall prove:
Fair Venus wept the sad disaster
Of having lost her favourite Dove.

III.

In complaisance poor Cupid mourn'd;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd,
But she should have her Dove again.

IV.

Though none, said he, shall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough;
But be she not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

V.

With that his longest dart he took,
As constable would take his staff:
That gods desire like men to look,
Would make ev'n Heraclitus laugh.

VI.

Love's subalterns, a duteous band,
Like watchmen, round their chief appear:
Each had his lantern in his hand;
And Venus malk'd brought up the rear.

VII.

Accountred thus, their eager step
To Cloe's lodging they directed:
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft suspected).

VIII.

Late they set out, had far to go:
St. Dunstan's as they pass'd struck one,
Cloe, for reasons good, you know,
Lives at the sober end o' th' town.

IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a visiting-day.
Folks at her house at such an hour!
Lord! what will all the neighbours say?

X.

The door is open: up they run:
Nor prayers, nor threats, divert their speed:
Thieves! thieves! cries Susan; we're undone;
They'll kill my mistress in her bed.

XI.

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours: for, all historians say,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unless piquet was in the way.

XII.

She wak'd, be sure, with strange surpris:
O Cupid, is this right or law,
Thust to disturb the brightest eyes,
That ever slept, or ever saw?

XIII.

Have you observ'd a sitting hare,
Listening, and fearful of the storm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake
Viewing the towering falcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake:
Nor would she stay; nor dares she fly.

XV.

Then have you seen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then sunk it deep beneath the clothes.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito: for Susan said,
It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber—
And Susan is no lying maid.

XVII.

But, since we have no present need
Of Venus for an episode:
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe spoke the god:

XVIII.

Hold up your head: hold up your hand:
Would it were not my lot to shew ye
This cruel writ, wherein you stand
Indicted by the name of Cloe!

XIX.

For that, by secret malice stirr'd,
Or by an emulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd th' favourite bird,
In which my mother most delighted.

XX.

Her blushing face the lovely maid
Rais'd just above the milk-white sheet;
A rose-tree in a lily bed
Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? If so, pray come not near—
Fair maiden, I'm the very same.

XXII.

Then what have I, good sir, to say,
Or do with her you call your mother?
If I should meet her in my way,
We hardly court'fy to each other.

XXIII.

Diana chaste, and Hebe sweet,
Witness that what I speak is true:
Would not give my Paroquet
For all the Doves that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compose this midnight noise,
Go freely search where-e'er you please
(The rage, that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)—
Upon yon toilet lie my keys.

XXV.

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks;
Through wardrobe and through closet bounces;
Peeps into every chest and box;
Turns all her furbeloes and flounces.

XXVI.

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none;
So to the bed returns again:
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with disdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, she smiling said,
Your poultry cannot yet be found;
Lies he in yonder slipper dead?
Or, may be, in the tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII.

No, traitor, angry Love replies,
He's hid somewhere about your breast;
A place nor god nor man denies,
For Venus' Dove the proper nest.

XXIX.

Search, then, she said, put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me:
As guilty I, or free, may stand,
Do thou or punish or reward me.

XXX.

But ah! what maid to Love can trust!
He scorns and breaks, all legal power:
Into her breast his hand he thrust;
And in a moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do those fingers rove,
Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither?
O Venus! I shall find thy Dove,
Says he; for sure I touch his feather.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

AS Cloe came into the room t' other day,
I peevish began; where so long could you
stay?

In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
You promis'd at two; and (pray look, child) 'tis
four.

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
Thus far I went on with a resolute air,

Lord bless me! said she; let a body but speak!
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fallen into my neck:
It has hurt me, and vex't me to such a degree—
See here! for you never believe me; pray see,
On the left side my breast, what a mark it has
made!

So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd,
And forgot every word I design'd to have said

MERCURY AND CUPID.

IN fullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His store of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes should the weapons break,
Or throw them into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand:
He found his man, produc'd his warrant;
Cupid! your darts—this very hour—
There's no contending against power!

How fullen Jupiter, just now,
I think I said; and you'll allow
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Heard but the youngster's rapartee.

Come, kinsman (said the little god),
Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower,
And rest yourself for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to heaven;
But you fly fast: and 'tis but seven.
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celestial Hector.

He break my darts! or hurt my power!

He, Leda's swan, and Danaë's shower!
Go, bid him his wife tongue restrain,
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
My darts! O certainly I'll give 'em:
From Cloe's eyes he shall receive 'em.
There's one, the best in all my quiver;
Twang! through his very heart and liver;
He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave;
Good Lord! what bustle shall we have!
Neptune must straight be sent to sea,
And Flora summon'd twice a day:
One must find shells, and t'other flowers,
For cooling grots, and fragrant bowers,
That Cloe may be serv'd in state,
The Hours must at her toilet wait:
Whilst all the reasoning fools below
Wonder their watches go too slow.
Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
For jewels for her hair and breast.
No matter, though their cruel haste
Sink cities, and lay forests waste.
No matter, though this fleet be lost;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
What whispering in my mother's ear!
What care, that Juno should not hear!
What work among you scholar gods!
Phœbus must write him amorous odes,
And thou, poor cousin, must compose
His letters in submissive prose:
Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain
The honour of my mystic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows disdain,
And laugh at your old bully's pain.

Dear couz, said Hermes in a fright,
For Heaven's sake! keep your darts: good night.

ON BEAUTY.

A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is this:
Or forfeit me one precious kiss.

'Tis the first offspring of the Graces;
Bears different forms in different place;
Acknowledg'd fine, where'er beheld;
Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas Lora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
Pandora's box of good and harm:
'Twas Mars's wish, Endymion's dream;
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.
This guided Theseus through the maze;
And sent him home with life and praise:
But this undid the Phrygian boy;
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
This shew'd great kindness to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jason to the fleece.
This through the East just vengeance hurl'd,
And lost poor Anthony the world.
Injur'd, though Lucrece found her doom,
This banish'd tyranny from Rome,
Appeas'd, though Lais gain'd her hire;
This set Persopolis on fire.
For this Alcides learn'd to spin:
His club laid down, and lion's skin.
For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
With servile care, a mortal's sheep.
For this the father of the Gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
Europa's bull and Leda's swan:
For this he reassumes the nod
While Semele commands the God;
Launches the bolt, and shakes the poles;
Though Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.
Here listening Cloe smil'd, and said;
Your riddle is not hard to read.
I guess it—Fair-one, if you do,
Need I, alas! the theme pursue?
For this, thou seest, for this I leave
Whatever this world thinks wife or grave,
Ambition, business, frien'ship, news,
My useful books, and serious Muse.
For this, I willingly decline
The mirth of feasts, and joys of wine;
And choose to sit and talk with thee
(As thy great orders may decree)
Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales and foolish riddles.

THE QUESTION.

TO LISETTA.

WHAT Nymph should I admire, or trust,
But Cloe beauteous, Cloe just?
What Nymph should I desire to see,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom should I compose the lay,
But her who listens when I play?
To whom in song repeat my cares,
But her who in my sorrow shares?
For whom should I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boasts the wears it for my sake?
In love am I not fully blest?
Lisetta, prithee tell the rest.

LISSETTA'S REPLY.

SURE Cloe just, and Cloe fair,
Deserves to be your only care :
But, when you and she to-day
Far into the wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by,
Which way did you cast your eye ?
But, when your cares to her you sing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they spring ;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in those cares she bears a part ?
When you the flowers for Cloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meanest bud that falls from mine ?
Simplest of swains ! the world may see,
Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

THE GARLAND.

I.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair.
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath ;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flowers she wore along the day :
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past ;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

V.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour : pr'ythee tell :
That falling tear—what does it mean ?

VII.

She sigh'd ; she smil'd : and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely Moralist said ;
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one :
At morn both flourish bright and gay ;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sang ;
The amorous youth around her bow'd ;
At night her fatal knell was rung ;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

X.

Such as she is, who died to-day ;
Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow :
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

THE LADY WHO OFFERS HER LOOK-
ING-GLASS TO VENUS.

TAKEN FROM AN EPIGRAM OF PLATO.

VENUS, take my votive glass ;
Since I am not what I was ;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

CLOE JEALOUS.

I.

FORBEAR to ask me, why I weep ;
Vext Cloe to her shepherd said ;
'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep,
Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ ?
Your subtle questions and replies ?
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing Cupid flies ?

III.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearse
The general power that beauty has :
But why did no peculiar verse
Describe one charm of Cloe's face ?

IV.

The glass, which was at Venus' shrine,
With such mysterious sorrow laid :
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which shew'd how youth and beauty fade :

V.

Ten thousand trifles light as these
Nor can my rage, nor anger, move :
She should be humble, who would please ;
And she must suffer, who can love.

VI.

When in my glass I chanc'd to look ;
Of Venus what did I implore ?
That every grace, which thence I took,
Should know to charm my Damon more.

VII.

Reading thy verse ; who heeds, said I,
If here or there his glances flew ?
O, free for ever be his eye,
Whose heart to me is always true !

VIII.

My bloom indeed, my little flower
Of beauty quickly lost its pride :
For, sever'd from its native bower,
It on thy glowing bosom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not what might preface
Or withering wrcath, or fleeting youth ;
Love I esteem'd more strong than Age,
And Time less permanent than Truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know :
Fall uncontroll'd, my tears, and free ;
O Damon ! tis the only woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The secret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearse ;
But on my tomb-stone thou shalt read
My answer to thy dubious verse.

ANSWER TO CLOE JEALOUS

IN THE SAME STYLE ; THE AUTHOR SICK.

I.

YES, fairest proof of beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour :
And I have liv'd ; and we must part.

II.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear ;
Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

III.

From Jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed ;
That nothing may disturb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.

IV.

Yet when some better-fated youth,
Shall with his amorous parley move thee ;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who, dying thus, persists to love thee.

A BETTER ANSWER.

I.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty
face !
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd :
Prythee quit this caprice ; (and as old Falstaff
says)

Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world.

II.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to de-
stroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy
keeping ?

Those looks were design'd to inspire love and
joy :

More ordinary eyes may serve people for
weeping.

III.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my passion, you
wrong :

You take that for fact, which will scarce be
found wit :

Od's-life ! must one swear to the truth of a song.

IV.

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write
shews

The difference there is betwixt nature and art :
I court others in verse ; but I love thee in prose :
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my
heart.

V.

The God of us verse-men (you know, child) the
Sun,

How after his journeys he sets up his rest :
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run ;
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

VI.

To when I am weary'd with wandering all day,
To thee my delight in the evening I come :
No matter what beauties I saw in my way ;
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war ;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree :
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Trojan Swain had judg'd the great dis-
pute,

And Beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit ;
When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms.
The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly she said :

Yield, sister ; rival, yield : naked, you see,
I vanquish : guess how potent I should be,
If to the field I came in armour dress'd ;
Dreadful, like then, my shield, and terrible my
crest !

The warrior goddess with disdain reply'd :
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride :
Let a brave enemy for once advise,
And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wise.
Thou, to be strong, must put off every dress :
Thy only armour is thy nakedness ;
And more than once (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars himself that armour has been tried.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM public noise and factious strife,
From all the busy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breast;
And lull my wearied soul to rest.
For ever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter else, but Love—and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.

To painted roofs and shining spires
(Uneasy seats of high desires)
Let the unthinking many crowd,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happiness for state.
But oh! my Celia, when thy swain
Desires to see a court again,
May Heaven around this destin'd head
The choicest of its curses shed!

To sum up all the rage of fate
In the two things I dread and hate,
May it thou be false, and I be great!
Thus, on his Celia's panting breast,
Fond Celadon his soul express;
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows she thus repaid:

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Blest miracle of love and truth;
All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long since are thine;
A real joy I never knew.
Till I believ'd thy passion true:
A real grief I ne'er can find,
Till thou prov'st perjur'd, or unkind.
Contempt and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Blest with thy presence, I can bear.
Through waters and through flames I'll go,
Sufferer and solace of thy woe:
Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay;
And make my constant passion known
By more than woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear
The stamp and image of my dear;
I'd pierce my heart through every vein,
And die, to let it out again.
No: Venus shall my witness be
(If Venus ever lov'd like me),
That for one hour I would not quit
My shepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Persian Manarch's bride,
Partner of all his power and pride;
Or rule in regal state above,
Mother of Gods, and wife of Jove.

"O happy these of human race!"
But soon, alas! our pleasures pass.
He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
And, leaving her ador'd embrace,
Hasten'd to court, to beg a place.
While she, his absence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,

Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed!
Where all this time he had been hid,

MORAL.

WHILE men have these ambitious fancies
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our sex will—What? Out with it. Lye &
And theirs in equal strains reply.
The moral of the tale I sing
(A posy for a wedding ring)
In this short verse will be confin'd:
Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS Danaë, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of steel, and walls of brass.
The reason of the thing is clear,
Would Jove the naked truth aver.
Cupid was with him of the party;
And shew'd himself sincere and hearty;
For, give that whipster but his errand,
He takes my lord chief justice' warrant:
Dauntless as death away he walks;
Breaks the doors open, snags the locks;
Carches the parlour, chamber, study;
Nor stops till he has culprit's body.

Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth;
Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us less curious, her less fair?
The spy, which does this treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep?
Does she to no excess incline?
Does she fly music, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchase one unguarded hour?

Your care does further yet extend:
That spy is guarded by your friend.
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair prisoner cause to see,
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust;
Which make him wretched, to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,
Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?
Sir, will your questions never end?
I trust to neither spy nor friend.

In short I keep her from the sight
Of every human face.—She'll write.
From pen and paper she's debarr'd.
Has she a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind.—She will, you say:
But how shall she that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? Most certain.
She'll thrust her letter through—Sir Martin.

Dear angry friend, what must be done?
Is there no way?—There is but one.
Send her abroad; and let her see,
That all this mingled mafs, which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty show,
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau;
A staple of romance and lies,
False tears and real perjuries:
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd and lavish heir
The spoils of ruin'd beauty share;
And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame,
Must give up age to want and shame.
Let her behold the frantic scene,
The women wretched, false the men:
And when, these certain ills to shun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms,
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the park and play,
Put on good-humour; make her gay;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

HANS CARVEL.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
Married a lais of London mould;
Handsome? enough; extremely gay;
Lov'd music, company, and play;
High flights she had, and wit at will;
And so her tongue lay seldom still:
For in all visits who but she,
To argue, or to repartee?
She made it plain that human passion
Was order'd by predestination;
That, if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they:
Whole tragedies she had by heart;
Enter'd into Roxana's part:
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
Oh that dear conqueror of the world!
She pitied Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.
She, first of all the town, was told,
Where newest India things were sold;
Vol. IV.

So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipst sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen:
What else could so much virtue mean?
For, to prevent the least reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.

But, when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She without fail was wak'd at ten;
Drank chocolate, then slept again:
At twelve she rose; with much ado
Her clothes were huddled on by two;
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes, sure!—But is the Colonel come?
Next, how to spend the afternoon,
And not come home again too soon;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the day:
A turn in summer to Hyde-Park,
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain:
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform, but durst not blame.
At first he therefore preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life;
Told her, how transient beauty was;
That all must die, and flesh was graft:
He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces;
And doubled down the useful places.
But still the weight of worldly care
Allow'd her little time for prayer:
And Cleopatra was read o'er;
While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's-self,
Stood unmolested on the shelf.
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her toilet:
No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it.
In short, the trade was still the same;
The Dame went out; the Colonel came.

What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd;
Another battery must be try'd.
What if to spells I had recourse?
'Tis but to hinder something worse.
The end must justify the means;
He only sins who ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to combat evil;
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear,
(For name him and he's always near);
Not in the shape in which he plies
At Miss's elbow when she lies;
Or stan's before the nursery-doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars:
But, without sawcer-eye or claw,
Like a grave Barrister at Law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside our grief,
The Devil says; bring relief.
Relief! says Hans. pray, let me crave
Your name, Sir—Satan—Sir, your slave;
I did not look upon your feet:
You'll pardon me: Ay, now I see't:
And pray, Sir, when came you from hell?
Our friends there, did you leave them well?

Y y

All well ; but pr'ythee, honest Hans,
(Says Satan) leave your complaisance :
The truth is this : I cannot stay
Flaring in sun-shine all the day :
For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites
Love more the fresco of the nights ;
And oftener our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears shall end :
Gothen this evening, master Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel ;
Let friends and wine dissolve your care ;
Whilst I the great receipt prepare :
To-night I'll bring it, by my faith !
Believe for once what Satan saith.

Away went Hans : glad ? not a little ;
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle ;
Invited friends some half a dozen,
The Colonel and my Lady's cousin.
The meat was serv'd ; the bowls were crown'd ;
Catches were sung ; and healths went round ;
Barbadoes waters for the close ;
Till Hans had fairly got his dose :
The Colonel toasted " to the best : "
The Dame mov'd off, to be undrest ;
The chimes went twelve ; the guests with-
drew ;

But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow-chair ;
From thence was carried off to bed :
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My Lady was disturb'd ; new sorrow !
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.

In bed then view this happy pair ;
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
Hans fast asleep as soon as laid ;
The duty of the night unpaid ;
The waking Dame, with thoughts oppress'd,
That made her hate both him and rest :
By such a husband, such a wife !
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life ;
The Lady sigh'd : the Lover snor'd :
The punctual Devil kept his word :
Appear'd to honest Hans again ;
But not at all by Madam seen ;
And giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king ;
Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's sake ;
'Twill do your business to a hair ;
For, long as you this ring shall wear,
As sure as I look over Lincoln,
That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

Hans took the ring with joy extreme
(All this was only in a dream) ;
And, thrusting it beyond his joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd ; I've gain'd my point.
What point, said she, you ugly beast ?
You neither give me joy nor rest :
'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear ?
You've thrust your finger God knows where.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin ;
Says wife Professor Vander Bruin.
By flames a house I hir'd was lost
Last year ; and I must pay the cost
his spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground ;
and my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
A slave I am to Clara's eyes ;
The gipsy knows her power, and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin ;
And great thy wisdom, Vander Bruin.

PAULO PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE ;

AN HONEST, BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

" Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni
" virtute, quod debeat : quod cogitatione
" magis à virtute potest quam re separari."
Cic. de Off. l. i.

BEYOND the fix'd and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The better sort should set before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum ;
Something, that gives their acts a light ;
Makes them not only just, but bright ;
And sets them in that open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame.

For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting ;
Much may be right, yet much be wanting ;
From lines drawn true our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face ;
May justly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault ;
Yet, if the colouring be not there,
The Titian stroke, the *Ou do air* ;
To nicest judgment show the piece,
At best 'twill only not displease ;
It would not gain on Jersey's eye ;
Bradford would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the picture of our mind
The action may be well design'd ;
Guided by law, and bound by duty ;
Yet want this *je ne sçai quoi* of beauty :

And though its error may be such,

As Knags and Burges cannot hit ;
It yet may feel the nicer touch

Of Wicherley's or Congreve's wit.

What is this talk ? replies a friend,
And where will this dry moral end ?
The truth of what you here lay down
By some example should be shown —
With all my heart—for once ; read on.

An honest, but a simple pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May serve to make this thesis clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
No woman led a better life:
She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckled when a bawd was carted;
And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
Till all the whores were burnt alive.

O, married men, that dar'd be bad,
She t'ought no mercy should be had;
They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or dead,
Or fery'd like Romish priests in Swede.
In short, all lewdness she detested;
And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet, in an honest way, the dame
Was a great lover of that fame;
And could from Scripture take her cue,
That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That if in some regards she chose
To curb poor Paulo in too close;
In others she relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser rein.

Thus though she strictly did confine
The Doctor from excess of wine:
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almost burst his belly:
Thus drying coffee was denied;
But chocolate that loss supplied:
And for tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy concomitant of claret:

(Bless revolution!) one might see
Eringo roots, and Bohem tea.

She often let the Doctor's band,
And strok'd his beard, and squeeze'd his hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too soon:
She held it wholefomer by much,
To rest a little on the couch:

About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close—for fear of sprites.

The Doctor understood the all;
But had not always wherewithal.

The lion's skin too short, you know,
(As Plutarch's Morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail:
And art supplies, where strength may fail.

Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat;

He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane.

Fabius, the Roman chief who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shews us, that all that warrior can do,
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.

One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;

Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle,

Thought it extremely *a propos*,
To ward against the coming blow:

To ward: but how? Ay, there's the ques-
tion;

Fierce the assault, unarm'd the baskion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange surprize;
He felt her pulse; he view'd her eyes;
That beat too fast, these roll'd too quick;
She was, he said, or would be sick:
He judg'd it absolutely good,
That she should purge, and cleanse her blood.
Spa waters for that end were got;
If they pass easily or not,
What matters it? the lady's fever
Continued violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind
(Blackmore and Hans are of my mind),
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female sex,
Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion;
Whate'er might be our Doctor's notion.

One luckless night then, as in bed
The Doctor and the Dame were laid;
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
What measures shall poor Paulo keep

With Madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep,

And won't allow him rest, though waking.
Sad state of matters! when we dare
Nor ask for peace, nor offer war;
Nor Livy nor Comines have shown
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that Paulo's case is
Harder than any which he places
Amongst his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic to maintain
That all the sex was born to grieve,
Down to her Ladyship from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and Moralists; and run ye on
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to close her eye;
Telling her, rest would do her good,
If any thing in nature could:
So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Masters and princes of the calling;
So all our modern friends maintain
(I though no great Greeks, in Warwick-lane.

Reduce, my Muse, the wandering song:
A tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and tost, and groan'd, and turn'd:

At last, I wish, said she, my dear—
(And whisper'd something in his ear)

You wish! wish on, the Doctor cries:
Lord! when will womankind be wife?

What, in your waters? are you mad?
Why poison is not half so bad.

I'll do it—but I give you warning:
You'll die before to-morrow morning.

'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise;
The lady with a sigh replies!

But life, you know, at best is pain;
And death is what we should disdain.

So do it therefore, and adieu ;
For I will die for love of you.
Let wanton wives by death be scar'd ;
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

THE LADLE.

THE sceptics think, 'twas long ago,
Since gods came down incognito,
To see who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or rose :
That since they gave things their beginning,
And set this whirligig a-spinning,
Supine they in their heaven remain,
Exempt from passion and from pain :
And frankly leave us human evils,
To cut and shuffle for ourselves ;
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.

The Poets now and Painters hold
This thesis both absurd and bold :
And your good-natur'd gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a-day :
Else all these things we toil so hard in
Would not avail one single farthing :
For, when the hero we rehearse,
To grace his actions and our verse ;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought ;
Iris descends by Fate's commands,
To guide his steps through foreign lands :
And Amphitrite clears the way
From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache),
He shews not half his force and strength,
Strutting in armour, and at length :
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece must yet be four yards bigger :
The nymphs conduct him to the field ;
One holds his sword, and one his shield ;
Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel ;
And Fame flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
Men idly-learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute :
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms sustains the fight ;
Till now no umpire can agree 'em :
So both draw off, and sing Te Deum.

Is it in equilibrio,
If deities descend or no ?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my tale ;
For by all parties 'tis confess'd,
That those opinions are the best,
Which in their nature most conduce
To present ends, and private use.

Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove :
The humour was (it seems) to know
If all the favours they bestow

Could from our own perverseness ease us ;
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.
Discouraging largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godships came ;
Till, well nigh tir'd at almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odds is,
That in disguise a god or goddess
Exerts no supernatural powers ;
But acts on maxims much like ours.
They spied at last a country farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm ;
For woods before, and hills behind,
Secur'd it both from rain and wind :
Large oxen in the field were lowing ;
Good grain was sow'd : good fruit was grow-
ing :

Of last-year's corn in barns great store :
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door :
And wealth (in short) with peace contented
That people here should live contented :
But did they in effect do so ?

Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had struggled with the marriage noose ;
As almost every couple does :
Sometimes, my plague ! sometimes, my dar-
ling !

Kissing to-day, to morrow snarling ;
Jointly submitting to endure

That evil, which admits no cure.

Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd :
Our farmer met them in the yard ;
Thought they were folks that lost their way ;
And asked them civilly to stay ;
Told them, for supper, or for bed,

They might go on, and be worse sped.

So said, so done ; the gods consent :
All three into the parlour went :
They compliment ; they sit ; they chat ;
Fight o'er the wars ; reform the state :
A thousand knotty points they clear,
Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame :

Obsequious Hermes did the same.

Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say !

He did—but in an honest way :

Oh ! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife.—

Well then, things handsomely were serv'd ;
My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
How strong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic sumptuous would appear :
Yet shall be pass'd in silence here :
For I should grieve to have it said,
That, by a fine description led,
I made my episode too long,
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to shew his play :
Landlord and landlady, he cri'd,
Folly and jesting laid aside,

That ye thus hospitably live,
And strangers with good cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.
To give this thesis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of gods (nay never wonder):
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
My page my son indeed, but spurious.
Form then three wishes, you and Madam;
And sure as you already had 'em,
The things desir'd, in half an hour,
Shall all be here, and in your power.

Thank you, great gods, the woman says:
Oh! may your altars ever blaze!

A Ladle for our silver-dish
Is what I want, is what I wish—
A Ladle! cries the man, a Ladle!
Odzzooks, Corisca you have pray'd ill;
What should be great, you turn to farce;
I wish the Ladle in your a—

With equal grief and shame, my Muse
The sequel of the tale pursues;
The Ladle fell into the room,
And stuck in old Corisca's bum.
Our couple weep two wishes past,
And kindly join to form the last;
To ease the woman's awkward pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

M O R A L.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
His head aches for a coronet:

And who is blest'd that is not great?
Some sense, and more estate, kind Heaven
To this well-lotted peer has given:
What then? He must have rule and sway:
And all is wrong, till he is in play.

The Miser must make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum;
The sickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our plenty, something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel something unpossess'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1700, IN THE BEGINNING
OF ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

OF all that William rules, or Robe
Describes, great Rhéa, of thy globe;
When or on post-horse, or in chaise,
With much expence, and little ease,

My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Maeße, by Po or Rhone,
And sound no foot of earth my own;
Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, house, and stable;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to desire or want;
And as health fails, and years increase,
Sit down, and think, and die, in peace.
Oblige thy favourite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres:
This number sure they may allow;
For pasture ten, and ten for plough:
'Tis all that I could wish or hope,
For me and John, and Nell and Crop.

Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest
(And let not fortune spoil the jest)
To those who, at the market-rate,
Can barter honour for estate.

Now, if thou grant'st me my request,
To make thy votary truly blest,
Lest curst revenge and saucy pride
To some bleak rock far off be tied;
Nor e'er approach my rural seat,
To tempt me to be base and great.

And, Goddess, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her son
(Where-ever else she lets him rove)
To shun my house, and field, and grove:
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love.

Hear, gracious Rhéa, what I say:
And thy petitioner shall pray.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF MEZERAY'S
HISTORY OF FRANCE.

I.

WHATEVER thy countrymen have done,
By law, and sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:
And all the living world, that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted.

II.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds
What beggar in the Invalids,
With lameness broke, and blindness smitten,
Wish'd ever decently to die.
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

III.

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain;
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure:
Can sense this paradox endure?
Resolve me, Cambray, and Fontaine.

IV.

The man, in graver tragick known
(Though his best part long since was done),
Still on the stage desires to tarry:
And he, who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

WRITTEN IN THE NOUVEAUX INTERETS DES
PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion ;
That by their error we are taught
That happiness is but opinion !

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM
S. AM.

ANIMULA vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abidis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula ?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

BY MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

Ma petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, & Dieu sache où tu
vas :
Tu pars seulette, & une tremblotante, hélas !
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats ?

I M I T A T E D.

POOR, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together ?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither ?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot :
And, pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not
what.

A PASSAGE IN THE MORIÆ ENCOMIUM
OF ERASMUS IMITATED.

IN awful pomp, and melancholy state.
I see settled Reason on the judgment seat :
Around her crowd Distrust, and Doubt, and
Fear,
And thoughtful Foresight, and tormenting Care :
Far from the throne, the trembling Pleasures
stand,
Chain'd up, or exil'd by her stern command.
Wretched her subjects, gloomy sits the queen ;
Till happy Chance reverts the cruel scene ;
And apish Folly, with her wild resort
Of wit and jest, disturbs the solemn court.
See the fantastic minstrelsy advance,
To breathe the song, and animate the dance.
Blest the usurper ! happy the surprise !
Her mimic postures catch our eager eyes ;
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear ;
And in the sights we see, and sounds we hear,
Against our judgment, she our sense employs ;
The laws of troubled Reason she destroys,

And in their place rejoices to indite
Wild schemes of mirth, and plans of loose de-
light.

TO

DR. SHERLOCK

ON HIS

PRACTICAL DISCOURSE CONCERNING
DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muse, who, in unhallow'd
strains,
The Saint one moment from his God detains ;
For sure, what'er you do, where-e'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one constant prayer :
Forgive her ; and intreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raise her notes to that sublime degree,
Which suits a song of piety and thee.

Wondrous good man ! whose labours may re-
pel

The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell ;
Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God wast sent
The crying voice, to bid the world repent.

The Youth shall study, and no more engage
Their flattering wishes for uncertain age ;
No more, with fruitless care and cheated strife,
Chase fleeting pleasure through this maze of
life ;

Finding the wretched all they here can have,
But present food, and but a future grave :
Each, great as Philip's victor son shall view
This abject world, and, weeping, ask a new.
Decrepid Age shall read thee, and confess
Thy labours can assuage, where medicines cease ;
Shall bless thy word, their wounded soul's re-
lief,

The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life ;
Shall look to Heaven, and laugh at all beneath ;
Own riches gather'd, trouble ; fame, a breath ;
And Life an ill, whose only cure is Death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness
flow,

Their sense untutor'd Infancy may know :
Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught.
Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime,

On its blest steps each age and sex may rise ;
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the skies :
Diffus'd its virtue, boundless in its power ;
'Tis public health, and universal cure :
Of heavenly manna 'tis a second feast ;
A nation's food, and all to every taste.

To its last height mad Britain's guilt was
rear'd ;

And various death for various crimes she fear'd.
With your kind work her drooping hopes re-
vive ;

You bid her read, repent, adore, and live :

You wrest the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand ;

Stop ready death, and save a sinking land.

O! save us still : still blest us with thy stay :

O! want thy heaven, till we have learnt the way :

Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon ;

And, for the church's good, defer thy own

O! live ; and let thy works urge our belief ;

Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life ;

Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee,

Grow ripe in years, and old in piety ;

Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then, in full age and hoary holiness,

Retire, great teacher ! to thy promis'd blifs :

Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,

As thy own fame among the future just ;

Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks ;

Till judgment calls, and quicken'd Nature wakes ;

Till, through the utmost earth, and deepest sea,

Our scatter'd atoms find their destin'd way,

In haste to clothe their kindred souls again,

Perfect our state, and build immortal man :

Then fearless thou, who well sustain'dst the fight,

To paths of joy, or tracts of endless light,

Lead up all those who heard thee, and believ'd ;

'Midst thy own flock, great shepherd ! be receive'd ;

And glad all heaven with millions thou hast sav'd.

Confess the various attributes of fame

Collected and complete in William's name ;

To all the listening world relate

(As thou dost his story read)

That nothing went before so great,

And nothing greater can succeed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,

Prudent in peace, and terrible in war :

The boldest virtues that have govern'd earth

From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.

Then turn to her fair-written page ;

From dawning childhood to establish'd age

The glories of her empire trace ;

Confront the heroes of thy Roman race ;

And let the justest palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The son of Mars reduc'd the trembling swains,

And spread his empire o'er the distant plains :

But yet the Sabins violated charms

Obscur'd the glory of his rising arms.

Numa the rights of strict religion knew ;

On every altar laid the incense due ;

Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,

Or lead the forward youth to noble war.

Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,

Holding his fasces stain'd with filial blood.

Fabius was wise, but with excess of care

He sav'd his country, but prolong'd the war.

While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,

And by their strict examples taught

How wild desires should be controll'd,

And how much brighter virtue was than gold ;

They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide ;

And boasted poverty with too much pride.

Excess in youth made Scipio less rever'd ;

And Cato, dying, seem'd to own he fear'd.

Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes ;

But patriots fell, ere the dictator rose :

And, while with clemency Augustus reign'd,

The monarch was ador'd ; the city chain'd.

IV.

With justest honour be their merits dress'd ;

But be their failings too confess'd :

Their virtue like their Tyber's flood

Rolling, its course design'd their country's good.

But oft the torrent's too impetuous speed

From the low earth tore some polluting weed ;

And with the blood of Jove there always ran

Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after these so far prevail,

But that their vices more than turn the scale :

Valour grown wild by pride, and power by rage,

Did the true charms of majesty impair ;

Rome by degrees, advancing more in age,

Shew'd sad remains of what had once been fair ;

Till heaven a better race of men supplies :

And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

CARMEN SECULARE,

FOR THE YEAR 1700.

TO THE KING.

" Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia seculo :

" O mibi tam longe maneat pars ultima vite,

" Spiritus, & quantum sat erit tua dicere fassa !"

VIRG. Eclog. iv

I.

THY elder look, great Janus, cast
Into the long record of ages past :

Review the years in fairest action dress'd

With noted white, superior to the rest ;

Ætas deriv'd, and chronicles begun,

From empires founded, and from battles won ;

Shew all the spoils by valiant kings achiev'd,

And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd ;

The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,

And happy power sustain'd by wholesome laws ;

In comely rank call every merit forth,

Imprint on every æt its standard-worth ;

The glorious parallels then downward bring

To modern wonders, and to Britain's king ;

With equal justice, and historic care,

Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare ;

VI.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain,
 And the long heroes of the Gallic strain;
 Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy prowess known,
 And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.
 From the first William, our great Norman king,
 The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring;
 Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose
 In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes;
 With happy laws her empire to sustain,
 And with full power assert her ambient main.
 But sometimes too industrious to be great,
 Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
 They open'd camps, deform'd by civil fight,
 And made proud conquest trample over right:
 Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful sway,
 And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
 The glorious offspring of the Nassau race,
 Devoted lives to public liberty;
 The chief still dying, or the country free.
 Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow,
 From warlike Cornet, through the lines of Beau;
 Through Chalou next, and there with Nassau
 join,
 From Rhone's fair banks transplanted to the
 Rhine.
 Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,
 Undaunted minds that rul'd the rugged north:
 Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are
 shown;
 Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne;
 And the fair rivals live for ever one.

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
 Be kind; and, as thy searching eye
 Does our modern story trace,
 Finding some of Stuart's race
 Unhappy, pass their annals by:
 No harsh reflection let remembrance raise:
 Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise:
 But, as thou dwell'st upon that heavenly name*,
 To grief for ever sacred, as to fame,
 Oh! read it to thyself; in silence weep;
 And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep:
 Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound,
 And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

IX.

Whither would'st thou further look?
 Read William's acts, and close the ample book:
 Peruse the wonders of his dawning life:
 How, like Alcides, he began;
 With infant patience calm'd seditious strife,
 And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle
 ran.

X.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms,
 By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms:

* *Mary.*

When conquering, mild; when conquer'd, not
 disgrac'd;
 By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd:
 Superior to the blind events
 Of little human accidents;
 And constant to his first decree,
 To cure the proud, to set the injur'd free;
 To bow the haughty neck, and raise the sup-
 pliant knee.

XI.

His opening years to ripen manhood bring;
 And see the hero perfect in the king:
 Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,
 And power supreme by free consent obey'd;
 With how much haste his mercy meets his foes,
 And how unbounded his forgiveness flows;
 With what desire he makes his subjects blest'd,
 His favours granted ere his throne address'd:
 What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
 By arts of peace more potent than by wars:
 How o'er himself as o'er the world he reigns,
 His morals strengthening what his law ordains.

XII.

Through all his thread of life already spun,
 Becoming grace and proper action run:
 The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,
 Mixt with no crime, and shaded with no fault;
 No footsteps of the victor's rage
 Left in the camp where William did engage:
 No tincture of the monarch's pride
 Upon the royal purple spy'd:
 His fame like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
 The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim;
 Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
 And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat,
 For ever coming out the same,
 And losing nor its lustre nor its weight.

XIII.

Janus, be to William just;
 To faithful History his actions trust:
 Command her, with peculiar care
 To trace each toil, and comment every war:
 His saving wonders bid her write
 In characters distinctly bright;
 That each revolving age may read
 The Patriot's piety, the Hero's deed:
 And still the fire inculcate to his son
 Transmissive lessons of the king's renown;
 That William's glory still may live;
 When all that present art can give,
 The pillar'd marble, and the tablet brass,
 Mouldering drop the victor's praise:
 When the great monuments of his power
 Shall now be visible no more:
 When Sambre shall have chang'd her winding
 flood;
 And children ask, where Namur stood.

XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd!
 How she contemn'd th' approaching foe!
 Till she by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
 And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his blow.

Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
Guided the hero to the hostile towers.
Perseus seem'd less swift in war,
When, wing'd with speed, he flew through air.
Emball'd nations strive in vain
The hero's glory to restrain :
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with
fire,
In vain against his force conspire.
Behold him from the dreadful height appear !
And lo ! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The Hero from the height beheld :
He spake the word, that war and rage should cease ;
He bid the Maeße and Rhihe in safety flow ;
And dictated a lasting peace
To the rejoicing world below.
To rescued states, and vindicated crowns,
His equal hand prescrib'd their ancient bounds ;
Ordain'd, whom every province should obey ;
How far each monarch should extend his sway ;
Taught them how clemency made power rever'd,
And that the prince below'd was truly fear'd.
Firm by his side unspotted honour stood,
Plea'd to confess him not so great as good :
His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck'd,
Than those which all his numerous crowns reflect ;
Establish'd Freedom clapp'd her joyful wings ;
Proclaim'd the first of men, and best of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the Muse aspire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire ?
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought :
Mistake of the God and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, stray,
From thee, and from myself, borne far away.
The fiery Pegasus disdain
To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins :
When glorious fields and opening camps he views,
He runs with an unbounded loose :
Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong horse ;
Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous
force ;
With the glad noise the cliffs and vallies ring,
While the through earth and air pursues the king.

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore,
Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore ;
Dismbling for her sake his rising cares,
And with wise silence pondering vengeful wars.
She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious prow ;
Combating adverse winds and winter seas,
Sighting the moments that defer our ease :
Daring to wield the sceptre's dangerous weight,
And taking the command, to save the state ;
Though, ere the doubtful gift can be secur'd,
New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Through rough Ierne's camps she sounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms ;
Vol. IV.

In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme,
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce
stream

She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste,
To tell old Ocean how the Hero past.
The God rebukes their fear, and owns the praise
Worthy that arm, whose empire he obeys.

XIX.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring
The humblest victor, and the kindest king.
Albion with open triumph would receive
Her hero, nor obtains his leave :
Firm he rejects the altars she would raise ;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praise.
Again she follows him through Belgia's land,
And countries often sav'd by William's hand ;
Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils,
Which freed the people, but return'd the spoils.
In various views she tries her constant theme ;
Finds him in councils, and in arms the same ;
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

XX.

Sudden another scene employs her sight ;
She sets her hero in another light ;
Paints his great mind superior to success,
Declining conquest, to establish peace :
She brings Aftrea down to earth again ;
And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unwearied wing the Goddess soars
East, over Danube and Propontis' shores ;
Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and suspend their rage ;
Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares,
If they shall study peace, or lengthen wars.
How sacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cause !
How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,
Whom every nation courts, whom all religions
trust !

XXII.

From the Mæotis to the Northern sea,
The Goddess wings her desperate way ;
Sees the young Muscovite, the mighty head,
Whole sovereign terror forty nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater's monarch's praise,
And passing half the earth to his embrace :
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous way
Breaking, and as he rolls his rapid course,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his
way.

But her own king she likens to his Thames,
With gentle course devolving fruitful streams ;
Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Each ardent nymph the rising current craves ;
Each shepherd's prayer retards the parting waves ;
The vales along the bank their sweets disclose ;
Fresh flowers for ever rise ; and fruitful harvest
grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' adventurous Goddess go ?
Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main, below ?

Minds the the dangers of the Lycian coast,
 And fields, where mad Belerophon was lost ?
 Or is her towering flight reclaim'd
 By seas from Icarus's downfall nam'd ?
 Vain is the call, and useless the advice :
 To wife persuasion deaf, and human cries,
 Yet upward the incessant flies ;
 Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,
 And tell great Jove, she sings his image here ;
 To ask for William an Olympic crown,
 To Chromius' strength, and Theron's speed un-
 known :

Till, lost in trackless fields of shining day,
 Unable to discern the way,
 Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,
 Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before ;
 She, from the noble precipices thrown,
 Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.
 Glorious attempt ! unhappy fate !
 The song too daring, and the theme too great !
 Yet rather thus she wills to die,
 Than in continued annals live, to sing
 A second hero, or a vulgar king ;
 And with ignoble safety fly
 In sight of earth, along a middle sky.

XXIV.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng
 That round his mystic temple press,
 For William's life and Albion's peace,
 Ambitious Muse, reduce the roving song.
 Janus, cast thy forward eye
 Future, into great Rhea's pregnant womb ;
 Where young ideas brooding lie,
 And tender images of things to come :
 Till, by thy high commands releas'd,
 Till, by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,
 In decent order they advance to light ;
 Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight ;
 And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,
 Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
 Nor trophies brought from battles won,
 Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown,
 Can any ruture honours give
 To the victorious monarch's name :
 The plenitude of William's fame
 Can no accumulated stores receive.
 Shut then, auspicious God, thy sacred gate,
 And make us happy, as our king is great.
 Be kind, and with a milder hand
 Closing the volume of the finish'd age
 (Though noble, 'twas an iron page),
 A more delightful leaf expand,
 Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage :
 Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
 By Flora some and some by Ceres crown'd :
 Teach the glad hours to scatter, as they fly,
 Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy ;
 Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
 From Saturn's rule and better metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand ;
 Nor dread the bold invader's hand :

From adverse shores in safety let her hear
 Foreign calamity, and distant war ;
 Of which let her, great Heaven, no portion
 bear !
 Betwixt the nations let her hold her scale,
 And, as the wills, let either part prevail :
 Let her glad vallies smile with waving corn ;
 Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn ;
 Around her coast let strong defence be spread ;
 Let fair abundance on her breast be shed ;
 And heavenly sweets bloom round the Goddess'
 head !

XXVII.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did stand,
 Remains of Wolsey's or great Henry's hand,
 To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame,
 Let a young Phoenix raise her towering head ;
 Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread ;
 And by her great acts shew her builder's fame :
 August and open as the hero's mind,
 Be her capacious courts design'd :
 Let every sacred pillar bear
 Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
 The king shall there in Parian marble breathe,
 His shoulder bleeding fresh : and at his feet
 Disarm'd shall lie the threatening death
 (For so was saving Jove's decree complete).
 Behind, that angel shall be plac'd, whose shield
 Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd :
 On the firm basis, from his oozy bed,
 Boyne shall raise his laurel'd head ;
 And his immortal stream be known,
 Artfully waving through the wounded stone:

XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarg'd,
 With all the monarch's trophies charg'd :
 Thou, the fair heaven, that dost the stars inclose,
 Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
 On the great champions who support his throne,
 And virtues nearest to his own.

XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee, thou ty'st the mystic
 string,
 That makes the knight companion to the king.
 From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
 Bowing before thy sainted warrior's shrine,
 Fast by his great forefather's coats, and shields
 Blazon'd from Bohun's or from Butler's line,
 He hangs his arms ; nor fears those arms should
 shine
 With an unequal ray ; or that his deed
 With paler glory should recede,
 Eclips'd by theirs, or lessen'd by the fame
 Ev'n of his own maternal Nassau's name.

XXX.

Thou smiling seest great Dorset's worth confess,
 The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast ;
 Born to protect and love, to help and please ;
 Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace.
 O ! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
 Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name ;
 Ne'er cease to mention the continued debt,
 Which the great patron only would forget,
 And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records shall Ca'ndish stand,
 Asserting legal power and just command :
 To the great house thy favour shall be shown,
 The father's star transmissive to the son.
 From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race
 Inform'd, their fire's immortal steps shall trace.
 Happy, may their sons receive
 The bright reward, which thou alone canst give !

XXXII.

And if a God these lucky numbers guide ;
 If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside ;
 Jersey, belov'd by all, (for all must feel
 The influence of a form and mind,
 Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
 Like mingled streams, more forcible when join'd)
 Jersey shall at thy altars stand ;
 Shall there receive the azure band,
 That fairest mark of favour and of fame,
 Familiar to the Villiers' name.

XXXIII.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,
 Be our great master's future charge ;
 To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
 High schemes of government, and plans of wars ;
 By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
 To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise ;
 To lead them out from ease ere opening dawn
 Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,
 Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care,
 And chases give them images of war ;
 To teach them vigilance by false alarms,
 Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms ;
 Practice them now to curb the turning steed,
 Mocking the foe ; now to his rapid speed
 To give the rein, and in the full career
 To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed
 spear.

XXXIV.

Let him unite his subjects hearts,
 Planting societies for peaceful arts ;
 Some that in nature shall true knowledge found,
 And by experiment make precept found ;
 Some that to morals shall recal the age,
 And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage ;
 Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
 And to just idioms fix a doubtful speech ;
 That from our writers distant realms may know
 The thanks we to our monarch owe ;
 And schools profess our tongue through every
 land,
 That has invoc'd his aid, or blest his hand.

XXXV.

Let his high power the drooping Muses rear ;
 The Muses only can reward his care :
 'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' spoils ;
 'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils ;
 To them by smiling Jove 'twas given to save
 Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave ;
 To them, great William's glory to recal,
 When statues moulder, and when arches fall.
 Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful pride,
 The sources of their treasure hide :
 The hero's virtue does the string inspire,
 When with big joy they strike the living lyre.

On William's fame their fate depends ;
 With him the song begins ; with him it ends.
 From the bright effluence of his deed
 They borrow that reflected light,
 With which the lasting lamp they feed,
 Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Through various climes, and to each distant pole,
 In happy tides let active commerce roll :
 Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
 Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece :
 Returning loaded with the shining stores,
 Which lie profuse on either India's shores.
 As our high vessels pass their watery way,
 Let all the naval world due homage pay ;
 With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,
 Confessing the asserted power,
 To whom by Fate 'twas given, with happy sway,
 To calm the earth, and vindicate the sea.

XXXVII.

Our prayers are heard ; our master's fleets shall go
 As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
 New lands to make, new India's to explore,
 In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power ;
 Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
 And teach them arms and arts in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with respectful fear,
 The listening people shall his story hear,
 The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd,
 How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd ;
 Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
 And form their children's accents to his name,
 Inquiring how, and when, from Heaven he
 came.
 Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide
 Their little lusts of arbitrary pride,
 Nor bear to see their vassals ty'd ;
 When William's virtues raise their opening thought,
 His forty years for public freedom fought,
 Europe by his hand sustain'd,
 His conquest by his piety restrain'd,
 And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore
 Ideas of destructive power,
 Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour :
 New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,
 And fill their temples with a stranger's praise ;
 With the great father's character they find
 Visibly stamp'd upon the hero's mind ;
 And own a present Deity confess,
 In valour that preserv'd, and power that blest.

XL.

Through the large convex of the azure sky
 (For thither Nature casts our common eye)
 Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light ;
 And comets march with lawless horror bright ;
 These hear no rule, no righteous order own ;
 Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown ;
 Through threaten'd lands they wild destruction
 throw,
 Till ardent prayer averts the public woe.

But the bright orb that blesses all above,
The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,
Rules not his actions by capricious will;
Nor by ungovern'd power declines to ill:
Fix'd by just laws, he goes for ever right:
Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

XLI.

O Janus! would intreated Fate conspire
To grant what Britain's wishes could require;
Above, that Sun should cease his way to go,
Ere William cease to rule, and bless below:
But a relentless Destiny
Urges all that e'er was born:
Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must
mourn
The Demi-God; the earthly half must die.
Yet if our incense can your wrath remove;
If human prayers a ail on minds above;
Exert, great God! thy interest in the sky,
Gain each kind Power, each guardian Deity;
That, conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the dismal mischief far away!
O! long as utmost nature may allow,
Let them retard the threaten'd day!
Still be our master's life thy happy care:
Still let his blessings with his years increase:
To his laborious youth, consum'd in war,
Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:
Let twisted olives bind those laurels fast,
Whole verdure must for ever last!

XLII.

Long let this growing æra bless his sway;
And let our sons his present rule obey:
On his sure virtue long let earth rely,
And late let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the Hero through his father's sky,
To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious speed
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the steed;
To Hercules, at length absolv'd by fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's son,
Sire of the Latian and the British throne:
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove;
Late, Janus, let the Nassau-star
New-born, in rising Majesty appear,
To triumph over vanquish'd night,
And guide the prosperous mariner
With everlasting beams of friendly light:

THE

REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I SENT for Ratchiffe; was so ill,
That other Doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the Politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I dy'd last night of my Physician,

A N O D E,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE HON. COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA, 1703.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, I OD. XXVIII.

"Te maris & terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
"Menforem cohibent, Archyta, &c."

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,
(Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end)
Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didst sail,
Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years,
To wake, ere morning dawn, to loud alarms,
And march till close of night in heavy arms;
To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
And search through every clime thy country's
foes;
That thou might'st Fortune to thy side engage;
That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary
age?

In vain we think that free-will'd man has power
To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foresight, nor misled by chance,
Imperious Death directs his ebon lance;
Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Hol-
ben's dance.

Alike must every state and every age
Sustain the universal tyrant's rage:
For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
Could or repel or pacify his arms.
Young Churchill fell, as life began to bloom;
And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb:
Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's respite for the learned head:
Judges of writings and of men have dy'd;
Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde:
And in their various turns the sons must tread
Those gloomy journies which their fires have led.

The ancient Sage, who did so long maintain
That bodies die, but souls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in store,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
And modern Asgyll, whose capricious thought
Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,
Too soon convinc'd shall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd so idly with the darts of death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea:
Some, who escape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave:
In journies or at home, in war or peace,
By hardships many, many fall by ease.
Each changing season does its poison bring;
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act subservient to the tyrant's power:

And when obedient Nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the spacious land, and liquid main,
Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirm her endless reign.

On curst Piava's banks the Goddess stood,
Shew'd her dire warrant to the rising flood;
When what I long must love, and long must
mourn,

With fatal speed was urging his return;
In his dear country, to disperse his care,
And arm himself by rest for future war;
To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
And promise to their joys his elder years:

Oh! destin'd head! and oh! severe decree!
Nor native country thou, nor friend, shalt see;
Nor war halt thou to wage; nor year to come:
Impending death is thine, and instant doom.
Hark! the imperious Goddess is obey'd:
Winds murmur; snows descend; and waters
spread.

Oh! kinsman, friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
Of human voice, strong Destiny replies:
Weep, you on earth; for he shall sleep below:
Thence none return, and thither all must go.
Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business
leads

To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou may'st happen on the dreary shores
To find the object which this verse deploras,
Cleanse the pale corpse with a religious hand
From the polluting weed and common sand;
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a grave
(The only honour he can now receive),
And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
And plant the warrior-laurel o'er his brow:
Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough.

So may just Heaven secure thy future life
From foreign dangers and domestic strife!
And, when th' internal judge's dismal power
From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour;
When, yielding to the sentence, breathless thou
And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now;
May some kind friend the piteous object see,
And equal rites perform to that which once was
thee!

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with distinguish'd
light,
As when ye hallow'd first this happy night:
Again transmit your friendly beams to earth,
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth.
And thou, propitious star, whose sacred power
Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun;

With thy fair aspect still illustrate heaven;
Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly given:
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore:
Prolong one life; and Britain asks no more.
For virtue can no ampler power express,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace:
For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue still the same.
Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects' love;
Who does our homage for our good require;
And orders that which we should first desire:
Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey,
Her goodness takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.

Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war:
Let him in Thunder speak to both his Spains,
That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns;
While the bright queen does on her subjects shower
The gentle blessings of her softer power;
Gives sacred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the stage;
Bids the chaste Muse without a blush appear;
And Wit be that which Heaven and she may hear.
Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield;
Secure of conquest, sent him to the field:
The hero asked what the queen ordain'd;
So was his fame complete, and Andromeda un-
chain'd.

Mean time, amidst her native temple's fate
The Goddess, studious of her Grecian's fate,
Taught them in laws and letters to excel,
In acting justly, and in writing well.
Thus whilst she did her various power dispose,
The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and
woes:
Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory
rose.

A LETTER

TO

MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX;

OCCASIONED BY THE VICTORY AT BLENHEIM,
1704.

"—Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
"Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
"Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspidis Gallos"—
Hor. Sat. 1.

SINCE, hir'd for life, thy servile Muse must
sing
Successive conquests, and a glorious king;
Must of a man immortal vainly boast,
And bring him laurels, whatsoever they cost:
What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that superior day,
In which one English subject's prosperous hand
(So Jove did will; so Anna did command)
Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise?

From the lost field a hundred standards brought
Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's
fault :

Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone,
That fatal day the mighty work was done
With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun :
Some Demon, envying France, misled the
fight :
And Mars mistook, though Louis order'd right.

When thy * young Muse invok'd the tuneful
Nine,

To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine ;
What work had we with Wagenheim, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme !
And, though the Poet made his last efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroics—Wurts ;
But, tell me, hadst thou reason to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign ?
The Danube rescued, and the Empire sav'd,
Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd ?
And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
To sing the princes, Louis and Eugene ?
Is it too hard in happy verse to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maese ?
Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and
Thames,

That France may fall by more harmonious
names ?

Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear ?
Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy ear ?
And is there not a sound in Marlborough's name,
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame ?

Cutts is in metre something harsh to read ;
Place me the valiant Gouran in his stead :
Let the intention make the number good :
Let generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.
And though rough Churchill scarce in verse will
stand,

So as to have one rhyme at his command ;
With ease the bard, reciting Blenheim's plain,
May close the verse, remembering but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe (for such we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war),
That we poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to those,
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose :

For instance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verse agree !
" In one great day on Hochstet's fatal plain,
" French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain :
" Push'd through the Danube to the shores of
Styx
" Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six :
" Officers captive made, and private men,
" Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands
ten,
" Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
" Cannon, and kettle drums !" —sweet numbers
these !

* " En vain, pour te louer. &c." Ep. 4.

But is it thus you English bards compose ?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose ?
And, when you should your Hero's deeds re-
hearse,
Give us a commissary's list in verse ?

Why, faith ! Despreaux, there's sense in what
you lay :

I told you where my difficulty lay :

So vast, so numerous, were great Blenheim's
spoils,

They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the
Muse's toils.

To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme,
'Tis mighty hard : what Poet would essay
To count the streamers of my lord mayor's day ?
To number all the several dishes dress'd
By honest Lamb, last coronation feast ?
Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's style repeat ?

O Poet, had it been Apollo's will,
That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill ;
Had this poor breast receiv'd the heavenly beam ;
Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme ;
Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring Muse should
strive

Beneath the shades of Marlborough's wreaths to
live ;

Should call aspiring Gods to bless her choice,
And to their favourite strains exalt their voice,
Arms and a Queen to sing ; who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wondering
flood

Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
To save the nations from invading hands,
To prop fair Liberty's declining cane,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,
Attended by the Gods of War and Love :
Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her power.

Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should ap-
pear ;

And, as great Anna's smiles dispel their fear,
With active dance should her observance claim ;
With vocal shell should sound her happy name ;
Their master Thames should leave the neighbour-
ing shore,

By his strong anchor known, and silver oar ;
Should lay his ensigns at his sovereign's feet ;
And audience mild with humble grace intreat.

To her, his dear defence, he should complain,
That, while he blesses her indulgent reign,
Whilst furthest seas are by his fleets survey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid ;
His brethren Maese, and Waal, and Rhine, and
Saar,

Feel the hard burden of oppressive war ;
That Danube scarce retains his rightful course
Against two rebel armies neighbouring force ;
And all must weep sad captives to the Seine,
Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.

The valiant sovereign calls her general forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
She tells him, he must Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her esteem:
She bids him wait her to the sacred hall;
Shows him prince Edward, and the conquer'd
Gaul:

Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast,
Says, he must die, or succour the distress'd;
Placing the Saint an emblem by his side,
She tells him, Virtue arm'd must conquer law-
less Pride.

The Hero bows obedient, and retires:
The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires;
His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,
The great design revolving in his mind;
When to his sight a heavenly form appears:
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.

Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,
Below for ever fought, and blest'd above;
Me, the bright source of wealth, and power,
and fame

(Nor need I say, Victoria is my name);
Me the great father down to thee has sent:
He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wish would have:
Her subject thou, I only am her slave.

Dare then, thou much belov'd by smiling Fate,
For Anna's sake, and in her name be great:
Go forth, and be to distant nations known
My future favourite, and my darling son:
At Schellenbergh I'll manifest sustain
Thy glorious cause; and spread my wings
again,

Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain.
The goddess said, nor would admit reply;
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.

His high commission is through Britain known,
And thronging armies to his standard run;
He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails:
(Bless him, ye seas! and prosper him, ye gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her shores;
And William's death with lessen'd grief de-
plores:

His presence only must retrieve that loss;
Marlborough to her must be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from these low abodes
Recall'd, was gathered to his kindred gods;
Alcides, respited by prudent Fate,
Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.

Secret and swift behold the Chief advance;
Sees half the empire join'd and friend to France:
The British general dooms the fight; his sword
Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word.
Anne and St George the charging hero cries:
Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies
Anne and St. George — At that auspicious sign
The standards move; the adverse armies join.
Of eight great hours, Time measures out the
lands;

And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands:
The ninth, Victoria comes: — o'er Marlbo-
rough's head
Confess'd she sits; the hostile troops recede:
Triumphs the Goddess, from her promise freed.

The eagle, by the British lion's might
Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight;
Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
From Tyber's bank, than now from Danube's
shore.

Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas
raise,
And great ambition of my country's praise;
The English Muse should like the Mantuan
rise,
Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach
the skies,
With wonder (though with envy still) pursued
by human eyes.

But we must change the style — just now I said,
I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade;
Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
In prose and business lies extinct and lost:
Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite;
Point out the game, and animate the fight;
That, from Marseilles to Calais, France may
know,
As we have conquerors, we have poets too;
And either laurel does in Britain grow;
That, though among ourselves, with too much
heat,

We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate
(A consequential ill which freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cause.)
We can with universal zeal advance,
To curb the faithless arrogance of France;
Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
To answer to thy Master or thy Muse;
Nor want just subject for victorious strains,
While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains;
And where old Spenser sung, a new Eliza
reigns.

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN THE SCALIGERIANA!

" Les Allemands ne se soucient pas quel Vin ils
" boivent pourveu que ce soit Vin. ni quel La-
" tin ils parlent pourveu que ce soit Latin."

WHEN you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
Expect false Latin, and stumm'd wine;
They never taste, who always drink;
They always talk, who never think.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704.
THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.

I.

LORDS, knights, and 'quires, the nume-
rous bands
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

II.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Left those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

III.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

IV.

For, while she makes her silk-worms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

V.

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know
it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

VI.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

VII.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

PARTIAL FAME.

I.

THE sturdy Man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns:
The subtle Woman, if she should succeed,
Disowns the honour of the deed.

II.

Though He, for all his boast, is forc'd to yield,
Though She can always keep the field;
He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame;
How partial is the voice of Fame!

FOR THE PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN,

ON WHICH ARE

The Effigies of the QUEEN on a Triumphal Arch;
The Figure of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH be-
neath; and

The chief Rivers of the World round the whole
Work.

YE active streams, where'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and farthest nations
know

What ye from Thames and Danube have been
taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough
fought,

Quocunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
Divitis latè terris, populisque remotis,
Dicite, nam vobis Tamefis narravit & Ister,
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus
armis.

THE CAMELEON.

AS the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male;
So the young 'squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.

Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their mysterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap port, and double bub;
And settles in the Hum-drum club:
He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation;
And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks champaign among the wits;
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
And lies with those he never saw.

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the last Southwark
fair
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
So peevish was the edict of the mayor);

At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he
show'd,

To please our masters, and his friends the crowd;
A huge neat's-tongue he in his right-hand held,
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage.
Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll;
To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull:
Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worship mean?
Quoth Andrew, Honest English let us speak:
Your emble—(what d' ye call 't) is heathen
Greek.

To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
That busy fool I was, which thou art now;
Desirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good design, but little wit,
Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deserv'd;
And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat;
Since I have found the secret to be great.
O, dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou control;
Provided thou impart thy useful skill.
Bow then, says Andrew; and, for once, I will.
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk less;
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor
wrong;
But eat your pudding, slave; and hold your
tongue.

A reverend prelate stopt his coach and fix,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on (he cried); this fellow is no fool.

A SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
(Tis but by way of simile)
A squirrel spend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage;
The cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells at top?

Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
In noble song, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verses' sound;
Brought back, how fast so'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

Vol. IV.

THE FLIES.

SAY, fire of insects, mighty Sol,
(A fly upon the chariot pole
Cries out) what blue bottle alive
Did ever with such fury drive?
Tell, Beelzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal fly
Raise such a cloud of dust as I?

My judgment turn'd the whole debate:
My valour sav'd the sinking state.
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings,
But, let the truth to light be brought,
This neither spoke, nor t'other sought;
No merit in their own behaviour:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE FRENCH.

IN grey-hair'd Celia's wither'd arms
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, "If I have any charms
My dearest, let's away!
For you, my love, is all my fear,
Hark how the drums do rattle;
Alas, sir! what should you do here
In dreadful day of battle?
Let little Orange stay and fight,
For danger's his diversion;
The wise will think you in the right,
Not to expose your person;
Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory;
You ought to leave so mean a care
To those who pen your story.
Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyrick writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.
When foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly;
Put six good horses in your coach,
And carry me to Marly.
Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,
Go take some town, or buy it;
Whilst you, great sir, at Notre-dame,
Te Deum sing in quiet!"

FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in
fire,
By native heat afferts his dreadful fire.
Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.

A a a

To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says; mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM,

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the
meats;

He eats more than six, and drinks more than he
eats.

Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes;
And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet fighting, he says, we must certainly break;
And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak;
For of late I invite him, but four times a week.

ANOTHER.

TO John I ow'd great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, every poet is a fool,
By demonstration Ned can show it.
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

THY nags, the leanest things alive!
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

TO A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL, AND SPOKE
WORSE AGAINST ME.

LYE, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable
self;

Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee;
I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself;
Then why should I answer; since first I must
read thee?

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd
bub,

Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the solid delight of thy well judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookfeller Brag.
Pursue me with satire; what harm is there
in't?

But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear;
There can be no danger from what thou shalt
print;

There may be a little from what thou may'st
swear.

ON THE SAME PERSON.

WHILE, faster than his costive brain in-
dites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;
His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command;
Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink;
So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

"QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUERERE—"

FOR what to-morrow shall disclose
May spoil what you to night propose;
England may change; or Cloe stray;
Love and life are for to-day.

A BALLAD

OF THE

NOTBROWNE MAYDE.

*Written three hundred years since.**

A.

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among on
women do complayne;
Affyrmyng this, how that it is a labour spent in
vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele they love a
man agayne:
For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to
attayne.
Yet, yf a newe do them pursue, theyr fyrst true
lover than
Labourerth for nought; for from her thought he
is a banyshed man.

B.

I say nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and
sayd,
That womens fayth is, as who sayth, all utterly
decayed;
But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse in this
case might be layd,
That they love true, and contin'e; recorde the
notbrowne mayde;
Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her
to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart: for in her hart she loved but
hym alone.

A.

Than betwayne us late us dyscus what was all the
manere
Betwayne them two; we wyll also tell all the
payne, and fere,
That she was in; nowe I begyn, so that ye me
answere;

* So Prior—First printed about 1521, says Capel.

Wherefore, all ye, that present be, I pray you
gyve an ere;
I am the knyght; I come by nyght, as secret as I
can;
Sayinge, Alas, thus standeth the case, I am a ba-
nyshed man.

B.

And I your wyll for to iulfyll in this wyll nat re-
fuse;
Trustyng to shewe in wordes fewe, that men
have an yll use
(To theyr own shame) women to blame, and
causelesse them accuse;
Therefore to you I answere now, all women to
excuse;
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I
pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

It standeth so; a dede is do, whereof grete harme
shall growe;
My destiny is for to dy a shamefull deth, I
trowe;
Or elles to fle: the one must be; none other
way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to
my bowe.
Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true! none other
rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-
nyshed man.

B.

O Lorde, what is this worldys blyffe, that
chaungeth as the mone!
The somers day in lusty May is derked before
the none.
I here you say, farewell; Nay, nay, we depart
not so lone:
What say ye so? wheder wyll ye go? alas, what
have ye done?
All my welfare to sorowe and care sholde chaunge
yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

I can beleve, it shall you greve, and somewhat
you dystrayne:
But, afterwarde, your paynes harde within a
day or twayne
Shall sone aflake; and ye shall take comfort to
you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to, as hartely as I
can;
For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-
nyshed man.

B.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me the secret
of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye shall
me fynde:
Syth it is so that ye wyll go, I wolde not leve be-
hynde;

Shall it never be sayd, the notbrowne mayd was
to her love unkynde:
Make you redy; for so am I, although it were
anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll
thynke and say:
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde, that ye be
gone away:
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode
you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger
make delay:
Rather than ye sholde thus for me be called an
yll woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-
nyshed man.

B.

Though it be songe of olde and yonge, that I
sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge that speke so large in hur-
tyng of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfull love it is devoyd
of shame;
In your dystresse, and hevynesse, to part wyth
you, the same;
To shewe all tho that do nat so, true lovers are
they none;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

I counceyle you, remember howe it is no may-
dens lawe,
Nothyng to dout, but to renne out to wode with
an outlawe:
For ye must there in your hand bere a bowe, redy
to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve, ever in
drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe: yet
had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-
nyshed man.

B.

I say nat, nay, but as ye say, it is no maydens
lore:
But love may make me, for your sake, as I have
sayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote, to get us
mete in store;
For so that i your company may have, I aske no
more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart as colde
as ony stone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe, that men hym
take and bynde;
Without pyte, hanged to be, and waver with the
wynde.

A a a 2

Yf I had neede, (as God forbode!) what secours
coude ye fynde?
For sothe I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere
wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle were in your
councyle than:
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a ban-
nyshed man.

B.

Right wele knowe ye, that women be but feble
for to fyght;
Ne womanhede it is, indede, to be bolde as a
knyght:
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were with enemyes
day and night,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande, to
helpe you with my nyght,
And you to save; as women have from deth man-
ny a one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye
coude nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valeies, the snowe,
the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete; for, dry, or wete, we must
ledge on the playne:
And, us above, none other rose but a brake,
bussh, or twayne:
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve; and ye
wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a ban-
nyshed man.

B.

Syth I have here been partynere with you of joy
and blyffe,
I must also parte of your woe endure, as reson is:
Yet am I sure of one plesure; and shortly it is this,
That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè, I coude
not fare amysse
Without more speche, I you beseeche that we
were shortly gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

Yf ye goo thyder, ye must consider,—whan y
have lust to dyne,
There shall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere,
ale, ne wine;
Ne shetes cleue to lye betwene, maden of threde
and twyne;
None other house, but leves and bowes, to cover
your hed and myne:
O myne hart swete, this evyll dyete sholde make
you pale and wan;
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a ban-
nyshed man.

B.

Amonge the wyld dere, such an archere as men
say that ye be,
May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is so
grete plente;
And water clere of the ryvére shall be full swete
to me;

With which in hele I shall ryght wele endure, as
ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde
anone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more, yf ye wyll go
with me;
As cut your here above your ere, your kyrtel
above the kne:
With bowe in hande, for to withstande your
enemyes, yf nede be:
And, this same nyght, before day-lyght, to wode-
warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it shortly as ye
can;
Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a ban-
nyshed man.

B.

I shall as newe do more for you than longeth to
womanhede;
To shorte my here, a bow to bere, to shote in
tyme of nede:—
O my swete mother, before all other for you I
have most drede:
But nowe, adus! I must ensue where fortune
doth me lede.—
All this make ye: nowe let us fle; the day com-
eth fast upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shal nat go, and I shall tell
you why,—
Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele
espy:
For, lyke as ye have sayed to me, in lyke wyse
hardely
Ye wolde answer, whosoever it were, in way of
company.
It is sayd of olde,—sone hote, sone colde; and so
is a woman:
For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a ban-
nyshed man.

B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede such werdes to
say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed, or I you
loved, pardè:
And though that I of auncestry a barons daugh-
ter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a squyer
of lowe degre;
And ever shall, whatso befall; to dy therefore
anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

A barons chyld to be begylde! it were a cursed
dede:
To be selawe with an outlawe! Almighty God
forbode!
Yea, beter were, the pore squyere alone to forsch-
yede,

That ye sholde say another day, that by that
curfed dede

Ye were betrayed : wherefore, good mayd, the
best rede that I can,

Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-
nyshed man.

B.

Whatever befall, I never shall of this thyng you
upbrayd :

But yf ye go, and leue me so, than have ye me
betrayed,

Remember you wele howe that ye dele ; for, yf
ye be as ye sayd,

Ye were unkynde, to leue behynde, your love,
the notbrowne mayd.

Trust me truly, that I shall dy sone after ye be
gone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

Yf that ye want, ye sholde repent : for in the
forest nowe

I have purveyed me of a mayd, whom I love
more than you ;

Another fayrere than ever ye were, I dare it
wele avowe ;

And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe with
other, as I trowe :

It were myne ese, to lyve in pefe ; so wyll I, yf
I can ;

Wherefore I to the wode wyll go, alone, a ba-
nyshed man.

B.

Though in the wode I undyrstode ye had a pa-
ramour,

All this may nought remove my thought, but
that I will be your :

And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, and
courteys every hour ;

Glad to fulfill all that she wyll commaunde me,
to my power :

For had he, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be
that one ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

Myne own dere love, I se the prove that ye be
kynde, and true ;

Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the best that
ever I knewe.

Be merry and glad, be no more sad, the case is
chaunged newe ;

For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe, ye
sholde have cause to rewe :

Be nat dismayed ; whatsoever I sayd to you,
whan I began,

I wyll not to the grene wode go, I am no ba-
nyshed man.

B.

These tydings be more gladder to me than to be
made a quene,

Yf I were sure they sholde endure ; but it is
often sene,

Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke the
wordes on the splene :

Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle, and stele
from me I wene :

Than were the case worfe than it was, and I
more we-begone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede ; I will not
dysparage

You, (God defende !) syth you descend of so
grete a lynage.

Nowe understande,—to Westmarlande, which is
myne herytage,

I wyll you bringe ; and with a ryng, by way of
maryage

I wyll you take, and lady make, as shortly as I
can ;

Thus have ye won an erlys son, and not a ba-
nyshed man.

B.

Here may ye se, that women be, in love, meke,
kynde, and stable :

Late never man reprove them than,

But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be
comfortable,

Which sometyme proved such as he loved, yf
they be charytable.

Forsoth, men wolde that women sholde be meke
to them ech one ;

Meche more ought they to God obey, and serve
but hym alone.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A P O E M,

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose com-
mand

(Though low my voice, though artless be my
hand)

I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play ;

Careless of what the censuring world may say :

Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,

Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow ?

Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,

And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains ?

No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old ;

Though since her youth three hundred years
have roll'd :

At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd ;

And her reviving charms in lasting verse be
prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,

That he may love, and not be lov'd again :

That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,

Who change the constant lover for the new.

Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd :
Henceforth shall in my verse refused stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame :
O sailst of the sex ! bethou my Muse ;
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me, Love, the just reward of verse !

As Beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face ;
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
Th' constant flame, which faithful Henry felt :
O let the story with thy life agree ;
Let men once more the bright example see ;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
But oh ! with pity long-intreated crown
My pains and hopes ; and, when thou say'st
that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh ! think on me
alone.

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband
Tame

With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd ;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect re-
ceiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war ;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands ;
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely past ;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too
fast.

He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma ; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the Virgin birth, had borne the
name :

The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd ;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft in sport his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As still they please, who imitate their lord) ;
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun ;
The mutual terms around the lands were
known ;

And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were
one.

As with her stature, still her charms in-
creas'd ;

Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.

Oh ! what perfections must that Virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair !
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came ; they saw ; they marvel'd ; and they
lov'd.

By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's
name

In vain they combated, in vain they writ :
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair-one's
heart,
Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects
of art.

Great Venus must prefer the happy one :
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown :
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him
alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame ;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes :
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft' he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit
dress,

Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears :
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake ;
And shews the path her steed may safest take ;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound :
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd ;
And blows her praises in no common sound

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks :
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and sloop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry
down ;

With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd-feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is express'd,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves :
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the strange
throng,

Or to admire, or emulate his song :
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain.

With dutiful respect and studious fear;
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic Gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palinistry he deals:
They tell the secret first, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguill'd;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.

But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,

A softer look unbends his opening brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his fly disguise,

Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes:
Oft' had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft' the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love:
Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd:
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys: but will they long remain?

Emma with smiles receives his present flame;
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by sickle minds;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another Love may gain her easy youth:
Time changes thought; and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life!

Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;
And most we question, what we most desire!
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow

Our cup of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If scanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure;
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.

But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle in a verdant glade
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade:
Here oft' the Nymph his breathing vows had heard;

Here oft' her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,

Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.

As potent Nature shed her kindly showers.
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,

Upon this tree the Nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,

Glorious through all the plains he oft' had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown;
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown

His secret note the troubled Henry writes:
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always blest'd her eyes, and own'd her power;

And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more
Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid;

The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And, last, that sprite, which does incessant haunt

The lover's steps, the ancient maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.

Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes; though he, poor guile! is blind.

The Maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:

With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair: adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive stood the mournful Nymph:—the
Man

Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his
fway,

By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd;
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
And wept the potent God's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy
heart?

If so, with pity view my wretched state;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate;
To some more happy Knight reserve thy
charms;

By Fortune favour'd, and successful arms:
And only, as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
For lo! these hands in murder are imbrued;
These trembling feet by Justice are pursued:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to
rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the
moon;

And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can signre, and no tongue de-
clare.

Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my bosom
reign'd:

The God of Love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and
care,

His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;

No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run:
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to
go,

Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee
alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and
say:

That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
Her father's house and civil life forsook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out
shame.

Then fly the sad effects of desperate love;
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods
to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old;
Let every tongue its various censures choose;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise;
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my presence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumours of censorious Fame;
Nor from that busy Demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be
known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee
alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the
bow?

With active force repel the sturdy foe?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted
stay,

Perform thy part, and share the dangerous
day?

Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will
fail,

Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee
love

A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to
rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew;
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not Love's diviner power inspire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it!) should'st
thou bleed;

To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my
hair:

Blest, when my dangers and my toils have
shown

That I, of all mankind, could love but thee
alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sus-
tain

Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid:
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-
east?

When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating
rain,

We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other house,
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste: and weeping try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats, where ease and plenty brooding
fate?

Those seats, whence long excluded thou must
mourn;

That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return;
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
rove?

EMMA:

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
While gentle Zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
No Henry, no: one sacred oath has tied
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

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When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten
deer

(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the
food;

With humble duty, and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And, when at night with weary toil oppress,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight
prayer

Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him
alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound;
No longer shall the bodice aptly lac'd,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining air,
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth: a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side:
The short trunk-hose shall strew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free.
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view.
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew
By adverse fortune mixt in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill:
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back:
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:

B b b

With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
 Assist their violence, and divide their prey :
 With such she must return at setting light,
 Though not partaker, witness of their night.
 Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
 And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
 Of jests obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
 The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply ;
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
 Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
 That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
 And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
 What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake :

By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,
 No middle object to thy choice is given.
 Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love :
 Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
 Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :
 Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run
 Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
 Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :
 And sure my little heart can never err
 Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within ;
 And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
 By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd ;
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
 Who has essay'd no danger gains no praise.
 In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat :
 In vain the Syrens sing the tempests beat :
 Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I dress'd :
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them, by thy test.
 In comely figure rang'd my jewell'd shone,
 Or negligently plac'd for thee alone :
 For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
 The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
 For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchange'd for thee,

I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
 O line extreme of human infamy !
 Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
 Black foot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
 This little red and white of Emma's face.
 These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
 Left by my look or colour be express'd
 The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.

Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
 Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes ;
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known :
 My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
 That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind !
 Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,

Ev'n honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me : said Emma so ?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said ?
 O guilty error ! and O wretched maid !
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him who next should tempt her easy
 fame ;
 And blow with empty words the susceptible
 flame
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind per-
 plex ?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex :
 No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake ; but say, 'tis Man with whom thou
 long'st to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and
 swords ?

That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?
 Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame.
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame !
 More fatal Henry's words ; they murder Em-
 ma's fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
 Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ;
 Whose artful sweetness, and harmonious strain,
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
 Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid ;
 And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame con-
 vey'd,
 Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut brown
 Maid ?

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
 Produce my actions to severest light,
 And tax my open day, or secret night.
 Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part ?
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
 Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell ?
 And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
 One fault, but that which I must never own,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee
 alone ?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone :
 Each man is man ; and all our sex is one.
 False are our words, and fickle is our mind :
 Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade :
 When arm'd with rage we march against the
 foe,

We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow :
 When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear ;
 Our falsehood and our arms have equal use ;
 As they our conquest or delight produce.
 The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only boon departing love can give.
 To be less wretched, be no longer true ;
 What strives to fly thee, why should it thou
 pursue ?

Forget the present flame, indulge a new ;

Single the loveliest of the amorous youth ;
Ask for his vow ; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
Will kneel, implore, persist, overcome, and
leave.

Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's
flight.

Why should'st thou weep ? let Nature judge
our case ;

I saw thee young and fair ; pursued the chase
Of Youth and Beauty : I another saw
Fairer and younger : yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty : blest vicissitude ?
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame :
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms ;
With present power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my subjected mind
(If Beauty's force to constant Love can bind)
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd ;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
Love well thou know'st, no partnership allows :
Cupid averse rejects divided vows :
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-star'd love ;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods
to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led ?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd ?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?
Am I of mine the most completely curst ?
Yet let me go with thee : and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow ; her let me attend
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend),
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare :
I'll weave her garlands ; and I'll plait her hair :
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there at least I may approach my Lord) ;
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease ;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed ;
When Henry's mistress shews him Emma dead ;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect :
With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
And decent emblem ; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,

And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart ;
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one
tear

To her, whom love abandon'd to despair ;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY

Hear, solemn Jove ; and conscious Venus, hear ;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear ;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue ! O victorious fair !
At least excuse a trial too severe :

Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love :
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth !
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl : him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess, for she has set his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows ;
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows ;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands ;
And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy
thought

To greatness next to empire : shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat ;
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day ;
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn ;
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy course shall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on :
While yet superior Love shall mock his power :
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold,
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests
rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose !
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes !
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight ;
O ! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy
flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy
white.

B b b 2

Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of Love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
None, none, there is; the thought was rash and vain;

A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands;
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior powers,

Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)

I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death to blest thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:

They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts, a precious store;
That, when their God should take his future darts,

To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate

These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.
The Queen of Beauty stoop her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the God of War:
Soon as she calls, the God is always near.

Now, Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice:
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice;

But, when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught
to yield;

And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump
again,

To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unwearied Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand:
Let her at least perform what I desire;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may't thou, like British Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant Beauty shall reward their care
Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian Deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
And thou, she smiling said, great God of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise;
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentlest rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,

Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid,
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

A N O D E,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE QUEEN, ON THE
GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF HER MAJESTY'S
ARMS, 1706.

I.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
And sent his conquering bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
He saw his fame increasing with his years;
Horace, great bard! (so Fate ordain'd) arose,
And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpet's tune, his lyre he strung,
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his song.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
Widely distributing her high commands,
And boldly wife, and fortunately great,
Fre'd the glad nations from tyrannic bands;
An equal genius was in Spenser found;
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:

He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise :
Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue
Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew ;
What poet shall be found to sing thy name ?
What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main ?
O fairest model of imperial sway !
What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign ?
Who shall attempt and feats of arms rehearse
Nor yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse ?

IV.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet :
Yet, if the Sovereign Lady deigns to smile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style.
By these examples rightly taught to sing,
And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raise ;
And latest times shall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy
deed.

V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood
Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His bosom with the vengeful message glows ;
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, towering round his master's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough fate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
And gives his second thunder to his hand.
Then, leaving sweet repose and gentle ease,
With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe ;
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,
Hemeditates, and strikes the wondrous blow.
Our thought flies slower than our General's fame :
Grasps he the bolt ?—we ask—when he has hurl'd
the flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judeign's spacious plain
Did from afar the British chief behold,
Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring bosom roll'd :
His views that favourite of indulgent Fame,
Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan power,
And sent them trembling through the frightened
lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd
sands.

VIII.

His former losses he forgets to grieve :
Absolves his fate, if with a kinder ray

It now would shine, and only gives him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
Though deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war ;
In fullen fury traverses the plain,
To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war ;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confess the force of Marlborough's stronger
star,
Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth),
Which thou from Mahomet did greatly gain,
While, bold assertor of resistless truth,
Thy sword did godlike liberty maintain,
Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,
And their transplanted wreaths must deck a
worthier head.

X.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human griefs confess ;
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heaven is still the
same ;
From thy ill councils date thy ill success.
Impartial Justice holds her equal scales,
Till stronger virtue does the weight incline :
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cause that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue ;
For Jove's great handmaid Power must Jove's
decrees pursue.

XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill
alarms!
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd
Nassaus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal died ;
The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword
From his expiring master's much-lov'd side.
Oft' from his fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where'er great William led, or Maefe and Sam-
bre run.

XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
The master-sword, disposer of thy power :
'Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.
He took the gift : Nor ever will I sheathe
This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain),
The General said, unless by glorious death
Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like these our mistress bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons
take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands ;
So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
Rolls with new fury down through Russia's lands.

Like two great rocks against the raging tide
(If Virtue's force with Nature we compare),
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Sustain the impulse, and receive the war.
Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats;
And still the foaming wave with lessen'd power
retreats.

XIV.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggressing France,
How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conquest fix'd, and cov'rous of fame,
Behold them rushing through the Gallic host:
Through standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast,
They deal their terrors to the adverse nation:
Pale death attends their arms, and ghastly desolation.

XV.

But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows,
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain presses her afflicted foes;
What horror damps the strong, and quells the great!
Whence look the soldiers' cheeks dismay'd and pale?
Ere ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail;
And the pursuers only not recede.
Alas! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For, anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
Let Bona's trumpet grateful lo's sound:
I saw him fall their thunderbolt of war:—
Ever to vengeance sacred be the ground.
Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory, and with fuller light:
The evening star so falls into the main,
To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
He rises safe, but near, too near his side,
A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant
died.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field:
The Briton fights, by favouring gods sustain'd:
Freedom must live; and lawless power must
yield.
Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wavering Conquest still desires to revel
In Marlborough's camp the goddess knows to
dwell:
Long as the hero's life remains her love:
Again France flies, again the duke pursues,
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame re-
news.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! re-
ceive
From thy triumphant country's public voice:
Thy country greater thanks can only give

To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice;
Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded lest thou should'st those toils repeat;
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic spoils,
And in those spoils we thought thy praise com-
plete.

For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Those goodly deeds which we so highly prize
Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone.
Those heights, where William's virtue might
have staid
And on the subject world look'd safely down,
By Marlborough pass'd, the props and steps
were made.
Sublimar yet to raise his queen's renown:
Still gaining more, still slighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd while aught un-
done remain'd.

XX.

When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty
Gaul,
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said:
And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?
Tell me, how far has Fortune been severe?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end?
Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shat-
ter'd coast?

XXI.

To the close rock the frightened raven flies,
Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air:
The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
To dare our British foes to open fight:
Our conquest we by stratagem should make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours by craft and by surprise to gain:
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the
plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,
Their boated Brute, undaunted snatch'd his goods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes:
And this be Troynovante, he said, the seat
By Heaven ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor
flame,
Nor great Pelides' arm, nor Juno's rage, could
tamc.

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
Talbot, to Gallia's power eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field:

Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,
And Drake, and Ca'ndish, terrors of the sea :
Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny :
Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal :
For, oh ! who, vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame
to tell ?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain top she proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and sprouts against the stroke ;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.

And as those teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in earth,
Produce new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies :

So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
Her losses more than recompens'd arise ;
And every age she with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renowned.

XXV.

Obstinate power, whom nothing can repel ;
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain.
Nor France on universal sway intent,
Of breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars ;
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars :
Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic power.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
What tidings shall the messenger convey ?
Shall the loud herald our success relate,
Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day ?
Alas ! my praises they no more must sing ;
They to my statue now must bow no more :
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king :
Fall'n, fall'n for ever, is the Gallic power.—
The Woman Chief is master of the war :
Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd Heaven by prayer.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious Queen,
What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends ?
How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen ?
Oh ! deign to let the eldest of the Nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free :
Oh ! with her sister Sculpture let her join
To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee ;
To thee, of all our good the sacred spring ;
To thee, our dearest dread ; to thee, our softer King.

XXVIII.

Let Europe fav'd the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's ;
Where sembling art may carve the fair effect
And full achievement of thy great designs.
In a calm heaven, and a serener air,
Sublime the Queen shall on the summit stand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,

And pointing down to earth her dread command.

All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe,
Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage below.

XXIX.

Their fleets shall strive, by winds and waters toll,

Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
Shall fix his foot : and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,
(The empire's other hope shall say) and here
Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie ; or, crown'd, I'll reign—

O virtue to thy British mother dear !
Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide ;
For Anne is thine, I wench, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own :
Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numbering the wonders which that youth achiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms, and sent to war ;
Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne ;
And made him more than king, in calling him her son.

XXXI.

There Ister, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling shall bid his eastern waves declare
Germania sav'd by Britain's ample shield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spear ;
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that shore,
Leading his islanders, renew'd in arms,
Through climes, where never British chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or founded his alarms ;
Shall bid them bless the Queen, who made his streams
Glorious as those of Boyne, and safe as those of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with towers,
With decent joy shall her deliverer meet :
Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bless thy power.
Laying the keys beneath thy subject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles restor'd ;
With double vows shall bless thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having sheath'd the sword ;
From these their sister provinces shall know,
How Anne supports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright swords, and crested helms, and pointed spears,
In artful piles around the work shall lie ;

And shields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with signs of Gallic heraldry;
And standards with distinguish'd honours bright,
Marks of high power and national command,
Which Valois' sons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix, or Montmorency's hand:
Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
From Creffy's battle fav'd to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And, as fine art the spaces may dispose,
The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the British rose,
Type of sweet rule and gentle majesty:
The northern thistle, whom no hostile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen:
Thy vanquish'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work
adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble base,
To save herself from darkness and from death.
That Muse desire, the last, the lowest place;
Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string,
For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
Who durst of war and martial fury sing;
And when thy will, and when thy subject's hand,
Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease,
Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest, and to
peace.

HER RIGHT NAME.

AS Nancy at her toilet sat,
Admiring this, and blaming that,
Tell me, she said; but tell me true;
The Nymph who could your heart subdue.
What sort of charms does she possess?
Absolve me, fair-one; I'll confess
With pleasure, I reply'd. Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory bosom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half round
Love sits in open triumph crown'd:
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private state, by friends is seen.
Her eyes are neither black nor gray;
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
Their dubious lustre seems to show
Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No.
Her lips no living bard. I ween,
May say, how red, how round, how sweet;
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace and soft delight:
They stand recorded in his book,
When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke.—
The gipsy, turning to her glass,
Too plainly shew'd she knew the face;
And which am I most like, she said,
Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

CANTATA.

SET BY MONSIEUR GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample shade,
His lyre to mournful numbers strung,
Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,
To Venus thus address'd the song:
Ten thousand little Loves around,
Listening, dwell on every sound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms.
Youth on silent wings is flown:
Graver years come rolling on.
Spare my age, unfit for arms:
Safe and humble let me rest,
From all amorous cares releas'd.
Potent Venus, bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why d I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why do I all day lament and sigh,
Unless the beauteous maid be nigh?
And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
Through flowery maids and crystal streams?

RECIT.

Thus sung the Bard; and thus the Goddess
spoke:
Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke:
Every state, and every age,
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me, thy Muse shall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover
Soft desire and gentle pain:
Often praise, and always love her:
Through her ear, her heart obtain.
Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her;
Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN OVID:

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

OVID is the surest guide
You can name, to shew the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who resolves to go astray.

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my virginity,
When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die:
Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Dick,
Rose, were you not extremely sick?

ANOTHER.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to
bed.
She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the
noise.

But, when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin;
She chose with such pudence her pangs to conceal,

That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard
her once squeal.

Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of
your lives,

That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A different cause, says parson Sly,
The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die;
His wife, that he may live.

ANOTHER REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own native France as old Alifon
past,
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or
with malice,
That the flatterer had left, in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

A N O T H E R.

HER eye-brow-brow one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oftencst crost)
Sad He'en thus to Jenny said
(Her carelesfs but afflicted maid),
Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
Alas! when shall I rise again?
I can behold no mortal now:
For what's an eye without a brow?

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the house
Poor Helen sits, and sobs, and cries;
She will not see her loving spouse,
Nor her more dear picquet allies:
Unless she find her eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

HELEN was just slept into bed:
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay;
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.
For this misfortune carele's Jane,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated:
And madam, getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.
On little things, as sages write,
Depends our human joy or sorrow:
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

PHYLLIS'S AGE.

HOW old may Phyllis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task:
For she has really two ages.
Vol. IV.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let Envy view her face,
And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night Astronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd;
And Phyllis is some forty-three.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty! says Baron le
Cras,
Perceiving his mistrefs had one eye of glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she more confus'd, as more angry she
grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true;
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

AN EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN TO THE DUKE DE NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,
That uncalls'd Alard will possess
Your house and coach, both day and night,
And that Macbeth was hunted less
By Banquo's restless spright.

With fifteen thousand pounds a year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may soon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modester
By much than you believe.

Lend him but fifty Louis-d'or;
And you shall never see him more:
Take the advice; *probatum est*.
Why do the Gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest?

EPILOGUE

TO SMYTH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS,

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
For one, who never troubled you before:
An Oxford-man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak;
And comes to town to let us Moderns know,
How woman lov'd two thousand years ago.

If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play:
Egad! we know all that as well as they:
Shew us the youthful, handsome charioteer,
Firm in his seat, and running his career;
Our souls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames:
Every Ismena would resign her breast;
And every dear Hippolytus be blest.

But, as it is, six flourishing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs:
And, if Hippolytus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.

C c c

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
 And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play,
 Something at least in justice should be said;
 But this Hippolytus so fills one's head—
 Well! Phædra liv'd as chaste as she cou'd;
 For she was Father Jove's own flesh and blood.
 Her aukward love indeed was oddly fated;
 She and her Poly were too near related;
 And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
 If honest Theseus had but fairly died:
 But when he came, what needed he to know,
 But that all matters stood *in statu quo*?
 There was no harm, you see, or, grant there were,
 She might want conduct; but he wanted care.
 'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
 Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—
 He should have sent a night or two before,
 That he would come exact at such an hour;
 Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest;
 Found every thing contribute to his rest;
 The picquet friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
 And spouse alone impatient for her dear.
 But, if these gay reflections come too late,
 To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
 If your more serious judgment must condemn
 The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
 Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
 Let Love and Innocence engage your care:
 My spotless flames to your protection take;
 And spare poor Phædra for Limentia's sake.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to
 poor Nell!
 She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose
 fell.

EPILOGUE,

TO MRS. MANLEY'S LUCIUS.

THE Female Author who recites to-day,
 Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
 Like Father Bayes securely she sits down:
 Pit, box, and gallery: 'gad! all's our own.
 In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
 By their applause the critics shew'd their wit,
 They tun'd their voices to her Lyric string;
 Though they could all do something more than
 sing.
 But one exception to this fact we find;
 That booby Phaon only was unkind,
 An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and
 w.nd.
 From Sappho down through all succeeding ages,
 And now on French or on Italian stages,
 Rough satyrs, fly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
 Are always aim'd at Poets that wear breeches.
 Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapinno man,
 Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman:
 The blustering bully in our neighbouring streets
 Scorns to attack the female that he meets:
 Fearless the petticoat contends his frowns:
 The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.

The many-colour'd gentry there above,
 By turns are rul'd by tumult and by love:
 And, while their sweethearts their attention fix
 Suspend the din of their damn'd clattering stick.
 Now, Sirs—

To you our author makes her soft request,
 Who speak the kindest, and who write the best,
 Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,
 From tender friendship, and endearing love.
 If Petrarch's Muse did Laura's wit rehearse;
 And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse;
 She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and
 fears;

I plead her sex's claim; what matters hers?
 By our full power of beauty we think fit
 To damn the Salique law impos'd on wit:
 We'll try the empire who so long have boasted;
 And, if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toasted.
 Approve what one of us presents to-night,
 Or every mortal woman here shall write:
 Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
 We'll write to you, and make you write in
 rhyme;

Female remarks shall take up all your time.
 Your time, poor souls! we'll take your very
 money;

Female third-days shall come so thick upon ye,
 As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
 We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
 Unless you yield for better and for worse:
 Then the She-Pegasus shall gain the course;
 And the grey mare will prove the better horse.

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER,
A BALLAD;

TO THE TUNE OF

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at Paris, must needs
 know the Greve,
 The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
 Where Honour and Justice most oddly contribute
 To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the shackles which Force
 had put on,
 And the Hangman completes what the Judge
 but begun;

There the Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of
 the Post,
 Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes
 no more crost.
 Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets
 are known;
 And the king, and the law, and the thief, has
 his own:
 But my hearers cry out, What a deuce dost thou
 ail?
 Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
 Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then in civil respect to hard
 laws,

And for want of false witness to back a bad cause.

A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear :
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier ?
Derry down, &c.

The Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin :

Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart ;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son ? says the Priest :

You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest.
O father ! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon ;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough ! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies :

ely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis :
the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,

you have only to die : let the church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid ?

reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade :
savage, friend ; for to-day is your period of sorrow ;

and things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow ! our Hero replied in a fright :
that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night.

all your beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly truss'd up,

or you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas ! quoth the Squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,

table ! I shall have little stomach to eat ;
should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,

could you be so kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot ;

at our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.

the feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste ;
for this night, by our order, is mark'd for a f. st.

Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,
patch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade ;

thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
and we live by the gold for which other men die.

Derry down, &c.

TO CHLOE.

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot desire,
In vain cold friendship you return ;
ur drops of pity on my fire,
las ! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah ! would you have the flame suppress,
That kills the heart it heats too fast,
Take half my passion to your breast :
The rest in mine shall ever last.

AN EPITAPH.

" Step quicunque volet potens
" Aula culmine lubrico, &c."

SENEC.

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.

While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courtes run ;

If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,

The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.

They walk'd, and eat, good folks : what then ?
Why then they walk'd and eat again :

They soundly slept the night away ;
They did just nothing all the day :

And, having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.

Nor sister either had, nor brother ;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

Their moral and æconomy
Most perfectly they made agree :

Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.

Nor fame nor censure they regarded ;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.

He car'd not what the footman did ;
Her maids the neither prais'd nor chid :

So every servant took his course ;
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.

Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sturkish plenty deck'd her table.

Their beer was strong ; their wine was port ;
Their meal was large ; their grace was short.

They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not the receipt ;

For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know ;
So never made themselves a foe.

No man's good deeds did they commend ;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.

Nor cherish'd they relations poor ;
That might decrease their present store :

Nor barn nor house did they repair ;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded ;
They neither wanted nor abounded.

Each Christmas they accompts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.

Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.

When bells were rung, and bonfires made
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid :

Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.

Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.

C c c 2

Norgood, nor bad, nor fools, nor wife;
 They would not learn, nor could advise:
 Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
 They led—a kind of—as it were:
 Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
 And so they liv'd, and so they died.

WRITTEN IN MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.

GIVEN TO THE DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN
 FRANCE, AFTER THE PEACE, 1713

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast
 seen
 Of cities and of courts, of books and men;
 And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may presume to live,
 And from the transcript of thy prose receive
 What my own short-liv'd verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile,
 Accept the work; and the instructed isle,
 For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic style prefer'd,
 Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard,
 While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne
 err'd.

AN EPISTLE.

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE:

Written at Paris, 1714; but left unfinished, by
 the sudden news of her Majesty's death.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
 The shining side-board, and the burnish'd
 plate,

Let other ministers, great Anne, require;
 And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
 To the fair portrait of my Sovereign Dame,
 To that alone, eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight,
 If ever I found favour in thy sight;
 If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
 My past has took, or future life may take,
 Be grateful to my queen; permit my prayer,
 And with this gift reward my total care.

Will thy indulgent hand, fair Saint, allow
 The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
 That, in despite of age, of impious flame,
 And eating Time, thy picture, like thy fame,
 Entire may last; that, as their eyes survey
 The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,
 Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's
 Queen:

Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene;
 When to a low, but to a loyal hand
 The mighty Empress gave her high command,
 That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,
 To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past;
 To say, she wills detested wars to cease;
 She checks her conquest, for her subjects ease,
 And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
 Thee, Queen of Peace—If Time and Fate have
 power

Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
 In words sublimer, and a nobler strain.

May future bards the mighty theme rehearse:
 Here, tator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,
 The votive tablet I suspend * * * *

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DEVON-
 SHIRE;

ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S,

Whereon were all her grandsons painted.

WIESSEN and Nature held a long contest,
 If She created, or He painted best;
 With pleasing thought the wondrous combat
 grew,

She still form'd fairer; He still liker drew.

In these seven brethren they contended last,
 With art increas'd, their utmost skill they tried,
 And, both well pleas'd they had themselves sur-
 pass'd,

The Goddess triumph'd, and the painter dy'd
 That both their skill to this vast height did raise,
 Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise:
 For here, as in some glass, is well describ'd
 Only yourself thus often multiply'd.

When Heaven had You and gracious Anna
 made,

What more exalted beauty could it add?

Having no nobler images in store,
 It but kept up to these, nor could do more
 Than copy well what it had fram'd before.

If in dear Burghley's generous face we see

Obliging truth and handsome honesty,
 With all that world of charms, which soon we
 move

Reverence in men, and in the fair-ones love;

His very grace his fair descent assures,

He has his mother's beauty, she has yours.

If every Cecil's face had every charm,

That thought can fancy, or that Heaven can
 form;

Their beauties all become your beauty's due,

They are all fair, because they're all like you.

If every Ca'ndish great and charming look;

From you that air, from you the charms the
 took.

In their each limb your image is express'd,

But on their brow firm courage stands confess'd

There, their great father, by a strong increase

Adds strength to beauty, and completes
 piece:

Thus still your beauty, in your sons we view,

WiesSEN seven times one great perfection drew

Whoever sat, the picture still is you.

So when the parent-sun, with genial beam

Has animated many goodly gems,

He sees himself improv'd, while every stone

With a resembling light, reflects a sun.

So when great Rhea many births had given

Such as might govern earth, and people heav'n

Her glory grew diffus'd, and, fuller known,

She saw the Deity in every son:

And to what Go: for men altars rais'd,

Honouring the offspring, they the mother pre-

* Eldest daughter of the Countess.

In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys,
Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys:
Your stronger beauty Time can ne'er deface,
'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race.

Ah! Wieffen, had thy art been so refin'd,
As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,
Through circling years thy labours would sur-
vive,

And living rules to fairest virtue give,
To men unborn and ages yet to live:
'Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,
Against what time, or spite, or fate, could do;
Till thine confus'd with Nature's pieces lie,
And Cavendish's name and Cecil's honour die.

A F A B L E,

FROM PHÆDRUS.

To the Author of the *Misley*, 1710.

THE Fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round;
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him say:
"What noble part canst thou sustain,
"Thou specious head without a brain?"

TO THE

RIGHT HON. MR. HARLEY.

HORACE, I EP. IX. IMITATED.

"Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
"Quanti me facias, &c."

DEAR Dick,* howe'er it comes into his
head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great:
Though I plain Mat, you Minister of State:
One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
Would fix his fortune in some little place.
Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows,
How far my interest with my patron goes;
And, answering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread;
That I, in fact, a real interest have,
Which to my own advantage I would save,
And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend
To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this centure, I all shame lay by,
And make my reason with his will comply;

* Richard Shelton, Esq.

Hoping, for my excuse, 'twill be confess'd,
That of two evils I have chose the least.
So, Sir, with this epistolary scroll,
Receive the partner of my inmost soul:
Him you will find in letters and in laws
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cause,
Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

TO MR. HARLEY,

WOUNDED BY GUISEARD, 1711.

"Ab ipso

Ducit opes animumque ferro." HOR.

I.

IN one great *now*, superior to an age,
The full extremes of Nature's force we find:
How heavenly Virtue can exalt, or Rage
Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand,
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He stabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives:
The wounds his country from his death must
feel,

The Patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

IV.

The barbarous rage that durst attempt thy life,
Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame:
And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
In brass and marble carves thy deathle's name.

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious
wound:

She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,
And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;
A stranger to her altars, and her land:
No son of hers could meditate this blow.

VII.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our Queen, our Saint, with sacrificing breath
Softens thy anguish: in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by
Heaven!

No higher can aspiring Virtue soar:
Enough to thee of grief and fame is given.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION
TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

Lord High Treasurer, 1712.

MY LORD,

OUR weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-street,
To try for once if they can dine
On bacon-ham and mutton-chins.
If, weary'd with the great affairs
Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble statesman, may'st descend
Thy mind one moment to unbend,
To see thy servant from his foul
Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl;
Among the guests which e'er my house
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof—
Though Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

In Chaucer's style.

WAY mice, full blythe, and amicable,
Baten beside Erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their steps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
Feast lyche as heart of mouse mote with.
As guests sat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftsoons the lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft' propos full queint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cried,
To Matthew seated on t'ogh' side;
To thee, lean Bard, it doth pertain
To understand these creatures tweine.
Come frame us now some clean device,
Or playfant rhyme on yonder mice:
They seem, God shield me! Mat and Charles,
Bad as Sir Topas, or Squire Quarles,
(Matthew did for the pounce reply)
At emblem, or device am I:
But, could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee,
Ne verse from me (so God me shrieve)
On mouse, or other beast alive.
Certes I have this many days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lion fierce will I compare;
Ne judge unjust, with furred fox,
Harming in secret guise the flocks;
Ne priest unworth of goddess coat,
To swine ydrunk, or filthy stoat:
Elk simile farewell for aye,
From elephant, I trowe, to flea.
Reply'd the friendlke peer, I weene
Matthew is angred on the spleen

Ne so, quoth Mat, ne shall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all so fair:
Eftsoo s. well weet ye, mine intent
Boweth to your commaundement.
If by these creatures ye have seen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
The rest in order to explain.

That cup-board, where the mice disport,
I liken to St. Stephen's Court:
Therein is space enough, I trow,
For eke comrade to come and go:
And therein eke may both be fed
With shiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as these mine eyne survey,
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;
Return they may to different cells,
Auditing one, whilst t'other tells.

* Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind
In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
Now, as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray?
Let that be wrought which Mat doth say:
Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to-day.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FULL oft' doth Mat with Topaz † dine,
Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine;
But Topaz his own werke rehearseth,
And Mat mote praise what Topaz verseth.
Now, sure as priest did e'er thrive fanner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FAIR Susan did her wif-hede well men-
teine,
Algates assaulted fore by letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.
Had thilke same tale in other guise been
tolde;
Had they been young (pardie) and she been
olde;
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much forer trial;
Full marveilous, I vote, were silk denyal.

A FLOWER PAINTED BY SIMON VARELST.

WHEN sam'd Varelst this little wonder
drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view;
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.

* The Exchequer.

† The person here satirized was Sir Richard Blackmore. N.

TO THE LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY.
AFTERWARDS MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.*On a column of her drawing.*

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view
These glorious lines, which Harley's
daughter drew,
They shall confess, that Britain could not raise
A fairer column to the Father's praise.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothick forms were known in Greece
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes:
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
Protopogenes, historians note,
Liv'd here, a burges, foot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.

Piqu'd by Protopogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to censure, or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He fails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His servants follow with the things.
Appears the governante of th' house;
For such in Greece were much in use:
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.

Does Squire Protopogenes live here?
Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
And court'ey low, but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church; 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, Sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus: 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece:

So like th' original, they say:
But I have no great skill that way.
But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromomust make my master's tea:
At six, Sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, Sir, at home.
Tea, says a critic big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, should read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present would you please
To leave your name—Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true:

And will you please, sweet-heart, said he,
To shew your master this from me?
By it he presently will know

How painters write their name at Co.
He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'ying, Sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, Sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my ownself: safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, Sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, Sir—at six o'clock.

Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line be found
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he order'd me to say),
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.

She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confest,
Or Leda's egg, or Chloe's breast.
Apelles view'd the finish'd piece:
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protopogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew, or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design:
And from his artful round, I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale;
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name,
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts, and country's praise;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd
mirth:

Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd stand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

ON MY BIRTH-DAY, JULY 21.
I.

I MY dear, was born to-day,
So all my jolly comrades say;
They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
And ask to celebrate my birth;

Little, alas! my comrades know
That I was born to pain and woe:
Better I had ne'er been born:
I wish to die ev'n whilst I say,
I, my dear, was born to-day.

II.

I, my dear, was born to-day;
Shall I salute the rising ray?
Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda,* thou alone dost know:
Shall the wreath surround my hair?
Or shall the music please my ear?
Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
And bless my birth, and wish to live?
Then let me see great Venus chase
Impetuous anger from thy face;
Then let me hear thee smiling say,
Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

E P I T A P H,

EXTEMPORE.

NOBLER and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

TO me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven!

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

I.

AS doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone
took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

II.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own
eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

III.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great
fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half
care.

IV.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry
was he!

V.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would
trust;

*Mrs. Anne Durbam.

And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd
about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was
but dust.

VI.

This verse little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be
true.

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never
found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be
drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same,
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile, or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS AD AMICOS.

DUM studeo fungi fallentis munere vita,
Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
Arctoa florens sophia, Samisque superbus
Discipulis, animas morte carere caro.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt Divis, quæis fata volebant
Vitæ faciles molliter ire vias:
Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo;
Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forsitan, quos spondeo, cœli;
Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:
Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique superstes, Homo; qui nihil, esto Deus.
Attamen esse hilares, & inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jociis.
His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,
Et Mors; seu Divum, seu nihil, esse velit:
Nam sophia ars illa est, q. æ fallere suaviter horum
Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas.

I M I T A T E D.

STUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
When mortal man resigns his transient breath,
The body only I give o'er to death;
The parts dissolv'd and broken frame I mourn:
What came from earth I see to earth return.
The immaterial part, th' æthereal soul,
Nor can change vanquish, nor can death control.
Glad I release it from its partner's cares,
And bid good angels wait it to the stars.
Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,
Which, spite of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
And offer to thee now, immortal friend.
But if, oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove's

On its dark side if thou the prospect take;
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake;
In total death suppose the mortal lie,
No new hereafter, nor a future sky:
Yet bear thy lot content; yet cease to grieve,
Why, ere death comes, dost thou forbear to live?
The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant now
And Fate's approach, is all the Gods allow:
And of this little hast thou ought to spare
To sad reflection, and corroding care?
The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
With pleasant memory of the bliss they gave.
The present hours in present mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy:
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Were destin'd erst; nor can by Fate's decree
Be now cut off betwixt the grave and thee.

THE
FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove select the holy victim,
Whom apter shall we sing, than Jove
himself,

The god for ever great, for ever king,
Who slew the Earth-born race, and measures
right

The heaven's great habitants? Dictæan hear'st
thou

More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute
And various thought has trac'd, On Ida's mount,
Or Dictæ, studious of his country's praise,
The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft
He meets reproof deserv'd: for he presumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st
To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever.

Arcadian therefore be thy birth: Great Rhea,
Pregnant to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd,
And wild Lycaeus, black with standing pines:
Holy retreat! thence no female hither,
Conscious of social love and nature's rites,
Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd
The ponderous birth; she sought a neighbour-
ing spring

To wash the recent babe; in vain: Arcadia,
(However streamy) now arid and dry,
Deny'd the Goddess water; where deep Melas
And rocky Crætis flow, the chariot smok'd,
Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty traveller
In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
In subterraneous caverns: forests grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'erhanging
The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iacon
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.

Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea said, bring
forth;

And short shall be thy pangs. She said; and
high

She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
The yawning cliff: from its disjointed height
Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,

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And cheer'd the vallies: there the heavenly mo-
ther

Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: she
wrapt them

In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and secret: Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she receiv'd thee,
And, conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust:
Not unrewarded; since the river bore
The favourite virgin's name; fair Neda rolls
By Leprius's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
Fast by her flowery bank the sons of Arcas,
Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.
Thee, God, to Cnosus Neda brought; the
nymphs

And Corybantes thee, their sacred charge,
Receiv'd: Adraste rock'd thy golden cradle:

The goat, now bright amidst her fellow-stars,
Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distent

With milk, thy early food: the sedulous bee
Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
To thy fore-knowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their mystic dance, and clang'd their sounding
arms,

Industrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn:
Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly
Jove,

Wait'd thy blooming years: inventive wit,
And perfect judgment, crown'd thy youthful age.
That Saturn's sons receiv'd the three-fold empire
Of heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment,
Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value,
By lot are parted: but high heaven, thy share,
In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
Flings up the adverse scale, and turns propor-
tion.

Wherefore not chance, but power above thy bre-
thren,

Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength
And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
Incessant: high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen; let thy favourite rise
Propitious, ever soaring from the right.

Thou to the lesser Gods hast well assign'd
Their proper shares of power: thy own, great
Jove,

Boundless and universal. Those who labour
The sweaty forage, who edge the crooked scythe,
Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleeking armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
O'er hanging cliffs, who spreads his net success-
ful,

And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The soldier, from successful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil,

D d d

Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himself immortal.
Those, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious
care,

Who model nations, publish laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.

And, as their actions tend subordinate
To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou seest impartial
How they those means employ. Each monarch
rules

His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world: these only have
To speak and he obey'd; to those are given
Assistant days to ripen the design;
To some whole months, revolving years to some;
Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose
blasted

With fruitless act, and impotence of council.
Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
Of every good: thy praise what man yet born
Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For, without virtue, wealth no man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts less power,
And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth: for both are of thy gift!

THE
SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.
TO APOLLO.

HA! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern shakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
The God approaches. Hark! he knocks; the
gates

Feel the glad impulse: and the sever'd bars
Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd? and hovering swans, their throats
releas'd

From native silence, carol sounds harmonious?

Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious silence; and the dance,
In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
But first, by ardent prayer, and clear lustration,
Purge the contagious spots of human weakness:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flourish, favour'd by the God,
In youth with happy nuptials; and in age
With silver hair, and fair descent of children!
So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
And bless your spreading colonies increase!

Pay sacred reverence to Apollo's song;
Left wrathful the far-ooting God emit
His fatal arrows. Silent Nature stands;
And seas subside, obedient to the found
Of *Io, Io Pean!* nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death;
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep

Ev'n through the Phrygian marble. Hapless
mother!

Whose fondness could compare her mortal off-
spring

To those which fair Latona bore, to Jove.
Io! again repeat ye, *Io Pean!*

Against the Deity 'tis hard to strive.

He, that resists the power of Ptolemy,
Resists the power of heaven; for power from
heaven

Derives; and monarchs rule by Gods appointed.

Recite Apollo's praise, till night draws on,

The ditty still unfinish'd; and the day

Unequal to the Godhead's attributes

Various, and matter copious of your songs,

Sublime at Jove's right-hand Apollo sits,

And thence distributes honour, gracious king,

And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe

Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,

And Lydian bow, are gold: with golden sandals

His feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful!

Beneath his steps the yellow mineral rises,

And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty

Eternal deck his cheeks; from his fair head

Perfumes distill their sweets; and cheerful Health,

His duteous handmaid, through the air improv'd,

With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial,

The spearman's arm by thee, great God, di-
rected,

Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,

Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal.

Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician

Eludes the urn; and chains or exiles death.

Thee, Nomian, we adore; for that, from
heaven

Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks

Didst guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow

Produc'd an ampler store of milk; the she-goat

Not without pain dragg'd her distended udder;

And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,

Now dropp'd their two-fold burthens. Bless the
cattle,

On which Apollo cast his favouring eye!

But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,

Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,

Kind sister to thy infant deity,

New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle,

Brought hunted wild-goats heads, and branching
antlers

Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil.

These with discerning hand thou knew'st to range

(Young as thou wast), and in the well-fram'd
models,

With emblematic skill, and mystic order,

Thou shew'st where towers or battlements should
rise,

Where gates should open, or where walls should
compass:

While from thy childish pastime man receiv'd

The future strength and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd

The Libyan strand; when the foreboding crow

Flew on the aight before the people, marking

The country destin'd the auspicious seat

Of future kings, and favour of the God,

Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or Boëdromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian
Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee; for my country
Calls thee Carnean; the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
Ere settled in Cyrene; there w^as appointed
Thy annual feasts, kind God, and blest thy altars
Smoking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls,
As Carnus, thy high priest and favour'd friend,
Had erst ordain'd; and with mysterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship.
Io Carnean Phœbus! Io Pean!

The yellow crocus there and fair narcissus
Reserve the honours of their winter-store,
To deck thy temple; till returning spring
Diffuses Nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the soft south-west
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their sweets from th' odoriferous pavement.

Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feast is held;
The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead
The dance; with clanging swords and shields
they beat

The dreadful measure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown but beautiful: such rites
To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's
banks,

And lands determin'd for their last abodes;
But wander'd through Azilis' horrid forest
Dispers'd; when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'st to let the fair-one view
Her typic people; thou with pleasure taught'st
her

To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion,
And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who, honour'd by thy passion,
Was aided by thy power! The monstrous Python
Durst tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great strength and golden arms unequal.

Io! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyfully repeated Io! Io Pean!
E lance the dart, Apollo: for the safety
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore
thee.

Envy, thy latest foe, suggested thus:
Like thee I am a power immortal: therefore
To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
Those poets who write little? Vast and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a small rivulet I prefer. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the God:
Demon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
And carries forward with his stupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent still augmenting,
His wave still more desil'd; mean while the
nymphs

Melissan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
Studious to have their offerings well receiv'd,
And fit for heavenly use, from little urns
Pour streams select, and purity of waters.

Io! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake
Draw tuns unmeasurable; while thy favour
Administers to my ambitious thirst
The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt

C H A R I T Y.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind,
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bound and due restriction knows;
To one fixt purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As, through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen, than art can show;
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawning of beams, and promises of day.

D d d 2

Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive—
Shalt stand before the host of heaven confess,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

CUPID in AMBUSH.

IT oft to many has successful been,
Upon his arm to let his mistress lean,
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
Or gently squeeze her knees, or press her feet.
All public sports, to favour young desire,
With opportunities like this conspire.
Ev'n where his skill the gladiator shows,
With human blood where the Arena flows:
There oftentimes Love's quiver-bearing boy
Prepares his bow and arrows to destroy:
While the spectator gazes on the fight,
And sees them wound each other with delight;
While he his pretty mistress entertains,
And wagers with her who the conquest gains;
Shilly the God takes aim, and hits his heart,
Add in the wounds he sees he bears his part.

ENGRAVED ON A COLUMN IN THE CHURCH OF HALSTEAD IN ESSEX;

THE SPIRE OF WHICH, BURN'T DOWN BY
LIGHTNING, WAS REBUILT AT THE
EXPENCE OF MR. SAMUEL FISKE,
1717.

VIEW not this spire by measure given
To buildings rais'd by common hands;
That fabrick rises high as heaven,
Whose basis on devotion stands.
While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our Faith and Hope declare;
But Charity beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.
Best be he call'd among good men,
Who to his GOD this column rais'd;
Though lightning strike the dome again,
The man, who built it, shall be prais'd;
Yet spires and towers in dust shall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains;
And Faith and Hope themselves shall die,
While deathless Charity remains.

A L M A:

OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND, IN THREE CANTOS.

CANTO I.

MATTHEW* met Richard †, when or where
From story is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty points they spoke,
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took,
Rats half the manuscript have eat;
Dire hunger! which we still regret.
O! may they ne'er again digest
The horrors of so sad a feast!
Yet less our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob ‡, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd,
It thus begins:

* * * * Here Matthew said,
Alma in verse, in prose the Mind,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.
And yet, *slap-dash*, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein:
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost;
While every where she rules the roast.
This *system*, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply.
They say (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek),
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.
Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.
Two optic nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles, across the eyes;
By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd,
How quick at park and play they strike;
The duke they court; the toast they like;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends now out of place.

Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin,
And she not known what they were doing.
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.
Wise Nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose:
Could Alma else with judgment tell
When cabbage stinks, or roses smell?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an *eylifer* and an *onion*?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow;
And, as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the Inn, what lord approaches.

Himself. † Mr. Shelton. ‡ Tenson.

By nerves about our palate plac'd,
 She likewise judges of the taste.
 Elle (dismal thought!) our warlike men
 Night drink thick *port* for fine *champagne*;
 And our ill-judging wives and daughters
 Mistake small beer for *citron*-waters.
 Hence too, that she might better hear,
 She sets a drum at either ear;
 And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
 Are but tin' *alarums* which they beat.
 Lait, to enjoy her sense of feeling
 (A thing she much delights to deal in),
 A thousand little nerves she sends
 Quite to our toes and fingers' ends;
 And these in gratitude again
 Return their spirits to the brain;
 In which their figure being printed
 (As just before, I think, I hinted),
 Alma inform'd can try the case,
 As it had been upon the place.
 Thus, while the judge gives different journeys
 To country council and attorneys,
 As on the bench in quiet sits,
 Deciding, as they bring the writs.
 The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
 And very seldom stirs from home;
 Yet, sending forth his holy spies,
 And having heard what they advise,
 He rules the church's blest dominions,
 And sets men's faith by his opinions.
 The scholars of the Stagyrite,
 Who for the old opinion fight,
 Would make their Modern friends confess
 The difference but from more to less.
 The Mind, say they, while you sustain
 To hold her station in the brain:
 You grant, at least, she is extended:
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
 For till to-morrow should you plead,
 From form and structure of the head,
 The Mind as visibly is seen
 Extended through the whole *machine*.
 Why should all honour then be taken
 From lower parts to load the brain,
 When other limbs we plainly see,
 Each in his way, as brisk as he?
 For music, grant the head receive it,
 It is the artist's hand that gave it;
 And, though the skull may wear the laurel,
 The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
 Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
 Are not his parts, but his allies;
 Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim
 Comes *ab origine* from thence.
 What could the head perform alone,
 If all their friendly aids were gone?
 A foolish figure he must make;
 Do nothing else but sleep and ache.
 Nor matters, it, that you can show
 How to the head the spirits go;
 Those spirits started from some goal,
 Before they through the veins could roll.
 Now, we should hold them much to blame,
 If they went back, before they came.
 If therefore, as we must suppose,
 They came from fingers, and from toes;

Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
 Of *Num-skull's* self should take the place:
 Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
 That all sensation is but touch.
 Dip but your toes into cold water,
 Their correspondent teeth will chatter:
 And, strike the bottom of your feet,
 You set your head into a heat.
 The bully beat, and happy lover,
 Confess that feeling lies all over.
 Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
 (As all our youth may learn from Creech)
 That eyes were made, but could not view,
 Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue:
 But heedless Nature did produce
 The members first, and then the use.
 What each must act was yet unknown,
 Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.
 A man first builds a country-seat,
 Then finds the walls not good to eat.
 Another plants, and wondering sees
 Nor books nor medals on his trees.
 Yet Poet and Philosopher
 Was he, who durst such whims aver.
 Blest, for his sake, be human reason,
 That came at all, though late in season.
 But no man sure e'er left his house,
 And saddled Ball, with thoughts so wild,
 To bring a midwife to his spouse,
 Before he knew she was with-child.
 And no man ever reapt his corn,
 Or from the oven drew his bread,
 Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
 That taught them both to sow and knead.
 Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse?
 Can—Pray, says Dick, hold in your Muse.
 While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
 She hobbles in *alternate* verse.
 Verse! Mat reply'd; is that my care?
 Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair.
 This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had
 But exercis'd the *salesman's* trade;
 As if she haply had sat down,
 And cut out clothes for all the town;
 Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,
 To try what persons they would fit.
 But every free and licens'd taylor
 Would in this *thesis* find a failure.
 Should whims like these his head perplex,
 How could he work for either sex?
 His clothes, as atoms might prevail,
 Might fit a pismire, or a whale.
 No, no: he views with studious pleasure
 Your shape, before he takes your measure.
 For real Kate he made the boddice,
 And not for an *ideal* goddess.
 No error near his step-board lurk'd:
 He knew the the folks for whom he work'd;
 Still to their size he aim'd his skill:
 Else, prythee, who would pay his bill?
 Next, Dick, if Chance herself should vary,
 Observe, how matters would miscarry:
 Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes;
 Your spectacles upon your toes:
 Then you and Memmius shall agree
 How nicely men would walk, or see,

But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd;
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less,
In arms and science 'tis the same:
Our rival's hurts create our lamp.
At Faubert's, if disputes arise
Among the champions for the prize,
To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John flings the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks mistook:
And, as their notions you confound,
Those you invent get farther ground.

The commentators on old Aristotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought,
Just as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the sky;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells sound, "Whittington lord mayor."
The conjuror thus explains his *scheme*;
Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream;
North Britons thus have *second-fight*;
And Germans, free from gun-shot, fight.

Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Attest, that, if their comments find
The traces of their master's mind,
Alma can ne'er decay nor die:
This flatly 't'other sect deny;
Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verse to stand.
They wonder men should have mistook
The *tenets* of their master's book,
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
Overcome by age, and seiz'd by death.
Now which were wise? and which were fools?
Poor Alma sits between two fools:
The more she reads, the more perplex;
The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful fate:
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.

These different *systems*, old or new,
A man with half an eye may see,
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now, to bring things to fair conclusion,
And save much Christ an ink's effusion,
Let me propose an healing *scheme*,
And sail along the middle stream:
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus,
Hay many would admire our toil!

And yet how few would comprehend us!
Here, Richard, let my *scheme* commence:
Oh! may my words be lost in sense!
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.
My simple *system* shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;

And, all these under-regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,
As we shall shew at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage.
From the feet upward to the head—
Pithy and short, says Dick, proceed.

Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Observe the progress of the motion.
First, I demonstratively prove
That feet were only made to move;
And legs desire to come and go,
For they have nothing else to do.

Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close;
Left Alma, newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own christening's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.
Full piteous seems young Alma's case;
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.

Again; as she grows something stronger,
And master's feet are swath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shews his *loco-motive* tricks;
These first assaults fat Kate repays him;
When half asleep, she overlays him.

Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield Fair,
With supplemental hobby-horses:
And happy be their infant courses!

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still:
Their legs, you see, direct their will;
From opening morn till setting sun,
Around the fields and woods they run;
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed what Friend or Snake can say.

To her next stage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
With *sympathetic* power she warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;
While Betty dances on the green,
And Susan is at stool-ball seen;
While John for nine-pins does declare,
And Roger loves to pitch the bar:
Both legs and arms spontaneous move;
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now she makes:
O need I name the feat she takes?
His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds;
The sport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,
And covies unmolested fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in secret grieves,

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In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
The nymph too longs to be alone, 325
Leaves all the swains, and fights for one.
The nymph is warm'd with young desire,
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove :
Their parley but augments their love : 330
So to the priest their case they tell :
He ties the knot ; and all goes well.
But, O my Muse, just distance keep :
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine months time the boddice loose, 335
And petticoats too short, disclose
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confin'd ;
And that young life and quickening sense
Spring from his influence darted thence. 340
So from the middle of the world
The Sun's prolific rays are hurl'd :
'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
Which quicken Earth with genial flames.
Dick, who thus long had passive sat, 345
Here strok'd his chin, and cock'd his hat ;
Then clapp'd his hand upon the board,
And thus the youth put in his word.
Love's advocates, sweet Sir, would find him
A higher place than you assign'd him. 350
Love's advocates ! Dick, who are those ?—
The Poets, you may well suppose.
I'm sorry, Sir, you have discarded
The men with whom till now you herded.
Prof-men alone for private ends, 355
I thought, forsook their ancient friends.
In cer stillavit, cries Lucretius ;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The self-same thing soft Ovid says
(A proper judge in such a case). 360
Horace's phrase is, *torret jecur* ;
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virg'il too has plac'd this passion.
What signifies too long quotation ?
In Ode and Epic, plain the case is, 365
That Love holds one of these two places.
Dick, without passion or reflection,
I'll straight demolish this objection.
First, Poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please. 370
Matter and figure they produce ;
For garnish this, and that for use ;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed and please their guests :
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
Roast-beef and venison is your fare ;
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
And persevere in tart and custard. 380
But *salp-leaves* and *lemon-peel*
Help only to adorn the meal ;
And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours,
But only smells the peel and flowers ;
And he must be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer. 385

That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows. 390
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oftener none.
For who conceives, what bards devise, 395
That heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes ;
Or where's the sense, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral ?
Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild or sober maggots bit : 400
And, where too much the poet ranted,
The sage Philosopher recanted.
His grave Epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.
Lucretius keeps a mighty pother. 405
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother ;
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air,
Declares that winds and seas obey her ;
And, while her honour he rehearses,
Implores her to inspire his verses. 410
Yet, free from this poetic madness,
Next page he says, in sober sadness,
That she and all her fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardless of this world below, 415
Our health or hanging, weal or woe ;
Nor once disturb their heavenly spirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæsar's merits.
Nor e'er can Latin Poets prove
Where lies the real seat of Love. 420
Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse ;
And, if folks ask the reason for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other short.
Thus, I presume, the British Muse 425
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater :
Why should it then be less in metre ?
If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's heart ; 430
But if he takes his bow and quiver,
'Tis sure, he must transfix the liver :
For rhyme with reason may dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.
But let your friends in verse suppose, 435
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose ;
Anatomists can make it clear,
The *liver* minds his own affair ;
Kindly supplies our public uses,
And parts and strains the vital juices ; 440
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid-tide :
Else we should want both gibe and satyr ;
And all be burst with pure good-nature.
Now gall is bitter with a witness, 445
And love in all delight and sweetness.
My *logic* then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same :
And he, methinks, is no great scholar,
Who can mistake desire for choler. 450
The like may of the *heart* be said ;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those, whose *hearts* are loose and low,
Start, if they hear but the *tatter* :

And mighty physical their fear is ;
 For, soon as noise of combat near is,
 Their heart, descending to their breeches,
 Must give their stomach cruel twitches.
 But heroes, who o'ercome or die,
 Have their hearts hung extremely high ;
 The strings of which, in battles heat,
 Against their very *corsets* beat ;
 Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
 And yield them most excessive pleasure.

Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
 That courage does itself exert,
 'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
 That this is eke the throne of Love.
 Would Nature make one place the seat
 Of fond desire, and fell debate ?
 Must people only take delight in
 Those hours, when they are tir'd of fighting ?
 And has no man, but who has kill'd
 A father, right to get a child ?
 These notions then I think but idle ;
 And Love shall still possess the middle.

This truth more plainly to discover,
 Suppose your Hero were a Lover.
 Though he before had gall and rage,
 Which death or conquest must assuage,
 He grows dispirited and low ;
 He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.

In scornful sloth Achilles slept,
 And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept :
 Nor would return to war and slaughter,
 Till they brought back the Parson's daughter.

Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
 Augustus pressing, Afa lost :
 His sails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
 To keep the fair, he gave the world.
 Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
 Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd ;
 While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
 Desgn'd him Gallia's beauteous heir ;
 Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars,
 Only to dry one widow's tears.—

France's fourth Henry we may see
 A servant to the fair d'Estree ;
 When, quitting Coatras' prosperous field,
 And Fortune taught at length to yield,
 He from his guards and midnight tent
 Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
 To wanton with the sprightly dame ;
 And in his pleasure lost his fame.

Bold is the critic who dares prove
 These heroes were no friends to love ;
 And bolder he, who dares aver
 That they were enemies to war.
 Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
 Have rais'd their *heart*, or fir'd their *liver*,
 Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
 Which Love more justly calls his own.

Examples I could cite you more ;
 But be contented with these four :
 For when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
 Four are as valid as four dozen,
 One came from Greece, and one from Rome ;
 The other two grew near home.
 For some in ancient books delight ;
 Others prefer what moderns write ;

Now I should be extremely loth,
 Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO II.

BUT shall we take the Muse abroad,
 To drop her idly on the road ?
 And leave our subject in the middle,
 As Butler did his Bear and Fiddle ?

Yet he, consummate master, knew
 When to recede, and where pursue :
 His noble negligences teach
 What others toils despair to reach.
 He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
 And balances your fear and hope :
 If, after some distinguish'd leap,
 He drops his pole, and seems to slip,
 Straight gathering all his active strength,
 He rises higher half his length.

With wonder you approve his slight,
 And owe your pleasure to your fright.
 But like poor Andrew I advance,
 False *minic* of my master's dance ;
 Around the cord awhile I sprawl,
 And thence, though low, in earnest fall.

My preface tells you, I digress'd :
 He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.

I like, quoth Dick, your *simile*,
 And, in return, take two from me.

As masters in the *claire obscure*
 With various light your eyes allure,
 A flaming yellow here they spread,
 Draw off in blue, or charge in red ;
 Yet, from these colours oddly mix'd,
 Your sight upon the whole is fix'd :

Or as, again, your courtly dames
 (Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)
 By arts improve the stuffs they vary,
 And things are best as most contrary ;
 The gown with stiff embroidery lining,
 Looks charming with a fligher lining ;

The out-, if Indian figure stain,
 The in-side must be rich and plain.
 So you great authors have thought fit
 To make digression temper wit :

When arguments too fiercely glare,
 You calm them with a milder air :
 To break their points, you turn their force,
 And *furbelew* the plain discourse.

Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine
 Speak something fly, and something fine ;
 But I shall e'en resume my *theme*,
 However thou may'st praise or blame.

As people marry now, and settle,
 Fierce Love abates his usual mettle,
 Worldly desires, and household cares,
 Disturb the Godhead's soft airs :
 So now, as health or temper changes,
 In larger compass Alma ranges,
 This day below, the next above,
 As light or solid whimsies move.
 So merchant has his house in town,
 And country-seat near Bansted-down :
 From one he dates his foreign letters,
 Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors :

In 't'other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.

For story and experience tell us
That man grows old, and woman jealous,

Both would their little ends secure ;

He sighs for freedom, she for power :

His wives tend abroad to roam,

And hers to domineer at home.

Thus passion flags by slow degrees,

And, ruffled more, delighted less,

The busy mind does seldom go

To those once-charming seats below ;

But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares

For well-bred feints and future wars.

The man suspects his lady's crying

(When he last autumn lay a-dying)

Was but to gain him to appoint her

By codicil a larger jointure.

The woman finds it all a trick,

That he could swoon when she was sick ;

And knows that in that grief he reckon'd

On black-ey'd Susan for his second.

Thus having strove some tedious years

With feign'd desires, and real fears ;

And, tir'd with answers and replies

Of John affirms, and Martha lies,

Leaving this endless altercation,

The mind affects a higher station.

Politis, that generous king of Thrace,

I think, was in this very case.

All Asia now was by the ears,

And Gods beat up for volunteers

To Greece and Troy ; while Politis sat

In quiet governing his state.

And whence, said the pacific king,

Does all this noise and discord spring ?

Why Paris took Atrides' wife—

With ease I could compose this strife :

The injur'd hero should not lose,

Nor the young lover want a spouse.

But Helen chang'd her first condition,

Without her husband's just permission.

What from the dame can Paris hope ?

She may as well from him elope.

Again, how can her old good man

With honour take her back again ?

From hence I logically gather,

The woman cannot live with either.

Now, I have two right honest wives,

For whose possession no man strives .

One to Atrides I will send,

And 't'other to my Trojan friend.

Each prince shall thus with honour have

What both so warmly seem to crave :

The wrath of Gods and man shall cease,

And Politis live and die in peace.

Dick, if this story pleases thee,

Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.

How'er swift Alma's flight may vary.

(Take this by way of *corollary*)

Some limbs she finds the very fame,

In place, and dignity, and name :

WOL. IV.

These dwell at such convenient distance, 125

That each may give his friend assistance.

Thus he who runs or dances begs

The equal vigour of two legs ;

65 So much to both does Alma trust,

She ne'er regards which goes the first. 130

Teague could make neither of them stay,

When with himself he ran away.

The man who struggles in the fight

70 Fatigues left arm as well as right ;

For, whilst one hand exalts the blow, 135

And on the earth extends the foe,

't'other would take it wondrous ill,

If in your pocket he lay still.

75 And, when you shoot, and shut one eye,

You cannot think he would deny 140

To lend the other friendly aid,

Or wink as coward, and afraid.

No, Sir ; whilst he withdraws his flame,

80 His comrade takes the surer aim.

One moment if his beams recede ; 145

As soon as e'er the bird is dead,

Opening again, he lays his claim

To half the profit, half the fame,

And helps to pocket up the game.

85 'Tis thus one tradesman slips away, 150

To give his partner fairer play.

Some limbs again, in bulk or stature

Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,

In concert act, like modern friends,

90 Because one serves the other's ends. 155

The arm thus waits upon the heart,

So quick to take the bully's part,

That one, though warm, decides more slow

Than 't'other executes the blow.

95 A stander-by may chance to have it, 160

Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

The amorous eyes thus always go

A-strolling for their friends below ;

For, long before the squire and dame

100 Have *sête à sête* reliev'd their flame, 165

Ere visits yet are brought about,

The eye by sympathy looks out,

Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,

And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,

105 Though at sash-window, on the stairs, 170

At court, nay (authors say) at prayers.—

The funeral of some valiant knight

May give this thing its proper light.

View his two gauntlets ; these declare

110 That both his hands were us'd to war. 175

And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd

His feet were equally concern'd.

But have you not with thought beheld

The sword hang dangling o'er the shield ?

115 Which shews the breast, that plate was us'd to, 181

Had an ally right arm to trust to :

And, by the peep-holes in his crest,

Is it not virtually confest

That there's eyes took distant aim,

120 And glanc'd respect to that bright dame, 185

In whose delight his hope was center'd,

And for whose glove his life he ventur'd ?

Objections to my general *system*

May rise perhaps ; and I have mist them

E c c

But I can call to my assistance
Proximity (mark that!) and distance;
Can prove that all things, on occasion,
Love union, and desire adhesion;
That Alma merely is a scale,
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither side turn down nor up,
With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heaven.

This, Richard, is a curious case:
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale:
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice;
Which best or worst you could not think,
And die you must for want of drink;
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles best agree:
Your sense resolv'd impels your will:
She guides your hand—so drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid
Between two equal banner's sway'd?
Her tallies useless lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle,
But, forc'd from this unactive state
By virtue of some casual weight,
On either side you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.

Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, must take its course;
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north,
And thou and I, by power unseen,
Are barely passive, and suck'd-in
To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
As straw and paper are by amber.
If we sit down to play or set
(Suppose at *ombre* or *hasset*),
Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We sure in vain the cards condemn;
Ourselves both cut and fustled them.
In vain on Fortune's aid rely:
She only is a stander-by.

Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do some impulsive force obey:
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But space and matter we should blame:
They palm'd the trick that lost the game.

Thus, to save further contradiction
Against what you may think but fiction,
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it those bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impulse wrought:
E'en saying that you think or walk,
How like a country squire you talk!

Mark then;—Where fancy, or desire,
Collects the beams of vital fire;
Into that limb fair Alma slides,
And there, *pro tempore*, resides.

190 She dwells in Nicolini's tongue, 255
When Pyrrhus chaunts the heavenly song.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand.
195 Through Macer's gullet she runs down, 260
When the vile glutton dines alone.
And, void of modesty and thought,
She follows Bibbo's endless draught.
Through the soft sex again she ranges,
As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes.
Fair Alma, carelefs and serene, 265
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen;
While they diffuse their infant beams,
Themselves not conscious of their flames.
Again fair Alma sits confest
205 On Florimel's experter breast; 270
When she the rising sigh constrains,
And by concealing speaks her pains.
In Cythia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels shows:
210 When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd, 275
Fair Alma plays about her waist;
And when the swelling hoop sustains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower space to enter,
215 Of the large round herself the centre. 280
Again: that single limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature),
Which most did Alma's passion move
In the first object of her love,
220 For ever will be found confest, 285
And printed on the amorous breast.
O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
225 Adorns a nobler poet's song. 290
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
230 The mantle o'er thy sad distress, 295
And Venus shall the texture bless.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That love, with equal grief and pride,
235 Shall see the crime he strives to hide, 300
And, softly drawing back the veil,
The God shall to his votaries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.
240 } Happy the poet, blest the lays, 305
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise!
Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,
245 Fond of his hunting-horn and pole; 310
Though gout and age his speed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again;
By his fire-side he starts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker-chair;
250 His feet, however lame, you find 315
Have got the better of his mind.
If, while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan. 320

In public mask, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn to Goldsmiths-hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges,
Trips it with prentices and judges :
In vain her children urge her stay,
And age or palsy bar the way.
But, if those images prevail
Which whilom did affect the tail,
She still renews the ancient scene,
Forgets the forty-years between :
Austwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry ;
O'er heated with *ideal* rage,
She cheats her son, to wed her page.

If Alma, whilst the man was young,
Slipp'd up too soon into his tongue,
Pleas'd with his own fantastick skill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie still.
On any point if you dispute,
Depend upon it, he'll confute :
Change sides, and you increase your pain,
For he'll confute you back again.
For one may speak with Tully's tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead bad causes down to worse :
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint,

Again : if in the female sex
Alma should on this member fix
(A cruel and a desperate case,
From which Heaven shield my lovely lass !) ;
For ever more all care in vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As, in habitual gout or stone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet ;
So, if for any sins of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe, though just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife ;
Till death shall bring the kind relief,
We must be patient, or be deaf.

You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick :
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of *plastic* forms, and *mental* powers ;
Describ'd our pre-existing station
Before this vile terrene creation ;
And lest I should be weary'd, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel :
Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.

But we'll descant on general nature :
This is a system, not a satire.

Turn we this globe, and let us see
How different nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink ;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.

In water as you smell and taste 385
The soils through which it rose and past ;
In Alma's manners you may read

The place where she was born and bred,
One people from their swaddling bands
Releas'd their infants' feet and hands : 390
Here Alma to these limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk :
There Alma settled in the tongue, 395
And orators from Athens sprung.

Observe but in these neighbouring lands
The different use of mouths and hands ;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes. 400

In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats ;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion. 405

Men there in breeches clad you view :
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears ;
Long coats the haughty husband wears,
And greets his wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her breeches, 410

In our fantastick climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair :
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed. 415
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet :
With down-cast looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth most humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove,
At once his breakfast and his love : 420
And, if the skittish nymph should fly,
He in a double sense must die.

We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white,
And every saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow. 425
In China none hold women sweet,
Except their snags are black as jett.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, *Ivory Teeth*. 430

At Toriquin, if a prince should die
(As Jesuits write, who never lie),
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best,
Prepare and light his funeral fire, 435
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half so kind.

Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry dress. 440
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters ;
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.
Distinguish'd flashes deck the great : 445
As each excels in birth or state,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler :
The king's own body was a sampler,

E c c 2

Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show :
And at a small expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for life.

Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smeat'd with fat of bear :
Before you see, you smell your toast ;
And sweetest she who stinks the most.
The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes :
How sleek their skins ! their joints how easy !
There slovens only are not greasy.

I mention'd different ways of breeding :
Begin we in our children's reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread ;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But, shew a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.

An equal instance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe, if a harmless maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye
(Look in his Index for Pagelli),
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land :
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Left her dear daughter should be slighted :
And poor Miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid he came.

Observe how custom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells :
After her tea, she slips away,
And what to do, one need not say.
Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herself amongst the men :
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
First drank, then water'd in the bowl ;
And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace—

To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.
What parts gay France from sober Spain ?
A little rising rocky chain.
Of men born south or north o'th' hill,
Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward curious take thy way :

Thy way unhappy should'st thou take
From Tyber's bank to Lemian lake,
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore :
Thy sex is lost, thy town is gone ;
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.

But need we, friend, insist on this ?
Since, in the very Cantons Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t'other side a river.

Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick—

The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued : Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky :
Cast it by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's land :
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below,
Into those common places look,
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
These I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'st at thy leisure read.
For, standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age
My *system*, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spight and death.

C A N T O III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,
Rous'd, nor would longer silence keep ;
And sense like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
Now, if this phrased too harsh be thought,
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to speak ;
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
Say things at first, because they're pleasing,
Then prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their lie deserted,
Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft' repeating, they believe 'em :
Or as, again, those amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mothers' maids,
Though at the first their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire ;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,
They seldom let the bustling roar
In basket at a neighbour's door ;
But by the flattering glass of nature
Viewing themselves in *cake-bread's* feature,
With serious thought and care support
What only was begun in sport :

Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares.

Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure,
Till airy seeds of casual wit
Do some fantastic birth beget;
And pleas'd to find your system mended
Beyond what you at first intended,
The happy whimsey you pursue,
Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth Matthew : Friend, as far as I
Through art or nature cast my eye,
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach, and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought;
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his listening scholars stand,
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand :
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the music of the spheres;
Deny'd all transfiguring scenes,
And introduc'd the use of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void,
And all the world is quite destroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his subtil matter,
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
If you, in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force !
How could our *chemic* friends go on,
To find the *philosophic* stone,
If you more powerful reasons bring,
To prove that there is no such thing ?

Your chiefs in sciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find the giddy is, or dull;
She doubts if things are void, or full :
And who should be presum'd to tell
What she herself should see, or feel ?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though she has told them ten times o'er.
It can't—it may be—and it must :
To which of these must Alma trust ?
Nay further yet they make her go
In doubting, if she doubts, or no.
Can *syllogism* set things right ?
No : *majors* soon with *minors* fight ;
Or, both in friendly consort join'd.
The *consequence* limps false behind.
So to some cunning man she goes,
And asks of him, how much she knows.
With patience grave he hears her speak,
And from his short notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended :
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.
From the account the loser brings,
The Conjuror knows who stole the things.
Squire (interrupted Dick) since when
Were you amongst these cunning men ?
Dear Dick, queth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse.
I tell thee, this is Alma's case,
Still asking what some wise man says,

Who does his mind in words reveal, 95
Which all must grant, though few can spell.
You tell your doctor that y'are ill :
And what does he, but write a bill ?
Of which you need not read one letter :
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better. 100
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.

Ideas, forms, and intellects,
Have furnish'd out three different sects.
Substance, or accident, divides 105
All Europe into adverse sides.
Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause ;
In *philosophic* matters so
Your judgment must with other's go : 110
For as in senates, so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hill and dales does doubtful err ;
With panting haste, and quick surprise, 115
From every leaf that stirs, she flies ;
Till, mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She flights what erst she singly fear'd :
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue, if they dare lead ; 120
As their example still prevails,
She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.

He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool :
As party man, who leaves the rest, 125
Is call'd but *whimsical** at best.

Now, by your favour, master Mat,
Dike Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
I must be lifted in your sect,
Who, though they teach not, can protect. 130
Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cry'd :
So put off all mistrust and pride.
And, while my principles I beg,
Pray answer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I advise : 135
Be first secure, and then be wise.
The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much (what'er arrives),
And warmer too, than he that drives. 140

So Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er disclose
In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobbling prose.
Attend, dear Dick ; but don't reply : 145
And thou may'st prove as wise as I.

When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finish'd her ascending stages,
Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits, 150
To judge of things, and censure wits.
Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain !
Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum* ! 155
How could I play the commentator
On *dura* and on *pia mater* !

* Some of the Tories, in the queen's reign, were distinguished by that appellation.

Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get ;
And, with incessant toil and strife,
Would keep possession during life,
I could demonstrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her store ;
And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination.
O friend ! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells :
In each some active fancy dwells ;
Which always is at work, and framing
The several follies I was naming,
As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her studious actions vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry ;
Each still renews her little labour,
Nor juttles her assiduous neighbour :
Each—whilst this *thesis* I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty *theme* affected,
Could I but see thy head dissected !

My head ! quoth Dick, to serve your whim !
Spare that, and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of *system*,
Wife men propose ; but fools assist 'em.

Says Matthew, Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace ; and I'll proceed.
Proceed ! quoth Dick : Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.
Bless your conceits ! must I believe,
How'er absurd, what you conceive ;
And, for your friendship, live and die
A papist in philosophy ?
I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire is the belly :
From hence she sends out those supplies,
Which makes us either stout or wise ;
The strength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber ;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food ;
And, if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught.
Your stomach makes your fabrick roll,
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The strength design'd to ruin Troy ;
He din'd on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread :
But by his mother sent away,
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he fat, and quiet :
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet !
Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way :
The younger, who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,

From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke :
225 He pays due visits after noon
To cousin Alice and uncle John ;
At ten from coffee-house or play
Returning, finishes the day.
But, give him port and potent sack,
230 From *milk* he starts up *Maback* ;
Holds that the happy know no hours ;
So through the street at midnight scowers,
Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,
And thence proceeds to nicking fashies ;
235 Till, by some tougher hand overcome,
And first knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.

Observe the various operations
240 Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel ?
But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse ?
245 Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
250 Between German and the Turk ;
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
Give the same death in different words.
255 To push this argument no further ;
To starve a man, in law is murder.

As in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen ;
The added movements, which declare
260 How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour.
For, though those gim-cracks were away,
(Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)

200 However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain :
But, if the *beral* orbit ceases,
The whole stands ill, or breaks to pieces ;
Is now no longer what it was,
205 And you may e'en go sell the case.
So, if unprejudic'd you scan
The goings of this clock-work man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head ;
210 But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being what's o'clock.

If you take off this *rheterick* trigger,
He talks no more in mode and figure ;
Or, clog his *mathematic*-wheel,
215 His buildings fall, his ship stands still ;
Or, lastly, break his *politic*-weight,
His voice no longer rules the state.
Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, would still go on ;
220 But spoil the engine of digestion,
And you entirely change the question.
Alma's affairs no power can mend ;
The jest, alas ! is at an end :

- Soon ceases all the worldly bustle
And you consign the corpse to Ruffel.
Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your *system*, without my addition,
Is in a very fad condition.
So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,
Fit for the war, or road, or course;
His mouth was soft; his eye was good,
His foot was sure as ever trod:
One fault he had (a fault indeed!);
And what was that? the horse was dead.
Dick, from these instances and fetches,
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
That Alma is a mere *machine*:
That, telling others what's o'clock,
She knows not what herself has struck;
But leaves to standers-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.
Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similes are like songs in love:
They must describe; they nothing prove.
May, who was here a little gravell'd,
Took up his nose, and would have cavill'd;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said:
(Where mind 'tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find Gods to help them out.)
Friend Richard, I begin to see,
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how oddly you behave:
The more I grant, the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.
We *system*-makers can sustain
The *thesis*, which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments tease ye,
In case the thing before was easy.
But, in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And, when no reason we can shew,
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny;
True to our own overbearing pride.
And false to all the world beside.
That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Because he walk'd against his will,
He fac'd men down, that he stood still.
And he who, reading on the heart
(When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat),
Swore he had never felt it beat.
Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both false and true.
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
- Says he, so little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find,
That we by guests at least may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.
Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
(But this is only *entre nous*),
That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear;
As nature sily had thought fit,
For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit:
Circles to square, and cubes to double,
Would give a man excessive trouble;
The longitude uncertain roams,
In spite of Whiston and his bombs.
What *system*, Dick, has right averr'd
The cause why woman has no beard?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black?
In points like these we must agree,
Our barbers know as much as we,
Yet still, unable to explain,
We must persist the best we can;
With care our *system* still renew,
And prove things likely, though not true.
I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute,
By dint of *logic*, strike thee mute;
With learned skill, now push, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield; or, what is worst,
Never conclude the point discours'd.
Yet, that you *hic & nunc* may know
How much you to my candour owe,
I'll from the disputant descend,
To shew thee, I assume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own—
(So most philosophers have done)
It makes my *system* more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear friend;
But bring thy matters to an end.
I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
Who first offend will first complain.
Thou wishest I should make to shore;
Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In prose, receive for once in rhymes:
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church (no matter where),
Labour'd and push'd amidst the crowd,
Sill bawling out extremely loud,
Lord save us! why do people press!
Another, marking his distress,
Friendly reply'd, plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can;
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:
You make the very crowd you blame.
Says Dick, your moral does not need
The least return; so even proceed:
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was short:
So far, at least, I thank you for't.
Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone
More magisterial, thus went on.
Now, Alma settles in the head,
As has before been sung, or said:
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, strife;

Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Bays's dance.
I'Avare, not using half his store,
Still grumbles that he has no more;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year;
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fanci'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the *surint* you wear
Repels the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom?
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a *sonata* on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut
Whence every string at first was cut?
When Rarus shews you his cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that same hand were torn
Long before you or he were born.
Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,
For part of his Petronius lost,
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.
What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set!
'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of these no more you hear him speak:
He now begins upon the Greek.
These, rang'd and shew'd, shall in their turns
Remain obscure as in their urns.
My copper-lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought;
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.
Dick, I have seen you with delight
For Georgy * make a paper kite.
And simple odes too many shew ye
My servile complaisance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools—That's brave indeed!
Quoth Dick: such truths are worth receiving,
Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.
Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature!
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting!
Thy pride of being great and wise
I do but mention, to despise;
I view with anger and disdain
How little gives thee joy or pain;
A print, a *bronze*, a flower, a root,
A shell, a butterfly, can do't;
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time,

* Mr. Shelton's son.

Which else would on thy hand remain;
Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again;
And cards are dealt, and chefs-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward thought;
Happy result of human wit!
That Alma may herself forget.
Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or tofs'd by hope, or sunk by care,
With endless pain this man pursues
What, if he gain'd, he could not use;
And t' other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocrisy to pride,
Doubling the faults we strive to hide.
Or grant that, with extreme surprise,
We find ourselves at sixty wife,
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one;
Whilst, as my *system* says, the mind
Is to these upper rooms confin'd.
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks,
My Poem would be too prolix.
For, could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes?
As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping:
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:
Weary'd of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of state;
Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat
Of Will did this, and Nan said that:
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make,
Through which she wings her destin'd way;
Upward she soars, and down drops clay:
While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.
O Richard, till that day appears,
Which must decide our hopes and fears,
Would Fortune calm her present rage,
And give us play-things for our age:
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk;
Would she, in friendship, peace and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And should we both in this condition
Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition
(Else those two passions, by the way,
May chance to shew us scurvy play);
Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
Far from the tumult of this town;
I fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete.
Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
O'ershaded in that favourite walk,
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:

Yet then, ev'n then one crois reflection
Would spoil thy grove, and my collection :
Thy son, and his, ere that, may die,
And Time some uncouth heir supply,
Who shall for nothing else be known
But spoiling all that thou hast done,
Who set the twigs shall he remember
That is in haste to fell the timber ?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main ?

Nay, may not Time and Death remove
The near relations whom I love ?

And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures sell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell ?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set the price upon the bigger ?
Those who could never read the grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books best, as richest bound ;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weigh'd ;
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in ; and, for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—

Tir'd with these thoughts—Less tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philosophy—

That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if Fate spins us longer years,
Or is in haste to take the shears,
I know we must both fortunes try,
And bear our evils wet or dry.

Yet, let the Goddess smile or frown,
Bread we shall eat, or white or brown ;
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine *champagne* or muddled *port*.

What need of books these truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot spell ?
And must we spectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye ?

Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am,
I'll be all night at your devotion—
Come on, friend ; broach the pleasing notion :
But, if you would depress my thought,
Your *system* is not worth a great—

For Plato's fancies what care I ?
I hope you would not have me die,

Like simple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can say ?
E'en let him of ideas speak
To heathens in his native Greek.

If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.

Dear Drift, * to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight ;
Burn Mat's Des-cart, and Aristotle ;
Here ! Jonathan, your master's bottle.

* Mr. Prior's Secretary and Executor.

VOL. IV.

SOLOMON
ON THE
VANITY OF THE WORLD.
A
POEM
IN THREE BOOKS.

KNOWLEDGE :
THE FIRST BOOK.
THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom ; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of Nature ; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man ; proposes some questions concerning the origin and situation of the habitable earth ; proceeds to examine the system of the visible heaven ; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds ; inquires into the nature of Spirits and Angels ; and wishes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins and Doctors ; blames his own curiosity ; and concludes, that, as to Human Science, All is Vanity.

YE Sons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the Preacher, and believe the
Friend,

Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain ;
That, in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,
Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end :

That from the womb we take our fatal shares
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares ; 10
And, at approach of death, shall only know
The truth, which from these pensive numbers
flow,

That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.

Happiness, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, mistaking : fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade, 16
Notional good, by fancy only made,

And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire,
Cause of our care, and error of our mind ; 20
Oh ! hadst thou ever been by Heaven design'd
To Adam, and his mortal race ; the boon

Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon :
On me the partial lot had been bestow'd,
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd. 25

But O ! ere yet original man was made,
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
It was, opponent to our search, ordain'd
That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.

This sad experience cites me to reveal, 30
And what I dictate is from what I feel.

Born, as I was, great David's favourite son,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
Sublime my court, with Ophir's treasures blest,
My name extended to the farthest east, 35

Fff

My body cloth'd with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment found :
Arise (I commun'd with myself), arise ; 40
Think, to be happy ; to be great, be wise :
Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.

I said ; and sent my edict through the land :
Around my throne the letter'd rabbins stand ; 45
Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
The old discoursing as the younger read :
Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said :

The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree, 50
I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,
To creeping moss and hyssop on the wall :
Yet, just and conscious to myself, I find 55
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.

I know not why the beach delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade ;
Whilst towering firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies : 60
Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head ;
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the sun, why does the caltha fade ? 65
Why does the oppress flourish in the shade ?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station, and an evil plain ;
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found,
And while the hill with olive-stand is crown'd ?
Why does one climate and one soil endure 71
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet
blue ?

Why does the fond carnation love to stoop
A various colour from one parent root ? 75
While the fantastic tulip strives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak ?
The twining jasmine and the blushing rose
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose :
The smelling tuberosa and jonquil declare 80
The stronger impulse of an evening air.
Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flower
A various instinct, or a different power ?
Why should one earth, one-clime, one stream,
one breath,

Raise this to strength, and seek that to death ?
Whence does it happen, that the plant, which
well 87

We name the sensitive, should move and feel ?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring
hand ?

Along the sunny bank, or watery mead, 90
Ten thousand stalks the various blossoms spread :
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil ;
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride. 95
The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast :

A fairer red stands blushing in the rose
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment
flows.

Take but the humblest lily of the field ; 100
And, if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shewn
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with less glory than that simple flower.

Of fishes next, my friends, I would inquire :
How the mute race engender, or respire, 107
From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas 110

Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays ?
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters and the colder north,
To southern climes directing their career, 115
Their station changing with th' inverted year ?
How all with careful knowledge are endued,
To choose their proper bed, and wave, and
food ;
To guard their spawn, and educate their
brood ?

Of birds, how each according to her kind 120
Proper materials for her nest can find,
And build a frame, which deepest thought in
man

Would or amend or imitate in vain ?
How in small flights they know to try their
young,
And teach the callow child her parent's song ? 125
Why these frequent the plain, and those the
wood ?

Why every land has her specific brood ?
Where the tall crane, or winding swallow, goes,
Fearful of gathering winds and falling snows ;
If into rocks, or hollow trees, they creep, 130
In temporary death confin'd to sleep ;
Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a southern sky ?

Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
The wondrous nature, and the various race ; 135
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know ?

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee 139
Was first inform'd her venturous flight to steer
Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air ?
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills where sweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flowers their opening buds
disclose ?

How from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun,
Finds she the labour of her day is done ? 146
Who taught her against winds and rains to
strive,

To bring her burden to the certain hive ;
And through the liquid fields again to pass 149
Duteous, and hearkening to the founding brais ?

And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
By constant journies careful to prepare
Her stores ; and, bringing home the corny ear

By what instruction does she bite the grain, 155
 Left, hid in earth, and taking roof again,
 It might elude the foresight of her care?
 Distinct in either insect's deed appear
 The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and
 fear.

Fix thy corporal and internal eye 160
 On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;
 On the vile worm that yesterday began
 To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
 Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste,
 they see,
 They shew their passions by their acts, like
 thee: 165

Design'd revenge, and hence intent of war:
 Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
 The genial power, and full effect of love.
 Each then has organs to digest his food, 170
 One to beget, and one receive the brood;
 Has limbs and sinews, blood and heart, and
 brain,

Life and her proper functions to sustain,
 Though the whole fabric smaller than a grain. }
 What more can our penurious reason grant 175
 To the large whale, or castled elephant;
 To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
 The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile;
 Than that all differ but in shape and name,
 Each destin'd to a less or larger frame? 180

For potent Nature loves a various act,
 Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract;
 Now forms her work too small, now too im-
 mense,
 And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
 The object spread too far, or rais'd too high, 185
 Denies its real image to the eye;
 Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight,
 Becomes mixt blackness, or unparted light.
 Water and air the varied form confound;
 The straight looks crooked, and the square grows
 round. 190

Thus, while with fruitless hope and weary
 pain,

We seek great Nature's power, but seek in vain,
 Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat;
 Around her myriads of ideas wait,
 And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen
 Can take or quit, can alter or retain, 196
 As from our lost pursuit she wills, to hide
 Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

Untam'd and fierce the tiger still remains;
 He tires his life in biting on his chains: 200
 For the kind gifts of water and of food
 Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
 He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his
 blood: }

While the strong camel, and the generous horse,
 Restrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force, 205
 Do to the rider's will their rage submit,
 And answer to the spur, and own the bit;
 Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's
 hand,
 Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his com-
 mand.

Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad, 210
 On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;
 Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,
 And ties the hated neighbourhood of man:
 While the kind spaniel, and the faithful hound,
 Likest that fox in shape and species found, 215
 Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam,
 Pursues the noted path, and covets home,
 Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,
 Takes what the glutton child denies to eat,
 And, dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet. }

By what immediate cause they are inclin'd, 221
 In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
 I see in others, or I think I see,
 That strict their principles and ours agree.
 Evil like us they shun, and covet good; 225
 Abhor the poison, and receive the food.
 Like us they love or hate; like us they know
 To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
 With seeming thought their action they intend,
 And use the means proportion'd to the end. 230
 Then vainly the philosopher avers,
 That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.
 How can we justly different causes frame,
 When the effects intirely are the same?
 Instinct and reason how can we divide? 235
 'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride,
 With the same folly, sure, man vaunts his
 sway,

If the brute beast refuses to obey.
 For tell me, when the empty boaster's word
 Proclaims himself the universal lord, 240
 Does he not tremble, lest the lion's paw
 Should join his plea against the fancy'd law?
 Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
 If in the schools or porches should appear
 The fierce hyena, or the foaming bear? 245 }

The combatant too late the field declines,
 When now the sword is girded to his loins.
 When the swift vessel flies before the wind,
 Too late the sailor views the land behind.
 And 'tis too late now back again to bring 250
 Inquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing:
 Forward she strives, averse to be withheld
 From nobler objects, and a larger field.

Consider with me this aethereal space,
 Yielding to earth and sea the middle place. 255
 Anxious I ask you, how the penile ball
 Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall?
 When I reflect how the revolving sun
 Does round our globe his crooked journeys run,
 I doubt of many lands, if they contain 260
 Or herd of beast, or colony of man;
 If any nation pass their destin'd days
 Beneath the neighbouring sun's directer rays;
 If any suffer on the Polar coast
 The rage of Arctos and eternal frost. 265

May not the pleasure of Omnipotence
 To each of these some secret good dispense?
 Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
 May they not gales unknown to us receive?
 See daily show'ers rejoice the thirsty earth, 270
 And blest the flowery buds' succeeding birth?
 May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
 The various heaven of an obliquer sphere;

While by fix'd laws, and with a just return,
They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelve
that burn; 275

And praise the neighbouring sun, whose con-
stant flame

Enlightens them with seasons still the same?
And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
North beyond Tartary's extended waste;
Where through the plains of one continual day
Six shining months pursue their even way, 281
And fix succeeding urge their dusky flight,
Obscur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in
night:

May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
(As annals may inform succeeding times) 285
To our quotidian change of heaven prefer
Their own vicissitude, and equal share
Of day and night, disparted through the year?
May they not scorn our sun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space, 290
Hastening from morn, and headlong driven from
noon,

Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done?
May they not justly to our climes upbraid
Shortness of night, and penury of shade;
That, ere our wearied limbs are justly blest 295
With wholesome sleep, and necessary rest,
Another sun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yesterday to bear?
Whilst, when the solar beams salute their sight,
Bold and secure in half a year of light, 300
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remotest wood, and farthest lake;
Manage the fishing, and pursue the course
With more extended nerves, and more conti-
nued force?

And, when declining day forsakes their sky, 305
When gathering clouds speak gloomy winter
nigh,

With plenty for the coming season blest,
Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
Which our sad scenes of daily action know: 310
They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
And with full mirth receive the welcome guest;
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they suffer) to the listening fair;
And, rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease 315
(Grateful alternate of substantial peace),
They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.

In foreign isles which our discoveries find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd, 320
The rugged bear's, or spotted lynx's brood,
Frighten the vallies, and infect the wood;
The hungry crocodile, and hissing snake,
Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake;
And man, untaught and ravenous as the beast, 325
Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream, in-
fect;

Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?
Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man? 330
Or, grant this progeny was wast'd o'er
By coasting boats from next adjacent shore;

Would those, from whom we will suppose they
spring,

Slaughter to harmless lands and poison bring?
Would they on board or bears or lynxes take, 335
Feed the she adder, and the brooding snake?
Or could they think the new-discover'd isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?

And, since the savage lineage we must trace
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race; 340
How should their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,
To sow the globe, to plant the generous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine;
While the great fire's unhappy sons are found, 345
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their
ground,

Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God?

How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The varied forms of every thing we view: 350
That all is chang'd, though all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of those materials, which have been confess'd
The pristine springs and parents of the rest,
Each become other. Water stopp'd gives birth
To grass and plants, and thickens into earth: 356
Diffus'd, it rises in a higher sphere,
Dilates its drops, and softens into air:
Those finer parts of air again aspire,
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire: 360
That fire, once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious
womb

Alters its particles; is fire no more,
But lies resplendent dust, and shining ore;
Or, running through the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its shape, puts off its old remains; 366
With watery parts its lessen'd force divides,
Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
And deep surcharg'd by sandy mountains lie,
Obscurely sepulch'r'd. By eating rain, 371
And furious wind, down to the distant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the skies,
Shall fall; the plain by slow degrees shall rise
Higher than erst had stood the summit-hill; 375
For Time must Nature's great behest fulfill.

Thus, by a length of years and change of
fate,

All things are light or heavy, small or great:
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,
And Egypt's pyramids refine to air: 380
Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,
And travellers inquire where Babel stood.
Now where we see these changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by as natural;
Where to our eye more rarely they appear, 385
The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
Let active thought these close meanders trace;
Let human wit their dubious boundaries place:
Are all things miracle; or nothing such?
And prove we not too little, or too much? 390

For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud;

Is this more strange, than that the mountain's
brow,
Sripp'd by December's frost, and white with
snow,
Should push in spring ten thousand thousand
buds, 395
And boast returning leaves, and blooming
woods?

That each successive night from opening heaven
The food of angels should to man be given?
Is this more strange, than that with common
bread

Our fainting bodies every day are fed? 400
Than that each grain and seed, consum'd in
earth,
Raises its store, and multiplies its birth,
And from the handful, which the tiller sows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest
flows?

Then, from whatever we can to sense produce,
Common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,
From Nature's constant or eccentric laws, 407
The thoughtful soul this general inference
draws,

That an effect must pre-suppose a cause:
And, while she does her upward flight sustain,
Touching each link of the continued chain, 411
At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

This great Existence thus by reason found, 415
Blest by all power, with all perfection crown'd;
How can we bind or limit his decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eye may see?
Say then, is all in heaps of water lost,
Beyond the islands, and the mid-land coast? 420
Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
Sever'd those waters by some other earth,
Countries by future plough-shares to be torn,
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn!
Ere the progressive course of restless age 425
Performs three thousand times its annual stage,
May not our power and learning be supplest,
And arts and empire learn to travel west?

Where, by the strength of this idea charm'd,
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,
Ascends my soul? what sees she white and great
Amidst subject'd seas? An *isle* the seat 432
Of power and plenty; her imperial throne,
For justice and for mercy sought and known;
Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heaven, 435
From thence to this distinguish'd nation given,
Yet farther west the western *isle* extends
Her happy fame; her armed fleet she sends
To climates folded yet from human eye,
And lands, which we imagine wave and sky. 440
From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound;
Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd,
In other Indies, and a second world.
Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)
Be first in conquest, and predestin'd in fame: 446
Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of Envy, and the force of Age:
Ever'd and happy she shall long remain,
Of human things least changeable, least vain.

Yet all must with the general doom comply, 451
And this great glorious power, though last, must
die.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon' azure sky:
Behold it like an ample curtain spread, 455
Now streak'd and glowing with the morning-
red;

Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And choosing fable for the peaceful night.
Ask Reason now, whence light and shade were
given,

And whence this great variety of heaven. 460
Reason our guide, what can she more reply,
Than that the sun illuminates the sky;
Than that night rises from his absent ray,
And his returning lustre kindles day?

But we expect the morning-red in vain: 465
'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain.
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears: 470
Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
With stars unnumber'd and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wife, send forth your labouring
thought;

Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns every moment broke, 475
Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke:
Yet this solution but once more affords
New change of terms, and scaffolding of words:
In other garb my question I receive,
And take the doubt the very same I gave. 480

Lo! as a giant strong, the lusty sun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run;
Twofold his course, yet constant his career,
Changing the day, and finishing the year.
Again, when his descending orb retires, 485
And earth perceives the absence of his fires;
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams distributes fainter day.
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race;
Various her beams, and changeable her face. 490
Each planet, shining in his proper sphere,
Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer:
Each sees his lamp with different lustre crown'd;
Each knows his course with different periods
bound;

And, in his passage through the liquid space, 495
Nor hastens, nor retards, his neighbour's race.
Now, shine these planets with substantial rays?
Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days?
Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have
shewn) 499

Dart furtive beams and glory not their own,
All servants to that source of light, the sun?

Again I see ten thousand thousand itars,
Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is
fill'd, 504

When we would plant, or cultivate, or build;
But shining with such vast, such various light,
As speaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite,
How mean the order and perfection sought,
In the best product of the human thought,

Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns 510
In what the spirit of the world ordains!

Now if the sun to earth transmit his ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day;
How small a portion of his power is given
To orbs more distant, and remoter heaven? 515
And of those stars, which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal sky,
Each, by a native stock of honour great,
May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
(Itself a sun) and with transmissive light 520
Enliven worlds deny'd to human sight.

Around the circles of their ambient skies
New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise,
And other stars may to those suns be earths,
Give their own elements their proper births, 525
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,
See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll:
Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
May each to other (as their different sphere 530
Makes or their distance or their light appear)
Be seen a nobler or inferior star,
And, in that space which we call air and sky,
Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns, may
lie,

Unmeasur'd and unknown by human eye. 535
In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
And find and fix its centre here or there;
Whilst its circumference, scorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd
thought.

Where then are all the radiant monsters driven, 540
With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd
heaven?

Where will their fictitious images remain?
In paper-schemes, and the Chaldean's brain?

This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
Let us for once a child of truth confess; 545
That these fair stars, these objects of delight
And terror to our searching dazzled sight,
Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do these worlds display their beams, or
guide

Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride?
Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span, 551
A moment thy duration, foolish man?
As well may the minutest emmet say,
That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way;
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood 555
Was destin'd only for his walk and food;
The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast
That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast,
The craggy rock projects above the sky,
That he in safety at its foot may lie; 560
And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch
his shell.

A higher flight the venturous goodess tries,
Leaving material worlds and local skies; 564
Inquires what are the beings, where the space,
That form'd and held the angels' ancient race.
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
(I offer only what tradition taught);

Embattled cherub against cherub rose,
Did shield to shield, and power to power
oppose; 570
Heaven rung with triumph, hell was fill'd
with woes.
What were these forms of which your volumes
tell,
How some fought great, and others recreant
fell?

These bound to bear an everlasting load,
Duration of chain, and banishment of God; 575
By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire,
To swim in sulphurous lakes, or land on solid
fire:

While those exalted to primæval light,
Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
Only perceive some little pause of joys 580
In those great moments when their God em-
ploys

Their ministry, to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king, on the rebellious state;
Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
And speak the thunder falling from his hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns, 585
And the rebellious state in ashes mourns?
How can good angels be in heaven confin'd,
Or view that presence, which no space can bind;
Is God above, beneath or yon', or here? 590
He who made all, is he not every where?
Oh, how can wicked angels find a night
So dark, to hide them from that piercing light,
Which form'd the eye, and gave the power of
sight?

What mean I now of angel, when I hear 595
Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air?
Spirits to action spiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our
mind,

Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever seen. 600
Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
That these had appetite, and limb, and bone?
Else how could Abraham wash their weary'd
feet?

Or Sarah please their taste with savoury meat?
Whence should they fear? or why did Lot en- 605
gage

To save their bodies from abusive rage?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight
Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might?
How could a form in strength with matter try?
Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh? 610
Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our prayer, or keep our
ways,

By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?
Have they again (as sacred song proclaims) 615
Substances real, and existing frames?
How comes it, since with them we jointly share
The great effect of one Creator's care,
That, whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay? 620
Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath
With want and sorrow, with disease and death,

Do they, more blest'd, perpetual life employ
On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?

Now when my mind has all this world survey'd, 625

And found, that nothing by itself was made;
When thought has rais'd itself, by just degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flowers, and hills
with trees;

From smoaking mineral, and from rising
streams;

From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames;
From all the living, that four-footed move 630

Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins or feathers fly

Through the aerial or the watery sky;
From the poor reptile with a reasoning soul, 635

That miserable master of the whole;
From this great object of the body's eye,

This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright;

With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light;
From essences unseen, celestial names, 641

Enlightening spirits, and ministerial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,

All that in each degree the name of creature
owns:

Lift we our Reason to that Sovereign Cause, 645
Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it

with laws;
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely

frame,
His will and act, his word and work the same;

To whom a thousand years are but a day; 649
Who bade the light her genial beams display,

And set the moon, and taught the sun its
way:

Who, waking Time, his creature, from the
source

Primeval, order'd his predestin'd course;
Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,

Holding, obedient to his high command, 655
The deep abyfs, the long-continued store,

Where months, and days, and hours, and mi-
nutes pour

Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no
more.

This Alpha and Omega, first and last,
Who like the potter in a mould has cast 660

The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of Sense and Reason see;

Yet if he wills may change or spoil the whole;
May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry roll,

And burn it like an useless parchment scroll;
May from its basis in one moment pour 666

This melted earth—
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore;

Who, sole in power, at the beginning said,
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heaven be

made; 670
And it was so:—and when he shall ordain

In other sort, has but to speak again,
And they shall be no more: Of this great

theme,
This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting name,

This God, I would discourse.— 675

The learned elders sat appall'd, amaz'd,
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd;
Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame
(Too plain, alas! their silence spake their
shame);

Till one, in whom an outward mein appear'd,
And turn superior to the vulgar herd, 681

Began: That human learning's furthest reach
Was but to note the doctrine I could teach;

That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey;
For I in knowledge more than power did sway: 686

And the astonish'd world in me beheld
Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.

Humble a second bow'd, and took the word;
Forefaw my name by future age ador'd:

O live, said he, thou wisest of the wise; 690
As none has equal'd, none shall ever rise

Excelling thee.—
Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,

Pernicious Flattery! thy malignant seeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand, 695

Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,

And choak the hopes and harvest of the year.
And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,

Mute to my questions, in my praises loud, 700
Echo'd the word: whence things arose, or how

They thus exist, the aptest nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,

All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see!
My prophets and my sophists finish'd here 705

The civil efforts of the verbal war:
Not so my rabbins and logicians yield;

Retiring, still they combat; from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,

And skulk behind the subterfuge of art. 710
To speak one thing, mix'd dialects they join,

Divide the simple, and the plain define;
Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,

Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
Ill-grounded maxims, by false gloss enlarg'd,

And captious science against reason charg'd. 716
Soon their crude notions with each other

fought:
The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught;

And he a length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd. 720

O wretched impotence of human mind!
We erring still excuse for error find,

And darkling grope, not knowing we are
blind.

Vain man! since first thy blushing fire essay'd
His folly with connected leaves to shade, 725

How does the crime of thy resembling race
With like attempt that pristine error trace!

Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to

hide
By masks of eloquence and veils of pride? 730

With outward smiles their flattery I receiv'd;
Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd;

But bent, and inward to myself, again
Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain. 734

My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd,
At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,

Impartial; both in equal balance laid,
Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy
weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,
That human science is uncertain guess, 740
Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter
climb?

Or who shall tell me what is space or time?
In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes 745
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The searcher follows fast; the object faster flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind.
To fruitless search of something yet behind, 750
Various discussions tear our heated brain;
Opinions often turn; still doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increases pain.

How narrow limits were to wisdom given!
Earth she surveys; she thence would measure
Heaven: 755

Through mists obscure now wings her tedious
way;

Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day;
And from the summit of a pathless coast
Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd desire to know, 760
Offspring of Adam! was thy source of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit;
With empty labour and eluded strife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life; 765
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming swords and angry cherubs
guard?

P L E A S U R E :

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, again seeking happiness, inquires if
wealth and greatness can produce it: begins
with the magnificence of gardens and build-
ings, the luxury of music and feasting; and
proceeds to the hopes and desires of love.
In two episodes are shewn the follies and trou-
bles of that passion. Solomon, still disappointed,
falls under the temptations of libertinism and
idolatry; recovers his thought; reasons aright;
and concludes that, as to the pursuit of plea-
sure and sensual delight, All is Vanity and
Vexation of Spirit.

TRY then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the
grave:

For weary'd nature find some apter scheme:
Health be thy hope, and Pleasure be thy theme.
From the perplexing and unequal ways, 5
Where study brings thee; from the endless maze,
Which doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd, re-
cede

To the gay field and flowery path that lead
To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:
Forfake what may instruct, for what may please;

Essay amusing art, and proud expence,
And make thy reason subject to thy sense.

I commun'd thus: the power of wealth I
try'd,

And all the various luxe of costly pride;
Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours; 15
I founded palaces, and planted bowers;
Birds, fishes, beasts, of each exotic kind,
I to the limits of my court confin'd;
To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth,
And bade a foreign shade grace Judah's earth: 20
Fish-ponds were made, where former forests
grew,

And hills were levell'd to extend the view;
Rivers diverted from their native course,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd 25
Or rose through figur'd stone, or breathing gold;
From furthest Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erefts the spacious dome,
Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
On which the planted grove, the pensile garden,
grows. 30

The workmen here obey the master's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall,
To mark the pavement there with various stone,
And on the jasper steps to rear the throne:
The spreading cedar, that an age had stood, 35
Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thousand artists shew their cunning power,
To raise the wonders of the ivory tower. 40
A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the murex* is no more;
Till from the Parian isle, and Libya's coast, 45
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble
lost;

And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of Elephant.

My full design with vast expence achiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd; 50
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad thought did still re-
pair,
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering
care.

In vain on silken beds I sought repose, 55
And restless oft from purple couches rose;
Vexatious thought still found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
Stalk'd through my gardens, and pursued my
ways,

Nor shut from artful bower, nor lost in wind-
ing maze.

Yet take thy bent, my soul; another sense
Indulge; add music to magnificence:
Essay if harmony my grief control,
Or power of sound prevail upon the soul. 65

* The murex is a shell-fish, of the liquor where-
of a purple colour is made.

Often our seers and poets have confest
That music's force can tame the furious beast ;
Can make the wolf, or foaming bear, restrain
His rage ; the lion drop his crested mane,
Attentive to the song ; the lynx forget 70
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
Are we, alas ! less savage yet than these ?
Else music sure may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose ; and the cheerful choir
Parted their shares of harmony : the lyre 75
Softened the timbrel's noise ; the trumpet's
found

Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter found
When mixed) ; the fife the viol's notes refin'd,
And every strength with every grace was
join'd.

Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly
lay ; 80
Of opening Heaven they sung and gladsome
day.

Each evening their repeated skill express'd
Scenes of repose, and images of rest :
Yet still in vain ; for music gather'd thought :

But how unequal the effects it brought ! 85
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot ;
The solemn violence of the graver sound

Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.
And now reflecting, I with grief desir'd 90
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye ;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,

Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy search of thought !) I
found

The tickle ear soon glutted with the sound, 95
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tri'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bad the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper music with the sprightly dance,
In vain ! too low the mimic motions seem ; 100
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.

Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art ;
And, vex'd, I found that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command. 105

I drank : I lik'd it not : 'twas rage, 'twas
noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.

In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast, 110
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest ;

And, as at dawn of morn fair Reason's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the
night,

What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what
done ?
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source
begun ? 115

Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly
crowd,

And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
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To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air, 120
Offence and torture to the sober ear :

Perhaps, alas ! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault ;
From topics, which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret. 125

Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught ; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
Irrevocable ; the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate ; 130
What we should shun, and what we ought to
hate.

Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
Of health suppress'd, by wine's continued force.

Unhappy man ! whom sorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage ; 135

Who drinks, alas ! but to forget ; nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught ;
And, in the flowers that wreath the sparkling
bowl, 140

Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpent roll,
Remains there aught untry'd that may re-
move

Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom ?—Love.

Love yet remains : indulge his genial fire,
Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire, 145
And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
This last great remedy's mysterious power.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast ?
Why ceases it one moment to be blest ?

Fly swift, my friends ; my servants, fly ; em-
ploy 150

Your instant pains to bring your master joy.
Let all my wives and concubines be dress'd ;

Let them to-night attend the royal feast ;
All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair ;

The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war : 155
Before their monarch they shall singly pass,
And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.

I said : the feast was serv'd, the bowl was
crown'd :

To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round.
The women came : as custom wills, they pass :

On one (O that distinguish'd one !) I cast 161
The favourite glance ! O ! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.

Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race ;
Grace shap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her
face ; 165

Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air ;
Full, though unzon'd, her bosom rose ; her
hair,

Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd,

And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids
play'd. 170

Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could
love,

Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve
Your monarch's bliss, I said ; fresh roses bring

To strew my bed, till the impoverish'd Spring
G g g

Confess her want ; around my amorous head 175
Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber shed,
Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten string'd instrument, re-
quire

Sounds of delight ! and thou, fair nymph ! draw
nigh,

Thou, in whose graceful form and potent eye, 180
Thy master's joy long-fought at length is found ;
And, as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd :
O favourite virgin ! that hast warm'd the breast,
Whose sovereign dictates subjugate the East !

I said ; and sudden from the golden throne, 185
With a submissive step, I hasted down.

The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look ;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head :

O favourite virgin ! (yet again I said) 190
Receive thy honours destin'd to thy brow ;

And O, above thy fellows, happy thou !
Their duty must thy sovereign word obey ;
Rise up, my love, my fair-one, come away.

What pangs, alas ! what ecstasy of smart, 195
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart,
When she with modest scorn the wreath re-
turn'd,

Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward
mourn'd !

Forc'd by my pride, I my concern sup-
press'd,

Pretended drowiness, and wish of rest, 200
And sullen I forsook th' imperfect feast,

Ordering the Eunuchs, to whose proper care
Our Eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bower,
And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour. 205

Reflex I follow'd this obdurate maid
(Swift are the steps that Love and Anger tread) ;

Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace ;

By turns put on the suppliant and the lord ; 210
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd ;

Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or instant death.

Averse to all her amorous king desir'd,
Far as she might she decently retir'd, 215

And, darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,
What means, said she, King Solomon the Wife ?

This wretched body trembles at your power :
Thus far could fortune, but she can no more.

Free to herself my potent mind remains, 220
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.

'Tis said, that thou canst plausibly dispute,
Supreme of feers ! of angel, man, and brute ;

Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,
Of passion's folly and of reason's force ; 225

That, to the tribes attentive, thou canst show
Whence their misfortunes or their blessings
flow ;

That thou in science as in power art great,
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.

Where is that knowledge now, that regal
thought, 230

With just advice and timely counsel fraught ?
Where now, O Judge of Israel ! does it rove ?—

What in one moment dost thou offer ? Love—

Love ! why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife ;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life : 235

And human misery must begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.

Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first bride-bed of the world receive

A foreigner, a Heathen, and a slave ? 240
Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,

That Love, like Death, makes all distinction
void ;

Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast
His flames and torments only are express ;

His rage can in my smiles alone relent, 245
And all his joys solicit my consent.

Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot ;

Whilst each, delighted and delighting, gives
The pleasing ecstacy which each receives : 250

Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it
grows :

Its cheerful buds their opening bloom dis-
close,

And round the happy soil diffusive odour
flows.

If angry Fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplies ; 255

Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

By force beasts act, and are by force re-
strain'd :

The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ :

Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy, 260
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield,

Nor reap the harvest, though thou spoil'st the
field.

Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway ;
Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey :

But wilful Love thou must with smiles ap-
pease, 265

Approach his awful throne by just de-
grees,

And, if thou would'st be happy, learn to
please.

Not that those arts can here successful prove,
For I am destin'd to another's love.

Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command, 270
To my dear equal in my native land,

My plighted vow I gave ; I his receiv'd :
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each be-
liev'd

The mutual contract was to heaven convey'd ;
In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd 275

Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and
spread

The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold the peniard stain'd ;
Tate the sad life which I have long disdain'd ;

End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate, 280
Thy ill-starr'd passion and my steadfast hate :

For, long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest power retains,

Hear me to Egypt's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is my part, be thine, O King, def-
pair. 285

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Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her breast;

Stand it in Judah's chronicles confess,
That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd!

Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed, 290
And to my soul, yet uncollected, said,
Into thyself, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have pleasure

fought,
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride, 296
'Tis in another's power, and is deny'd.

Am I a king, great Heaven! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath;
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore, 300
And one mad damsel dares dispute my power?

To ravish her! that thought was soon de-
press'd,

Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
To send her back! O whither, and to whom?
To lands where Solomon must never come? 305
To that insulting rival's happy arms,

For whom, disdain'd me, she keeps her
charms?

Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Thou' escape thy anger, who refuse thy sway, 310
And those are punish'd most who most obey.

See Judah's king revere thy greater power:
What canst thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear,

Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's
prayer? 315

Why to some simple shepherd does she run
From the fond arms of David's favourite son?
Why flies she from the glories of a court,

Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign sup-
port,

To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow, 320
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with
snow,

Where pinching want must curb her warm de-
sires,

And household cares suppress thy genial fires?
Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove

Thy force, while they erect the shrines of Love.
His mystic form the artizans of Greece 326

In wounded stone, or molten gold, express;
And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow,

Faith in his hand the idol holds his bow;
A quiver by his side sustains his store 330

Of pointed darts; sad emblems of his power:
A pair of wings he has, which he extends

Now to be gone; which now again he bends,
Prono to return, as best may serve his wanton

ends. 335

Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd,
Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid:

I felt him strike, and now I see him fly:
Curs'd demon! O! for ever broken lie

Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed! 340

Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging
wing,

Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to
bring

The damsel back, and save the love, sick
king!

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget; 345

I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd:
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd;

Till, hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,
I from necessity receiv'd relief:

Time gently aided to assuage my pain, 350
And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd
rein.

But O, how short my interval of woe!
Our griefs how swift! our remedies how slow!

Another nymph (for so did Heaven ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain) 355

Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,

Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.

Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste 360
To grace my presence; Abra went the last:

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,
And laughing gloss'd, that Abra serv'd so well.

To me her actions did unheeded die, 366
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;

Till, more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.

The sun declin'd had shot his western ray, 370
When, tir'd with business of the solemn day,

I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.

I call'd before I sat to wash my hands
(For so the precept of the law commands): 375

Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approach'd, on my declining head

To pour the oils: she trembled as she pour'd;
With an unguarded look she now devour'd 381

My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.

And whence, said I, canst thou have dread or
pain?

What can thy imagery of sorrow mean; 385
Secluded from the world and all its care,

Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure I added, sure thy little heart

Ne'er felt Love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart.
Apath'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke:

Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke. 391
If the great master will descend to hear

The humble series of his handmaid's care;
O! while she tells it, let him not put on

The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death severe in glory lie 396

In the king's frown and terror of his eye!
Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain:

And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
G g 2

If the king smile whilst I my woe recite, 400
 If weeping I find favour in his sight,
 Flow fast, my tears, full rising his delight.
 O! witness earth beneath, and heaven above!
 For can I hide it? I am sick of love;
 If madness may the name of passion bear, 405
 Or love be call'd what is indeed despair.

Thou Sovereign Power! whose secret will controls
 The inward bent and motion of our souls!
 Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
 Between the cause and cure of my disease? 410
 The mighty object of that raging fire,
 In which unpy'd Abra must expire,
 Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
 The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
 At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
 Scornful of winter's frost and summer's fun,
 Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon.

For him at night, the dear expected guest,
 I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;
 And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain, 420
 Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain.
 Wavering, impatient, tofs'd by hope and fear,

Till he and joy together should appear,
 And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
 On my declining neck and open breast 425
 I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,
 And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
 With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
 To rise and from the fold release the sheep,
 Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep, 430

Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame
 (For sure from Heaven the faithful ardor came),
 Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
 With height of title, and extent of power;
 Without a crime my passion had aspir'd, 435
 Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desired.

Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
 To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
 To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
 And gather honey falling from his tongue, 440
 To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
 Sweeter than breezes of her native south,
 Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
 To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
 Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams 445
 Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;
 Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
 As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
 Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red
 Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread; 450
 Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
 Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
 Recent, and branching on the sunny rock.
 Ivory, with sapphires interspers'd, explains
 How white his hands, how blue the manly veins, 455

Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
 On golden bases, are his legs and feet;
 His stature all majestic, all divine,
 Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.

Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed, 460
 And everlasting sweets bloom round his head,
 What utter I! where am I! wretched maid!
 Die, Abra, die: too plainly hast thou said
 Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
 And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race; 465
 To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
 With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons
 to come.

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.

O foolish maid! and O unhappy tale!
 My suffering heart for ever shall defy
 New wounds and danger from a future eye. 470
 O! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
 The wretched memory of my former pain,
 The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.
 As time, I said, may happily efface 475
 That cruel image of the king's disgrace,
 Imperial reason shall resume her seat,
 And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.
 Betray'd by passion, as subdued in war,
 We wisely should exert a double care, 480
 Nor ever ought a second time to err.

This Abra then—
 I saw her, 'twas humanity; it gave
 Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
 Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true, 485
 And generous pity to that truth was due.
 Well I intreated her, who well deserv'd;
 I call'd her often, for she always serv'd;
 Use made her person easy to my sight,
 And ease insensibly produc'd delight. 490

Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers
 (For first I fought her but at looser hours),
 The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
 The cake she kneaded was the savory meat:
 But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste, 495

If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
 Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
 Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;
 And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,

Raising their voices to the master lyre, 500
 Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;

One shew'd too much, and one too little skill;
 Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
 Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
 Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest, 505
 And better mien disclos'd, as better dress.
 A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,
 To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride;
 The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
 Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd;
 Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
 And every gem augmented every charm.
 Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,
 And the more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame, 515
 The several follies of my former flame;
 Willing my heart for recompense to prove
 The certain joys that lie in prosperous love.
 For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,
 Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe? 520

The damsel's sole ambition is to please :
 With freedom I may like, and quit with ease :
 She sooths, but never can enthral my mind :
 Why may not peace and love for once be join'd ?
 Great Heaven ! how frail thy creature man is
 made !

How by himself insensibly betray'd !
 In our own strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse power,
 And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd
 We wish to charm, and seek to be below'd. 530
 On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
 Masters as yet of our returning way ;
 Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
 And give our conduct to the waves and wind :
 Then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade, 535
 To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
 We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll,
 Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
 Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies ; 540
 And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn ;
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
 And from our troubled view the lessend lands retreat.

O mighty Love ! from thy unbounded
 power 545

How shall the human bosom rest secure ?
 How shall our thought avoid the various snare ?
 Or Wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
 The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy ?

The haughty nymph, in open beauty drest,
 To-day encounters our unguarded breast :
 She looks with majesty, and moves with state ;
 Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
 She scorns the world, and dares the rage of
 Fate. 555

Here whilst we take stern manhood for our
 guide,

And guard our conduct with becoming pride ;
 Charm'd with the courage in her action shewn,
 We praise her mind, the image of our own.
 She that can please is certain to persuade, 560
 To-day below'd, to-morrow is obey'd.

We think we see through reason's optics right,
 Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight :
 Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her
 mind,

And when we speak her great, we wish her
 kind. 565

To-morrow, cruel power ! thou arm'st the
 fair

With flowing sorrow, and dishevell'd hair ;
 Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
 Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
 Here generous softness warms the honest breast ;
 We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd. 571
 And, whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,
 Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,
 Weicken soon from her contagious care,
 Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair ;
 And against love too late those bosoms arm, 576
 Which tears can soften, and which sighs can
 warm.

Against this nearest, cruellest of foes,
 What shall wit meditate, or force oppose ?
 Whence, feeble nature, shall we summon aid,
 If by our pity and our pride betray'd ? 581
 External remedy shall we hope to find,
 When the close fiend has gain'd our treacherous
 mind ;

Insulting there does reason's power deride,
 And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide ?
 My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held
 My freedom in her chains ; my heart was fill'd
 With her, with her alone ; in her alone
 It fought its peace and joy : while she was gone,
 It sigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her
 stay ; 590

Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief,
 away :

Her absence made the night, her presence
 brought the day.

The ball, the play, the mask, by turns suc-
 ceed :

For her I make the song, the dance with her I
 lead.

I court her various in each shape and dress, 595
 That luxury may form, or thought express.

To-day, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,
 In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns :
 The wreath denoting conquest guides her brow,
 And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow. 600
 The mimic chorus sings her prosperous hand,
 As she had slain the foe, and sav'd the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air,
 Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war,
 The form of peaceful Abigail assumes, 605
 And from the village with the present comes :
 The youthful band depose their glittering arms,
 Receive her bounties, and recite her charms ;
 Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,
 To meet with due regard my future queen. 610

If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
 To range the woods, or chase the flying hind,
 Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
 Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.

In lessen'd royalty, and humble state, 615
 Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait,

Till Abra comes : she comes ; a milk-white steed,
 Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
 Sustains the nymph : her garments flying loose
 (As the Sidonian maids or Thracian use), 620
 And half her knee and half her breast appear,

By art, like negligence, disclos'd and bare.
 Her left hand guides the hunting courser's flight,
 A silver bow she carries in her right,

And from the golden quiver at her side 625
 Ruffles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.

Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
 An artificial moon's increasing ray.

Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
 The favourite Abra speaks, and looks, and
 moves. 630

Her, as the present goddess, I obey :
 Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
 The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame :
 Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
 Her mystic praise ; the vocal triumphs bound
 Against the hills ; the hills reflect the sound. 636

If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fish-pools, or the glassy floods,
Her mind to-morrow points; a thousand hands,
To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
Upon the watry beach an artful pile 641

Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle:
A golden chariot in the midst is set,
And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.

Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,
In semblance of the Grecian Venus known: 646
Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move,
And sing in moving strains the force of love;
Whilst, as th' approaching pageant does appear,
And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,
I, her adorer, too devoutly stand 651

Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddess rising from the wave.

O subject Reason! O imperious Love! 655
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough, that Abra should be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural seat?

That masking habits, and a borrow'd name,
Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame? 660

No, no: Jerusalem combin'd must see
My open fault, and regal infamy.

Solemn a mo' is destin'd for the feast:
Abra invites; the nation is the guest.

To have the honour of each day sustain'd, 665
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are
drain'd:

Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's, are explor'd:
The edible creation decks the board:

Hardly the phoenix 'scapes—

The men their lyres, the maids their voices
raise, 670

To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise;
And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse

In lying strains and ignominious verse:

While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent Love from public eyes should
hide, 675

I shew her to the world, confess'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.

And now her friends and flatterers fill the
court;

From Dan and from Beersheba they resort:

They barter places, and dispose of grants, 680

Whole provinces unequal to their wants;

They teach her to recede, or to debate,

With toys of love to mix affairs of state;

By practis'd rules her empire to secure,

And in my pleasure make my ruin sure. 685

They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd advice,

That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,

Dissemble and command, be false and wise;

By ignominious arts, for servile ends,

Should compliment their foes, and shun their
friends.

And now I leave the true and just supports

Of legal princes, and of honest courts,

Barzillai's and the fierce Bena'ah's heirs,

Whose sires, great partners in my father's cares,

Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,

Great by their toil, and glorious by their
wound. 696

And now (unhappy counsel!) I prefer
Those whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Korah's blood, and taunting Shimei's race;
Misercreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace,
Though they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd
him to his face.

Still Abra's power, my scandal still increas'd;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could fettle or revoke,
And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke. 705

Israel neglected, Abra was my care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd, for her.

I durst not reason with my wounded heart;

Abra possess'd; she was its better part.

O! had I now review'd the famous cause, 710

Wh'ch gave my righteous youth so just applause,

In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue

Had cunning art and sly persuasion hung,

And real care in vain, and native love,

In the true parent's panting breast had strove; 715

While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child

Or stain or sav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd,

Unknowning to command, proud to obey,

A lifeless king, a royal shade, I lay.

Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain; 720

The widow's cries address the throne in vain.

Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file,

And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.

No more the elders throng'd around my throne;

To hear my maxims, and reform their own. 725

No more the young nobility were taught

How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.

Loose and undisciplin'd the foldier lay,

Or lost in drink and game the solid day.

Porches and schools, design'd for public good, 730

Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,

Or nodded, threatening ruin,—

Half pillars wanted their expected height,

And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.

The artists grieve; the labouring people droop:

My father's legacy, my country's hope, 735

God's temple, lies unfinished.—

The wife and great deplor'd their monarch's
fate,

And future mischief's of a sinking state.

Is this, the serious said, is this the man, 740

Whose active soul through every science ran?

Who, by just rule and elevated skill,

Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?

Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit, 745

On large phylacteries expressive writ,

Were to the forehead of the rabbins ty'd,

Our youth's instruction, and 'our age's pride!

Could not the wife his wild desires restrain?

Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain!

What from his life and letters were we taught, 750

But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay

(As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)

Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,

And charms superior to their master's fame. 755

Laughing, some praise the king, who let them
see

How aptly luxe and empire might agree:

Some gl
* stri
And bro
However
To him v
The king
To Abra
Our loof
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Let Dina
And touc
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Free, as
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Toth

Some glofs'd, how love and wisdom were at
* strife,

And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
However, friend, here's to the king, one cries :

To him who *was* the king, the friend replies. 761

The king, for Judah's and for wisdom's curse,

To Abra yields : could I or thou do worse ?

Our looser lives let chance or folly steer,

If thus the prudent and determin'd err. 765

Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,

And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air :

Let us the bliss without the sting receive,

Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.

Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow : 770

Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to

woe.

Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,

And added to the thousand he has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy power express'd,

Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast ! 775

And harsh the rules which we from thee re-

ceive,

If for our wisdom we our pleasure give ;

And more to think be only more to grieve :

If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd,

Forfeits his joy, to vindicate his pride, 780

And, changing sorrows, I am only found

Loos'd from the chains of Love, in thine more

strictly bound !

But do I call thee tyrant, or complain

How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign ?

While thou, alas ! art but an empty name, 785

To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same ;

The idle product of a troubled thought,

In borrow'd shapes and airy colours wrought ;

A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade ;

A chain which man to fetter man has made ;

By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd ! 791

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,

Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring,

I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting.

Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul, 795

Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.

Yes ; thy insulting dictates shall be heard ;

Virtue for once shall be her own reward :

Yes ; rebel Israel ! this unhappy maid

Shall be dismiss'd ; the crowd shall be obey'd :

The king his passion and his rule shall leave, 801

No longer Abra's, but the people's slave.

My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate ;

I will, alas ! be wretched to be great,

And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state. 805

I said : resolv'd to plunge into my grief

At once so far, as to expect relief

From my despair alone—

I chose to write the thing I durst not speak

To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake. 810

The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove

How inconsistent majesty and love.

I always should, it said, esteem her well,

But never see her more : it bid her feel

No future pain for me ; but instant wed

A lover more proportion'd to her bed, 815

And quiet dedicate her remnant life

To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read, and forth to me she wildly ran,

To me, the ease of all her former pain. 820

She kneel'd, intreated, struggled, threaten'd,

cry'd,

And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd :

Till, now, deny'd the liberty to mourn,

And by rude fury from my presence torn,

This only object of my real care, 825

Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,

In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd

From wealth, from power, from love, and from

the world.

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious

soul,

What different sorrows did within thee roll ? 830

What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou

sustain ?

What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain ?

How oft' from pomp and state did I remove,

To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love ?

How oft', all day, recall'd I Abra's charms, 835

Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms ?

How oft', with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,

Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace ?

How oft' desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,

And live in shades with her and Love alone ? 840

How oft' all night pursued her in my dreams,

O'er flowery vallies, and through crystal streams,

And, waking, view'd with grief the rising

sun,

And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone ?

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched

love, 845

In my swollen bosom, with long war had strove ;

At length they broke their bounds ; at length

their force

Bore down whatever met its stronger course,

Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste,

And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past. 850

So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain

The congregated snow and swelling rain,

Till the full stores their ancient bounds dis-

tain,

Precipitate the furious torrent flows :

In vain would speed avoid, or strength op-

pose ; 855

Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous

drown'd,

With one great death deform the dreary

ground ;

The echoed woes from distant rocks re-

sound.

And now, what impious ways my wishes took,

How they the monarch and the man for-

sook ; 860

And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,

Through crooked paths, and sad retreats of

ill ;

How Judah's daughters now, now foreign

slaves,

By turns my prostituted bed receives ;

Through tribes of women how I loosely rang'd

Impatient ; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd ;

And, by the instinct of capricious lust,

Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust :

O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd 870
O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion and eternal shade !
Or let their sad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure belief, 875
That vice engenders shame, and folly broods o'er
grief !

Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease, I lay ;
The night I revell'd, and I slept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires,
And daily change extinguish'd young desires. 880
By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd ;
And, always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores and old ideas find,
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide, 885
To take the true, or set the false aside.
No longer does swift memory trace the cells,
Where springing wit, or young invention,
dwells.

Frequent debauch to habitude prevails ;
Patience of toil, and love of virtue, fails. 890
By sad degrees impair'd, my vigour dies,
Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.

The women on my dotage build their sway ;
They ask, I grant ; they threaten, I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely stride, 895
Aw'd by the Persian damsel's haughty pride :
Now with the looser Syrian dance and sing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,

And shape my foolishness to their desire ; 900
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dress, 905
And serve her god, whose person I care for.

Where, my deluded sense, was reason flown ?
Where the high majesty of David's throne ?
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living God inform'd my
youth, 910

When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods ;
Osiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud, 915
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food ?
When in the woody hills forbidden shade
I carv'd the marble, and invoc'd its aid ;
When in the fens to snakes and flies, with
zeal

Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell ;
To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd ;
When to all beings sacred rites were given,
Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heaven ?

Through these sad shades, this chaos in my
soul, 925

Some seeds of light at length began to roll.

The rising motion of an infant ray
Shot glimmering through the cloud, and promis'd
day.

And now, one moment able to reflect,
I found the king abandon'd to neglect, 930
Seen without awe, and serv'd without re-
spect.

I found my subjects amicably join
To lessen their defects by citing mine.

The priest with pity pray'd for David's race ;
And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace. 935
The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son
The sad examples which he ought to shun,
Describ'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon.
Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing,
A wife child better than a foolish king. 941

Into myself my Reason's eye I turn'd,
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty king I am, an earthly god ;
Nations obey my word, and wait my nod :
I raise or sink, imprison or set free, 945
And life or death depends on my decree.

Fond the idea, and the thought is vain ;
O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign ;
Legions of lust, and various powers of ill,
Insult the master's tributary will : 950
And he, from whom the nations should re-
ceive

Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
Lash'd by mad rage, and scorcht by brutal
fires.

O Reason ! once again to thee I call ; 955
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.
Wisdom, thou say'it, from Heaven receiv'd her
birth,

Her beams transmitted to the subject earth ;
Yet this great empress of the human soul
Does only with imagin'd power control, 960
If restless Passion by rebellious sway
Compels the weak usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,
Without thy poor advice, the labouring heart
To worse extremes with swifter steps would
run, 965

Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Of have I said, the praise of doing well
Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.
Now, if some flies perchance, however small,
Into the alabaster urn should fall. 970

The odours of the sweets inclos'd would die,
And stench corrupt (sad change !) their place
supply.

So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed ;
Into the balm of purest virtue cast, 975
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Lost Solomon ! pursue this thought no more :
Of thy past errors recollect the store ;
And silent weep, that, while the deathless Muse
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their heads diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone, and, to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy
name.

Awaking, therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my women and their gods asham'd, 1985
From this abyfs of exemplary vice
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to
rise;

Again I bid the mournful goddess write
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight;
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing, 990
And, rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion,
sing

Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
Of uselefs wealth and greatness unenjoy'd,
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train,
Their wishes, smiles, and looks, deceitful all,
and vain.

P O W E R.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon considers man through the several stages
and conditions of life, and concludes in ge-
neral, that we are all miserable. He reflects
more particularly upon the trouble and uncer-
tainty of greatness and power; gives some in-
stances thereof from Adam down to himself;
and still concludes that all is Vanity. He rea-
sons again upon life, death, and a future be-
ing; finds human wisdom too imperfect to re-
solve his doubts; has recourse to religion;
is informed by an angel, what shall happen to
himself, his family, and his kingdom; till the
redemption of Israel; and, upon the whole,
resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to
the will of his Creator.

C O M E then, my Soul; I call thee by that
name;

'Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am;
For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;
Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
But how canst thou to be, or whence thy
spring? 5

For various of thee priests and poets sing.

Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
Some separate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet; 10
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of instinct, more than choice of
will;

Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain;
Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail, 15
In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail;
Till, mingled with thy partner's latest breath,
Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death?

Or, if thy great existence would aspire 20
To causes more sublime, of heavenly fire
Wert thou a spark struck off, a separate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay;
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;

To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame, 25
Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame;

To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
As fits the various course of human age; 30
Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her prison's mouldering
walls;

Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
Which now the pile or sepulchre contains;
And thence with liberty unbounded flies, 35
Impatient to regain her native skies?

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to
go,

(Points which we rather may dispute than
know)

Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
Which for thy sake from passions I divest, 40
For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.

Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temperance wills, and prudence may per-
suade:

Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear, 45
Guided to what may great or good appear.
And try if life be worth the liver's care.

Amass'd in man, there justly is beheld
What through the whole creation has excell'd:
The life and growth of plants, of beasts the
sense, 50

The angel's forecast and intelligence:
Say from these glorious seeds what harvest
flows,

Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let clearest reason see

The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be; 55
Helpless and naked, on a woman's knees

To be expos'd and rear'd as the may please,
Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease:

His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unprais'd day;
His heart assaulted by invading air,

And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young sense how various forms appear,

That strike his wonder, and excite his fear:
By his distortions he reveals his pains; 65

He by his tears and by his sighs complains;
Till time and use assist the infant wretch,

By broken words and rudiments of speech,
His wants in plainer characters to show,

And paint more perfect figures of his woe; 70
Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years

To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears:
To pass the riper period of his age,

Acting his part upon a crowded stage;
To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares, 75

To open dangers, and to secret snares;
To malice which the vengeful foe intends,

And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
His deeds examin'd by the people's will,

Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill; 80
Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,

Who, in the scorner's or the judge's seat,
Dare to condemn the virtue which they have.

H h h

Or, would he rather leave this frantic scene,
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men, 85
In the remotest wood and lonely grot
Certain to meet that worst of evils, Thought;
Different ideas to his memory brought,
Some intricate as are the pathless woods,
Impetuous some as the descending floods; 90
With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn,
He hears the echoing rock return his sighs,
And from himself the frighted hermit flies.

Thus, through what path so'er of life we
rove. 95

Rage companies our hate, and grief our love.
Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake, 101
For hope is but the dream of those that wake:
But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
Of woes anew, which were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the path again; 105
Still adding grief, still counting from the frist,
Judging the latest evils still the worst,
And sadly finding each progressive hour
Heighten their number and augment their power,

Till, by one countless sum of woes oppress'd, 110
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
Thus through the round of age to childhood
we return;

Reflecting find, that naked from the womb 115
We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fallen or hanging o'er our heads;
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood;
The noisome pestilence, that in open war 125
Terrible marches through the mid-day air,
And scatters death; the arrow that by night
Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings its flight;
The billowing snow, and violence of the
shower,

That from the hills disperse their dreadful
store, 130

And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
That worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad
guest,

Canker or locust, hurtful to infect
The blade: while husks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the year. 135

Pass we the slow discase, and subtle pain,
Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;
The cruel stone with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulse, and continued strife, 140
Weakening the wasted seats of irksome life;

The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's
rage,

The sad experience of decay; and age,
Herself the forest ill: while death and ease,
Oft' and in vain invoc'd or to appease 145
Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
From the vex'd patient and the sickly bed.

Naught shall it profit, that the charming fair,
Angelic, softest work of Heaven, draws near
To the cold shaking paralytic hand, 150
Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command;
Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
The dictates of its feeble master's will.
Nought shall the psaltry and the harp avail,
The pleasing song, or well-repeated tale, 155
When the quick spirits their warm march for-
bear,

And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.
The verdant rising of the flowery hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,
The ocean rolling and the shelley shore, 160
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more,
When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps or dim suffusion lie.
Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain; 165
But to the aged-blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude: he still must mourn
The sun, the moon, and every starry light,
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.

Behold where age's wretched victim lies, 170
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd
eyes;

Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves;
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives,
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he
lives.

Loos'd by devouring time, the silver cord 175
Dissever'd lies; unhonour'd from the board
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
And apter utensils their place supply.
These things and thou must share one equal
lot,

Die and be lost, corrupt and be forgot; 180
While still another and another race
Shall now supply, and now give up the place;
From earth all came, to earth must all return,
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But be the terror of these ills suppress'd, 185
And view we man with health and vigour blest.
Home he returns with the declining sun,
His destin'd task of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay, 190
And find the ill sufficient to the day.

Haply at night he does with horror shun
A widow'd daughter or a dying son;
His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees,
And doubly feels his want in their increase; 195
The next day, and the next, he must attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
In every act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities, or household ills;
The due reward to just desert refus'd, 200
The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;

The judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,
And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws;
The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
And violent will of the wrong-doing great; 205
The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,
Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice re-
claim.

Esteem we these, my friends, event and
chance,

Produc'd as atoms from their fluttering dance?

Or higher yet their essence may we draw 210
From destin'd order and eternal law?

Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat;

Spring they, I say, from accident or fate?

Yet such we find they ere as can control

The servile actions of our wavering soul: 215

Can fright, can alter, or can chain, the will;

Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal search! in which the labouring mind,
Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to

find

A shadow of delight, a dream of peace, 220

From years of pain one moment of release;

Hoping at least the may herself deceive,

Against experience willing to believe,

Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve. }

Happy the mortal man, who now at last, 225

Has through this doleful vale of misery pass'd,

Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on

The tedious load, and laid his burden down;

Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble, shews

Victor o'er Life, and all her train of woes, 230

He, happier yet, who, privileg'd by Fate

To shorter labour and a lighter weight,

Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,

Order'd to-morrow to return to death.

But O! beyond description happiest he, 235

Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea;

Who, with blest'd freedom, from the general

doom

Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,

Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb!

Who breathes, must suffer: and who thinks,

must mourn; 240

And he alone is blest'd, who ne'er was born.

"Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher,

"hear:

"Are not these general maxims too severe?

"Say: cannot power secure its owner's bliss?

"And is not wealth the potent fire of peace?" }

"Are victors blest'd with fame, or kings with

"ease?"

I tell thee, life is but one common care,

And man was born to suffer, and to fear.

"But is no rank, no station, no degree,

"From this contagious taint of sorrow free?"

None, mortal! none. Yet in a bolder strain

Let me this melancholy truth maintain.

But hence, ye worldly and profane, retire;

For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre.

To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd: 255

Ye still must covet life, and be deceiv'd:

Your very fear of death shall make you try

To catch the shade of immortality;

Wishing on earth to linger, and to save

Part of its prey from the devouring grave; 260

To those who may survive you to bequeath
Something entire, in spite of Time and Death;
A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building, live.

False hope! vain labour! let some ages fly, 265

The dome shall moulder, and the volume die:

Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it

strange,

That all the parts of this great fabric change,

Quit their old station, and primæval frame,

And lose their shape, their essence, and their

name? 270

Reduce the song: our hopes, our joys, are

vain;

Our lot is sorrow, and our portion pain.

What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort

bring,

The name of wife or great, of judge or king?

What is a king?—a man condemn'd to bear 275

The public burden of the nation's care;

Now crown'd some angry faction to appease;

Now falls a victim to the people's ease;

From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,

Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth;

At home surrounded by a servile crowd, 281

Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud;

Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,

His very state acknowledging his fears;

Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shews

His secret terror of a thousand foes;

In war, however prudent, great, or brave,

To blind events and fickle chance a slave;

Seeking to settle what for ever flies,

Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize, 290

But he returns with conquest on his brow,

Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow:

The captive generals to his car were ty'd;

The joyful citizens tumultuous tide,

Echoing his glory, gratify his pride. 295

What is this triumph? madness, shouts, and

noise,

One great collection of the people's voice.

The wretches he brings back in chains relate

What may to-morrow be the victor's fate;

The spoils and trophies, borne before him, }

shew 300

National loss, and epidemic woe;

Various distress, which he and his may know.

Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain,

The heroes, once the glory of the plain,

Left in the conflict of the fatal day, 305

Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?

Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,

Wet with the soldiers blood, and widows tears?

See, where he comes, the darling of the war!

See millions crowding round the gilded car! 310

In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour,

And full fruition of successful power,

One moment and one thought might let him

scan

The various turns of life, and fickle state of

man.

Are the dire images of sad distrust, 315

And popular change, obscur'd amid the dust

H h h 2

That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?
 Can the loud clarion or shrill life repel
 The inward cries of care? can Nature's voice
 Plaintive be drown'd or lessen'd in the noise; 320
 Though shouts of thunder loud afflict the air,
 Stun the birds now releas'd, and shake the ivory
 chair?

Yon' crowd (he might reflect), yon' joyful
 crowd,
 Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,
 (Should fleeting victory to the vanquish'd go, 325
 Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe)
 Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
 At the high palace, or the crowded gate;
 With restless rage would pull my statues down,
 And cast the brags anw to his renown. 330
 Oimpotent desire of worldly sway!

That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
 May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
 Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier!
 Then (vileness of mankind!) then of all these,
 Whom my dilated eye with labour fees, 336
 Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great,
 Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate?
 Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,
 The victor's pastime, and the sport of war, 340
 Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
 Or be so poor, to own he was my friend?

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wife?
 To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes?
 To know with more distinction to complain, 345
 And have superior sense in feeling pain?
 Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
 Where safe from time distinguish'd actions lie;
 And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
 Or pleasure ever may with power remain. 350
 Adam, great type, for whom the world was
 made,

The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
 A charming wife; and air, and sea, and land,
 And all that move therein to his command
 Render'd obedient: say, my pensive Muse, 355
 What did these golden promises produce?
 Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd;
 One day, I think, in paradise he liv'd;
 Destin'd the next his journey to pursue,
 Where wounding thorns and cursed thistles
 grew. 360

Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
 Inclind to earth, his labouring sweat must flow;
 His limbs must ache, with daily toils oppress'd
 Ere long-with'd night brings necessary rest.
 Still viewing with regret his darling Eve, 365
 He for her follies and his own must grieve;
 Bewailing still afresh their hapless choice;
 His ear oft frighted with the imagin'd voice
 Of Heaven, when first it thunder'd; oft' his
 view

Aghast, as when the infant lightning flew, 370
 And the stern Cherub stopp'd the fatal road,
 Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God,
 His younger son on the polluted ground,
 First-fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
 Given by a brother's hand: his eldest birth 375
 Flies, mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er earth.

Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the fire,
 Becomes nor man, nor angel, to inquire.

Each age sinn'd on; and guilt advanc'd with
 time:

The son still added to the father's crime; 380
 Till God arose, and, great in anger, said,
 Lo! it repenteth me, that man was made!
 Withdraw thy light, thou sun! be dark, ye skies!
 And from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise!

The frightened angels heard th' Almighty Lord,
 And o'er the earth from wrathful vials pour'd }
 Tempests and storms, obedient to his word. }
 Mean time, his providence to Noah gave
 The guard of all that he design'd to save.
 Exempt from general doom the patriarch stood,
 Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the
 flood. 390

The winds fall silent, and the waves decreas'd,
 The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace;
 Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
 Which taith alone forbids him to reveal. 395
 If on the backward world his views are cast,
 'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.
 Present (sad prospect) can he aught descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy eye)
 The beauties of the ancient fabric lost, 400
 In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary
 coast?

While, to high Heaven his pious breathings
 turn'd,

Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
 When of God's image only eight he found
 Snatch'd from the watery grave, and sav'd from
 nations drown'd; 405
 And of three sons, the future hope of earth,
 The seed whence empires must receive their
 birth,

One he foresees excluded heavenly grace,
 And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race!
 Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
 Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
 By blood and battles must his power maintain,
 And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;
 Must deal just portions of a servile life
 To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife; 415
 Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
 In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
 Must take his other child, his age's hope,
 To trembling Moriah's melancholy top,
 Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood, 420
 Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.

Moses beheld that God; but how beheld?
 The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
 And clouded in a deep abyss of light;
 While present, too severe for human sight, 425
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd
 night.

The following days, and months, and years,
 decreed

To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
 His youth with wants and hardships must engage;
 Plots and rebellions must disturb his age: 430
 Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
 Prompter to sink the state, than he to save:
 And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
 That what the godhead wrote, the prophet broke.

His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd, 435

In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to severest law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd land he saw.

My father's life was one long line of care,
A scene of danger, and a state of war. 440
Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage
The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
Goliath's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.
Forlorn he must and persecuted fly, 445
Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,
And often ask, and be refus'd, to die.

For ever, from his manly toil, are known
The weight of power, and anguish of a crown.
What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes,

When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
When every object his offence revild,
The husband murder'd, and the wife desild,
The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child?

What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd, 455

When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land;

And the inexorable prophet's voice
Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his choice?

He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflection shed
Its poisonous venom on the royal dead! 460
Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd,
Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast:
Dying, he added to my weight of care;
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
Left his unfinished murder to his son, 465
And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.

Young as I was, I hastid to fulfil
The cruel dictates of my parent's will,
Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,
But turn'd the tube, upon his faults to look, 470
Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
His care of right, his reverence to the laws;
But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace;
Could follow him, where-e'er he stray'd from good,

And cite his sad example, whilst I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood, 475
Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
With smiles I could betray, with temper kill;
Soon in a brother could a rival view, 480
Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled:
Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
Ev'n there, my soul, ev'n there he should have sell,

But that my interest did my rage conceal. 485
Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive,
Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears, are vain;
With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I sustain,
Join fraud to force, and policy to power, 490
Till, of the destin'd fugitive secure,

In solemn state to parricide I rise,
And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.

Be witness to my tears, celestial Muse;
In vain I would forget, in vain excuse, 495
Fraternal blood by my direction spilt;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt: !
The deed was acted by the subject's hand;
The sword was pointed by the king's command.
Mine was the murder; it was mine alone: 500
Years of contrition must the crime atone;
Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth superior to her art, 505
Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions past.
The pensive goddess has already taught
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
From growing childhood to declining age, 510
How tedious every step, how gloomy every stage.
This course of vanity almost complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the still shades of death: for dread and pain,
And griefs, will find their shafts elanc'd in vain, 515

And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

Yet tell me, frightened reason! what is death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath;
The utmost limit of a narrow span, 520
And end of motion which with life began.
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires;
As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost; 525

So vanishes our state, so pass our days;
So life but opens how, and now decays:
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh,
To live, is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
Death only shews us what we knew was near. 531
With courage therefore view the pointed hour,
Dread not Death's anger, but expect his power;
Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born. 535
Cautious through doubt, by want of courage wife,

To such advice the reasoner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long-continued space,
Every successive day's repeated race,
Since Time first started from his pristine goal, 540
Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul
Join'd to my body swell'd the womb; I was
(At least I think so) nothing: must I pass
Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death? 545
Must the whole man, amazing thought! return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn?

And never shall those particles agree,
That were in life this individual he?
But, sever'd, must they join the general mass,
Through other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass, 551
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?

Does the great word, that gave him sense, ordain

That life shall never wake that sense again?
And will no power his sinking spirits save 555
From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the grave?

Each evening I behold the setting sun
With downward speed into the ocean run:
Yet the same light (pals but some fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers; 560
Starts the bright race again: his constant flame
Rises and sets, returning still the same,
I mark the various fury of the winds;
These neither seasons guide, nor order binds;
They now dilate, and now contract their force;
Various their speed, but endless is their course. 566
From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows:
Through fundry drops or leave or swell the stream,

The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same;
Still other waves supply the rising urns, 571
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea?

A flower, that does with opening morn arise,
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies; 576
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;
A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly;

A meteor shooting from the summer sky; 580
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream;
Are emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim

Our earthly course; but, O my soul! so fast 585
Must life run off, and death for ever last?

This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd;
Else whence this hope, and terror of the mind?
Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,
Reward or punishment, delight or pain? 590
Say: shall our relics second birth receive?

Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,
Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead, 605
The spirit only from the body fled;
The grosser part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time, destroy'd;
The soul, immortal substance, to remain,
Conscious of joy, and capable of pain? 600

And, if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell,
Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat?
Find her rest endless, and her bliss complete?
And, while the bury'd man we idly mourn, 605
Do angels joy to see his better half return?
But, if she has deform'd this earthly life
With murderous rapine, and seditious strife,
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driven
From the æthereal seat, and blissful heaven, 610
In everlasting darkness must she lie,
Still more unhappy, that she cannot die?

Amid two seas, on one small point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we stand:
On either side our thoughts incessant turn? 615
Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn;
Losing the present in this dubious haste,
And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
My reason staggering, and my hopes oppress'd,
Once more, I said, once more I will inquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This fluttering motion, which we call the Mind?
How does she act? and where is she confin'd?
Have we the power to guide her as we please?
Whence then those evils, that obstruct our ease?
We happiness pursue; we fly from pain; 627
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight, is vain:
And, while poor Nature labours to be blest,
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest,
Some stronger power eludes our sickly will, 631
Dashing our rising hope with certain ill;
And makes us with reflective trouble see,
That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.

That Power superior then, which rules our mind,

Is his decree by human prayer inclin'd?
Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease?
And can our tears reverse his firm decrees?
Then let religion aid, where reason fails;
Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales; 640
And let the silent sanctuary shew,
What from the babbling schools we may not know,

How man may shun or bear his destin'd part of woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve, our fate?
Anxious we hover in a mediate state, 645
Betwixt infinity and nothing, bounds,
Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds.

Unequal thought! whilst all we apprehend
Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end,
As our Creator deigns to be our friend.

I said;—and instant had the priests prepare
The ritual sacrifice and solemn prayer.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir; 655
They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,
Chanting, by just return, the holy song. 660
Along the choir in solemn state they pass:
—The anxious king came last:

The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid; and, bowing at the altar low,
Father of Heaven! (I said) and Judge of Earth! 665

Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;
By whose kind power and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that power,

They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omniscient Master, omnipresent King, 671
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease!
Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging

gusts 675
Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts:
From storms of rage and dangerous rocks of

pride,
Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
(It was thy hand that made it) through the tide
Impetuous of this life: let thy command 680
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land!

If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting
breath,
Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
It haply be thy will, that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe;
From Now, from instant Now, great Sire! dis-
pel 686

The clouds that press my soul; from Now
reveal

A gracious beam of light; from Now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre;
My open thought to joyous prospects raise, 690
And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise.

Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait
Some new Hereafter and a future state,
Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear,
And raise my mind superior to my care. 695

Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret labyrinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess thy awful power;
Still weeping hope, and wondering still adore.
So in my conquest be thy might declar'd, 700
And for thy justice be thy name rever'd.

My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder shakes the dome.
To the beginning miracle succeed

An awful silence and religious dread. 705
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day;
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—

Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan rose, 710
Does round the air evolving scents diffuse:

The holy ground is wet with heavenly dew:
Celestial music (such Jeffides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought through my admiring
ear, 715

With ecstacy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear.
And lo! what sees my ravish'd eye? what feels
My wond'ring soul? An opening cloud reveals
An heavenly form, embody'd, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard. The angel
said: 720

Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continued grief;
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind,
Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind;
Free and familiar with misfortune grow, 725
Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe;
By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb;
Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care; 730

Send the successive ills through ages down,
And let each weeping father tell his son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

The child, to whose success thy hope is
bound, 735

Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,
To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd
(That curst poison to the prince's mind!)

Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And lose his great defence, his people's love; 740
Ill-counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd;
Shall sigh the king diminish'd, and the crown
With lessen'd rays descending to his son;
Shall see the wreaths, his grandfire knew to
reap 745

By active toil and military sweat,
Pining, incline their sickly leaves, and shed
Their falling honours from his giddy head;
By arms or prayer unable to assuage

Domestic horror and intestine rage, 750
Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear;
Shall cast his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms disturb'd, and stain'd with
kindred-blood.

Hence labouring years shall weep their des-
tin'd race, 755

Charg'd with ill omens, fully'd with disgrace.
Time, by necessity compell'd, shall go
Through scenes of war, and epochs of woe.
The empire, lessen'd in a parted stream,
Shall lose its course— 760

Indulge thy tears: the Heathen shall blaspheme;
Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame,
And men shall from her ruins know her fame.

New Egypt's yet and second bonds remain,
A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain. 765
Again, obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land.
Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of
Nile.

These pointed spires, that wound the ambi-
ent sky, 770

(Inglorious change!) shall in destruction lie
Low, level'd with the dust; their heights un-
known.

Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
For lasting glory built, design'd the seat
Of kings for ever blest, for ever great, 775

Remov'd by the invader's barbarous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant shall demand yon' sacred load
Of gold, and vessels set apart to God,

Then, by vile hands to common use de-
bas'd, 780

Shall send them flowing round his drunken
feast,

With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest.

Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete;
Empires by various turns shall rise and set:
While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know 785
A different master, and a change of woe,

With down-cast eye-lids, and with looks aghast,
Shall dread the future or bewail the past.

Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
Fast by the streams where Babel's waters run;
Their harps upon the neighbouring willows
hung, 791

Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor cheerful dance their feet; with toil oppress'd,

Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.
In the reflective stream the sighing bride, 795
Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd, shall
hide

Her pensive head; and in her languid face
The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race,
While ponderous fetters vex their close embrace.

With irksome anguish then your priests shall
mourn, 800

Their long-neglected feasts despair'd return,
And sad oblivion of their solemn days.

Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
Louder to weep. By day, your frightened fears
Shall call for fountains to express their tears, 805
And with their eyes were floods; by night, from
dreams

Of opening gulphs, black storms, and raging
flames,

Starting amaz'd, shall to the people shew
Emblems of heavenly wrath, and mystic types
of woe.

The captives, as their tyrant shall require 810
That they should breathe the song, and touch
the lyre,

Shall say: can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
Untun'd the musick, and diffus'd the voice?
What can we play (they shall discourse), how
sing

In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king? 815

We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,
(Out-cast of mortal race!) can we conceive

Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay? 820

Alas! when we have to l'd the longsome day,
The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know
Is but some interval from active woe,

In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,
Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge, return.
Bred up in in grief, can pleasure be our
theme? 826

Our endless anguish does not nature claim?
Reason and sorrow are to us the same.

Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle Folly was not Pleasure's fire? 830

Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.

This is the series of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine, are born to know.
Illustrious wretch! repine not, nor reply: 835
View not what Heaven ordains with Reason's
eye.

Too bright the object is; the distance is too high.
The man, who would resolve the work of fate,
May limit number, and make crooked straight:

Stop thy inquiry then, and curb thy sense, 840
Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.

'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.

Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil;
What derogates from his command, is ill; 845
And that alone is good which centres in his
will.

Yet, that thy labouring senses may not droop,
Loft to delight, and destitute of hope,

Remark what I, God's messenger, aver
From him, who neither can deceive nor err. 850

The land, at length redeem'd, shall cease to
mourn,

Shall from her sad captivity return.

Sion shall raise her long-dejected head,
And in her courts the law again be read.

Again the glorious temple shall arise, 855
And with new lustre pierce the neighbouring
skies.

The promis'd seat of empire shall again
Cover the mountain, and command the plain;

And, from thy race distinguish'd, One shall
spring,

Greater in act than victor, more than king 860
In dignity and power; sent down from heaven,

To succour earth. To Him, To Him, 'tis given,
Passion, and care, and anguish, to destroy.

Through Him, soft peace, and plenitude of joy,
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow; 865
No more may man inquire, nor angel know.

Now, Solomon! remembering who thou art,
Act through thy remnant life the decent part.

Go forth: be strong: with patience and with
care

Perform, and suffer: to thyself severe, 870
Gracious to others, thy desires suppress'd,

Diffus'd thy virtues; first of men! be best.
Thy sum of duty let two words contain;

(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble, and be just. The angel said.— 875

With upward speed his agile wings he spread;
Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,

By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful look

Heaven-ward erect) determin'd thus I spoke:
Supreme, all-wise, eternal Potentate! 881

Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light and immortality,

Whom no man fully sees, and none can see!
Original of Beings! Power divine! 885

Since that I live, and that I think, is thine!—
Benign Creator! let thy plastic hand

Dispose its own effect; let thy command
Restore, Great Father! thy instructed son;

And in my act may thy great will be done! 890

ENGRAVEN ON THREE SIDES OF AN ANTIQUE
LAMP, GIVEN BY ME TO LORD HARLEY,

Antiquam hanc Lampadem
é Museo Colbertino allatam,
Domino Harleo inter Kalendaria sua
Reponendam D. D. Mattheus Prior.

This Lamp, which Prior to his Harley gave,
Brought from the altar of the Cyprian Dame,
Indulgent Time, through future ages save,
Before the Muse to burn with purer flame!
Sperne dilectum Veneris facellum,
Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno;
I, fove casto vigil Harleianas
Igne Camænas.

THE
TURTLE AND SPARROW.
AN
ELEGIAC TALE.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF
PRINCE GEORGE,
1708.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,
A widow turtle pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
The sparrow chanc'd that way to walk
(A bird that loves to chirp and talk);
Be sure he did the turtle greet;
She answer'd him as she thought meet.
Sparrows and turtles, by the bye,
Can think as well as you or I:
But how they did their thoughts express,
The margin shews by T. and S.
T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled;
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
Come, all ye winged lovers, come,
Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb:
Sing, Philomel, his funeral verse;
Ye pious redbreasts, deck his hearth:
Fair swans, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes:
"For him, my friends, for him I moan,
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies;
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Those cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay;
Those eyes, where Love was us'd to play.
Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That beauty and those joys are flown!
Columbo is no more: ye Floods,
Bear the sad sound to distant Woods;
The sound let Echo's voice reiterate,
And say, Columbo is no more.
"Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
The Dryads, all forsook the wood,
And mournful Naiads round me stood,
The tripping fawns and fairies came,
All conscious of our mutual flame,
"To fight for him, with me to moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
Venus disdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear:
But what avails her kindness now?
She ne'er shall hear my second vow:
The Loves, that round their mother flew,
Did in her face her sorrows view;

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Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung;
They heard attentive what I said,
And wept, with me, Columbo dead: 50
"For him I sigh, for him I moan,
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
" 'Tis ours to weep," great Venus said;
" 'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd:
"Nor birds nor goddesses can move 55
"The just bechests of fatal Jove.
"I saw thy mate with sad regret,
"And curs'd the fowler's cruel net:
"Ah, dear Columbo! how he fell,
"Whom Turturella lov'd so well! 60
"I saw him bleeding on the ground,
"The sight tore up my ancient wound;
"And, whilst you wept, alas! I cry'd,
"Columbo and Adonis dy'd."
"Weep, all ye Streams; ye Mountains, 65
"groan;
"I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;
"Still let my tender grief complain,
"Nor day nor night that grief restrain:" 70
I said, and Venus still reply'd,
"Columbo and Adonis dy'd."
S. Poor Turturella, hard thy case,
And just thy tears, alas, alas!
T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear 10
With piteous heart a lover's care?
Come then, with me thy sorrows join, 75
And ease my woes by telling thine;
"For thou, poor bird, perhaps mayst moan
"Some Passerella dead and gone." 15
S. Dame Turtle, this runs soft in rhyme,
But neither suits the place nor time;
The fowler's hand, whose cruel care 80
For dear Columbo set the snare,
The snare again for thee may set;
Two birds may perish in one net:
Thou should'st avoid this cruel field; 85
And sorrow should to prudence yield.
'Tis sad to die!
T. — It may be so;
'Tis sadder yet to live in woe. 90
S. When widows use this canting strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.
T. When Widowers would this truth dis- 30
prove,
They never tasted real Love.
S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife, 95
His efforts all depend on life:
When he has thrown two golden darts,
And struck the lovers' mutual hearts,
Of his black shafts let Death send one, 100
Alas! the pleasing game is done;
Ill is the poor survivor sped,
A corpse feels mighty cold in bed.
Venus said right—"nor tears can move, 40
"Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove."
All must obey the general doom,
Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.
Grim Pluto will not be withstood 105
By force or craft. Tall Robinhood,
As well as Little John, is dead
(You see how deeply I am read):
I i i

With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge, 110
 He'll find you out where'er you lodge,
 Ajax, to shun his general power,
 In vain absconded in a flower;
 An idle scene Tithonus acted,
 When to a grasshopper contracted;
 Death struck them in those shapes again,
 As once he did when they were men.
 For reptiles perish, plants decay;
 Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay,
 And hay to dung, and dung to clay. 120 }
 Thus heads extremely nice discover
 That folks may die some ten times over;
 But oft', by too refin'd a touch,
 To prove things plain, they prove too much.
 Whate'er Pythagoras may say 125
 (For each, you know, will have his way),
 With great submission I pronounce,
 That people die no more than once:
 But once is sure; and death is common
 To bird and man, including woman;
 From the spread eagle to the wren,
 Alas! no mortal fowl knows when;
 All that wear feathers first or last
 Must one day perch on Charon's mast;
 Must lie beneath the cypress shade,
 Where Strada's nightingale was laid.
 Those fowl who seem alive to fit,
 Assembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
 In prose have slept three hundred years,
 Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,
 And, laid in state upon their hearse,
 Are truly but embalm'd in verse.
 As sure as Lefbia's sparrow I,
 Thou sure as Prior's dove, must die,
 And ne'er again from Lethe's streams
 Return to Adige, or to Thames.
 T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
 My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled;
 "I therefore must for ever moan
 "My dear Columbo, dead and gone," 130
 S. Columbo never sees your tears,
 Your cries Columbo never hears;
 A wall of brass, and one of lead,
 Divide the living from the dead.
 Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain
 Of tears beats back to earth again;
 In 'other the collected sound
 Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
 'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve
 What Time itself can ne'er retrieve. 160
 By nature soft, I know a dove
 Can never live without her love;
 Then quit this flame, and light another;
 Dame, I advise you like a brother.
 T. What, I to make a second choice!
 In other nuptials to rejoice!
 S. Why not, my bird?—
 T. — No, Sparrow, no!
 Let me indulge my pleasing woe:
 Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain,
 But never wish, nor love, again:
 Distress'd, for ever let me moan
 "My dear Columbo, dead and gone,"
 S. Our winged friends through all the grove
 Contemn thy mad excess of Love: 175

I tell thee, Dame, the other day
 I met a parrot and a jay,
 Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,
 And "wept Columbo dead and gone."
 T. Whate'er the jay or parrot said, 180
 And I for ever must deplore
 "Columbo dead and gone."—S. *Encore!*
 For shame! forsake this Bion-style,
 We'll talk an hour, and walk a mile. 185
 Does it with sense or health agree,
 To sit thus moping on a tree?
 To throw away a widow's life,
 When you again may be a wife?
 Come on; I'll tell you my amours; 190
 Who knows but they may influence yours?
 "Example draws where precept fails,
 "And sermons are less read than tales."
 T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend,
 As such will hear thee; I descend;
 Hop on, and talk; but honest bird,
 Take care that no immodest word
 May venture to offend my ear.
 S. Too saint-like Turtle, never fear.
 By method things are best discours'd, 200
 Begin we then with Wife the first:
 A handsome, senseless, awkward fool,
 Who would not yield, and could not rule:
 Her actions did her charms disgrace,
 And still her tongue talk'd of her face: 205
 Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
 So many different wills had she,
 And, like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,
 Those wills were chang'd with every wind:
 She courted the *beau-monde* to-night, 210
 L'*assemblée*, her supreme delight;
 The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
 And in full health enjoy'd the spleen;
 She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
 And with great care set all amiss; 215
 She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
 Now sing, now pout, all *God knows* raby:
 Short was her reign, she cough'd, and dy'd.
 Proceed we to my *second* bride:
 Well born she was, genteelly bred, 220
 And buxom both at board and bed;
 Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
 And, as Tom Southern wisely says,
 "No other fault had she in life,
 "But only that she was my wife*." 225
 O widow Turtle! every she
 (So Nature's pleasure does decree)
 Appears a goddess till enjoy'd;
 But birds, and men, and gods are cloy'd.
 Was Hercules one woman's man? 230
 Or Jove for ever Leda's swan?
 Ah! madam, cease to be mistaken,
 Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow-bacon.
 Variety alone gives joy,
 The sweetest meats the soonest cloy. 235
 What sparrow-dame, what dove alive,
 Though Venus should the chariot drive,
 But would accuse the harness weight,
 If always coupled to one mate;

* See 'The Wife's Excuse, a Comedy.'

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- And often with the fetter broke ?
 'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.
 T. Impious ! to with to wed again,
 Ere death dissolv'd the former chain !
 S. Spare your remark, and hear the rest ;
 She brought me sons ; but (Jove be blest !)
 She dy'd in child-bed on the nest,
 Well, rest her bones ! quoth I, she's gone ;
 But must I therefore lie alone ?
 What ! am I to her memory ty'd ?
 Must I not live, because she dy'd ?
 And thus I logically said
 ('Tis good to have a reasoning head !)
 Is this my wife ? *Probatum* not ;
 For death dissolv'd the marriage-knot :
 She was, *concedo*, during life ;
 But, is a piece of clay a wife ?
 Again ; if not a wife, d'ye see,
 Why then no kin at all to me :
 And he, who general tears can shed
 For folks that happen to be dead,
 May e'en with equal justice mourn
 For those who never yet were born.
 T. Those points indeed you quaintly prove,
 But logic is no friend to love.
 S. My children then were just pen-feather'd ;
 Some little corn for them I gather'd,
 And sent them to my spouse's mother ;
 So left that brood, to get another :
 And, as old Harry whilom said,
 Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,
 Cockbones ! I now again do stand
 The jolliest bachelor i' th' land.
 T. Ah me ! my joys, my hopes, are fled ;
 My first, my only Love, is dead :
 With endless grief let me bemoan
 Columbo's loss !
 S. —Let me go on,
 As yet my fortune was but narrow,
 I woo'd my cousin Philly Sparrow,
 O th' elder house of Chirping End,
 From whence the younger branch descend.
 Well seated in a field of peace
 She liv'd, extremely at her ease ;
 But, when the honey-moon was past,
 The following nights were soon o'ercast ;
 She kept her own, could plead the law,
 And quarrel for a barley-straw :
 Both, you may judge, became less kind,
 As more we knew each other's mind ;
 She soon grew fullen, I hard hearted ;
 We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
 To London, blessed town ! I went ;
 She boarded at a farm in Kent,
 A magpye from the country fled,
 And kindly told me she was dead :
 I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
 And set my heart again to sale.
 My fourth, a mere coquette, or such
 I thought her ; nor avails it much,
 If true or false ; our troubles spring
 More from the fancy than the thing.
 Two staring horns, I often said,
 But ill become a sparrow's head ;
 But then, to set that balance even,
 Your cuckold sparrow goes to heaven.
- 240 The thing you fear, suppose it done,
 If you inquire, you make it known,
 Whilst at the root your horns are sore,
 The more you scratch, they ache the more.
 But turn the tables, and reflect,
 All may not be that you suspect :
 By the mind's eye, the horns we mean
 Are only in ideas seen ;
 'Tis from the inside of the head
 Their branches shoot, their antlers spread ;
 Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em,
 You feel them from the time you fear 'em.
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! that echoed word
 Offends the ear of vulgar bird ;
 But those of finer taste have found
 There's nothing in't beside the sound.
 Preferment always waits on horns,
 And household-peace the gift adorns ;
 This way, or that, let factions tend,
 The spark is still the cuckold's friend :
 This way, or that, let madam roam,
 Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.
 Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
 The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain,
 And what La Fontaine laughing says
 Is serious truth, in such a case ;
 " Who slights the evil finds it least,
 " And who does nothing, does the best."
 I never strove to rule the roast,
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast :
 In visits if we chanc'd to meet,
 I seem'd obliging, she discreet ;
 We neither much caref'd nor strove,
 But good dissembling pass'd for love.
 T. What'er of light our eye may know,
 'Tis only light itself can show ;
 What'er of love our heart can feel,
 'Tis mutual love alone can tell.
 S. My pretty, amorous, foolish bird,
 A moment's patience ! in one word,
 The three kind sisters broke the chain ;
 She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.
 T. Let me with juster grief deplore
 My dear Columbo, now no more ;
 Let me with constant tears bewail—
 S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale,
 My fifth, she prov'd a jealous wife,
 Lord shield us all from such a life !
 'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat,
 'Twas *this*, to-day ; to-morrow, *that*,
 Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
 I kept a miss ; an honest rook
 Told it a snipe, who told a steer,
 Who told it *these* who told it *her*.
 One day a linnet and a lark
 Had met me strolling in the dark ;
 The next a woodcock and an owl,
 Quick-fighted, grave, and sober fowl,
 Would on their corporal oath allege,
 I kiss'd a hen behind the hedge.
 Well ; madam Turtle, to be brief,
 (Repeating but renews our grief)
 As once she watch'd me from a rail,
 (Poor soul !) her footing chanc'd to fail,
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And down she fell, and broke her hip ; 370
The fever came, and then the pⁱp :
Death did the only cure apply ;
She was at quiet, so was I.

7. Could Love unmov'd these changes view ?
His sorrows, as his joys, are true. 375

8. My dearest Dove, one wife man says,
Alluding to our present case,
" We're here to-day, and gone to-morrow !"
Then what avails superfluous sorrow ?
Another, full as wise as he, 380
Adds, that " a marry'd man may see
" Two happy hours ;" and which are they ?
The first and last, perhaps you'll say.
'Tis true, when blithe she goes to bed,
And when she peaceably lies dead ; 385
" Women 'twixt sheets are best," 'tis said,
Be they of holland, or of lead.

Now, cur'd of Hyman's hopes and fears,
And sliding down the vale of years,
I hop'd to fix my future rest, 390
And took a widow to my nest.

(Ah, Turtle ! had she been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle ; wife, yet free !)
But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
A witch ingrafted on a scold. 395

Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
A hundred ills, to vex mankind ;
To vex one bird, in her bandore
He had at least a hundred more.

And, soon as Time that veil withdrew, 400
The plagues o'er all the parish flew ;
Her stock o'er all the parish flew ;
Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
And native tempests arm'd her eye ;
Black clouds around her forehead hung,
And thunder rattled on her tongue. 405

We, young or old, or cock or hen,
All liv'd in Æolus's den ;
The nearest her, the more accurs'd,
Ill far'd her friends, her husband worst.

But Jove amidst his anger spares,
Remarks our faults, but hears our prayers. 410
In short, she dy'd. Why then she's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.

Would Heaven this mourning year were past !
One may have better luck at last. 415
Matters at worst are sure to mend,
The Devil's wife was but a fiend.

7. Thy tale has rais'd a turtle's spleen,
Uxorious inmate ! bird obscene !
Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves,
These silent seats of faithful loves ?

Begone, with flagging wings sit down
On some old pent-house near the town ;
In brewers' stables peck thy grain,
Then wash it down with puddled rain ;

And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles on a suburb wall.
Where thou hast been, return again,
Vile bird ! thou hast convers'd with men ;

Notions like these from men are given,
Those vilest creatures under heaven. 430

To cities and to courts repair,
Flattery and falsehood flourish there ;
There all thy wretched arts employ,
Where riches triumph over joy ;

Where passion does with interest barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter ;
Where truth by point of law is parry'd,
And knaves and prudes are six times marry'd.

APPLICATION,

WRITTEN LONG AFTER THE TALE.

O DEAREST daughter * of two dearest
friends, 440

To thee my Muse this little tale commends,
Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his person, though deplore his fate ;
Seem young when old in thy dear husband's arms,
For constant virtue has immortal charms. 445
And when I lie low sepulchred in earth,
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
Vouchsafe to say, " Ere I could write or spell,
" The bard, who from my cradle wish'd me well,
" Told me I should the prating sparrow blame,
" And bad me imitate the turtle's flame." 451

D O W N - H A L L : A B A L L A D.

TO THE TUNE OF

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTER-
BURY, 1715.

I SING not old Jason, who travell'd through
Greece,
To kiss the fair maids, and possess the rich fleece ;
Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one wife, and went far for another.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor him who through Asia and Europe did
roam,

Ulysses by name, who ne'er cry'd to go home,
But rather desir'd to see cities and men,
Than return to his farms, and converse with old
Pen. 420

Hang Homer and Virgil ! their meaning to
seek,

A man must have pok'd into Latin and Greek ;
Those who love their own tongue, we have rea-
son to hope,

Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope.

But I sing of exploits that have lately been done
By two British heroes, call'd Matthew and John† ;
And how they rid friendly from fine London
town, 425

Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down.

Now ere they went out you may rightly sup-
pose

How much they discours'd both in prudence and
prose ;

For before this great journey was thoroughly con-
certed, 430

Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus Matthew said, Look you here, my
friend John,

I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one ;

* Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, daughter of
-Edward Earl of Oxford, and afterwards Duchess
of Portland.

† Mr. Prior, and Mr. John Morley of Halstead. 435

And, though I still carry'd my Sovereign's war-
rants,
I only have gone upon other folks errands.

And now in this journey of life I would have
A place where to bait, 'twixt the court and the
grave ;

Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
Gadzooks ! I have just such a place in my eye.

There are gardens so stately, and arbours so
thick,
A portal of stone, and a fabric of brick :
The matter next week shall be all in your power ;
But the money, gadzooks ! must be paid in an
hour.

For things in this world must by law be made
certain :

We both must repair unto Oliver Martin ;
For he is a lawyer of worthy renown,
I'll bring you to sea : he must fix you at Down.

Quoth Matthew, I know, that, from Berwick
to Doyer,

You've sold all our premises over and over :
And now, if your buyers and sellers agree,
You may throw all our acres into the South Sea.

But a word to the purpose : to-morrow, dear
friend,
We'll see what to-night you so highly commend ;
And, if with a garden and house I am blest,
Let the Devil and Coningsby go with the rest.

Then answer'd 'Squire Morley, Pray get a ca-
lash,
That in summer may burn, and in winter may
splash ;

I love dirt and dust ; and 'tis always my pleasure,
To take with me much of the soil that I measure.

But Matthew thought better ; for Matthew
thought right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might
pass :

For one window was canvas, the other was glass.

Draw up, quoth friend Matthew ; Pull down,
quoth friend John,

We shall be both hotter and colder anon.

Thus, talking and scolding, they forward did
speed ;

And Ralpho pac'd by, under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull,
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the high-
way,

And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'ye
do ?

Where is Cicily so cleanly, and Prudence, and
Sue ?

And where is the widow that dwelt here below ?
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago ?

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear ?
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was
clear ?

By my troth ! she replies, you grow younger, I
think :

And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman
drink ?

Why now let me dîe, Sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first :
Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have
vary'd,

The hostler is hang'd, and the widow is marry'd.

And Prue^a left a child for the parish to nurse ;
And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purse ;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year.

Well, peace to her ashes ! what signifies grief ?
She roasted red veal, and she powder'd lean beef :
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish ;
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fish.

For that matter, Sir, be you 'Squire, knight, or
lord,

I'll give you what'er a good inn can afford ;
I should look on myself as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a sifter, or living, or dead.

Of mutton a delicate neck and a breast
Shall swim in the water in which they were drest :
And, because you great folks are with rarities
taken,

Addle-eggs shall be next course, tost up with
rank bacon,

Then supper was serv'd, and the sheets they
were laid,

And Motley most lovingly whisper'd the maid.
The maid ! was she handsome ? why truly so-so :
But what Morley whisper'd we never shall know.

Then up rose these heroes as brisk as the sun,
And their horses, like his, were prepared to run.
Now when in the morning Matt ask'd for the
score,

John kindly had paid it the evening before.

Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet ;
And thus with great friendship and glee they
went on,

To find out the place you shall hear of anon,

Call'd Down, down, hey derry down.

But what did they talk of from morning to
noon ?

Why, of spots in the sun, and the man in the
moon ;

Of the Czar's gentle temper, the stocks in the city,
The wise men of Greece, and the secret commit-
tee.

So to Harlow they came ; and, hey ! where are
you all ?

Shew us into the parlour, and mind when I call :
Why, your maids have no motion, your men
have no life ;

Well, master, I hear you have bury'd your wife.

Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, sugar, and toaft, and a horse and a guide,

Are the Harrisons here, both the old and the young?
And where stands fair Down, the delight of my song?

O Squire, to the grief of my heart I may say,
I have bury'd two wives since you travell'd this way;
And the Harrisons both may be presently here:
And Down stands, I think, where it stood the last year.

Then Joan brought the tea-pot, and Caleb the toast,
And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine host:
But we clear'd our extempore banquet so fast,
That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste.

Now hey for Down-hall! for the guide he was got;
The chariot was mounted; the horses did trot;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round,
But oh! all in vain, for no Down could be found.

O thou Popish guide, thou hast led us astray.
Says he, How the Devil should I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this road in my life:
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my wife.

Thy wife, answer'd Matthew, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod:
Perhaps she met friends, and brought pence to thy house,
But thou shalt go home without ever a sou.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it.
We have lost our estate here, before we have seen it.
Have patience, soft Morley in anger reply'd:
To find out our way, let us send off our guide.

O here I spy Down: cast your eye to the west,
Where a wind-mill so stately stands plainly confest.
On the west, reply'd Matthew, no windmill I find:
As well thou may'st tell me, I see the west-wind.

Now pardon me, Morley, the wind-mill I spy,
But, faithful Achates, no house is there nigh.
Look again, says mild Morley; gadzooks! you are blind:
The mill stands before, and the house lies behind.

O, now a low ruin'd white shed I discern,
Untill'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a barn.

A barn! why you rave: 'tis a house for a squire,
A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire,
A house should be built, or with brick, or with stone.
Why 'tis plaster and lath; and I think that's all one;
And such as it is, it has stood with great fame,
Been called a Hall, and has given its name
To Down, down, hey derry down.

O Morley! O Morley! if that be a hall,
The fame with the building will suddenly fall—
With your friend Jemmy Gibbs about buildings agree;
My business is land, and it matters not me.

I wish you could tell what a duce your head ails:
I shew'd you Down-hall: did you look for Versailles?
Then take house and farm as John Ballet will let you,

For better for worse, as I took my Dame Betty.
And now, Sir, a word to the wife is enough;
You'll make very little of all your old stuff:
And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow simple!
Are you young and rich, like the master of Wimple?*

If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,
From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five farthings:
And in yours I shall find the true gentleman's fate;
Ere you finish your house, you'll have spent your estate.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
Here, John, is my thumb; and, here, Mat, is my heart.
To Halfstead I speed, and you go back to town.
Thus ends the First Part of the Ballad of Down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

V E R S E S

SPOKEN TO LADY HENRIETTA-CAVENDISH-
HOLLES HARLEY, COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

In the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge, November 9, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna visited the Muses' seat
Around her tomb let weeping angels wait!
Hail thou, the brightest of thy sex, and best,
Most gracious neighbour†, and most welcome guest.
Not Harley's self, to Cam and Isis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir;

* Edward Earl of Oxford.

† The family seat was then at Wimple.

Not he such present honour shall receive,
As to his comfort we aspire to give.

Writings of men our thoughts to-day neglects,

To pay due homage to the softer sex :

Plato and Tully we forbear to read,

And their great followers whom this house has bred,

To study lessons from thy morals given,
And shining characters, impress'd by Heaven.

Science in books no longer we pursue,

Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view ;

For, when with beauty we can virtue join,

We paint the semblance of a form divine.

Their pious incense let our neighbours bring,

To the kind memory of some bounteous king ;

With grateful hand due altars let them raise,

To some good knight's* or holy prelate's†
praise :

We tune our voices to a nobler theme,

Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim ;

Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.

Enjoin'd by statute, to the fair we bow :

In spite of time, we keep our ancient vow ;

What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now.

PROLOGUE† TO THE ORPHAN,

*Represented by some of the Westminster Scholars, at
Hickford's Dancing-Room, February 2, 1720.*

SPOKEN BY LORD DUPLIN WHO ACTED
CORDELIO THE PAGE.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have
me say,

Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play ?

Such work by hiring actors should be done,

Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown.

Our generous scenes for friendship we repeat ;

And, if we don't delight, at least we treat.

Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder ;

We may be ask'd " whose patent we act under ?"

How shall we gain you, *a la mode de France* ?

We hir'd this room ; but none of us can dance.

In cutting capers we shall never please :

Our learning does not lie below our knees.

Shall we procure you symphony and sound ?

Then you must each subscribe two hundred pound.

There we should fail too, as to point of voice :

Mistake us not ; we're no Italian boys,

True Britons born ; from Westminster we come,

And only speak the style of ancient Rome.

* Sir T. White, founder of St. John's College,

† Archbishop Laud also was a generous benefactor.

† A few lines of this prologue occur in another,
which is printed in Vol. IV. p. 313.

We would deserve, not poorly beg, applause,
And stand or fall by Friends and Busby's laws.

For the distress'd, your pity we implore :

If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,

But leave our Orphan squalling at your door.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. OH! with what woes am I oppress'd !

W. Be still, you senseless calf !

What if the gods should make you blest ?

H. Why then I'd sing and laugh :

But, if they won't, I'll wail and cry.

W. You'll hardly laugh, before you die.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD,

A T A L E.

ONCE on a time, in sun-shine weather,
Falsehood and Truth walk'd out together,

The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,

As opposites will sometimes do.

Through many a blooming mead they pass,

And at a brook arriv'd at last.

The purling stream, the margin green

With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal scene,

Invited each itinerant maid

To rest awhile beneath the shade.

Under a spreading beech they sat,

And pass'd the time with female chat ;

Whilst each her character maintain'd ;

One spok'd her thoughts, the other feign'd.

At length, quoth Falsehood, sister Truth

(For so she call'd her from her youth),

What if, to shun yon sultry beam,

We bathe in this delightful stream ;

The bottom smooth, the water clear,

And there's no prying shepherd near !—

With all my heart, the nymph reply'd,

And threw her snowy robes aside,

Stript herself naked to the skin,

And with a spring leapt headlong in.

Falsehood more leisurely undress'd,

And, laying by her taudry vest,

Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,

And cros'd the meadows tript away.

From this curst hour, the fraudulent dame

Of sacred Truth usurps the name.

And, with a vile, perfidious mind,

Roams far and near, to cheat mankind ;

False sighs suborns, and artful tears,

And starts with vain pretended fears :

In visits still appears most wise,

And rolls at church her faint-like eyes ;

Talks very much, plays idle tricks,

While rising stock * her conscience pricks ;

When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,

She secrets op'd, and all unravell'd.

But on the will, and secrets tell

Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,

Reveling every one she knows,

As fancy leads, beneath the rose.

Her tongue so voluble and kind,

It always runs before her mind :

* South Sea, 1720.

As times do serve, the slyly pleads,
And copious tears still shew her needs,
With promises as thick as weeds—
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil.
To-day a faint, to-morrow devil.

Poor Truth she stript, as has been said,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
Has gone stark-naked ever since ;
And ever naked will appear,
Belov'd by all who Truth revere.

THE CONVERSATION.

A T A L E .

IT always has been thought discreet,
To know the company you meet ;
And sure there may be secret danger,
In talking much before a stranger.
“ Agreed : What then ? ” Then drink your ale ;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.

No matter where the scene is fix'd ;
The persons were but oddly mixt ;
When sober Damon thus began
(And Damon is a clever man) :
“ I now grow old ; But still, from youth,
Have held for modesty and truth.
“ The men, who by these sea-marks steer,
“ In life's great voyage never err :
“ Upon this point I dare defy
“ The world. I pause for a reply.”
“ Sir, either is a good assistant,”
Said one who sat a little distant :
“ Truth decks our speeches and our books,
“ And modesty adorns our looks ;
“ But farther progress we must take :
“ Not only born to look and speak :
“ The man must act. The Stagyrte
“ Says thus, and says extremely right :
“ Strict justice is the sovereign guide,
“ That o'er our actions should preside :
“ This queen of virtues is confest
“ To regulate and bind the rest.
“ Thrice happy, if you once can find
“ Her equal balance poise your mind :
“ All different graces soon will enter.
“ Like lines concurrent to their centre.”

'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
With *yea* and *nay*, and *pro* and *con*,
Through many points divinely dark,
And Waterland assaulting Clarke ;
Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the Evening Post ;
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politics held forth.

“ Methinks we're in the like condition,
“ As at the treaty of partition :
“ That stroke, for all King William's care,
“ Begat another tedious war.
“ Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
“ Ne'er much approv'd that mystic league :
“ In the vile Utrecht treaty too,
“ Poor man ! he found enough to do.
“ Sometimes to me he did apply :
“ But down-right Dunstable was I,

“ And told him where they were mistaken,
“ And counsel'd him to save his bacon :
“ But (pass his politicks and profe)
“ I never herded with his foes ;
“ Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
“ I still found something to commend.
“ Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
“ What'er severer critics said :
“ Too far, I own, the girl was try'd ;
“ The women all were on my side.
“ For Alma I return'd him thanks ;
“ I lik'd her with her little pranks.
“ Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme,
“ Was much too grave to be sublime.”

Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
So on he ran a new division ;
Till, out of breath, he turn'd to spit
(Chance often helps us more than wit).
T'other that lucky moment took,
Just nick'd the time, broke in and spoke.

“ Of all the gifts the gods afford
“ (If we may take old Tully's word),
“ The greatest is a friend, whose love
“ Knows how to praise, and when reprove :
“ From such a treasure never part,
“ But hang the jewel on your heart :
“ And, pray, Sir (it delights me), tell,
“ You know this Author mighty well—”
“ Know him ! d'ye question it ? Ods-fish !
“ Sir, does a beggar know his dish ?
“ I lov'd him ; as I told you, I
“ Advis'd him ”—Here a stander-by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, silence broke ;

“ Damon, 'tis time we should retire :
“ The man you talk with is Mat Prior.”
Patron through life, and from thy birth
friend,
Dorset ! to thee, this Fable let me send :
With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth
The foil is known to set the diamond forth :
Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
How many Damons, how few Dorsets live !

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

THUS Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd :

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise Mamma ordain'd ;
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd :

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With Abigails forsaken ?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must *she* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?

* Lady Catharine Hyde, nee Duch. of Queensberry

What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

Dearest Mamma! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my Earl as well as the*,
Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd, Mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

WHEN Kneller's works of various grace
Were to fair Venus shown,
The Goddess spy'd in every face
Some features of her own.

Just so, (and pointing with her hand)
So shone, says she, my eyes†,
When from two goddesses I gain'd
An apple for a prize.

When in the glass, and river too,
My face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the glass be true,
If true the crystal flood.

In colours of this glorious kind‡
Apelles painted me;
My hair thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native sea.

Like this§, disorder'd, wild, forlorn,
Big with ten thousand fears,
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
Ev'n beautiful in tears.

But viewing Myra plac'd apart,
I fear, says she, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art
Has far surpass'd thine here.

Or I, a goddess of the skies,
By Myra am outdone,
And must resign to her the prize,
The apple, which I won.

But, soon as she had Myra seen,
Majestically fair,
The sparkling eye, the look serene,
The gay and easy air;

With sery emulation fill'd,
The wondering goddess cry'd,
Apelles must to Kneller yield,
Or Venus must to Hyde.

* The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane Hyde,

† Lady Ranelagh.

‡ Lady Salisbury.

§ Lady Jane, sister to the Duke of Douglas; afterwards married to Sir John Stewart.

VOL. IV.

DAPHNE AND APOLLO:

IMITATED FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

"Nympha, precor, Penes, mane."
APOLLO.

A BATE, fair Fugitive, abate thy speed,
Dismiss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous
head;
With kind regard a panting lover view;
Let's swiftly fly, let's swiftly I'll pursue:
Pathless, alas! and rugged is the ground,
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may
wound.

DAPHNE. (aside)

This care is for himself, as sure as death!
One mile has put the fellow out of breath;
He'll never do: I'll lead him t'other round:
Washy he is, perhaps not over sound.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly;
Nor ill-bred swain, nor rusty clown am I:
I Claros isle, and Tenedos command—

DAPHNE.

Thank you: I would not leave my native land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know.

DAPHNE.

Pish! Partridge has as fair pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks—

DAPHNE.

—A fig!

That may be counterfeit, a Spanish wig;
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair,
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare?

APOLLO.

I sing—

DAPHNE.

—That never shall be Daphne's choice:
Syrphacio had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of every herb I tell the mystic power;
To certain health the patient I restore;
Sent for, care'st'd—

DAPHNE.

—Curs is a wholesome air;
You'd better go to town, and practise there:
For me, I've no obstructions to remove;
I'm pretty well, I thank your father Jove;
And physic is a weak ally to love.

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd, fine verses I compose.

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks, and brother
beaux.

Memorials only and Reviews write prose.

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I send the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed.

DAPHNE.

Then, leaving me, whom sure you would not
kill,

In yonder thicket exercise your skill;

K k k

Shoot there at beasts; but for the human heart,
Your cousin Cupid has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid! yet deign to hear,

A love-sick deity's impetuous prayer;
O let me woo thee as thou would'st be woo'd!

DAPHNE.

First, therefore, be not so extremely rude.
Tear not the hedges down, nor tread the clover,
Like an hobgoblin, rather than a lover.
Next, to my father's grotto sometimes come;
At ebbing tide he always is at home.
Read the Courant with him, and let him know
A little politics; how matters go
Upon his brother-rivers, Rhine or Po.
As any maid or footman comes or goes,
Pull off your hat, and ask how Daphne does:
These sort of folks will to each other tell,
That you respect me; that, you know, looks well.
Then if you are, as you pretend, the God
That rules the day, and much upon the road,
You'll find a hundred trifles in your way.
That you may bring one home from Africa;
Some little rarity, some bird, or beast,
And now and then a jewel from the East;
A lacquer'd cabinet, some china ware;
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair.
Next, *nota bene*, you shall never rove,
Nor take example by your father Jove.
Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,
Make me your (Lord! what startles you?) your wife.

I'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more;
We mortals seldom live above fourscore;
Fourscore; your're good at numbers; let us see,

Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three;
Aye, in that span of time, you'll bury me.
Mean time, if you have tumult, noise and strife.
(Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life!)
They'll quickly end, you see; what signify
A few odd years to you that never die?
And, after all, you're half your time away;
You know your business takes you up all day;
And, coming late to bed, you need not fear,
Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep, my dear:
Or, if a winter-evening should be long,
Ev'n read your physic-book, or make a song.
Your steeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
May take up any honest godhead's time.
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another Daphne have her reign.

Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat or follow.

I Daphne (this promis'd) take thee Apollo,
And may I split into ten thousand trees,
If I give up on other terms than these!

She said; but what the amorous God reply'd,
(So fate ordain'd) is to our search deny'd:
By rats, alas! the manuscript is eat,
O cruel banquet! which we all regret.
Bavius, thy labours must this work restore;
May thy good-will be equal to thy power!

THE MICE.

TO MR. ADRIAN DRIFT, 1708.

TWO mice, dear boy, of genteel fashion,
And (what is more) good education,
Frolic and gay in infant years,
Equally shar'd their parents' cares.
The sire of these two babes (poor creature!)
Paid his last debt to human nature;
A wealthy widow left behind,
Four babes, three males, one female kind:
The sire being under ground and bury'd,
'Twas thought his spouse would soon have marry'd;

Matches propos'd and numerous suitors,
Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
She modestly refus'd; and shew'd
She'd be a mother to her brood.

Mother! dear mother! that endearing thought
Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought.
Tell me, oh! tell me (thou art now above)
How to describe thy true maternal love,
Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
Thy flattering hopes, thy fervent pious prayers,
Thy doleful days and melancholy nights,
Cloyster'd from common joys and just delights;
How thou didst constantly in private mourn,
And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn;
How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb;

How your first care, by numerous griefs oppress'd,
Under the burden sunk, and went to rest;
How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,
Breath'd her last piety into your breast;
How you, alas! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.

Though not inspir'd, oh! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee!
Ungrateful howsoever, mayn't I forget
To pay this small, yet tributary debt!
And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son.

But why all this? Is this your fable?
Believe me, Mat, it seems a Babel;
If you will let me know th' intent on't,
Go to your Mice, and make an end on't.

Well then, dear brother—
As sure as Hud's * sword could swaddle,
Two mice were brought up in one cradle;
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court:
They parted; (did they so, an't please you?)
Yes, that they did (dear Sir), to ease you.
One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
'T'other to vend his wares in Suffolk.
(That Mice have travell'd in old times,
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Those two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the sages!)
Many days past, and many a night,
Ere they could gain each other's sight;
At last, in weather cold nor sultry,
They met at the Three Cranes in Foultry.

* Hudibras.

After much buss, and great grimace
(Usual you know in such a case),
Much chat arose, what had been done,
What might before next summer's sun;
Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
The gentry's loyalty mob's rudeness.
That ended, o'er a charming bottle
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle:

Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
In years, though (God knows) not in sense;
All's gone, dear brother, only we
Remain to raise posterity:

Marry you, brother; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone;
May you ne'er meet with feuds, or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table!
Somewhat I'll save, and for this end,
To prove a brother and a friend.

What I propose is just, I swear it;
Or may I perish, by this claret!
The dice are thrown, choose this or that
(*Tis all alike to honest Mat);

I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After some thought, some Portuguese*,
Some wine, the younger thus replies:

Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;
Get me a boy call'd Adrian,
Trust me, I'll do for't what I can.

Home went well pleas'd the Suffolk tony,
Heart free from care, as purse from money;
He got a lusty squalling boy
(Doubtless the dad's and mamma's joy).
In short, to make things square and even,
Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.
Mat's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And sends you in a bill of charges,
A cradle, brother, and a basket
(Granted as soon as e'er I ask it):
A coat not of the smallest scantling,
Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling;

These too were sent (or I'm no drubber);
Nay, add to these the fine gum-rubber;
Yet these won't do, send t'other coat,
For, faith the first's not worth a groat;
Dismally shrunk, as herrings shotten,
Suppos'd originally rotten.
Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of stuff more durable, and stronger;
Send it next week, if you are able.
By this time, Sir, you know the Fable.
From this, and letters of the same make,
You'll find what 'tis to have a name-fake.

Cold and hard times, Sir, here (believe it).
I've lost my curate too, and grieve it.
At Easter, for what I can see,
(A time of ease and vacancy)
If things but alter, and not undone,
I'll kiss your hands, and visit London.
Molly sends greeting; so do I, Sir;
Send a good coat, that's all; good-by, Sir.

* Snuff.

TWO RIDDLES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE EXAMINER, 1710.

SPHINX was a monster that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get;
Unless his ready wit disclos'd
The subtle Riddle she propos'd.

Oedipus was resolv'd to go,
And try what Strength of parts would do.
Says Sphinx, on this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis Man, said he, who, weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four; as years accrue,
With sturdy steps he walks on two;
In age, at length, grows weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts a stick.

Now, in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx.
What greater stranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?

EPIGRAM, EXTEMPORE,

TO THE MASTER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE* 1712.

I Stood, Sir, patient at your feet,
Before your-elbow chair;
But make a bishop's throne your seat,
I'll kneel before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
Pay homage † to the Queen.

NELL AND JOHN.

WHEN Nell, given o'er by the Doctor, was
dying,
And John at the chimney stood decently crying,
'Tis in vain, said the woman, to make such
ado,
For to our long home we must all of us go!

True, Nell, reply'd John; but what yet is the
worst
For us that remain, the best always go first;
Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
When you lost your white heifer, and I my
brown mare!

BIBO AND CHARON.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to
retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet
dead.

* See the history of this epigram, *Gent. Mag.* 1774,
p. 16.

† Mr. Prior, though he paid a becoming deference to the Master of St. John's, at a Fellow of that College, thought some respect was due to the public character which he had just before sustained in France.

Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon reply'd:
You may have forgot; you was drunk when you dy'd;

WIVES BY THE DOZEN.

O DEATH! how thou spoil'st the best project of life!
Said Gabriel, who still, as he bury'd one wife,
For the sake of her family, marry'd her cousin;
And thus, in an honest collateral line,
He still marry'd on till his number was nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his dozen.

FATAL LOVE.

PORR Hal caught his death, standing under a spout,
Expecting till midnight, when Nan would come out;
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's flame.
Whoe'er thou art, that read'st these moral lines,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

QUOTH Richard in jest, looking wistly at Nelly,
Methinks, child, you seem something round in the belly.
Nell answer'd him snappishly, How can that be,
When my husband has been more than two years at sea?
Thy husband! quoth Dick: why that matter was carry'd
Most secretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wert marry'd.

ON A FART, LET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

READER, I was born, and cry'd;
I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.
Like Julius Cæsar's was my death,
Who in the Senate lost his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble Romulus and I:
And when I dy'd, like Flora fair,
I left the Commonwealth my heir.

THE MODERN SAINT.

HER time with equal prudence Silvia shares,
First writes a *billet-doux*, then says her prayers:
Her maids and toilet; vespers and the play;
Thus God and Ashtaroth divide the day:
Constant she keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
At Easter calls all Israel to her tent:
Lose without bawd, and pious without zeal,
She still repeats the sins she would conceal.

Envy herself from Silvia's life must grant,
An artful woman makes a Modern Saint.

THE PARALLEL.

PROMETHEUS, forming Mr. Day;
Carv'd something like a man in clay.
The mortal's work might well miscarry;
He, that does heaven and earth control,
Alone has power to form a soul,
His hand is evident in Harry.
Since one is but a moving clod,
T'other the lively form of God;
'Squire Wallis, you will scarce be able
To prove all poetry but fable.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

YOU, Madam, may with safety go,
Decrees of destiny to know;
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happiness ordain'd:
Such charms as yours are only given
To chosen favourites of Heaven.
But, such is my uncertain state,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate,
For I would only know from art
The future motions of your heart,
And what predestinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No secrets else, that mortals learn,
My cares deserve, or life concern:
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark decree;
For, while the smallest hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains;
Vain distant views my fancy please,
And give some intermitting ease:
But, should the stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless woe,
No human force, or art, could bear
The torpent of my wild despair.

This secret then I dare not know,
And other truths are useless now.
What matters, if unblest in love,
How long or short my life will prove?
To gratify what low desire,
Should I with needless haste inquire
How great, how wealthy I shall be?
Oh! what is wealth or power to me!
If I am happy, or undone,
It must proceed from you alone.

A GREEK EPIGRAM
IMITATED.

WHEN hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told;
"Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest;
"Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."
No! said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,

To their commands I willingly resign,
Power is their character, and patience mine;
Though, truth! to me there seems but little
odds,
Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or gods!

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS NUPTIALS.

WHEN Jove lay blest in his Alcmena's charms,
Three nights in one he prest her in his arms;
The sun lay set, and conscious Nature strove
To shade her God, and to prolong his love,
From that auspicious night Alcides came;
What less could rise from Jove, and such a dame?
May this auspicious night with that compare,
Nor less the joys, nor less the rising heir;
He strong as Jove, she like Alcmena fair!

THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

HUMELY ADDRESSED TO

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, BART.

POST-MASTER, AND PAY-MASTER-GENERAL
TO QUEEN ANNE.

WILL Piggot * must to Coxwoud † go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unless Sir Thomas say, No, no;
Th' allowance is too scant.
The gracious Knight full well does weat,
Ten farthings n'er will do
To keep a man each day in meat:
Some bread to meat is due.

A Reclabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale;
Pure element no life can give,
Or mortal soul regale.

Spare diet, and spring-water clear,
Physicians hold are good:
Who diets thus, need never fear
A fever in the blood.

But pass—The Æsculapian crew,
Who eat and quaff the best,
They seldom miss to bake and brew,
Or sin to break their fast.

Could Yorkshire-tyke but do the same,
Then he like them might thrive;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel dame!
To starve thou dost him drive.

In Will's old master's pteuous days,
His memory e'er be blest!
What need of speaking in his praise?
His goodness stands confessed.

At his sam'd gate stood Charity,
In lovely sweet array;
Ceres and Hospitality
Dwelt there both night and day.

* This merry petition was written to obtain the
prior's place for Will Piggot.

† Twelve miles north beyond the city of York.

But, to conclude, and be concise,
Truth must Will's voucher be:
Truth never yet went in disguise,
For naked still is she.

There is but one, but one alone,
Can set the Pilgrim free,
And make him cease to pine and moan;
O Frankland! it is thee.

O! save him from a dreary way;
To Coxwoud he must hie,
Bereft of thee, he wends astray,
At Coxwoud he must die.

Oh! let him in thy hall but stand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou may'st command;
Thus William's wishes crown.

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian Dame;
"Adorn my altars, and reverse my name.
"My son shall else assume his potent darts,
"Twang goes the bow, my girls; have at your hearts!"
The Muses answer'd, "Venus, we deride
"The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride;
"Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,
"To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade;
"Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look,
"On the instructive verse, and moral book:
"On female idleness his power relies;
"But, when he finds us studying hard, he
flies."

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

FROM MOSCHUS.

HIS lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders ty'd,
Sly Cupid, always on new mischief bent,
To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went;
Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,
His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd;
Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above
Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove:
Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine, or rain;
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile
plough;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

PONTIUS (who loves, you know, a joke,
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well-bred wife.
Talking of you, said he, my dear,
Two of the greatest wits in town,
One ask'd if that high furze of hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your own.
Her own! most certain, t'other said;
For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was sign'd Ducailly.

Pontia (that civil prudent she,
 Who values wit much less than sense,
 And never darts a repartee,
 But purely in her own defence)
 Reply'd, these friends of yours, my dear,
 Are given extremely much to satire!
 But prythee, husband, let one hear
 Sometimes less wit, and more good-nature.
 Now I have one unlucky thought,
 That would have spoil'd your friend's conceit:
 Some hair I have, I'm sure, unbought:
 Pray bring your brother wits to see't.

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

AT dead of night, when stars appear,
 And strong Boötes turns the bear;
 When mortals sleep their cares away,
 Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
 Cupid was knocking at my gate;
 Who's there! says I, who knocks so late,
 Disturbs my dreams, and breaks my rest?
 "O fear not me, a harmless guest,
 He said, but open, open, pray!
 A foolish child, I've lost my way,
 And wander here this moon-light night,
 All wet and cold, and wanting light."
 With due regard his voice I heard,
 Then rose, a ready lamp prepar'd,
 And saw a naked boy below,
 With wings, a quiver, and a bow;
 In haste I ran, unlock'd my gate,
 Secure and thoughtless of my fate:
 I set the child an easy chair
 Against the fire, and dry'd his hair;
 Brought friendly cups of cheerful wine,
 And warm'd his little hands with mine.
 All this did I with kind intent;
 But he, on wanton mischief bent,
 Said, Dearest friend, this bow you see,
 This pretty bow belongs to me:
 Observe, I pray, if all be right;
 I fear the rain has spoil'd it quite.
 He drew it then, and strait I found
 Within my breast a secret wound.
 This done, the rogue no longer staid,
 But leapt away, and laughing said,
 "Kind host, adieu! we now must part;
 "Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart!"

TO A POET OF QUALITY,

PRAISING THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

OF thy judicious Muse's sense,
 Young Hinchinbroke so very proud is,
 That Sacharissa and Hortense
 She looks, henceforth, upon as dowdies.
 Yet she to one must still submit,
 To dear Mamma must pay her duty;
 She wonders, praising Wilmot's wit,
 Thou should'st forget his daughter's beauty.

THE PEDANT.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
 On any subject let him dwell,
 His tropes and figures will content ye:
 He should possess to all degrees
 The art of talk; he practises
 Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

SO good a wife doth Lissy make,
 That from all company she flieth;
 Such virtuous courses doth she take,
 That she all evil tongues desisteth;
 And, for her dearest spouse's sake,
 She with his brethren only lieth.

THE INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boast of perfect health in vain,
 And laugh at those who of their ills complain:
 That with a frequent fever Cloe burns,
 And Stella's plumpness into dropsy turns!
 O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
 Little, alas! are their distempers seen.
 But thou, for all thy seeming health, art ill,
 Beyond thy lover's hopes, or Blackmore's skill;
 No lenitives can thy disease assuage,
 I tell thee, 'tis incurable—'tis age.

TO FORTUNE.

WHIST I in prison or in court look down,
 Nor beg thy favour, nor deserve thy frown,
 In vain, malicious Fortune, hast thou try'd
 By taking from my state, to quell my pride:
 Insulting girl! thy present rage abate,
 And, would'st thou have me humbled, make me great.

NONPAREIL.

LET others from the town retire,
 And in the fields seek new delight:
 My Phillis does such joys inspire,
 No other objects please my sight.
 In her alone I find what'er
 Beauties a country landscape grace:
 No shade so lovely as her hair,
 Nor plain so sweet as in her face.
 Lilies and roses there combine,
 More beautiful than in flowery field;
 Transparent is her skin so fine,
 To this each crystal stream must yield.
 Her voice more sweet than warbling sound,
 Though sung by nightingale or lark;
 Her eyes such lustre dart around,
 Compar'd to them, the sun is dark.
 Both light and vital heat they give;
 Cherish'd by them, my love takes root,
 From her kind looks does life receive,
 Grows a fair plant, bears flowers and fruit.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind,
And made transgress our mother Eve:
Poison its core, though fair its rind.
Yet so delicious is its taste,
I cannot from the bait abstain,
But to th' enchanting pleasure haste,
Though I were sure 'twould end in pain.

CHASTE FLORIMEL.

NO—Pll endure ten thousand deaths,
Ere any farther I'll comply,
Oh, Sir! no man on earth that breathes
Had ever yet his hand so high!

Oh! take your sword, and pierce my heart,
Undaunted see me meet the wound;
Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part?
A second Lucrece you have found.

Thus to the pressing Crydon,
Poor Florimel, unhappy maid!
Fearing by Love to be undone,
In broken dying accents said.

Delia, who held the conscious door,
Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd.
Knowing that, sixteen months before,
Our Lucrece had her second child.

And, hark ye! Madam, cry'd the bawd,
None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the Squire, or quit the lodging.

Oh! have I—Florimel went on—
Have I then lost my Delia's aid?
Where shall forsaken virtue run,
If by her friend she is betray'd?

Oh! curse on empty friendship's name!
Lord, what is all our future view!
Then, dear destroyer of my fame,
Let my last succour be to you!

From Delia's rage, and Fortune's frown,
A wretched love-sick maid deliver;
Oh! tip me but another crown,
Dear Sir, and make me yours for ever.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

WHEN Willis * of Ephraim heard Rochef-
ter † preach,
Thus Bentley said to him, I pr'ythee, dear
brother,
How lik'st thou this sermon? 'tis out of my reach.
His is one way, said Willis, and ours is ano-
ther.
I care not for carping; but, this I can tell,
We preach very sadly, if he preaches well.

EPIGRAM †

MEET Francis lies here, friend: without
stop or stay,

* Bishop of Gloucester.

† Bishop Atterbury.

† See Atterbury's Letters, in Pope's Works,
ed. 1751.

As you value your peace, make the best of your
way.

Though at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law.
And in the King's-bench should a verdict be
found,

That by livery and seisin his grave is the ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due;
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you without right on his premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S BURYING THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, 1720.

I HAVE no hopes," the Duke he says, and
dies;

"In sure and certain hopes," the Prelate cries:
Of these two learned peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest, or layman?
The Duke he stands an infidel confest,
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly Priest.
The Duke, though knave, still "Brother dear,"
he cries;

And who can say the reverend Prelate lies?

UPON HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I say, or honest fame,
I mean the substance, not the name;
(Not that light heap of taudry wares,
Of ermine, coronets, and stars,
Which often is by merit fought,
By gold and flattery oftener bought;
The shade, for which Ambition looks
In Selden's * or in Ashmole's † books).
But the true glory, which proceeds,
Reflected bright, from honest deeds,
Which we in our own breast perceive,
And Kings can neither take nor give.

ENIGMA

ON PAM AT LOO.

BY birth I'm a slave, yet can give you a
crown,
I dispose of all honours, myself having none;
I'm oblig'd by just maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own master, and lie with his wife.
When men are a-gaming, I cunningly sneak,
And their cudgels and shovels away from them
take.

Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds, though ne'er so
well set.

For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,
Then presently take off your lands from your
hands:

But, this fury once over, I've such winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your
own hearts.

* Titles of Honour.

† Order of the Garter.

A N O T H E R .

FORM'D half beneath, and half above the earth,

We sisters owe to art our second birth ;
The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
Swifter they move, as they are straiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground :
They serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes, swim.

T H E O L D G E N T R Y .

THAT all from Adam first began,
None but ungodly Woolston doubts ;
And that his son, and his son's son,
Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.
Each, when his rustic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right ;
'Twas only who left off at noon,
Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection ;
By nature we are Adam's sons,
And sons of Antis* by election.
Kinfaul ! eight hundred years have roll'd
Since thy forefathers held the plough ;
When this in story shall be told,
Add, that my kindred do so now.
The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independent state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix or change his fate.

T H E I N S A T I A B L E P R I E S T .

LUKE PREACHILL admires what we laymen
can mean,
That thus by our profit and pleasure are
sway'd :
He has but three livings, and would be a dean ;
His wife dy'd this year, he has marry'd his
maid.

To suppress all his carnal desires in their birth,
At all hours a lusty young hussy is near :
And, to take off his thoughts from the things of
this earth,
He can be content with two thousand a year.

A F R E N C H S O N G I M I T A T E D .

WH Y thus from the plain does my shepherd-
ess rove,
Forfaking her swain, and neglecting his love ?
You have heard all my grief, you see how I die,
Oh ! give some relief to the swain whom you fly.

How can you complain, or what am I to say,
Since my dog lies un-fed, and my sheep run a-
stray ?

* *Garter King at Arms.*

Need I tell what I mean, that I languish alone !
When I leave all the plain, you may guess 'tis for
one.

A C A S E S T A T E D .

NOW how shall I do with my love and my
pride,
Dear Dick*, give me counsel, if friendship has
any ;
Pry'thee purge, or let blood ! surely Richard re-
ply'd,
And forget the coquette in the arms of your
Nanny†.
While I pleaded with passion how much I de-
serv'd,
For the pains and the torments of more than
a year ;
She look'd in an almanack, whence she observ'd,
That it wanted a fortnight to Bart!p's new fair.
My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
While my negligent judge only hears with her
eye !
In a long flaxen wig, and embroider'd new coat,
Her spark saying nothing talks better than I.

U P O N P L A Y I N G A T O M B R E W I T H T W O
L A D I E S .

I KNOW that Fortune long has wanted fight,
And therefore pardon'd when she did not
right ;
But yet till then it never did appear,
That, as she wanted eyes, she could not hear ;
I begg'd that she would give me leave to lose,
A thing she does not commonly refuse !
Two matadores are out against my game,
Yet still I play, and still my luck's the same :
Unconquer'd in three suits it does remain,
Whereas I only ask in one to gain ;
Yet she, still contradicting, gifts imparts,
And gives success in every suit—but hearts.

C U P I D ' S P R O M I S E .

A F R E N C H S O N G P A R A P H R A S E D ,

SOFT Cupid, wanton, amorous boy,
The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
In flattering accents spoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond desire.
Oh ! raise thy voice ! one song I ask,
Touch then thy harmonious string ;
To Thyrsis easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.
Two kisses from my mother dear,
Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be ;
None, none, like beauty's queen is fair,
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.
I straight reply'd, Thou know'st alone
That brightest Chloe rules my breast ;
I'll sing thee two instead of one,
If thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

* *Mr. Spelton.*

† *Mrs. Dunham.*

One kiss from Chloe's lips, no more,
 I crave : He promis'd me success ;
 I play'd with all my skill and power,
 My glowing passion to express.
 But, oh ! my Chloe, beauteous maid !
 Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow ?
 Wilt thou make good what Love has said,
 And, by thy grant, his power show ?

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, IN LADY OXFORD'S
 STUDY, 1717.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper, send
 To the kind wife, the lovely friend :
 Smiling bid her freely write
 What her happy thoughts indite ;
 Of virtue, goodness, peace, and love,
 Thoughts which angels may approve.

A LETTER

TO THE

Hon. Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley,
 WHEN A CHILD.

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
 Let this my first epistle beg you,
 At dawn of morn, and close of even,
 To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
 In double beauty say your prayer :
 Our Father first,—then, *Notre Pere* :
 And, dearest child, along the day,
 In every thing you do and say,
 Obey and please my lord and lady,
 So God shall love, and angels aid ye.
 If these precepts you attend,
 No second letter need I send,
 And so I rest your constant friend,

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PRINT OF
 TOM BRITTON THE SMALL-COAL-

MAN, PAINTED BY

MR. WOOLASTON.

THOUGH doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts
 ally'd,
 Rich without wealth, and famous without pride ;
 Muse's best patron, judge of books and men,
 Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train :
 In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
 So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere :
 More of the man had artfully been sav'd,
 Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his
 wife,
 " You never yet told me one truth in your life."
 Vext Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
 " You're a cuckold, says she ; do I tell you
 truth now ?"

VOL. IV.

WRITTEN IN

LADY HOWE'S OVID'S EPISTLES.

HOWEVER high, however cold, the fair,
 However great the dying lover's care,
 Ovid, kind author, found him some relief,
 Rang'd his unruly sighs, and set his grief ;
 Taught him what accents had the power to
 move,
 And always gain'd him pity, sometimes love.
 But, oh ! what pangs torment the destin'd heart,
 That feels the wound, yet dares not shew the
 dart :

What ease could Ovid to his sorrows give,
 Who must not speak, and therefore cannot live ?

AN EPISTLE, 1716.

I PRAY, good Lord Harley, let Jonathan
 know,
 How long you intend to live incognito.
 Your humble servant,

ELKANAH SETTLE.

ANOTHER EPISTLE.

I PRAY Lady Harriot the time to assign
 When she shall receive a turkey and chine,
 That a body may come to St. James's, to dine.

TRUE'S EPITAPH.

IF wit or honesty could save
 Our mouldering ashes from the grave,
 This stone had still remain'd unmark'd,
 I still writ prose, True still have bark'd.
 But envious Fate has claim'd its due ;
 Here lies the mortal part of True :
 His deathless virtues must survive,
 To better those that are alive.

His prudence and his wit were seen
 In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
 He own'd the power, and lov'd the Queen.
 By long obedience he confess'd
 That serving her was to be blest—

Ye murmurers, let True evince
 That men are beasts, and dogs have sense !

His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
 He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
 Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes :
 Ne'er skulk'd from whence his sovereign led him.
 Or snarl'd against the hand that fed him.—
 Read this, ye statesmen now in favour,
 And mend your own, by True's behaviour !

EPIGRAM.

TO Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his
 letters,
 And thought they were safe in the hands of his
 betters.
 How happen'd it then, that the packets were
 lost ?
 These were Knights of the Garter, not Knights
 of the Post.

L 11

THE VICEROY,
A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, Lady Isabella's Tragedy.

OF Nero, tyrant, petty king*,
Who heretofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
And in a ditty plain—

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reasons you shall hear;
So ill he exercis'd his power,
That he himself did fear.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal;
The guilty he would still set free,
But guiltless men enthrall.

He, with a haughty impious nod,
Would curse and dagmatize;
Not fearing either man or God:
Gold he did idolize.

A patriot* of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rhymes.

The articles recorded stand
Against this peerless peer,
Search but the archives of the land†,
You'll find them written there.

Attend, and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light
(And sigh poor Gaphny's fall).

That traiterously he did abuse
The power in him repos'd,
And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind impos'd.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take.

Free-quarters for the army too
He did exact and force
On Protestants; his love to show,
Than Papist us'd them worse.

On all provisions destin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Though many men were sick.

* Lord Coningsby, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

* The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby.

† Journals, Saltbati, 16 die Decembris. 1693.

The sutlers too he did ordain
For licences should pay,
Which they refus'd with just disdain,
And fled the camp away.
By which provisions were so scant,
That hundreds there did die.
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine could they fly.
He so much lov'd his private gain,
He could not hear or see;
They might or die, or might complain,
Without relief *pardie*.

That, above and against all right;
By word of mouth did he,
In council sitting, hellish spite,
The farmer's fate decree:

That he, *O ciel!* without trial,
Straightway should hang'd be;
Though then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero-judge would be.

No sooner said, but it was done;
The *bourreau* did his worst;
Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurst.

In this concise despotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.

Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real estate,
He settled on his favourite dear,
And Cullisford can say't.

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own scribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

But for this horrid murder vile
None did him prosecute;
His old friend help'd him o'er the stile:
With Satan who dispute!

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on;
Had any other done't, I trow,
To Tripot he had gone.

That he did likewise traiterously,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly;
O thief without compare!

Vast quantities of stores did he
Embezzle and pilloin;
Of the king's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

The forfeited estates also,
Both real and personal,
Did with the stores together go,
Fierce Cerberus swallow'd all.

Mean while the soldiers sigh'd and sobb'd,
For not one sou had they:
His excellence had each man fobb'd,
For he had sunk their pay.

Nero, without the least disguise,
The papists at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes,

The Protestants, whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To rest themselves content,

For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy;
The Romans still he well did use,
Still screen'd their roguery,

Succinctly thus to you I've told,
How this Viceroy did reign;
And other truths I shall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

The best of Queens he hath revil'd,
Before and since her death;
He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd
When she resign'd her breath,

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him bestow'd,
Like Lucifer his rancorous mind,
He lov'd nor her nor God,

But listen, Nero, lend thy ears,
As still thou hast them on;
Hear what Britannia says with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.

"Oh! sacred be her memory,
"For ever dear her name!
"There never was, nor e'er can be,
"A brighter, juster dame.

"Blest be my sons, and eke all those
"Who on her praises dwell!
"She conquer'd Britain's fiercest foes,
"She did all queens excel.

"All princes, kings, and potentates,
"Ambassadors did send:
"All nations, provinces, and states,
"Sought Anna for their friend.

"In Anna they did all confide,
"For Anna they could trust:
"Her royal faith they all had try'd,
"For Anna still was just,

"Truth, mercy, justice, did surround
"Her awful judgment-seat,
"In her the Graces all were found,
"In Anna all complete.

"She held the sword and balance right,
"And fought her people's good;
"In clemency she did delight,
"Her reign not stain'd with blood,

"Her gracious goodness, piety,
"In all her deeds did shine,
"And bounteous was her charity;
"All attributes divine.

"Consummate wisdom, meekness all,
"Adorn'd the words she spoke,
"When they from her fair lips did fall;
"And sweet her lovely look,

"Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
"She caus'd dire war to cease:
"A greater empress ne'er was known;
"She fix'd the world in peace,

"This last and godlike act achiev'd,
"To heaven she wing'd her flight:
"Her loss with tears all Europe griev'd;
"Their strength, and dear delight.

"Leave we in bliss this heavenly saint,
"Revere, ye just, her urn;
"Her virtues high and excellent,
"Aftrea gone we mourn,

"Commemorate, my sons, the day
"Which gave great Anna birth:
"Keep it for ever and for aye,
"And annual be your mirth!"

Illustrious George now fills the throne,
Our wise benign good king:
Who can his wondrous deeds make known,
Or his bright actions sing?

Thee, favourite Nero, he has deign'd
To raise to high degree!
Well thou thy honours hast sustain'd,
Well vouch'd thy ancestry.

But pass—These honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white?
Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou hast shed,
Thy guilty soul afright?

Oh! are there not, grim mortal, tell,
Places of bliss and woe?
Oh! is there not a heaven, a hell?
But whither wilt thou go?

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt thou for ever rail?
The prophet on thee well refin'd,
And set thy wit to sale.

How thou art lost to sense and shame,
Three countries witness be:
Thy conduct all just men do blame,
Libera nos, Domine!

Dame Justice waits thee, well I ween,
Her sword is brandish'd high:
Nought can thee from her vengeance screen,
Nor canst thou from her fly.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
The glittering steel is sure:
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

To her I leave thee, gloomy peer!
Think on thy crimes committed:
Repent, and be for once sincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted,
L112

APOLOGY TO A LADY,

WHO TOLD ME, I COULD NOT LOVE HER
HEARTILY, BECAUSE I HAD LOVED OTHERS.

PROBABLY BY MR. PRIOR*.

IN IMITATION OF MR. WALLER.
FAIR Sylvia, cease to blame my youth
For having lov'd before;
So men, ere they have learnt the truth,
Strange Deities adore.

My youth ('tis true) has often rang'd,
Like bees o'er gaudy flowers;
And many thousand loves has chang'd,
Till it was fixt in yours.

For, Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,
'Twas soon determin'd there;
Stars might as well forsake the skies,
And vanish into air!

If I from this great rule do err,
New beauties to explore;
May I again turn wanderer,
And never settle more!

AGAINST MODESTY IN LOVE,

FOR many unsuccessful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
And often bath'd them with my tears,
Despair'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
Of any saint above,
E'er thought his Goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful dame look'd down
With an insulting pride;
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or toss'd her head aside.

When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
"Use more prevailing charms,
"Fond, whining, modest fool, draw near,
"And clasp her in your arms.

"With eager kisses tempt the maid,
"From Cynthia's feet depart;
"The lips he warmly must invade,
"Who would possess the heart."

With that I shook off all my fears,
My better fortune try'd;
And Cynthia gave what she for years
Had foolishly deny'd.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S GOING TO TOWN
IN THE SPRING.

ONE night unhappy Celadon,
Beneath a friendly myrtle's shade,
With folded arms and eyes cast down,
Gently repos'd his love-sick head:

* By the manner in which this and the two following little pieces are printed in the Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems, there is little doubt but they are the productions of the excellent poet to whom I have ascribed them. N.

Whilst Thyrsis sporting on the neighbouring plain,
Thus heard the discontented youth complain:

"Ask not the cause why sickly flowers
"Faintly recline their drooping heads;
"As fearful of approaching showers,
"They strive to hide them in their beds,
"Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
"And feel with him a sympathy of woe.

"Chloris will go; the cruel fair,
"Regardless of her dying swain,
"Leaves him to languish, to despair,
"And murmur out in sighs his pain.
"The fugitive to fair Augusta flies,
"To make new slaves, and gain new victories.

"So restless monarchs, though possess'd
"Of all that we call state or power,
"Fancy themselves but meanly blest,
"Vainly ambitious still of more.
"Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
"Not satisfy'd with private sway at home."

WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY,
THE MICE MAY PLAY.

A FABLE*, INSCRIBED TO DR. SWIFT.

PROBABLY BY MR. PRIOR.

"In domibus Mures avido dente omnia captant:
"In domibus Fures avida mente omnia raptant."

A LADY once (so stories say)
By rats and mice infested,
With gins and traps long sought to slay
The thieves; but still they scap'd away,
And daily her molested.

Great havoc 'mongst her cheese was made,
And much the loss did grieve her:
At length Grimalkia to her aid
She call'd (no more of cats afraid),
And begg'd him to relieve her.

Soon as Grimalkin came in view,
The vermin back retreated;
Grimalkin swift as lightning flew,
Thousands of mice he daily slew,
Thousands of rats defeated.

Ne'er cat before such glory won;
All people did adore him:
Grimalkin far all cats out-shone,
And in his lady's favour none
Was then prefer'd before him.

Pert Mrs. Abigail alone
Envy'd Grimalkin's glory:
Her favourite lap-dog now was grown
Neglected; him she did bemoan,
And rav'd like any Tory.

* The hints of this and the following Fable appear to have originated from "The Fable of the Old Lady and her Cats," printed in "The General Postscript," Nov. 7, 1709. They have been both ascribed to Dr. Swift. N.

She cannot bear, she swears she won't
To see the cat regarded;
But firmly is resolv'd upon't,
And vows, that, whatso'er comes on't,
She'll have the cat discarded.

She begs, she storms, she fawns, she frets,
(Her arts are all employ'd)
And tells her lady in a pet,
Grimalkin cost her more in meat
Than all the rats destroy'd.

At length this spiteful waiting-maid
Produc'd a thing amazing;
The favourite cat's a victim made,
To satisfy this prating jade,
And fairly turn'd a-grazing.

Now lap-dog is again restor'd
Into his lady's favour;
Sumptuously kept at bed and board,
And he (so Nab has given her word)
Shall from all vermin save her.

Nab much exults at this success,
And, overwhelm'd with joy,
Her lady fondly does caress,
And tells her, Fubb can do no less
Than all her foes destroy.

But vain such hopes; the mice that fled
Return, now Grim's discarded;
Whilst Fubb till ten, on silken bed,
Securely lolls his drowsy head,
And leaves cheese unregarded.

Nor rats nor mice the lap-dog fear,
Now uncontroll'd their theft is:
And whatso'er the vermin spare,
Nab and her dog betwixt them share,
Nor pie nor pipin left is.

Mean while, to cover their deceit,
At once, and slander Grim;
Nab says, the cat comes out of spight,
To rob her lady every night,
So lays it all on him.

Nor corn secure in garret high,
Nor cheescake safe in closet;
The cellars now unguarded lie,
On every shelf the vermin prey;
And still Grimalkin does it.

The grains from corn apace decay'd,
No bags to market go:
Complaints came from the dairy-maid,
The mice had spoil'd her butter trade,
And eke her cheese also.

With this same lady once their liv'd
A trusty servant-maid,
Who, hearing this, full much was griev'd,
Fearing her lady was deceiv'd,
And hasten'd to her aid.

Much art she us'd for to disclose
And find out the deceit;
At length she to the lady goes,
Discovers her domestic foes,
And opens all the cheat.

Struck with the sense of her mistake,
The lady, discontented,
Resolves again her cat to take,
And ne'er again her cat forsake,
Left she again repent it.

THE WIDOW AND HER CAT:

A FABLE*.

A WIDOW kept a favourite cat,
At first a gentle creature;
But, when he was grown sleek and fat,
With many a mouse, and many a rat,
He soon disclos'd his nature.

The fox and he were friends of old,
Nor could they now be parted;
They nightly slunk to rob the fold,
Devour'd the lambs, the fleeces fold;
And Puss grew lion-hearted.

He scratch'd her maid, he stole the cream,
He tore her best lac'd pinner;
Nor Chanticleer upon the beam,
Nor chick, nor duckling 'scapes, when Grim
Invites the fox to dinner.

The dame full wisely did decree,
For fear he should dispatch more,
That the false wretch should worried be:
But in a saucy manner he
Thus speech'd it like a Lechmere*:

"Must I, again all right and law,
"Like pole-cat vile be treated?
"I, who so long with tooth and claw,
"Have kept domestic mice in awe,
"And foreign foes defeated!

"Your golden pippins, and your pies,
"How oft have I defended!
"'Tis true, the pinner which you prize,
"I tore in frolick; to your eyes
"I never harm intended.

"I am a cat of honour."—"Stay!"
Quoth she, "no longer parley;
"Whate'er you did in battle slay,
"By law of arms, became your prey:
"I hope you won it fairly.

"Of this we'll grant you stand acquit,
"But not of your outrages:
"Tell me, perfidious! was it fit
"To make my cream a perquisite,
"And steal, to mend your wages?

"So flagrant is thy insolence,
"So vile thy breach of trust is,
"That longer with thee to dispense,
"Were want of power, or want of sense—
"Here, Towzer!—do him justice."

* In Tindal's "Continuation of Rapin," XVII
454, this Fable is said to be by Prior or Swift.
In Beyer's "Political State," 1720, p. 519,
where it is applied to the Duke of Marlborough,
it is said to be by Swift or Prior. N.

* The celebrated lawyer. N.

S O N G S,

SET TO MUSIC

BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. SET BY MR. ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy;
 Wine breeds vices and diseases;
 Wealth is but care, and love but folly;
 Only friendship truly pleases.
 My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly;
 Farewell all, if friendship ceases.

II. SET BY MR. PURCELL.

WHITHER would my passion run,
 Shall I fly her, or pursue her?
 Losing her, I am undone;
 Yet would not gain her, to undo her.
 Ye tyrants of the human breast,
 Love and Reason! cease your war,
 And order Death to give me rest;
 So each will equal triumph share.

III. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
 With such rigour in your eyes?
 Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
 Since your charms I so much prize,
 But I plainly see the reason,
 Why in vain I you pursued;
 Her to gain 'twas out of season,
 Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. SET BY MR. SMITH.

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
 Torment not thus your pretty heart;
 Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
 As well as, that we now must part.
 You sigh and weep; the God's neglect
 That precious dew your eyes let fall;
 Our joy and grief with like respect
 They mind; and that is, not at all.
 We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
 As if they did regard our state:
 They hear; and the return we find
 Is, that no prayers can alter fate.
 Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
 Do not yourself to grief resign;
 Who knows but that those powers may,
 The pair they now have parted, join?
 But since they have thus cruel been,
 And could such constant lovers sever;
 I dare not trust, lest now they're in,
 They should divide us two for ever.
 Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
 Remembering though upon what score;
 This our last parting look believe,
 Believe we must embrace no more.

Yet should our sun shine out at last,
 And Fortune, without more deceit,
 Throw but one reconciling cast,
 To make two wandering lovers meet;
 How great then would our pleasure be,
 To find Heaven kinder than believ'd;
 And we, who had no hopes to see
 Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!
 But say, should Heaven bring no relief,
 Suppose our sun should never rise;
 Why then what's due to such a grief,
 We've paid already with our eyes,

V. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

LET perjur'd fair Amynta know,
 What for her sake I undergo,
 Tell her for her how I sustain
 A lingering fever's wasting pain;
 Tell her the torments I endure,
 Which only, only she can cure.
 But, oh! she scorns to hear, or see,
 The wretch that lies so low as me;
 Her sudden greatness turn'd her brain,
 And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain:
 For ne'er 'twas found (though often try'd)
 That pity ever dwelt with pride.

VI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
 And of each other had our fill;
 Tell me what pleasure you can find,
 In forcing nature 'gainst her will.
 'Tis true, you may with art and pain,
 Keep in some glowings of desire;
 But still those glowings which remain,
 Are only ashes of the fire.
 Then let us free each other's soul,
 And laugh at the dull constant fool,
 Who would Love's Liberty control,
 And teach us how to whine by rule.
 Let us no impositions set,
 Or clogs upon each other's heart;
 But, as for pleasure first we met,
 So now for pleasure let us part,
 We both have spent our stock of love,
 So consequently should be free;
 Thyrsis expects you in yon' grove,
 And pretty Chloris stays for me.

VII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
 And modestly pretend no more;
 It is too plain an art:
 Surely you take me for a fool,
 And would by this prove me so dull,
 As not to know your heart.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a sham:
Since any one may plainly see,
You'd only save yourself with me,
And with another damn.

VIII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

STILL, Dorinda, I adore,
Think I mean not to deceive you;
For I lov'd you much before,
And, alas! now love you more,
Though I force myself to leave you.

Staying, I my vows shall fail;
Virtue yields, as love grows stronger;
Fierce desires will sure prevail;
You are fair, and I am frail,
And dare trust myself no longer.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
Lest I should have gain'd the treasure,
Made my vows and oaths destroy
The pleasing hopes I did enjoy
Of all my future peace and pleasure.

To my vows I have been true,
And in silence hid my anguish,
But I cannot promise too,
What my love may make me do,
While with her for whom I languish.

For in thee strange magic lies,
And my heart is too, too tender;
Nothing's proof against those eyes,
Best resolves and strictest ties
To their force must soon surrender.

But, Dorinda, you're severe,
I most doating, thus to sever;
Since from all I hold most dear,
That you may no longer fear,
I divorce myself for ever.

IX. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

IS it, O Love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the Fates decreed,
That hearts so seldom sympathize,
Or for each other bleed?

If thou would'st make two youthful hearts
One amorous shaft obey;
'Twould save thee the expence of darts,
And more extend thy sway.

Forbear, alas! thus to destroy
Thyself, thy growing power;
For that which would be stretch'd by joy,
Despair will soon devour.

Ah! wound then my relentless fair,
For thy own sake and mine;
That boundless bliss may be my share,
And double glory thine.

X. SET BY MR. SMITH.

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you
so sad?

To think and ne'er drink, will make you stark-
mad.

'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old
boy!

Which create all the pleasure poor mortals en-
joy;

But wine of the three's the most cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

XI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

SINCE my words, though ne'er so tender,
With sincerest truth express,
Cannot make your heart surrender,
Nor so much as warm your breast:

What will move the springs of nature?

What will make you think me true?

Tell me, thou mysterious creature,

Tell poor Strephon what will do.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover,

Thus, by seeming not to know

What so plainly all discover,

What his eyes so plainly shew.

Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,

'Tis against your reason's law:

Atheist-like (th' effect perceiving)

Still to disbelieve the cause.

XII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

MORELLA, charming without art,
And kind without design,
Can never lose the smallest part
Of such a heart as mine.

Oblig'd a thousand several ways,

It ne'er can break her chains;

While passion, which her beauties raise,

My gratitude maintains.

XIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair one's heart;
Must it be by truth of nature,
Or by poor dissembling art.

Tell the secret, shew the wonder,

How we both may gain our ends;

I am lost if we're asunder,

Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

TOUCH the lyre, on every string,
Touch it, Orpheus, I will sing
A song which shall immortal be;
Since the I sing's a deity;
A Leonora, whose blest birth
Has no relation to this earth.

XV. SET BY MR. SMITH.

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been so still !
Enjoying sweetest liberty,
And roving at my will.

But now, not master of my heart,
Cupid does so decide,
That two she-tyrants shall it part,
And so poor me divide.

Victoria's will I must obey,
She acts without control :
Phillis has such a taking way,
She charms my very soul.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
Into her snares I run :
Victoria shews me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not shun.

From one I fancy every kiss
Has something in't divine ;
And, awful, taste the balmy bliss,
That joins her lips with mine.

But, when the other I embrace,
Though she be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass
To tumble on the green.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
But I, meanwhile, the fool :
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield :
I find the time approaches fast,
When both must quit the field,

XVI. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

FAREWELL, Amynta, we must part ;
The charm has lost its power,
Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er so ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee still.

But know, my soul disdains thy sway,
And scorns thy charms and thee,
To which each fluttering cockcomb may
As welcome be as me.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall ;
And now, alas ! how much disdain'd
By me, and scorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have spent,
So robs my rage of all its power,
That I almost relent.

But pride will never let me bow,
No more thy charms can move :
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Because thou hadst my love.

XVII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

ACCEPT, my Love, as true a heart,
As ever lover gave :
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live :
Who, with it, would the world have sent,
Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vow shall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

XVIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

NANNY blushes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
Faintly says, I shall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear ! she cries.

But her breasts while I am pressing,
While to hers my lips I join,
Warm'd she seems to taste the blessing,
And her kisses answer mine.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
Innocence with nature charms ;
One bids, gently push me from her,
T'other, take me in her arms.

XIX. SET BY MR. SMITH.

SINCE we your husband daily see
So jealous out of season,
Philles, let you and I agree
To make him so with reason.

I'm vex't to think, that every night
A cot, within thy arms,
Tasting the most divine delight,
Should fully all your charms.

While fretting I must lie alone,
Cursing the powers divine,
That undeserv'dly have thrown
A pearl unto a swine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
My burning passion cool ;
Let me, at least, in thee have part
With thy insipid fool.

XX. SET BY C. R.

PHILLIS, give this humour over.
We too long have time abus'd ;
I shall turn an arrant rover,
If the favour's still refus'd.

Faith ! 'tis nonsense out of measure,
Without ending, thus to see
Women forc'd to taste a pleasure
Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy ;
Ne'er will age or censure spare you,
E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay?
All the swains on you attending
Show how much your charms deserve;
But, miser-like, for fear of spending,
You amidst your plenty starve.
While a thousand freer lasses,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Though their beauty their's surpasses,
Live in far more perfect joy.

XXI.

HASTE, my Nannette, my lovely maid!
Haste to the bower thy swain has made;
For thee alone I made the bower,
And strew'd the couch with many a flower.
None but my sheep shall near us come:
Venus be prais'd! my sheep are dumb.
Great God of Love! take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.
Guard thou the sheep, to her so dear;
My own, alas! are less my care.
But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid;
For with her swain my love shall stay,
Though the wolf prowls, and the sheep stray.

XXII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

SINCE by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms,
Against my will I must obey,
And leave those sweet endearing charms.
Yet still love on, and never fear,
But you and constancy will prove
Enough my present flame to bear,
And make me, though in absence, love.
For, though your presence fate denies,
I feel, alas! the killing smart;
And can, with undiscerned eyes,
Behold your picture in my heart.

XXIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

IN vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
To ease his tortur'd breast;
Since Amoret the cure denies,
And makes his pain a jest.
Ah! fair-one, why to me so coy?
And why to him so true,
Who with more coldness slights the joy,
Than I with Love pursue?
Die then, unhappy Lover! die;
For, since she gives thee death,
The world has nothing that can buy
A minute more of breath.
Yet, though I could your scorn outlive,
'Twere folly: since to me
Not love itself a joy can give,
But, Amoret, in thee.

VOL. IV.

XXIV. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

WELL! I will never more complain,
Or call the Fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But self-conceit'dness does reign
In every mortal mind.
'Tis true they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a fight:
I rag'd: for I could not espy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Disguis'd in that delight.
At last, my wishes to fulfil,
They did their power resign;
I saw her; but I wish I still
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.
Yet I by this have learnt the wit,
Never to grieve or fret:
Contentedly I will submit,
And think that best which they think fit,
Without the least regret.

XXV. SET BY MR. C. R.

CHLOE beauty has and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Every charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handsome woman.
But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature;
For she's merciful and kind,
Beauty's answer'd by good-nature.
She is always doing good,
Of her favours never sparing,
-And, as all good Christians should,
Keeps poor mortals from despairing.
Jove the power knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure them;
So, providing 'gainst all harms,
Gave to her the power to cure them.
And 'twould be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have rais'd desire,
Should she not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

XXVI.

SINCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
How can I help despairing?
Let cruel fate us still pursue,
There's nought more worth my caring.
'Twas she alone could calm my soul,
When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my trouble could control,
And into joys deceive me.
Farewel, ye brooks; no more along
Your banks mun I be walking;
No more you'll hear my pipe or song,
Or pretty Moggy's talking.

M m m

But I by death an end will give
To grief, since we moun never :
For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVII.

SOME kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna I am dying,
Till with joy we meet again.

Tell Corinna, since we parted,
I have never known delight :
And shall soon be broken hearted,
If I longer want her sight.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year ;
Cursing every morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

Tell her too, not distant places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of faces,
E'er shall shake my constant mind.

XXVIII. NELLY.

WHILST others proclaim
This nymph, or that swain,
Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing ;
She shall grace every verse,
I'll her beauties rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night,
Her complexion divinely as fair ;
Her lips, red as a cherry,
Would a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair,

Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose.
Whenever you ravish a kiss ;
Like ivory inchas'd,
Her teeth are well-plac'd,
An exquisite beauty she is.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There Cupid discovers her charms ;
Oh ! spare then the rest,
And think of the best :
Tis Heaven to die in her arms.

She's blooming as May,
Briek, lively, and gay ;
The Graces play all round about her :
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

MISCELLANEA.

AD

COMITEM DORCESTRIÆ,

IN ANNUM INEUNTEM 1684.

AD IANUM.

SIC tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
Plurima sic flammæ pabula mittat Arabs ;
Sic dum sacra novis redimuntur tempora fertis,
Nestoreos poscant scæmina virque dies ;
Casside depositâ, placidè sic nuncia pacis
Janua sopito cardine limen amet :
Candida procedant festivo tempora motu,
Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo !
Publica conciliis gravibus seu commoda traject,
Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat amor ;
Seu pia mordaci meditetur vulnera chartâ,
Vulnera quæ tali sola levantur ope ;
Seu legat obliito facilis mea carmina fastu,
O ! bene tarminibus consule, Dive, meis,
Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras :
O ! superis ipsis sacra sit illa dies ;
Sacra sit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
Quâ tulit illustris nobile mater onus,
Quâ mihi, patronum gestit, gentique Quiritem,
Artificique Deo pene dedisse parem.

AD DOM. GOWER, COLL. MAGISTRUM,

EPISTOLA DEPRECATORIA.

NISI tuam jam pridem benevolentiam & laudatam
ab expertis audivissem, & expertus ipse se-
pissime ludavissem, & pudor & tristitia conscio mihi
silentium indixissent : at enim V. R. dum coram pa-
trono, amico, patre, prevolvor, te non dubitat im-
petrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per ef-
fluente lacrymat (& hæc mentiri nesciunt) perque
tuum istunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudent
lasi, sollicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoscas, & oblieteri
crimen, at non solum ad condiscipulorum mensam, sed
ad magistri gratiam restituatur, favoris tui studiis-
simus,
M. P.

CARMEN DEPRECATORIUM

AD EUNDEM.

IRATAS acuit dum læsus Apollo sagittas,
Neglectas renovat mœsta Thalia preces ;
Qualescunque potest jejuno promere cantu :
Heu mihi non est res ingeniosa famæ !
Grana neges, alacri languet vis ignea gallo,
Deme laboranti pabula, languet equus,
Latrantis stomachi sterilis nec pascuis hiatum
Daphni, nec arentem Castalis unda sitim.
Tum bene lassatur Flaccus cum dixerit Qhe !
Pieriasque merum nobilitavit aquas.
Jejuni depressa jacet vel Musa Maronis,
Flet culicem efuriens qui satur arma canit.
O si Mæcenæ major mihi riserit, O si
Fulgenti solitum regnet in ore jubar,
Crimine purgato pie post jejunia, Musa
Inciperet præful grandia, teque loqui.

M. P.

" — DUM BIRIMUS —

"OSREPIT NON INTELLECTA SENECTUS."

SISTE mero bibulas effuso temporis alas,
Hesternumve minax coge redire diem;
Nil facis; usque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
Canitiemque caput sentiet atque rugas.

I brevis, & properans in funus nocte corollas,
Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
Cephydra Saturni tua nec crystallina distant,
Dum motu parili vinum & arena fluunt.

Dum loquor, ecce! perit redimite gloria frontis,
Dat rosa de fertis lapsa, Memento mori.
Sed tibi, dum nōras nimis properare puellas,
Ut citius rumpat flamma, Bacchus adest.
Destituit cæcum subito sol ebrius orbem,
Occasum tremulo narrat adeste rubor. M. P.

REVERENDO IN CHRISTO PATRI

THOMÆ SPRAT,

EPISCOPO ROFFENSI, &c.

VICIMUS, exultans fausto crepat omine
Daphnis,

Testaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos;
Grandius eloquium meditare, Thalia, patronum
Quem modò laudasti, nunc venerare patrem.

Quis putet incertis volvi subtegmina Parcis?

Quis meritos æquum destituisse Jovem?

Cum virtute tuum crescit decus, aucte sacerdos,

Impatientque breves spernit utrumque modos.

Qualiter Elæo felix in pulvere victor,

Cui semel ornatas lambit oliva comas,

Suspirans partas queritur marcescere frondes,

Et parat elapsas ad nova bella rotas:

Sic tibi major honos veteres protrudit honores,

Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ est:

Phœbæ juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,

Palma viri dequit tempora, mitra senis. M. P.

EPISTOLA EODEM TEMPORE MISSA.

CUM voluntas regia, optimatum consensus
bonorumque omnium studia insulam merenti
concesserint, ignoscas, pater reverende, quod inter
communem populi plausum cliens edminus ad
enarrandum sufficiens quod beneficiis plus fuerim
devinctus, et tuos in ecclesiâ honores & ecclesiæ
à tuis honoribus felicitatem festinet gratulari, fa-
voris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

AD FRANC. EPISC. ELIENSEM.

EXORATA boni tribuerunt munera Divi.

Patronique novus tempora cingit honos.

Concedas hilaris repetitum Musa laborem,

Et notum celebres, & mihi dulce decus.

O si te canerem, præful venerabilis, O si

Fistula cum titulis crederet aucta tuis,

Æque turba tibi non cederet ima clientum,

Cederit ac numeris optima Musa meis.

Hoc tamen ut meditor, mihi quid nisi vota fu-

perant?

Imbelles humeros nobile lassat onus.

Ergo minor virtus celebretur, dum tibi præful

Quod laudem superes gloria major erit

CUM virtutes tuas unusquisque collaudet &
honores gratuletur, nostræ V. R. audaciæ ignos-
cat tua benignitas, si minimâ pollens eloquentiâ,
ardentissimo tamen studio accensus, ad commu-
nem populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum vi-
rum optimum tum benignissimum celebret pa-
tronum, qui, tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis,
summopere conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

" QUICQUID VULT, VALDE VULT."

DUM tingit Siculus solis cœlique meatus,
Astra poloque tuos quos sibi condit habet,
Nil facit instantis mortis bellique tumultus;
Usque sed egregium sedulus urget opus.
Non vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ;
Sat sibi curarum Conditor orbis habet.

IN COMITIS EXONIENSIS CRISTAM,

TRITICI FASCEM LEONIBUS SUSTENTATUM,
1689.

Lemma, "Sustentare et Debellare."

DUM tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda leones,
Flavaque collectas addit Eleusis opes:
Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,
I decus, I nostra Ceciliana domus.
Sparge inopi fruges, & pelle leonibus hostem:
Copia quid valet hinc, quid timor inde, refer.
Pollens muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo
Atque homines superes, atque imitère Deos.

EPITAPHIUM

M. S. CAROLI MONTAGUE,

Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro Northan-
toniensi

Filius natu sextus,

Henrici Comitæ de Manchester nepos,

Scholæ Regiæ Westmonasteriensis Alumnus,

Collegi S. S. Trinitatis Cantabrigiæ Socius.

Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,

Et in dispari laudis genere clarus,

Inter Poetas pariter ac Oratores Anglos excelluit:

Magna ingenii indole;

Bonarumque artium disciplinis instructus,

Ex Academiæ umbraculis

In conspectum hominum prodiit,

Literatorum decus & præsidium.

Omni dehinc cogitatione

Communi bono promovendo incubuit;

Brevique hunc virum,

Sua in senatu solertia, in concilio providentia,

In utroque, iustitia, fides, auctoritas,

Ad gerendam ærarii curam evexit:

Ubi laborantibus filii rebus opportunè subve-
niens,

Simul monetam argenteam

Magno Republicæ detrimento imminutam

De novo cudi fecit;

Et inter absolvendum tantæ molis opus,

Flagrante etiam bello,

Impressis chartulis

Pæcuniarum rationem pretiumque impertiit.

His meritis & patriæ & principis gratiam con-
secutus,

M m m 2

Familiam suam diu illustrem, illustriorem
reddidit;
Baro scilicet, deinde Comes de Halifax creatus,
Ad tres Montacutani nominis proceres quartus
accessit.

Summo denique Periscelidis honore ornatus,
Publici commodi indefessus adhuc consultor,
Media inter conamina, otium cum dignitate,
Quod desideravit, et meruit, vix tandem
assecutus;

(Proh brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam!)

Omnibus bonis sebilis occidit,
xix die Maii, Anno Salutis M. DCC. xlv,
Ætatis suæ LIV.

Patruo de se optimè merenti,
Et honorum & honorum hæres,
Georgius comes de Halifax.

EPI T A P H,

Here lies Sir THOMAS POWYS, Knight;

As to his Profession,

In accusing cautious; in defending vehement;
In all his pleadings fedate, clear, and strong;
In all his decisions unprejudic'd and equitable.

He studied, practised, and governed the Law
In such a manner, that

Nothing equalled his knowledge, except his
eloquence:

Nothing excelled both, except his justice.

As to his Life,

He possessed, by a natural happiness,
All those civil virtues which form the gentleman:
And to these, by divine goodness, were added
That fervent zeal and extensive charity,
Which distinguish the perfect Christian!

The tree is known by his fruit.

He was a loving husband, and an indulgent
father,

A constant friend, and a charitable patron:

Frequenting the devotions of the church;
Pleading the cause, and relieving the necessities,
of the poor.

What by example he taught throughout his life,
At his death he recommended to his family and
friends:

“To fear God, and live uprightly.”

Let whoever reads this stone,

Be wise, and be instructed.

P O E M S

BY

MR. CONGREVE.

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES LORD HALLIFAX.

TO you, my Lord, my Muse her tribute pays
Of various verse, in various rude essays;
To you the first address'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,
Her few collected lays she now commends.

By no one measure bound, her numbers
range,

And, unresolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,
For, now, she tries the reed, anon attempts the
lyre:

In high Parnassus she no birth-right claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams:
Yet near the sacred mount she loves to rove,
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:
Yet she admires the wing that safely soars,
At distance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the swan re-
quires,
Whose towering head above the clouds aspires,

And knows as well, it is your lowest praise,
Such heights to reach with equal strength and
ease.

O had your genius been to leisure born,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in verse with ancient Greece had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, seven
states divide.

But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,
Had we the patriot in the poet lost.
A true poetic state we had deplor'd,
Had not your ministry our coin restor'd.

But still, my Lord, though your exalted name
Stands foremost in the fairest list of fame,
Though your ambition ends in public good
(A virtue lineal to your house and blood):
Yet think not meanly of your other praise,
Nor slight the trophies which the Muses raise.
How oft a patriot's best-laid schemes we find
By party cross'd, or faction undermin'd!
If he succeed, he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
But honours which from verse their source de-
rive,

Shall both surmount detraction, and survive;

And Poets have unquestion'd right to claim,
If not the greatest, the most lasting name.

W. CONGREVE

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.
Lamenting the death of

QUEEN MARY.

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."
VIRG.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS, MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis, see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for sorrow's shelter
made;

Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night succeeding night excludes the day,
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air:
To welcome day, or bid the Sun farewell,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.

No violet here, nor daisy, e'er was seen;
No sweetly-budding flower, nor springing green:
For fragrant myrtle, and the blushing rose,
Here baleful eugh with deadly cypress grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss,
Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death,
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful
breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah woe too great! Ah theme which far exceeds

The lowly lays of humble shepherds reeds!
O could I sing in verse of equal strain
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan swain;
Or melting words and moving numbers choose,
Sweet as the British Colin's mourning Muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrofel;
Then might I raise my voice (secure of skill),
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The listening Echo on my song should wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;
Each whistling wind, and murmuring stream
should tell

How lov'd the liv'd, and how lamented fell,

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with every bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd;
Yet would nor all thy art avail, to show
Verse worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But such true passion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears;
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common line of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;
In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs,
lament.

ALEXIS,

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my
thought,

Artless as nature's notes in birds untaught;
Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,
Various as flowers on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia, darling of my breast,
By whom inspir'd, I sung at Comus' feast;
While in a ring, the jolly rural throng
Have sat and smil'd to hear my cheerful song:
Begone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays,
My pipe no longer now thy power obeys;
Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep, and mourn,
Thy springing laurels all to cypress turn;
Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air,
And beat thy snowy breast, and rend thy yellow
hair;

Far hence, in utmost wilds, thy dwelling choose,
Begone, Thalia; Sorrow is my Muse.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

No more these woods shall with her sight be
blest'd,

Nor with her feet, these flowery plains be
pres'd;

No more the winds shall with her tresses play,
And from her balmy breath steal sweets away;

No more these rivers cheerfully shall pass,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;

While on their banks the wondering flocks have
stood,

Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.

No more the nymphs shall with soft tales de-
light

Her ears, no more with dances please her sight:

Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth,

To bless the joyous day that gave her birth;

Lost is that day which had from her its light,

For ever lost with her, in endless night:

In endless night and arms of death she lies,

Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.

Lament ye nymphs, and mourn ye wretched

swains;

Stray all ye flocks, and desert be ye plains;

Sigh all ye winds, and weep ye crystal floods.

Fade all ye flowers, and wither all ye woods.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,

And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,

All cold she lies upon th' unwholesome ground;

The marble weeps, and with a silent pace,

Its trickling tears distil upon her face.

Falsely ye weep, ye rocks, and falsely mourn;

Few never will you let the nymph return!

With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,

And like the crocodile its prey laments.

O she was heavenly fair, in face and mind!

Never in nature were such beauties join'd:

Without, all shining; and within, all white;

Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight;

Like some rare flower, whose leaves all colours

yield,

And opening is with sweetest odours fill'd.

As lofty pines o'er top the lowly reed,

So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;

To which excelling height, she bore a mind
Humble, as osiers bending to the wind.
Thus excellent she was—

Ah wretched fate! she was, but is no more:
Help me, ye hills and vallies, to deplore.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

From that blest earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flowers with fragrant sweets arise.
Let Myrrha weeping aromatic gum,
And ever-living laurel, shade her tomb.
Thither let all th' industrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs and leave their honey there:
Thither let fairies with their train resort,
Neglect their revels and their midnight sport;
There in unusual wailings waite the night,
And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.

There may no dismal eugh nor cypress grow,
No holy-bush, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
And distant dens receive each howling beast;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.

But let the sighing doves that sorrows bring,
And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;
Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
And, fckening at her tomb, make haste to die,
That they may help to sing her elegy.
Let Echo too, in mimic moan deplore,
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

And see the heavens to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air;
A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
Each lily folds its leaves and hangs its head:
On every tree the blossoms turn to tears,
And every bough a weeping moisture bears.
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills:
The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,
And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his
wanting urn,

The fawns forsake the woods, the nymphs the
grove,
And round the plain in sad distraction rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thoras their locks of golden hair.

With their sharp nails, themselves the satyrs
wound,

And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief
the ground.

Lo Pan himself beneath a blasted oak
Dejected lies, his pipa in pieces broke.
See Pales weeping too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.

And see yon fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
See how she wrings her hands, and beats her
breast,

And tears her useless girdle from her waist:
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.

Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress!
See how his sorrows swell his tender breast;

His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping
wings;

Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

The rocks can melt, and air in mists can
mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can
turn;

The birds, in songs, their sorrows can disclose,
And nymphs and swains, in words, can tell
their woes.

But, oh! behold that deep and wild despair,
Which neither winds can shew, nor floods, nor air.
See the great shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods, and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his
face,

Scalding with tears th' already-faded grass;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within Pastora's arms to rest!
No more! for those once soft and circling arms
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms;
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;
On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights.

Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?
Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?
To dust must all that heaven of beauty come!
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!
Ah, death! more fierce and unrelenting far,
Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are:
With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But ravenous death the shepherdess has seiz'd.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

"But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light,
"With wonder stops my song, and strikes my
sight!"

"And where Pastora lies, it spreads around,
"Shewing all radiant bright the sacred ground.
"While from her tomb, behold, a flame ascends
"Of whitest fire, whose flight to heaven extends!
"On flaking wings it mounts, and quick as
"flight

"Cuts through the yielding air with rays of
"light;

"Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
"And, fixing there, a glorious star remains."
Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes.

TO THE KING,
ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.
IRREGULAR ODE.

"Præsentī tibi maturos largimur honores:
"Nil oriturū aliās, nil ætūm tale fatentes."
Hor. ad Augustum.

I.

Of arms and war my muse aspires to sing,
And strike the lyre upon an untry'd string;

New fire informs my soul, unfelt before ;
 And, on new wings, to heights unknown I soar.
 O power unseen ! by whose resistless force
 Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my course ;
 For fancy wild and pathless ways will choofe,
 Which judgment rarely, or with pain, pursues :
 Say, sacred nymphs, whence this great change
 proceeds,
 Why fawns the lowly swain his oaten reeds ;
 Daring aloud to strike the founding lyre,
 And sing heroic deeds ;
 Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire ?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raise ;
 What voice so weak, that cannot sing his
 praise ;
 The listening world each whisper will befriend !
 That breathes his name, and every ear attend.
 The hovering winds on downy wings shall wait
 around,
 And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying
 sound.
 Ev'n I will in his praise be heard ;
 For by his name my verse shall be preferr'd.
 Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
 High as the spheres, I will his triumph sing ;
 High as the head of Fame ; Fame, whose exalted
 size
 From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted
 skies :
 A thousand talking tongues the monster bears,
 A thousand waking eyes and ever-open ears ;
 Hourly she stalks with huge gigantic pace,
 Measuring the globe, like time, with constant race :
 Yet shall she stay, and bend to William's
 praise :
 Of him her thousand ears shall hear triumphant
 lays,
 Of him her tongue shall talk, on him her eyes
 shall gaze.

III.

But lo, a change, astonishing my eyes !
 And all around, behold, new objects rise !
 What forms are these I see ? and whence ?
 Beings substantial ! or does air condense,
 To clothe in visionary shape my various thought ?
 Are these by fancy wrought !
 Can strong ideas strike so deep the sense ?
 O sacred poesy ! O boundless power !
 What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden
 worlds explore !
 Through seas, earth, air, and the wide-cir-
 cling sky,
 What is not fought and seen by thy all-piercing
 eye !

IV.

'Twas now, when flowery lawns the prospect
 made,
 And flowing brooks beneath a forest's shade ;
 A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,
 Stood feeding by ; while two fierce bulls pre-
 par'd
 Their armed heads for fight ; by fate of war to
 prove
 The victor worthy of the fair-one's love.

Unthought presage of what met next my view !
 For soon the shady scene withdrew :
 And now, for woods, and fields, and spring-
 ing flowers,
 Behold a town arise, bulwark'd with walls, and
 lofty towers !
 Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,
 Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd :
 With eager eyes beholding both from far
 Namur, the prize and mistress of the war.

V.

Now, thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,
 Does every chief and soldier's heart inflame ;
 Defensive arms the Gallic forces bear,
 While hardy Britons for the storm prepare :
 For fortune bad, with partial hand, before
 Resign'd the rule to Gallia's power.
 High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,
 Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's
 hands.
 A wondrous task it is th' ascent to gain,
 Through craggy cliffs, that strike the fight
 with pain,
 And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
 To this, what dangers men can add, by force or
 skill
 (And great is human force and wit in ill),
 Are join'd, on every side wide-gaping engines
 wait,
 Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate ;
 Ready to hurl destruction from above,
 In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.
 Thus fearful does the face of adverse power ap-
 pear ;
 But British forces are unus'd to fear :
 Though thus oppos'd they might, if William
 were not there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war ! behold the storm
 begin !
 The trumpet's clangor speaks in loud alarms,
 Mingling shrill notes, with dreadful din
 Of cannons burst, and rattling clash of arms.
 Clamours from earth to heaven, from heaven to
 earth rebound,
 Distinction in promiscuous noise is drown'd,
 And Echo lost in one continued sound.
 Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are sent,
 Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent ;
 Such flames the gulf of Tartarus disgorge,
 So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge ;
 Such were the peals from thence, such the vast
 blaze that broke,
 Reddening with horrid gloom the dusky
 smoke,
 When the huge Cyclops did with moulding
 thunder sweat,
 And massive bolts on repercussive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidst this rage, behold, where William stands,
 Undaunted, undismay'd !
 With face serene, dispensing dread commands ;
 Which, heard with awe, are with delight
 obey'd.

A thousand fiery deaths around him fly;
And burning balls his harmless by:
For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,
Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of missive fires that fester in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has power t' assuage;
Revenge makes danger dreadful seem.
And now, with desperate force, and fresh
attack,

Through obvious deaths, resistless way they
make;
Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap
they lay,

And then ascend; resembling thus (as far
As race of men inferior may)
The fam'd gigantic war,
When those tall sons of earth did heaven aspire;
(A brave, but impious fire!)

Uprooting hills, with most stupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful scale.
The gods, with horror and amaze, look'd
down,

Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent;
Mountain on mountain thrown.
With threatening hurl, that shock'd th' aerial firma-
ment!

Th' attempt did fear in heaven create;
Even Jove desponding fate,
Till Mars, with all his force collected, stood,
And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood;
Who, tumbling headlong from th' empyreal skies,
Overwhelm'd those hills, by which they
thought to rise.

Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,
And now in godlike William storms with equal
force below.

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unstraken pace,
And hardy breasts oppos'd to danger's face.
With daring feet, on springing mines they
tread.

Of secret sulphur, in dire ambush laid.
Still they proceed; though all beneath, the la-
bouring earth

Trembles to give the dread eruptions birth.
Through this, through more, through all they
go,

Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.
See, how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!
Sea, how the Britons rise! see the retiring Gauls!
Now from the fort, behold, the yielding flag is
spread,

And William's banner on the breach display'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant shouts from every voice!
The skies with acclamations ring!

Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,
And rocks reflected los sing!

Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd

Heroic harmony prepare,

And charm to silence every wind,

And glad the late-tormented air.

Far is the sound of martial music spread,

Echoing through all the Gallic host,

Whose numerous troops the dreadful storm sur-
vey'd:

But they, with wonder or with awe dismay'd,
Unmov'd behold the fortress lost.

William, their numerous troops with terror
fill'd.

Such wondrous charms can godlike valour
show!

Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrific shield
Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd
his foe,

Nor, when on soaring horse he flew, to aid
And save from monster's rage the beauteous
maid:

Or more heroic was the deed;

Or she to surer chains decreed,

Than was Namur, till now by William freed.

XI.

Descend, my Muse, from thy too-daring
height,

Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd
wing;

For weary art thou grown of this unwonted
flight,

And dost with pain of triumphs sing.

More fit for thee, resume thy rural reeds;

For war let more harmonious harps be strung;

Sing thou of love, and leave great William's
deeds

To him who sung the Boyne; or him to whom
he sung.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

"Dignum laude virum Muso vetat mori."—HOR.

DESCEND, celestial Muse! thy son inspire
Of thee to sing; infuse thy holy fire.
Below'd of gods and men, thyself disclose;
Say, from what source thy heavenly power
arose,

Which, from unnumber'd years delivering
down

The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,
Extends their life and fame to ages yet un-
known.

Time and the Muse set forth with equal pace;
At once the rival: started to the race:

And both at once the destin'd course shall end,
Or both to all eternity contend.

One to preserve what t' other cannot save,
And rescue virtue rising from the grave.

To thee, O Montague, these strains are sung,
For thee my voice is tun'd, and speaking lyre

strang;

For every grace of every Muse is thine;
In thee their various fires united shine,

Darling of Phoebus and the tuneful Nine;

To thee alone I dare my song commend,

Whose nature can forgive, and power defend,

And shew by turns the patron and the friend.

Begin, my Muse, from Jove derive thy song;

Thy song of right does first to Jove belong;

For thou thyself art of celestial seed,
Nor dare a fire inferior boast the breed.
When first the frame of this vast ball was made,
And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd;
Vicissitude of things, of men and states,
Their rise and fall, were destin'd by the Fates.
Then Time had first a name; by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity,
Within whose ample bosom Fates repose
Causes of things, and secret seeds inclose,
Which, ripening there, shall one day gain a birth,
And force a passage through the teeming earth.
To him they give to rule the spacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night;
To wing the hours that whirl the rolling sphere,
To shift the seasons, and conduct the year,
Duration of dominion and of power
To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule to Time the Fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign:
For every beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good foe'er and grateful in his fight,)
He must again to native earth restore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour.
Nor good nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid law.

Nor yet the loosen'd earth aloft was slung,
Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung;
Nor yet did golden fires the sun adorn.
Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn;
Nor yet had Time commission to begin,
Or Fate the many-twisted web to spin;
When all the heavenly host assembled came
To view the world yet resting on its frame;
Eager they press, to see the fire dismiss
And roll the globe along the vast abyss.

When deep revolving thoughts the God retain,
Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene;
Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,
Again inspect Fate's universal book:
Abroad the wondrous volume he displays,
And present views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page,
Where Nature's bloom presents the golden age.
The golden leaf to silver soon resigns,
And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly, shines.
Of baser brass, the next denotes the times;
An impious page, deform'd with deadly crimes.
The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an iron race.

He turns the book, and every age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye pursues:
The first of men, and lords of earth design'd,
Who under him should govern human-kind.
Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
In search of glory spent, and godlike deeds;
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And savage men compel to leave the field.

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,
And hungry Time has all the scene defac'd,
The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms
waste:

Together all in common ruins lie,
And butanon, and ev'n the ruins die.

Vol. IV.

Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,
To see great actions in oblivion drown'd;
And forward search'd the roll, to find if Fate
Had no reserve to spare the good and great.
Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,
And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,
And all her boasted pile a ruin made:
Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,
But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,
And first, and second Cæsar, godlike great.
Still on to after-days his eyes descend,
And rising heroes still the search attend.
Proceeding thus, he many empires pass'd:
When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.

Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rolling years, her happy fortunes smile,
And Fates propitious bless the beauteous isle;
To worlds remote she wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the stormy main.
Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.

But soon a lowering sky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd shews an ill-omen'd face.
The void of heaven a gloomy horror fills,
And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;
Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,
Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the shame
Of honours lost, and her diminish'd name:
Conscious, she seeks from day to throw her
head,

And glad would shrink beneath her oozy bed.
Thus far, the sacred leaves Britannia's woes
In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose.
Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.

Behold! of radiant light an orb arise,
Which, kindling day, restores the darken'd
skies:

And see! on seas the beamy ball descends,
And now its course to fair Britannia bends:
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.
Hail, happy omen! Hail, auspicious sight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.
For see a prince, whom dazzling arms array,
Pursuing closely, ploughs the watery way,
Tracing the glory through the flaming sea.

Britannia, rise; awake, O fairest isle,
From iron sleep; again thy fortunes smile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whose reign renews the former age of gold.
The Fates at length the blissful web have spun,
And bid it round in endless circles run.
Again shall distant hands confess thy sway,
Again the watery world thy rule obey;
Again thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,
And wind in foreign fields a deathless name;
For William's genius every soul inspires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, see, the hostile troops retreat,
And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate.

N n n

Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring steel.
The haughty Gaul, who well, till now, might
boast

A matchless sword and unresisted host,
At his foreseen approach the field forsakes;
His cities tremble, and his empire shakes.
His towering ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main;
A gathering storm he seem'd, which from afar
Tenn'd with a deluge of destructive war,
Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,
And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
So from the radiant sun retires the night,
And western clouds shot through with orient
light.

So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gives way,
The frantic brethren ravage all around,
And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage
resound;

Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep.
But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident shakes, and shews his awful head;
The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests
cease,

And every rolling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landkip wears,
Where heaven serene, and air unmov'd, ap-
pears.

The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And soft, and still, the silver surface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whispering
breeze

With fragrant breath murmurs through the
trees.

The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
In wanton measures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
And scorn to skim the level of the streams.
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the labouring hind regrets his toil,
But cheerfully manures the grateful soil;
Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' adventurous man, who durst the deep ex-
plore;

Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelly shore,
Beneath his roof new tasses unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.

No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows' shrieks, and orphans'
cries,

Torment the patient air, and pierce the skies;
But peaceful joys the prosperous times afford,
And banish'd virtue is again restor'd.

And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's
isle;

By whose illustrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal sway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace shall reign:
For his example still the rule shall give,
And those it taught to conquer, teach to live.

Proceeding on, the Father still unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter still beholds;
The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.
Th' Eternal paus'd—

Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he saw besides the coming store.
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the shining path pursues,
But like the sun the same bright race renews.

And shall remorseless Fates on him have
power!

O Time unequally such worth devour!

Then, wherefore shall the brave for fame contest?
Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest?
Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,
And deathless fame the due reward requires.
Approving Heaven th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.

The great Creator soon the grant resolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once again to choose,
But spake the word, and made th' immortal
Muse.

Ne'er did his power produce so bright a child,
On whose creation infant Nature smil'd.

Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wish'd-for world was well de-
lay'd.

Nor did the fire himself his joy disguise,
But steadfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes:
Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
And thus the god the heavenly fair bespoke.

"To thee, immortal Maid, from this blest'd
hour,

"O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded
power.

"Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save;

"Shalt rise, revive, immortalize the brave.

"To thee, the Dardan Prince shall owe his
fame;—

"To thee, the Cæsars their eternal name.

"Eliza, sung by thee, with Fate shall strive,

"And long as Time in sacred verse survive.

"And yet, O Muse, remains the noblest theme;

"The fruit of men, mature for endless fame,

"Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,

"Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's
praise.

"On his heroic deeds thy verse shall rise;

"Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies.

"Through him thy songs shall more sublime
aspire;

" And he, through them, shall deathless fame acquire :

" Nor Time nor Fate his glory shall oppose,
" Or blast the monuments the Muse bestows,"
This said ; no more remain'd. Th' ethereal host

Again impatient crowd the crystal coast.
The Father, now, within his spacious hands,
Encompass'd all the mingled ma's of seas and lands ;

And, having heav'd aloft the ponderous sphere,
He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

ON MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, SINGING.

IRREGULAR ODE,

I.

LET all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace,

And every ruder gasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death.
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
Be still ; gently, ah leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to leave.
Stir not a pulse ; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,

Be softly stay'd :
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.
Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,
Leave your officious toil and strife ;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

II.

Come, all ye love-sick maids and wounded swains,

And listen to her healing strains.
A wondrous balm between her lips she wears,
Of sovereign force to soften cares ;
And this through every ear she can impart
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to every heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,

And to the tender grief soft air applies,
Which, warbling mytic sounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds,
But ah ! beware of clamorous moan ;
Let no unpleasing murmur, or harsh groan,
Your slighted loves declare ;

Your very tenderest moving sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boisterous here.
Hither let nought but sacred silence come,
And let all saucy praise be dumb.

III.

And lo ! Silence himself is here ;
Methinks I see the midnight god appear.
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the reverend shade :

An ancient sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne :
Beneath, two soft transparent clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his foster feet.
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in despair,

Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap
In fluid folds his visionary shape.
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
Where curling mists supply the want of hairs ;
While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark ! the heavenly sphere turns round,
And Silence now is drown'd
In ecstasy of sound.

How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were just alarm'd !
And every soul, with transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.

See how the heavenly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what speed and care
Descending angels cull the thinnest air !
Haste then, come all th' immortal throng,
And listen to her song ;

Leave your lov'd mansions in the sky,
And hither, quickly hither fly.
Your loss of heaven nor shall you need to fear ;
While she sings, 'tis heaven here.

V.

See how they crowd, see how the little cherubs skip !

While others sit around her mouth, and sip
Sweet Hallelujahs from her lip,
Those lips, where in surprise of bliss they rove ;
For ne'er before did angels taste
So exquisite a feast,
Of music and of love.

Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,
And with her voice in chorus join :
Her voice, which next to yours is most divine,
Blesses the glad earth with heavenly lays,
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,
Which only breath inspir'd can reach,
To notes, which only she can learn, and you can teach :

While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,
Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness
Of all, of all, but of the present happiness :
Wishing for ever in that state to lie,
For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

P R I A M ' S

LAMENTATION AND PETITION

TO

A C H I L L E S,

FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER,

Argument introductory to this Translation,

Hector's body (after he was slain) remained still in the possession of Achilles : for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him ; and sent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to Achilles' tent ; and how he should there ransom the body of his son. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and

N n n 2

preparing rich presents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by nobody but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortune, undertakes to drive his chariot unobserved through the guards, and to the door of Achilles' tent; which having performed, he discovered himself a god, and giving him a short instruction how to move Achilles to compassion, flew up to heaven.

SO spake the god, and heavenward took his flight;
When Priam from his chariot did alight;
Leaving Idæus there, alone he went
With solemn pace into Achilles' tent.
Heedless he pass'd through various rooms of state,

Until approaching where the hero sat;
There, at a feast, the good old Priam found
Jove's best-belov'd, with all his chiefs around;
Two only were t' attend his person plac'd,
Automedon and Alcyon; the rest
At greater distance, greater state express'd,
Priam, unseen by these, his way pursued,
And first of all was by Achilles view'd,
About his knees his trembling arms he cast,
And agonizing grasp'd and held them fast;
Then caught his hands, and kiss'd and press'd
them close,

Those hands, the inhuman authors of his woes;
Those hands, whose unrelenting force had cost
Much of his blood (for many sons he lost).

But, as a wretch who has a murder done,
And, seeking refuge, does from justice run,
Entering some house, in haste, where he's unknown,

Creates amazement in the lookers-on:
So did Achilles gaze, surpris'd to see
The godlike Priam's royal misery;
All on each other gaz'd, all in surprise,
And mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes.

Till he at length the solemn silence broke:
And thus the venerable suppliant spake:

"Divine Achilles, at your feet behold
"A prostrate king, in wretchedness grown old:
"Think on your father, and then look on me,
"His hoary age and helpless person see:
"So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
"Such, and so many, his declining years;
"Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
"Could you imagine such, his misery!
"Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,
"And neighbouring princes lay his country
"waste;
"Ev'n at this time, perhaps, some powerful
"foe,
"Who will no mercy, no compassion, show,
"Entering his palace, sees him feebly fly,
"And seek protection where no help is nigh.
"In vain he may your fatal absence mourn,
"And wish, in vain, for your delay'd return;

"Yet, that he hears you live, in some relief;
"Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief;
"It glads his soul to think he once may see
"His much-lov'd son; would that were granted
"me!

"But I, most wretched I! of all bereft!
"Of all my worthy sons how few are left!
"Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boast,
"When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast:
"Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,
"Are now, alas! a mournful tribute to one
"tomb.

"Merciless war this devastation wrought,
"And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.
"Still one was left, in whom was all my
"hope,

"My age's comfort, and his country's prop;
"Hector, my darling, and my last defence,
"Whose life alone their deaths could recom-
"pence;

"And, to complete my store of countless woe,
"Him you have slain—of him bereav'd me
"too!

"For his sake only hither am I come;
"Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endless
"sum;

"All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
"A worthless ransom for so brave a son.
"Fear the just gods, Achilles; and on me

"With pity look, think you your father see:
"Such as I am, he is; alone in this,
"I can no equal have in miseries;

"Of all mankind most wretched and forlorn,
"Bow'd with such weight as never has been
"borne;

"Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from
"whom

"The spring and source of all my sorrows
"come;

"With gifts to court mine and my country's
"bane,

"And kiss those hands which have my children
"slain."

He spake.—
Now sadness o'er Achilles' face appears,
Priam he views, and for his father fears;
That, and compassion, melt him into tears.
Then gently with his hand he put away
Old Priam's face; but he still prostrate lay,
And there, with tears and sighs, afresh begun
To mourn the fall of his ill-fated son.
But passion different ways Achilles turns,
Now he Patroclus, now his father mourns:
Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
Till sorrow seem'd to wear one common face.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN, OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.
Connection of this with the former Translation.
Priam, at last, moves Achilles to compassion, and,
after having made him presents of great value,

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stains the body of his son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and advises him to haste away with the body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the camp: he himself helps to harness the mules and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then flies up to heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

Now did the saffron morn her beams display,
Gilding the face of universal day;
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unusual weight of woe.
To Pergamus' high top Cassandra flies,
Thence she afar the sad procession spies:
Her father and Idæus first appear,
Then Hector's corpse extended on a bier;
At which her boundless grief loud cries began,
And, thus lamenting, through the street she ran:
"Hither ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
"Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!
"If e'er you went with joy to see him come
"Adorn'd with conquest and with laurels home,
"Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,
"What once was all your joy; now all your misery!"
She spake, and straight the numerous crowd obey'd,

Nor man, nor woman, in the city stay'd;
Common consent of grief had made them one,
With clamorous moan to Scæa's gate they run,
There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
Which they, with loud and fresh lamentings, greet.

His reverend mother, and his tender wife,
Equal in love, in grief had equal strife:
In sorrow they no moderation knew,
But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each

Attempted first his breathless corpse to reach;
Aloud they beat their breasts, and tore their hair,
Rending around with shrieks the suffering air.
Now had the throng of people stop'd the way,
Who would have there lamented all the day;
But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake,
"Trojans, enough; truce with your sorrows make;
"Give way to me, and yield the chariot room:
"First let me bear my Hector's body home,
"Then mourn your fill." At this the crowd gave way,

Yielding like waves of a divided sea.
Idæus to the palace drove, then laid
With care the body on a sumptuous bed,
And round about were skilful fingers plac'd,
Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd
Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
Of universal mournful harmony.
When first Andromache her passion broke,
And thus (close pressing his pale cheeks) she spoke:

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.
O my lost husband! let me ever mourn
Thy early fate, and too untimely urn:

In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
And thou in ashes must with them be laid.

Why is my heart thus miserably torn!
Why am I thus distress'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched thing a widow left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft?
Yet I were blest, were I alone undone;
Alas, my child! where can an infant run?
Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born? I am with blessings curs'd;
For long ere thou shalt be to manhood grown,
Wide desolation will lay waste this town:
Who is there now that can protection give,
Since he, who was her strength, no more doth live?
Who of her reverend matrons will have care?
Who save her children from the rage of war?
For he to all father and husband was,
And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loss.
Soon will the Grecians now insulting come,
And bear us captives to their distant home;
I, with my child, must the same fortune share,
And all alike be prisoners of the war;
'Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must have,
And be to some inhuman lord a slave.
Else some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
Or for an only son or father kill'd
By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
And with his blood his thirty grief assuage;
For many fell by his relentless hand,
Biting that ground, with which their blood was stain'd.

Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,
And never did his foes in battle spare;
Thence come these sufferings, which so much have cost,

Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
I saw him not when in the pangs of death,
Nor did my lips receive his latest breath;
Why held he not to me his dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I his last command?
Something he would have said, had I been there,
Which I should still in sad remembrance bear;
For I should never, never words forget,
Which night and day I should with tears repeat.
She spake, and wept afresh, when all around
A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.
Then Hecuba, who long had been oppress'd
With boiling passions in her aged breast,
Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

Hector, my joy, and to my soul more dear
Than all my other numerous issue were;
O my last comfort, and my best-belov'd!
Thou, at whose fall even Jove himself was mov'd,
And sent a god his dread commands to bear,
So far thou wert high Heaven's peculiar care;
From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpse was freed,
So kind a fate was for none else decreed:
My other sons, made prisoners by his hands,
Were sold like slaves, and shipped to foreign lands.
Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barbarous doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain:
And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,
Since all could not restore his life again.

Now fresh and glowing ev'n in death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by Phæbus' dart.
Her weeping Hecuba her passion stay'd,
And universal moan again was made;
When Helen's lamentation hers supply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart,
No brother there had half so large a part!
Not less than twenty years are now pass'd o'er,
Since first I landed on the Trojan shore;
Since I with godlike Paris fled from home:
(Would I had dy'd before that day had come!)
In all which time (so gentle was thy mind),
I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
Not one untender word, or look of scorn,
Which I too often have from others borne.
But you from their reproach still set me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
If by my sisters or the queen revild,
(For the good king, live you, was ever mild)
Your kindness still has all my grief beguild.
Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
Who had no friend alive but you alone:
All will reproach me now where'er I pass,
And fly with horror from my hated face.
This said, she wept; and the vast throng was mov'd,
And with a general sigh her grief approv'd.
When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud:
"Cease your lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
"And fell down trees to build a funeral pile;
"Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,
"For with Achilles twelve days truce I made.
He spake; and all obey'd as with one mind,
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days space was in that labour spent;
The tenth, a most stupendous pile they made,
And on the top the manly Hector laid,
Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,
Behold the rolling flames and smoke arise.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
But when the rosy morn with day return'd,
About the pile the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
His brothers then and friends search'd every where,
And gathering up his snowy bones with care,
Wept o'er them; when an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,
In which the sacred ashes were interr'd,
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.
Meantime strong guards were plac'd, and careful spies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprise.
The work once ended, all the vast resort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;

There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest,
Ending the funeral with a solemn feast.

PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

"Mater fæva Cupidinum, &c."

I.

THE tyrant queen of soft desires,
With the resistless aid of sprightly wine
And wanton ease, conspires
To make my heart its peace resign,
And re-admit love's long-rejected fires.
For beauteous Glycera I burn,
The flames so long repell'd with double force return.
Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd marble when reflecting light:
Her very coyness warms;
And with a grateful fullness she charms;
Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
Whose lustre an unwary fight betrays;
My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins!
At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus no more with her abode is blest.
I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
Of Parthian archers, who in flying fight,
And make rough war their sport;
Such idle themes no more can move,
Nor any thing but what's of high import:
And what's of high import, but love?
Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
After our sacrifice and prayer,
The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. II. ODE XIV.

"Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
"Labuntur anni, &c."

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.
Not all these prayers and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundless race,
Which Time himself can never run
(Swift as he flies, with an unwearied pace):
Which, when ten thousand thousand years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

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Fix'd are those limits, which prescribe
A short extent to the most lasting breath;
And though thou could'st for sacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to save thy own,
'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One supernumerary gasp from death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted store
Of wealth, in vain thy power;
Thy honours, titles, all must fail,
Where piety itself can nought avail.
The rich, the great, the innocent, and just,
Must all be huddled to the grave,
With the most vile and ignominious slave,
And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,
In vain avoids the faithless seas,
And is confin'd to home and ease,
Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
In vain are all those arts we try,
All our evasions, and regret to die:
From the contagion of mortality,
No clime is pure, no air is free:
And no retreat
Is so obscure, as to be hid from fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my friend;
(The very hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid, brings on thy end)
Thou must forego the dearest joys of life;
Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
All must be left, and all be lost;
Thy house, whose stately structure so much
cost,
Shall not afford
Room for the stinking carcase of its lord.
All thy pleasant gardens, grots, and bowers,
Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and
flowers,
Nought shalt thou save;
Or but a sprig of rosemary shalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave:
The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
Their transitory master dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting heir
A joyful mourning wear:
And riot in the waste of that estate
Which thou hast taken so much pains to get.
All thy hid stores he shall unfold,
And set at large thy captive gold.
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
To vaults and prisons, shall again be free:
Bury'd alive though now it lies,
Again shall rise;
Again its sparkling surface show,
And free as element profusely flow.
With such high food he shall fet forth his feasts,
That cardinals shall wish to be his guests;
And pamper'd prelates see
Themselves outdone in luxury.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

"Vides ut alta, &c."

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But see (big with the offspring of the north)
The teeming clouds bring forth:
A shower of soft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-clothe the earth again.
Behold the mountain-tops around
As if with fur of ermins crown'd;
And lo! how by degrees
The universal mantle hides the trees
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the Autumn of the sky:
Trembling, the groves sustain their weight, and
bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of snow.

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a disease, through all its veins 'tis spread,
And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen houts, make warm the air;
Let cheerful fires Sol's feeble beams repair;
Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine;
Let's drink till our own faces shine,
Till we like suns appear,
To light and warm the hemisphere.
Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate;
That powerful juice, with which no cold dares
mix,
Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix:
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
'Tis Heaven's concern; and let it be
The care of Heaven still for me:
Those winds which rend the oaks and plough
the seas,
Great Jove can, if he please,
With one commanding nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom?
That is not ours, which is to come:
The present moment's all our store;
The next should Heaven allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one instant now.
Look on each day you've past
To be a mighty treasure won;
And lay each moment out in haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth doth a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly;
The flowers that flourish in the spring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting boy, invites
To revel while you may, in soft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.

Slowly she promises at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet.
To gloomy groves and shades obscure she flies,
There veils the bright confession of her eyes.

Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft sighs conveys
The whispers of her heart.
Still she invites and still denies,
And vows she'll leave you if you're rude;
Then from her ravisher she flies,
But flies to be pursu'd;
If from his sight she does herself convey,
With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the way.

S O N G.

I.

I Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could
speak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I strove most my great passion to
break,
Still then I said least of the matter.

II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I sooner could die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Cælia, be kind then; and since your own
eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
Those oglings that tell you my passion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and though neither
should speak,
The pleasure we'll still be pursuing;
And so, without words, I don't doubt we may
make
A very good end of this wooing.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Cælia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bower,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his passion.

O D E.

To all the sex deceitful,
A long and last adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cause are many.

And long and hard to bear;
The joys they give (if any)
Few, short, and un sincere.

RECITATIVE.

But Cælia now, repenting
Her breach of assignation,
Arriv'd with eyes consenting,
And sparkling inclination.
Like Cithæra smiling,
She blest'd, and laid his passion;
The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And sung this recantation.

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After absence or despair!
Women wise increase desiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to please.

A B S E N C E.

ALAS! what pains, what racking thoughts he
proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!
In cruel absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return!
Oh let me ne'er the pangs of absence try,
Save me from absence, Love, or let me die.

S O N G.

FALSE though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.
In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last;
And though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

SONG IN DIALOGUE.

FOR TWO WOMEN.

I.

I Love and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coynefs bid adieu.

II.

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;
I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,
But when I yield, I fear to lose him.
1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting;
2. And both will tire with often tasting,
When they find the bliss not lasting.
1. Love is complete in kind possessing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

Then let us beware how far we consent,
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis ignorance makes men admire;
And granting desire,
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceived;
That Cloe's false and common;
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very woman:
As such I lik'd, as such carefs'd,
She still was constant when posses'd,
She could do more for no man.

II.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing:
Perhaps she fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

THE PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love, said I,
One dear blessing ere I die;
Long I've borne excess of pain,
Let me now some bliss obtain.
Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry thus the God reply'd:
Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's slave?
Cease, fond mortal, to implore,
For Love, ev'n Love himself's no more.

SONG

I.

CRUEL Amynta, can you see
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
But through your eyes the conquest made.

II.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless smiles;
No wretches are so lost as they
Whom much security beguiles.

SONG.

I.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.
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II.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S HAVING WRIT
VERSES IN COMMENDATION OF A POEM
WHICH WAS WRITTEN IN PRAISE OF
ANOTHER LADY.

HARD is the task, and bold th' adventurous
flight
Of him, who dares in praise of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who, praising beauty, does no wrong,
May boast to be successful in his song:
But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise;
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his Muse with brighter fame be
crown'd.

EPIGRAM,

WRITTEN AFTER THE DECEASE OF MRS.
ARABELLA HUNT, UNDER HER PICTURE
DRAWN PLAYING ON A LUTE.

WERE there on earth another voice like
thine,
Another hand so blest with skill divine!
The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

SONG.

I.

PIOUS Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her!
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!

A HYMN TO HARMONY,

IN HONOUR OF

ST. CECILIA'S DAY. MDCCL.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O HARMONY, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of sacred verse, and sweet-resounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy power we praise.
O o o

All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!
Wife Nature owns thy undisputed sway,
Her wondrous works resigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere,

C H O R U S.

All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound
Could penetrate th' abyfs profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And search the living source of unborn light.
Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.
Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heaven and earth;
Then all those shining worlds above
In mystic dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never-ceasing, never-silent choir.

C H O R U S.

Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos plung'd his vanquish'd head.

III.

Thou only, goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didst to heavenly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound.
When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didst the god inspire;
When first the vocal shell he strung,
To which the Muses sung;
Then first the Muses sung; melodious strains
Apollo play'd,
And Muse first began by thy auspicious aid.
Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

C H O R U S.

Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

IV.

Descend, Urania, heavenly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how, with various woes oppress'd,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,
Or by conflicting passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too soon retreats.
Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

C H O R U S.

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

V.

Begin the powerful song, ye sacred Nine,
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In every breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge, and death inclin'd:
With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

C H O R U S.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

VI.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring!
Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, see, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold, the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard;
And hoarse resounding drums.
War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

C H O R U S.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing past delights
That may no more, no never more return.
O sooth her cares
With softest, sweetest airs,
Till victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

C H O R U S.

Let victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair!
Now to thy native skies repair,

And rule again the starry sphere;
 Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
 To ease the world of care,
 Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd!
 Phœbus himself to her must yield,
 And at her feet lay down
 His golden harp and laurel crown.
 The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
 In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
 In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
 And lasting as her name,
 Who form'd the tuneful frame,
 Th' immortal music never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.
 Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd,
 Phœbus himself to her must yield,
 And at her feet lay down
 His golden harp and laurel crown.
 The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
 In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
 In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
 And lasting as her name,
 Who form'd the tuneful frame,
 Th' immortal music never dies.

V E R S E S

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE LADY GETHIN,

Occasioned by reading her Book, entitled
 RELIQUIAE GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful life in study spent,
 The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament;
 And aged men, whose lives exceed the space
 Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,
 With hoary heads, their short experience grieve,
 As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live,
 So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
 So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!
 Whether on this reflects, and then beholds,
 With strict attention, what this book unfolds,
 With admiration struck, shall question who
 So very long could live, so much to know?
 For so complete the finish'd piece appears,
 That learning seems combin'd with length of years;
 And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach
 At all that study or that time can teach.
 But to what height must his amazement rise,
 When, having read the work, he turns his eyes
 Again to view the foremost opening page,
 And there the beauty, sex, and tender age,
 Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
 Th' æthereal source from whence this current flows!
 When prodigies appear, our reason fails,
 And superstition o'er philosophy prevails.
 Some heavenly minister we straight conclude,
 Some angel-mind with female form endued,
 To make a short abode on earth, was sent,
 (Where no perfection can be permanent)

And, having left her bright example here,
 Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.
 Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
 She sings amid the choir of seraphims;
 Or some resplendent star informs, and guides,
 Where she, the blest intelligence, presides;
 Is not for us to know who here remain;
 For 'twere as impious to inquire as vain:
 And all we ought, or can, in this dark state,
 Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

E P I T A P H

UPON ROBERT HUNTINGDON, OF STANTON
 HARCOURT, ESQ. AND ROBERT HIS SON.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
 Father and son, together laid;
 Whose living virtues shall remain,
 When they and this are quite decay'd.
 What man should be, to ripeness grown,
 And finish'd worth should do, or shun,
 At full was in the father shown;
 What youth could promise in the son.
 But death, obdurate, both destroy'd
 The perfect fruit, and opening bud:
 First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
 Then robb'd us of the coming good.

T O M R. D R Y D E N,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

AS when of old heroic story tells,
 Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
 Till future time the destin'd hero send,
 By whom the dire enchantment is to end:
 Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
 Thou great revealer of dark poetry.
 Those fullen clouds, which have, for ages past,
 O'er Persius' too long suffering Muse been cast,
 Disperse, and fly before thy sacred pen,
 And, in their room, bright tracks of light are seen.
 Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
 The god of music, and poetic fires:
 Else, whence proceeds this great surprise of light!
 How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!

Our wonder now does our past folly show,
 Vainly contemning what we did not know:
 So unbelievers impiously despise
 The sacred oracles in mysteries.
 Persius before in small esteem was had,
 Unless what to antiquity is paid;
 But like Apocrypha, with scruple read
 (So far our ignorance our faith mislead)
 Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
 To place it in the poet's sacred writ.
 As coin, which bears some awful monarch's face,
 For more than its intrinsic worth will pass;
 So your bright image, which we here behold,
 Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold,
 To you we all this following treasure owe,
 This Hippocrène, which from a rock did flow.
 Old stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
 Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines;
 And as before, for Persius, our esteem
 To his antiquity was paid, not him:

O o o 2

So now, whatever praise from us is due,
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new.
For still obscure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal;
But through your skill, from those small seeds of
fire
Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

THE ELEVENTH.
SATIRE OF JUVENAL.
THE ARGUMENT.

The design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. The Poet draws the occasion from an invitation which he here makes to his friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons, who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shows us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages; to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness in the care of heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at feasts, and by the bye, touches the nobility with making vice and debauchery consist with their principal pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets for the present, and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

IF noble Atticus make splendid feasts,
And with expensive food indulge his guests,
His wealth and quality support the treat;
Nor is it luxury in him, but state.
But when poor Rutilus spends all he's worth,
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth;
'Tis downright madness; for what greater jests,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts?
But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.
A man in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good;
Urg'd by no power, restrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice:
'Mongst common fencers practises the trade,
That end debasing for which arms were made;
Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
Many there are of the same wretched kind,
Whom their despairing creditors may find
Lurking in shambles; where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live,

And yet what's more ridiculous; of these
The poorest wretch is still most hard to please;
And he whose thin transparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Would ransack every element for choice
Of every fish and fowl at any price;
If, brought from far, it very dear has cost,
It has a flavour then, which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater gust.

In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,
And that exhausted, still new pledges gives;
Till forc'd of mere necessity to eat,
He comes to pawn his dish to buy his meat.
Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,
Not what his mother's sacred image bears;
The broken relic he with speed devours,
As he would all the rest of's ancestors,
If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to sale,
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The stings of hunger, soon, and want, he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd, at length, to serve
Fencers for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now you see a plenteous feast;
The question is, at whose expence 'tis dress'd.
In great Ventidius we the bounty prize;
In Rutilus the vanity despise.
Strange ignorance! that the same man who knows
How ar you mount above this mole-hill shows,
Should not perceive a difference as great
Between small incomes and a vast estate!
From heaven to mortals sure that rule was sent,
Of "Know thyself;" and by some god was meant
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Through all the various courses which we steer.
Thersites, though the most presumptuous Greek,
Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak;
When scarce Ulysses had a good pretence,
With all the advantage of his eloquence,
Who'er attempts weak causes to support,
Ought to be very sure he's able for't;
And not mistake strong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words and force of sense:
Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
A wife man's power's the limit of his will.

If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury;
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which necessity confines thy price.
Well may they fear some miserable end,
Whom gluttony and want at once attend;
Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,
Both land and stock, interest and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
Who sold his very ring to purchase meat;
And, though a knight, 'mongst common slaves
now stands,

Begging an alms with undistinguish'd hands.
Sure sudden death to such should welcome be,
On whom each added year heaps misery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.
But there are steps in villainy which these
Observe to tread and follow by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small stock of credit gone,
Lest Rome should grow too warm, from thence
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For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown,
 For debt and roguery to quit the town,
 Than, in the midst of summer's scorching heat,
 From crowds, and noise, and business, to retreat.
 One only grief such fugitives can find,
 Reflecting on the pleasures left behind,
 The plays and loose diversions of the place;
 But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
 Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
 That out of countenance Virtue's fled from earth;
 Bashed, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
 She's with Aistrea gone, not to return.

This day, my Periclus, thou shalt perceive
 Whether myself I keep those rules I give,
 Or else an unsuspected glutton live;
 If moderate fare and abstinence I prize
 In public, yet in private gormandize.
 Evander's feast reviv'd, to-day thou'lt see;
 That poor Evander, I, and thou shalt be
 Alcides and Æneas both to me.
 Meantime, I send you now your bill of fare;
 Be not surpris'd that 'tis all homely cheer:
 For nothing from the shambles I provide,
 But from my own small farm the tenderest kid,
 And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
 That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat;
 No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
 Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than
 blood.

Next that, shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
 Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly country maid.
 The largest eggs, yet warm within their nest,
 Together with the hens which laid them, dress;
 Clusters of grapes preserv'd for half a year,
 Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
 Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair,
 Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
 Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
 Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been heretofore
 Accounted riot in a senator:
 When the good Curius thought it no disgrace,
 With his own hands a few small herbs to dress;
 And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
 Which tetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste,
 For scarce a slave, but has to dinner now,
 The well dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,
 On birth-days, festivals, or days of state,
 A salt dry slice of bacon to prepare:
 If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
 Which rarely happen'd: and 'twas highly priz'd
 If aught was left of what they sacrific'd.
 To entertainments of this kind would come
 The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;
 Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen,
 But those who had, at least, thrice consuls been;
 Or the dictator's office had discharg'd,
 And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
 Retir'd to husband and manure the land,
 Humbling themselves to those they might com-
 mand.

Then might y' have seen the good old general haste,
 Before th' appointed hour, to such a feast;
 His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
 Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
 'Twas then when pious consuls bore the sway,
 And vice, discourag'd, pale and trembling lay,

Our censors then were subject to the law,
 Ev'n Power itself of Justice stood in awe.
 It was not then a Roman's anxious thought,
 Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought,
 Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
 And shining jewels to adorn his bed,
 That he at vast expence might loll his head.
 Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
 The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd,
 Returning rich with plunder from the field;
 If cups of silver or of gold be brought,
 With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
 To glorious trappings straight the plate he turn'd,
 And with the glittering spoil his horse adorn'd;
 Or else a helmet for himself he made,
 Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
 The Roman wolf fuelling the twins was there,
 And Marshimself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
 Hovering above his crest, did dreadful show
 As threatening death to each resisting foe.
 No use of silver, but in arms, was known;
 Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
 No sideboards then with gilded plate were dress'd,
 No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd;
 Expensive riot was not understood,
 But earthen platters held their homely food.
 Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
 That sees with shame the luxury of this?
 Heaven unwearied then did blessings pour,
 And pitying Jove foretold each dangerous hour;
 Mankind were then familiar with the god,
 He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod;
 And would have still been bounteous, as of old,
 Had we not left him for that idol gold.
 His golden statues hence the god have driven:
 For well he knows where our devotion's given.
 'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to Hea-
 ven.

Woods of our own afforded tables then,
 Though none can please us now but from Japan.
 Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
 The nicest dish his appetite can crave;
 But let it on an oaken board be set,
 His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
 Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
 Either your venison's rank, or ointments stink.
 Order some other table to be brought,
 Something at great expence in India bought,
 Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
 Carv'd on rich pedestals of ivory:
 He finds no more of that offensive smell,
 The meat recovers, and my lord grows well,
 An ivory table is a certain whet;
 You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
 As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
 By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me:
 Riot agrees not with frugality;
 Then, that unfashionable man am I,
 With me they'd starve for want of ivory:
 For not one inch does my whole house afford,
 Not in my very tables, or chess-board;
 Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
 Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade;
 Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
 Any unfavoury haut-goût from the haft,

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state;
No sewers nor dextrous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught;
In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air;
And where, with blunted knives, his scholars
learn

How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;
While all the neighbours are with noise oppress'd,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.
On me attends a raw unlik'ly lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my Ganymede:
With diligence he'll serve us while we dine
And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No catamites, by shameful pandars taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honest faces, though with uncur'd hair.
This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
For I have dress'd them both to wait on thee.
Of country swains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t' other my shepherd's son;
A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Though sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
And gentle sighs break from the tender boy;
His absence from his mother oft' he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wishes to return;
Longing to see his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flowery plain.
A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his
heart.

Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,
And only he with wine shall serve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and
made
From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful
shade

He and his wanton kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
With amorous songs and wanton dances grac'd;
When sprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air;
Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,
And twine and bound as in the rage of love.
Such sights the languid nerves to action stir,
And faded lust springs forward with this spur.
Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
Which husbands now do with their wives behold;
A needful help, to make them both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded love.
In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to desire.
But she, who by her sex's charter must
Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,
Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat;
With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.

But this becomes not me nor my estate;
These are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on ivory tables dine,
Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings
shine;

Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest slave,
The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
With bashful indignation would refuse.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
What's vice in me, is only mirth in him:
The fruits which murder, cards or dice afford,
A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diversions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is design'd
T' afford you pleasures of another kind;
Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
And Homer's sacred lines and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Though which exceeds the other none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they're sung;
Verse so sublimely good no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealousies and fears; and, while you may,
To peace and soft repose give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill,
Be free; be all uneasy passion still.
What though thy wife do with the morning light
(When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all
night)

Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,
And, having quenched her flame, come breathless
home,

Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire:
Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you would be free from night-alarms,
You must seem fond, and doating on her
charms,

Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.
Let this, and every other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threst-old be forgot;
All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
The wife's adultery, with the servants' theft;
And (the most racking thought which can in
trude)

Forget false friends and their ingratitude.
Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalens' an shows are in the Circus seen;
There (to the bane of horses) in high state
The Praetor sits on a triumphal seat;
Vainly with ensigns and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to such a numerous crowd,
To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat;
Echoes already do their shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry—"Away, away,
"The green have won the honour of the day."
Oh, should these sports be but one year forborn,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;
For that would now a cause of sorrow yield,
Great as the loss of Cannæ's fatal field.
Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vigorous youth to active sports inclin'd.

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On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our ease.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common censure fear:
On festivals it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the usual time;
But that continued, would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For frequent use would the delight exclude;
Pleasure's a toil when constantly pursued.

PROLOGUE TO QUEEN MARY,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S COMING TO SEE THE OLD
BACHELOR, AFTER HAVING SEEN THE
DOUBLE DEALER.

BY this repeated act of grace, we see
Wit is again the care of Majesty;
And while thus honour'd our proud stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient theatres.
Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers' age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.

Whose wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;
But this we know, our audience will excel:
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, seen
So fair a circle, and so bright a Queen.

Long has the Muses' land been overcast,
And many rough and stormy winters past;
Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of
night,

Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light:
While Wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has struggled strongly with the killing cold:
So does it still through opposition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by snow:
But when shot forth, then draws the danger
near,

On every side the gathering winds appear,
And blasts destroy that fruit, which frosts would
spare.

But now, new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth that from this royal presence flows.

O would she shine with rays more frequent
here!

How gay would then this drooping land appear!
Then, like the sun, with pleasure she might view
The smiling earth, cloth'd by her beams anew.
O'er all the meads should various flowers be
seen

Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious Queen.

EPILOGUE

AT THE OPENING OF THE
QUEEN'S THEATRE, IN THE HAY-MARKET
WITH AN ITALIAN PASTORAL.

WHATEVER future fate our house may
find,

At present we expect you should be kind;
Inconstancy itself can claim no right,
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
You must be fix'd a little ere you range,
You must be true till you have time to change.
A week, at least; one night is sure too soon:
But we pretend not to a honey-moon.

To novelty we know you can be true,
But what! alas! or who, is always new?

This day, without presumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd;

For not alone our house and scenes are new,
Our song and dance, but ev'n our actors too.
Our play itself has something in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and one constant woman.

In sweet Italian strains our shepherds sing,
Of harmless loves our painted forests ring,
In notes, perhaps, less foreign than the thing.

To found and shew at first we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with some sense,
But that, at present, were too great expence.

We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
To be to-night from smutty jests debarr'd:

But, in good-breeding, sure they'll once excuse
Ev'n modesty, when in a stranger-muse.

The day's at hand when we shall shift the scene,
And to yourselves shew your dear selves again:
Paint the reverse of what you've seen to-day,
And in bold strokes the vicious town display.

PROLOGUE TO PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS.

A TRAGEDY, BY CHARLES HOPKINS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warrior's
art;

For fighting, now, is thought the weakest part;
And a good head, more useful than a heart.
This way of war does our example yield;
That stage will win, which longest keeps the field.
We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
But starving one another to compliance.

Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd;
And those which first are hungry, are subdued.
And there, in truth, depends the great decision:
They conquer, who cut off the foes' provision.

Let fools with knocks and bruises keep a pother,
Our war and trade is to outwit each other,
But, hold: will not the politicians tell us,
That both our conduct and our foresight fail us;

To raise recruits, and draw new forces down;
Thus, in the dead vacation of the town,
To muster up our rhymes, without our reason,
And forage for an audience out of season?

Our author's fears must this false step excuse;
'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'd Muse:
Th' occasion ta'en, when critics are away;
Half wits and beaux, those ravenous birds of prey.
But, Heaven be prais'd, far hence they vent their
wrath,

Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.
Thus does our author his first flight commence;
Thus, against friends at first, with foils we fence:
Thus prudent Gimerack try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet foot) to swim upon a table.

Then spare the youth; or, if you'll damn the
play,

Let him but first have his, then take your day.

EPILOGUE TO OROONOKO.

YOU see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your
hearts.

We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief to-
gether,

Like rain and sunshine mix'd in April weather.

Your different tastes divide our poet's cares :
 One foot the sock, t' other the buskin wears :
 Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
 Like Volscius, hip-hop, in a single boot.
 Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his books :
 But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.
 Though errant-knights of late no favour find,
 Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
 To follow fame, knights-errant make profes-

son :
 We damsels fly, to save our reputation :
 So they their valour show ; we, our discretion,
 To lands of monsters and fierce beasts they go :
 We to those islands where rich husbands grow :
 Though they're no monsters, we may make
 them so.

If they're of English growth, they'll bear't with
 patience :

But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations !
 Then bless your itars, you happy London wives,
 Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives :
 Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindness,
 Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kind-

ness.
 Death with a husband ne'er had shewn such
 charms,

Had she once died within a lover's arms.

Her error was from ignorance proceeding :

Poor foul ! she wanted some of our town-breed-

ing !
 Forgive this Indian's fondness of her spouse ;
 Their law no christian liberty allows :
 Alas ! they make a conscience of their vows !
 If virtue in a heathen be a fault,
 Then damn the heathen school where she was
 taught.

She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and sham,
 Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

PROLOGUE

TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD,

A COMEDY, WRITTEN BY MR. J. DRYDEN, JUN.

THIS year has been remarkable two ways,

For blooming poets, and for blasted plays :

We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,

At once both tantaliz'd and over-stock'd.

Our authors too, by their success of late,

Begin to think third-days are out of date.

What can the cause be, that our plays won't
 keep,

Unless they have a rot some years, like sheep ?

For our parts, we confess, we're quite a-stam'd,

To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.

Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case

When christenings fall, and funerals increase.

Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,

There will be writers which will ne'er be read.

Why will you be such wits, and write such
 things ?

You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.

Let not your spleen provoke you to that height ;

'Od's life ! you don't know what you do, sirs, when
 you write.

You'll find that Pegasus has tricks, when try'd,

Though you make nothing on't, but up and
 ride :

Ladies and all, I faith, now get astride.

Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,
 Is grown as common now, as knitting knots :
 With the same ease, and negligence of thought,
 The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
 Though this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
 When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade :
 Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twould stop,
 But should they write, we must e'en shut up shop.
 How shall we make this mode of writing sink ?
 A mode, said I ? 'tis a disease I think,
 A stubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink.
 For still it spreads, till each th' infection takes,
 And seizes ten, for one that it forsakes.
 Our play to-day is sprung from none of these ;
 Nor should you damn it, though it does not
 please,
 Since born without the bounds of your four
 seas.

For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
 Yet as a stranger, there is something due :
 From Rome (to try its fate) this play was sent ;
 Start not at Rome ! for there's no popery meant :
 Though there the poet may his dwelling choose,
 Yet still he knows his country claims his Muse.
 Hither an offering his first-born he sends,
 Whose good, or ill success, on you depends.
 Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,
 As due to greater merit than his own,
 And begs the fire may for the son atone.
 There's his last refuge, if the play don't take,
 Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake.

PROLOGUE TO A VERY GOOD WIFE.

A COMEDY, BY POWELL.

SPOKEN BY MR. HAINES.

HERE's a young fellow here—an actor—
 Powell—

One whose person, perhaps, you all may know
 well ;

And he has writ a play—this very play

Which you are all come here to see, to-day ;

And so, it being an usual thing to speak

Something or other for the author's sake,

Before the play (in hopes to make it take)

I'm come, being his friend and fellow-player,

To say what (if you please) you're like to hear.

First know, that favour which I'd fain have

shown,

I ask not for, in his name, but my own ;

For, without vanity, I'm better known.

Mean time then, let me beg you would forbear

Your cat-calls, and the instruments of war.

For mercy, mercy, at your feet we fall,

Before your roaring gods destroy us all !

I'll speak with words sweet as distilling honey,

With words—as if I meant to borrow money ;

Fair, gentle sirs, most soft alluring beaux,

Think 'tis a lady, that for pity sue.

Bright ladies—but to gain the ladies grace,

I think I need no more than shew my face.

Next then, you authors, be not you severe ;

Why, what a swarm of scribblers have we here !

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,

ten,

All in one row, and brothers of the pen.

All would be poets ; well, your favour's due

To this day's author, for he's one of you.

Among the few which are of noted fame,
 I'm fair; for I myself am one of them.
 You've seen me smoke at Will's among the wits;
 I'm witty too, as they are—that's by fits.
 Now, you, our city friends, who hither come
 By three o'clock, to make sure elbow-room:
 While spouse, tuckt-up, does in her pattens
 trudge it,
 With handkerchief of prog, like troll with
 budget,
 And here, by turns, you eat plumb-cake and
 judge it;
 Pray be you kind, let me your grace importune,
 Or else—egad, I'll tell you all your fortune.
 Well now, I have but one thing more to say,
 And that's in reference to our third day;
 And odd requests—may be you'll think it so;
 Pray come, whether you like the play or no:
 And if you'll stay, we shall be glad to see you,
 If not—leave your half-crowns, and peace be wi'
 you!

PROLOGUE TO THE COURT,
 ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

THE happy Muse, to this high scene pre-
 fer'd,
 Hereafter all in loftier strains be heard;
 And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,
 Shall sing of virtue and heroic fame.
 No longer shall the toil upon the stage,
 And fruitless war with vice and folly wage;
 No more in mean disguise she shall appear,
 And shapes she would reform be forc'd to wear:
 While ignorance and malice join to blame,
 And break the mirror that reflects their frame.
 Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,
 Shew her bright virgin face, and scorn the satyr's
 mask.

Happy her future days! which are design'd
 Alone to paint the beauties of the mind:
 By just originals to draw with care,
 And copy from the court a faultless fair:
 Such labours with success her hopes may crown,
 And flame to manners an incorrigible town.

While this design her eager thought pursues,
 Such various virtues all around she views,
 She knows not where to fix, or which to choose.
 Yet still ambitious of the darling sight,
 One only awes her with superior light.
 From that attempt the conscious Muse retires,
 Nor to imitable worth aspires;
 But secretly applauds, and silently admires.

Hence she reflects upon the genial ray
 That first enliven'd this auspicious day:
 On that bright star, to whose indulgent power
 We owe the blessings of the present hour.
 Concurring omens of propitious fate
 Bore, with one sacred birth, an equal date;
 Whence we derive whatever we possess,
 By foreign conquest, or domestic peace.

Then, Britain, then, thy dawn of bliss begun;
 Then broke the morn that lighted up this sun!
 Then was it doom'd whose councils should suc-
 ceed,

And by whose arm the christian world be freed;
 Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
 And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious
 field.

VOL. IV.

THE TEARS OF AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS,
 A PASTORAL;
 LAMENTING THE DEATH OF THE LATE
 LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable the Lord Godolphin,
 Lord High Treasurer of England.

"Qualis populeæ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
 "Amiflos queritur fœtus—

"—miserabile carmen

"Integrat, & mœstis latè loca quæstibus implet."

VIRG. GEOR. 4.

T WAS at the time when new-returning light
 With welcome rays begins to cheer the
 fight;

When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
 And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;
 When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
 And from their fleecy-sides first shake the silver
 dew.

'Twas then that Amaryllis, heavenly fair,
 Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,
 Forsook her myrtle bower, and rosy bed,
 To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas
 dead.

Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries
 And did not weep? who such relentless eyes?
 Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
 And dumb distress, and new compassion show;
 As taught by her to taste of human woe,
 Nature herself attentive silence kept,
 And motion seem'd suspended while she wept;
 The rising sun restrain'd his fiery course,
 And rapid rivers listen'd at their source;
 Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying sound,
 Left repetition should her accents drown;
 The very morning wind withheld his breeze,
 Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees;
 As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
 And in the grave with loved Amyntas laid.
 No noise, no whispering sigh, no murmuring
 groan,

Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
 Her cries alone her anguish could express,
 All other mourning would have made it less.
 "Hear me," she cried, "ye nymphs and syl-
 van gods,

"Inhabitants of these once-lov'd abodes;
 "Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear,
 "Hear my complaint—you would not hear my
 prayer;

"The loss which you prevented not, deplore,
 "And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.

"Have I not cause, ye cruel powers, to mourn?
 "Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?

"Tell me, thou sun that round the world dost
 shine,

"Hast thou beheld another loss like mine?

"Ye winds, who on your wings sad accents bear,
 "And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,

"Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
 "Such weight of woe, such deadly sighs, before?

"Tell me, thou earth, on whose wide spreading
 base

"The wretched load is laid of human race,
 "Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress?

"Lie all the dead so heavy on thy breast?

"When hoary winter on thy shrinking head
 "His icy, cold, depressing hand has laid,

P P P

"Hast thou not felt less chillness in thy veins?
 "Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
 "But why to thee do I relate my woe,
 "Thou cruel earth, my most remorseless foe,
 "Within whose darksome womb the grave is
 made,
 "Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
 "What is't to me, though on thy naked head
 "Eternal winter should his horror shed,
 "Though all thy nerves are numb'd with endless
 frost,
 "And all thy hopes of future spring were lost?
 "To me what comfort can the spring afford?
 "Can my Amyntas be with spring restor'd?
 "Can all the rains that fall from weeping skies,
 "Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
 "No, never! never! say then, rigid earth,
 "What is to me thy everlasting dearth?
 "Though never flower again its head should rear,
 "Though never tree again should blossom bear,
 "Though never grass should clothe the naked
 ground,
 "Nor ever healing plant or wholesome herb be
 found,
 "None, none were found when I bewail'd their
 want;
 "Nor wholesome herb was found, nor healing
 plant,
 "To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains;
 "In vain I search'd the valleys, hills and plains;
 "But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
 "Or poisonous weeds distilling deadly dew,
 "And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,
 "To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,
 "Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,
 "A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root,
 "Witness to this, ye fawns of every wood,
 "Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood.
 "Well I remember what sad signs were made,
 "What showers of unavailing tears were shed;
 "How each ran fearful to his mossy cave,
 "When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave.
 "For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
 "And sudden night o'erspread the darken'd skies;
 "Phantoms, and fiends, and wandering fires ap-
 pear'd,
 "And screams of ill-presaging birds were heard,
 "The forest shook, and stony rocks were cleft,
 "And frighted streams their wonted channels left,
 "With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
 "Where many a herd and harmless swain was
 drown'd;
 "While I forlorn and desolate was left,
 "Of every help, of every hope bereft;
 "To every element expos'd I lay,
 "And to my griefs a more defenceless prey.
 "For thee Amyntas, all these pains were borne;
 "For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs
 were torn;
 "For thee my soul to fight shall never leave,
 "These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to
 leave,
 "To mourn thy fall, I'll fly the hated light,
 "And hide my head in shades of endless night:
 "For thou wert light and life, and health to me;
 "The sun but thankless shines that shews not thee.
 "Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young?
 "The joy of sight, the talk of every tongue?

"Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear?
 "Or ever early fruit appear so fair?
 "Did ever youth so far his years transcend?
 "Did ever life so immaturally end?
 "For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,
 "And every Muse prepar'd thy future praise.
 "For thee the busy nymph stripp'd every grove.
 "And myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets wove.
 "But now, ah dismal change! the tuneful throng
 "To loud lamentings turn the cheerful song.
 "Their pleasing task the weeping virgins leave,
 "And with unfinish'd garlands strew thy grave.
 "There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
 "There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die."
 This said, her loud complaint of force she
 ceas'd,

Excess of grief her faltering speech suppress'd,
 Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,
 Where late the grave was for Amyntas made;
 Then from her swimming eyes began to pour
 Of softly-falling rain a silver shower;
 Her loosely-flowing hair, all radiant bright,
 O'erspread the dewy grass like streams of light;
 As if the sun had of his beams been shorn,
 And cast to earth the glories he had worn,
 A sight so lovely sad, such deep distress,
 No tongue can tell, no pencil can express,

And now the winds, which had so long been
 still,
 Began the swelling air with sighs to fill:
 The water-nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
 Like images of ice, while she complain'd,
 Now loos'd their streams; as when descending
 rains

Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
 The prone creation, who so long had gaz'd,
 Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
 Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
 Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell;
 Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
 And Echo multiplied each mournful sound.

When all at once an universal pause
 Of grief was made, as from some secret cause.
 The balmy air with fragrant scents was fill'd,
 As if each weeping tree had gums distill'd.
 Such, if not sweeter, was the rich perfume
 Which swift ascended from Amyntas' tomb:
 As if the Arabian bird her nest had fir'd,
 And on the spicy pile were now expir'd.

And now the turf, which late was naked seen,
 Was sudden spread with lively-springing green;
 And Amaryllis saw, with wondering eyes,
 A flowery bed, where she had wept, arise;
 Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed,
 The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
 From every tear that fell a violet grew,
 And thence their sweetness came, and thence their
 mournful hue.

Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
 When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades;
 Or walk on banks where silent waters flow,
 For there this lovely flower will love to grow.
 Think on Amyntas oft as ye shall stoop
 To crop the stalks, and take them softly up.
 When in your snowy necks their sweets you wear,
 Give a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear:
 To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
 And bless his peaceful grave, where first they
 grew.

TO CYNTHIA WEeping AND NOT SPEAKING.
ELEGY.

WHY are those hours, which Heaven in pity lent
To longing love, in fruitless sorrow spent?
Why sighs my fair? why does that bosom move
With any passion stirr'd, but rising love?
Can Discontent find place within that breast,
On whose soft pillows ev'n Despair might rest?
Divide thy woes, and give me my sad part;
I am no stranger to an aching heart;
Too well I know the force of inward grief,
And well can bear it to give you relief:
All love's severest pangs I can endure:
I can bear pain, though hopeless of a cure.
I know what 'tis to weep, and sigh, and pray,
To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
I know what 'tis to wish, and hope, and all in vain,
And meet for, humble love, unkind disdain:
Anger and hate I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay, jealousy—and I have felt despair,
These pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love.
Till warm compassion took at length my part,
And melted to my wish your yielding heart.
O the dear hour in which you did resign!
When round my neck your willing arms did twine,

And, in a kiss, you said your heart was mine,
Through each returning year may that hour be
Distinguished in the rounds of all eternity;
Gay be the sun that hour in all his light,
Let him collect the day to be more bright,
Shine all that hour, and let the rest be night.
And shall I all this heaven of bliss receive
From you, yet not lament to see you grieve?
Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,
When your cold scorn and frowns forbid the fire;
Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,
When all my joys complete in you I find,
Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind?
O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise
This flood of tears? whence are these frequent sighs?

Why does that lovely head, like a fair-flower
Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling shower,
Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe?
Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast,
Lock'd in these arms, think all thy sorrows past;
Or what remain think lighter made by me;
So I should think, were I so held by thee,
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;
Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
O speak—for woe in silence most appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnify my tears,
Is there a cause which words can not express?
Can I not bear a part, nor make it less?
I know not what to think—am I in fault?
I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
Nor wander'd from my love; nor would I be
Lord of the world, to live depriv'd of thee.

You weep afresh, and at that word you start!
Am I to be depriv'd then?—must we part?
Curse on that word so ready to be spoke,
For though my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
And my tongue talks, unprompted by my heart.
Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,
And racking fears and restless doubts increase
And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,
The hottest hell, in which a heart can burn.

A MORET.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her, every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

LESBIA.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful
air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Fort from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my
wound,
And what her eyes enthral'd her tongue unbound.

DORIS.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art,
A wise observer to engage,
Or wound a heedless heart.
Of native blush, and rosy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph supply
With paint th' injurious theft.
Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well-furnish'd front disclaims
To grace with borrow'd hair.
Of size, she is not short, nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French would call
Aimable Embonpoint.

Farther her person to disclose
I leave—let it suffice;
She has few faults but what she knows,
And can with skill disguise.

She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which, like her clothes, when little us'd,
She always lays aside.

She's one who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would seem exempt
From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or sense,
Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his passion.

Whom she refuses she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, through her skill,
Look almost like a favour.

Since she this softness can express
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you'll guess,
Of such whom she affects:

But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her sex have done;
She no regard for custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.

By reason her own reason's meant,
Or, if you please, her will:
For, when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by Nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,
And stare upon the strange man's face,
As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow
Bespeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor asks, nor needs;
For all her favours done
From her love flow, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the sun.

On one or other still her fires
Display their genial force;
And she, like Sol, alone retires,
To shine elsewhere of course.

TO SLEEP, ELEGY.

O SLEEP! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood
finds!

Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd:
But oh! how swift, how sure thou art to slay
The wretch by fortune or by love undone!

Where are thy gentle dews, thy foster powers,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why dost thou cease thy hovering wings to spread,
With friendly shade, around my restless bed?
Can no complainings thy compassion move?
Is thy antipathy so strong to love?
O no! thou art the prosperous lover's friend,
And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend.
With equal kindness, and with rival charms,
Thy slumbers lull him in his fair-one's arms;
Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
Where, sooth'd with ease, the panting youth re-
spires,

Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
But oh! what tortures does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by despair!
From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
But painful nights his joyless days succeed,
But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my pain.
Forgive what my distracting grief has said;
I own, unjustly I thy sloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld;
Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle chains,
And sung with Philomel my nightly strains.
With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat:
Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his absence and return.
And all for thee—what had I well-nigh said?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid!
No, as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
Th' associates of my melody and love,
In moving sound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So shall my Muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
And lose in air her name from whom they
spring.

O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest:
For her, O Sleep! thy balmy sweets prepare;
The peace I lose for her, to her transfer.
Hush! as the falling dews, whose noiseless
showers

Impearl the folded leaves of evening flowers,
Steal on her brow: and as those dews attend,
Till warn'd by waking day to re-ascend,
So wait thou for her morn; then gently rise,
And to the world restore the day-break of her
eyes.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY L. ———'S PICTURE.

I YIELD, O Kneller! to superior skill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praise.

Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair;
But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather shew'd how much, than whom, I
lov'd;

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But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,
Have shewn my eyes th' impression in my heart;
The bright idea both exists and lives,
Such vital heart thy genial pencil gives:
Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others some faint resemblance may express,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by guess.
Thy pictures raise no doubts; when brought to
view,

At once they're known, and seem to know us too.
Transcendent artist; how complete they skill!
The power to act is equal to thy will.
Nature and art in thee alike contend,
Not to oppose each other, but befriend;
For what thy fancy has with first design'd,
Is by thy skill both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy pictures light consents with shade,
And each to other is subservient made;
Judgment and genius so concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.

But after-days, my friend, must do thee right,
And set thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame due to vast desert is kept in store,
Unpaid, till the deserver is no more.
Yet thou, in present, the best part hast gain'd,
And from the chosen few applause obtain'd:
Ev'n he who best could judge, and best could
praise,

Has high extoll'd thee in his deathless lays;
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
Let that alone suffice thee, think that fame.
Unfit I follow where he led the way,
And court applause by what I seem to pay.
Myself I praise, while I thy praise intend,
For 'tis some virtue, virtue to commend;
And next to deeds which our own honour raise,
Is to distinguish them who merit praise.

TO A CANDLE. ELEGY.

THOU watchful taper, by whose silent light
I lonely pass the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witness of my secret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me my hopeless love to moan;
Commiserate a life so like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
Waiting that heart by which supply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and suffering they display;
At once are signs of life, and symptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night presume to shine;
Their humble rays not daring to aspire
Before the sun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conscious shame, and equal awe,
To shades obscure, and solitude withdraw;
Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
From whose bright beams their being first
arose.

OVID'S THIRD BOOK OF THE ART OF LOVE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.
WHEREIN HE RECOMMENDS THE RULES AND
INSTRUCTIONS TO THE FAIR SEX IN THE
CONDUCT OF THEIR AMOURS; AFTER
HAVING ALREADY COMPOSED TWO
BOOKS FOR THE USE OF MEN UPON
THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we must instruct and arm the fair;
Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty Love determine which shall yield.
Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to show
Unequal force against a naked foe:
No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.

But some exclaim, "What phrenzy rules your
mind?
"Would you increase the craft of woman-kind!
"Teach them new wiles and arts! As well you
may

"Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey."
But, sure, too hard a censure they pursue,
Who charge on all the failings of a few.
Examine first impartially each fair,
Then, as the merits, or condemn, or spare.
If Menelaus, and the king of men,
With justice of their sister-wives complain;
If false Eriphyle forsook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her husband's death;
Penelope was loyal still, and chaste,
Though twenty years her lord in absence pass'd.
Reflect how Laodamia's truth was try'd,
Who, though in bloom of youth, and beauty's
pride,

To share her husband's fate, untimely dy'd.
Think how Alceste's piety was prov'd,
Who lost her life to save the man she lov'd.
Receive me, Capaneus, Evadne cry'd;
Nor death itself our nuptials shall divide:
To join thy ashes, pleas'd I shall expire;
She said, and leap'd amid the funeral fire.
Virtue herself a goddess we confess,
Both female in her name and in her dress;
No wonder then, if, to her sex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But these exalted souls exceed the reach
Of that soft art which I pretend to teach.
My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
A little wind will fill a little sail.
Of sportive Loves I sing, and shew what ways
The willing nymph must use her blifs to raise,
And how to captivate the man she'd please.
Woman is soft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain, love's dart:
Man has a breast robust and more secure,
It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
Men oft are false; and, if you search with care,
You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithless Jason from Medea fled,
And made Creusa partner of his bed.

Bright Ariadne, on an unknown shore
Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus, did deplore.
If then the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
It was not owing, Theseus, to thy care.
Inquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell,
Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell.
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
She fought th' appointed shore, and view'd the
sea :

Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn,
And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.
The prince so far for piety renown'd,
To thee, Eliza, was unfaithful found ;
To thee forlorn and languishing with grief,
His sword alone he left, thy last relief.
Ye ruin'd nymphs, shall I the cause impart
Of all your woes ? 'Twas want of needful art.
Love of itself too quickly will expire ;
But powerful art perpetuates desire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,
And thus she said ; " What have poor women
done ?

" Why is that weak, defenceless sex expos'd,
" On every side, by men well arm'd, inclos'd ?
" Twice are the men instructed by the Muse,
" Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
" The Bard, who injur'd Helen in his song,
" Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.
" And you, if on my favour you depend,
" The cause of women, while you live, defend."
This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath she wore).
The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her presence inspiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while the prompts my
mind :

Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waste your time :
Now, while you may, and ripening years invite,
Enjoy the seasonable, sweet delight :
For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide ;
Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide :
Think not hereafter will the loss repay ;
For every morrow will the taste decay,
And leave less relish than the former day.
I've seen the time, when, on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming rose vied with the blushing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my
head,

And see how leafless now, and how decay'd !
And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.
None, then, will press upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to strew your street with morning
flowers.

Then nightly knockings at your door will cease,
Whose noiseless hammer, then, may rust in peace.

Alas, how soon a clear complexion fades !
How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades !
And what avails it, though the fair-one swears
She from her infancy had some grey hairs ?

She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The snake his skin, the deer his horns may cast,
And both renew their youth and vigour past :
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age without reprove.
Then crop the flower which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its stalk must die.
Besides, the tender sex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too soon will youth impair :
Continual harvest wears the fruitful field,
And earth itself decays too often till'd.
Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian
swain ;

Nor thou, Aurora, Cephalus disdain ;
The Paphian queen, who for Adonis' fate
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable since ;
Witness Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like them love.
Refuse not those delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languish with desire.
False though they prove, what loss can you sus-
tain ?

Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
Though constant use ev'n flint and steel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny ?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry ?
Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain ;
What do they lose, that's worthy to retain ?
Think not this said to prostitute the sex,
But undecieve whom needless fears perplex.
Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail,
Now launch'd to sea, we ask a brisker gale,
And, first, we treat of dress. The well-dress'd
vine

Produces plumpest grapes, and richest wine ;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found
Aloft, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of gods, the sex's pride !
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd ?
Art helps a face ; a face, though heavenly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care,
In ancient days if women slighted dress,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less,
If Hector's spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,
A soldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides
Seven lusty bulls, and tans their sturdy hides ;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well caref'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd ?
With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
Which now we see adorn'd, and lav'd, and gilt,
This capital with that of old compare ;
Some other Jove, you'd think, was worship'd there,
That lofty pile, where senates dictate law,
When Tatus reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with
straw.

And where Apollo's fanè resplendent stands,
Was heretofore a tract of pasture-lands,
Let ancient manners other men delight ;
But me the modern please, as more polite.
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And distant shores for orient pearls are sought ;

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Nor for, that hills exhaust their marble veins,
 And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains;
 But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
 And polish'd from the rust of former date.
 Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
 Nor in embroidery, or brocade, appear;
 Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire,
 And cleanliness more animates love's fire.
 The hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a grace,
 And much become, or misbecome the face.
 What suits your features, of your glass inquire;
 For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
 A face too long should part and flat the hair,
 Left, upward comb'd, the length too much appear:
 So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round
 Should show the ears, and with a tower be crown'd.
 On either shoulder, one her locks displays;
 Adorn'd like Phœbus, when he sings his lays:
 Another, all her tresses ties behind;
 So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
 Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some;
 Others, the binding fillets more become;
 Some plait, like spiral shells, their braided hair,
 Others, the loose and waving curl prefer.
 But to recount the several dresses worn,
 Which artfully each several face adorn,
 Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
 The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
 Many there are, who seem to flight all care,
 And with a pleasing negligence ensnare;
 Whose mornings oft in such a dress are spent,
 And all is art that looks like accident.
 With such disorder Iole was grac'd,
 When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd.
 So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
 When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.
 Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
 The losses they sustain, by various ways.
 Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
 Left, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.
 Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks disguise,
 And Art gives colour which with Nature vies.
 The well-wov'd towers they wear, their own are
 thought;
 But only are their own, as what they've bought.
 Nor need they blush to buy heads ready dress'd,
 And choose, at public shops, what suits them best.
 Costly apparel let the fair-one fly,
 Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
 What folly must in such expence appear,
 When more becoming colours are less dear?
 One with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue;
 Such as, through air serene, the sky we view.
 With yellow lustre see another spread,
 As if the golden-sheer compos'd the thread.
 Some of the sea-green wave the east display;
 With this the nymphs their beauteous forms
 array:
 And some the saffron hue will well adorn;
 Such is the mantle of the blushing morn.
 Of myrtle-berries, one the tincture shows;
 In this, of amethyst, the purple grows,
 And that more imitates the paler rose.
 Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silvery plumes
 Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.

Nor almond, nor the chefnut dye disclaim;
 Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
 As fields you find, with various flowers o'er-
 spread,

When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled;
 So various are the colours you may try,
 Of which, the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.
 Try every one: what best becomes you, wear;
 For no complexion all alike can bear.
 If fair the skin, black may become it best,
 In black the lovely fair Briseis dress'd;
 If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white,
 Andromeda so charm'd the wondering sight.

I need not warn you of too powerful smells,
 Which sometimes health or kindly heat, expels.
 Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
 The casual growth of all unteemly hair.
 Though not to nymphs of Caucasus I sing,
 Nor such who taste remote the Myrsan spring;
 Yet, let me warn you, that, through no neglect,
 You let your teeth disclose the least defect.
 You know the use of white to make you fair,
 And how, with red, lost colour to repair;
 Imperfect eyebrows you by art can mend,
 And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
 Nor need the fair-one be ashamed, who tries
 By art, to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book I've made, but with great care,
 How to preserve the face, and how repair.
 In that the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
 May see, what pains to please them I've employ'd.
 But, still beware, that from your lover's eye
 You keep conceal'd the medicines you apply:
 Though art assists, yet must that heart be hid,
 Left, whom it would invite, it should forbid.
 Who would not take offence, to see a face
 All daub'd, and dripping with the melted grease?
 And though your unguents bear th' Athenian
 name,

The wool's unfavoury scent is still the same.
 Marrow of stags, nor your pomatums try,
 Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
 For many things, when done, afford delight,
 Which yet, while doing, may offend the sight.
 Ev'n Myro's statues, which for art surpass
 All others, once were but a shapeless mass;
 Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
 As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn.
 Think, how that stone rough in the quarry grew,
 Which, now, a perfect Venus shews to view.
 While we suppose you sleep, repair your face,
 Lock'd from observers, in some secret place.
 Add the last hand, before yourselves you show;
 Your need of art, why should your lovers
 know?

For many things, when most conceal'd, are best;
 And few of strict inquiry bear the test.
 Those figures which in theatres are seen,
 Gilded without, are common wood within.
 But no spectators are allow'd to pry,
 Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.
 Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight,
 To have the fair-one comb her hair in fight;
 To view the flowing honours of her head
 Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulder spread.

But let her look, that she with care avoid
All fretful humours, while she's so employ'd;
Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
All that her women does, who does her best.
I hate a vixen, that her maid affails,
And scratches with her bodkin, or her nails;
While the poor girl in blood and tears must

mourn,

And her heart curses, what her hands adorn,

Let her who has no hair, or has but some,

Plant centinels before her dressing-room;

Or in the fan of the good goddess's dress,

Where all the male kind are debar'd access.

'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)

A Lady at her toilet once surpris'd;

Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tower she

wore,

And, in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.

But on our faces fall every such disgrace,

Or barbarous beauties of the Parthian race.

Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn

The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn;

A leafless tree, or an unverdant mead;

And as ungraceful is a hairless head.

But think not these instructions are design'd

For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind:

Not to a Semele, or Leda bright,

Nor an Europa, these my rules I write;

Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms

Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms:

Thee to regain, well was that war begun,

And Paris well defended what he won;

What lover, or what husband, would not fight

In such a cause, where both are in the right?

The crowd I teach, some homely, and some

fair,

But of the former sort, the larger share.

The handsome least require the help of art.

Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's

part.

When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,

But all his skill exerts when storms arise.

Faults in your person, or your face, correct:

And few are seen that have not some defect.

The nymph too short her seat should seldom quit,

Left, when she stands, she may be thought to sit;

And when extended on her couch she lies,

Let length of petticoats conceal her size.

The lean of thick-wrought stuff her clothes should

choose,

And fuller made, than what the plumper use.

If pale, let her the crimson juice apply;

If swarthy, to the Pharian varnish fly.

A leg too lank, tight garters still must wear;

Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.

Round shoulders, bolster'd, will appear the least;

And lacing frait, confines too full a breast.

Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,

Should always shun much gesture in discourse.

And you, whose breath is touch'd, this caution

take,

Nor fasting, nor too near another speak.

Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,

Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound.

You hardly think how much on this depends,

And how a laugh, or spoils a face, or mends.

Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,

And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes.

Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake,

Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.

In some, distortions quite the face disguise;

Another laughs, that you would think she cries.

In one, too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,

Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd.

What cannot art attain! Many, with ease,

Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they

please.

Others, through affectation, lisp, and find,

In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.

Neglect no means which may promote your ends,

Now learn what way of walking recommends.

Too masculine a motion shocks the sight;

But female grace allures with strange delight,

One has an artful swing and jut behind,

Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind;

Swell'd with the wanton wind, they loosely flow,

And every step and graceful motion show.

Another, like an Umbrian's sturdy spouse,

Strides all the space her petticoat allows.

Between extremes, in this, a mean adjust;

Nor shew too nice a gait, nor too robust.

If snowy white your neck, you still should wear

That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare,

Such sights ne'er fail to fire my amorous heart,

And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

Sirens, though monsters of the stormy main,

Can ships, when under sail, with songs, detain:

Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,

When first he listen'd to the charming sound.

Singing insinuates: learn, all ye maids;

Oft, when a face forbids, a voice persuades,

Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,

Or in Ruelle some soft Egyptian air.

Well shall she sing, of whom I make my choice,

And with her lute accompany her voice.

The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen stay'd,

When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd:

Ev'n Cerberus and Hell that sound obey'd.

And stones officious were, thy walls to raise,

O Thebes, attracted by Amphion's lays,

The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,

And was, Arion, by thy songs inspir'd.

Of sweet Callimachus the works rehearse,

And read Philetas' and Anacreon's verse.

Terentian plays may much the mind improve;

But softest Sappho best instructs to love.

Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus read,

And let Varronian verse to these succeed.

Then mighty Maro's work with care peruse;

Of all the Latin bards the noblest Muse.

Ev'n I, 'tis possible, in after-days,

May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these,

My labour'd lines some readers may approve,

Since I've instructed either sex in love.

Whatever book you read of this sort art,

Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.

Tender epistles too by me are fram'd,

A work before unthought-of, and unnam'd.

Such was your sacred will, O tuneful Nine!

Such thine, Apollo! and, Lyxus, thine!

Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought

Who gracefully to dance was never taught:

That active dancing may to love engage,
Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

Of some old trifles I'm ashamed to tell,
Though it becomes the sex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or slur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiss at chefs to be expert,
For games most thoughtful, sometimes, most divert.
Learn every game, you'll find it prove of use;
Parties begun at play, may love produce.
But easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then each breast is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then base desire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears;
Then clamours and revilings reach the sky,
While losing gamesters all the gods defy.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd every cast;
They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay, weep at last.
Good Jove, avert such shameless faults as these
From every nymph whose heart's inclin'd to please.
Soft recreations fit the female kind;
Nature, for men, has rougher sports design'd:
To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear;
To stop, or turn the steed in full career.

Though martial fields ill suit your tender frames,
Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams;
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing Virgin's sign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd and fit you should repair
To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.
To Pompey's gardens, or the shady groves
Which Cæsar honours, and which Phæbus loves:
Phæbus, who sunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
And made Augustus' victory complete.
Or seek those shades, where monuments of fame
Are rais'd, to Livia's and Octavia's name;
Or where Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd.
To Isis' fane, to theatres resort;
And in the Circus see the noble sport.
In every public place, by turns, be shown;
In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in singing, Thamyris transcend;
Your voice unheard, who could your skill commend?
Had not Apelles drawn the sea-born queen,
Her beauties still beneath the waves had been.

Poets, inspir'd, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
In former days, I own, the Poets were
Of Gods and kings the most peculiar care;
Majestic awe was in the name allow'd,
And they with rich possessions were endow'd.
Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And, next his own, the Poet's statue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
Still there's a pleasure, that proceeds from praise:
What could the high renown of Homer raise,
But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays?
Who could have been of Danaë's charms assur'd,
Had the grown old, within her tower immur'd?
This, as a rule, let every nymph pursue;
That 'tis her interest oft to come in view.

VOL. IV.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, through many, to make sure of one.
So, let the fair the gazing crowd assail,
That over one, at least, she may prevail.
In every place to please, be all her thought;
Where, sometimes, least we think, the fish is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil;
Anon, the stag himself shall seek the toil.

How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whose charms are heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair, who sees her lord expire,
While yet she weeps, may kindle new desire,
And Hymen's torch re-light with funeral fire.

Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd:
And look, you fly with speed a fop profess'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unsteadily they rove,
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such fluttering things all women sure should hate,
Light as themselves, and more effeminate.

Believe me, all I say is for your good;

Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.

Many, with base designs, will passion feign,
Who know no love, but fordid love of gain.
But let no powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, easy hearts ensnare.
Rich clothes are oft by common sharpeners worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So may your lover burn with fierce desire
Your jewels to enjoy, and best attire.
Poor Chloe, robb'd, runs crying through the streets;
And as she runs, "Give me my own," repeats.
How often, Venus, hast thou heard such cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy Applan votaries!
Some so notorious are, their very name
Must every nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills, which others have destroy'd,
And faithless men with constant care avoid.
Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has so oft th' attesting gods betray'd.
And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theseus' crimes,
Hast lost thy credit to all future times.

Promise for promise equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word.

For she for any act of hell is fit,
And, undismay'd, may sacrilege commit,
With impious hands could quench the vestal fire,
Poison her husband in her arms for hire;
Who first to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my Muse, check thy unruly horse;
And more in sight pursue th' intended course.

If love-epistles tender lines impart,
And billet-doux are sent, to sound your heart;
Let all such letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be secretly convey'd:
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere.
Ere in return you write, some time require;
Delays, if not too long, increase desire:
Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain:
Now let his hopes, now let his fears increase,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.

Q 9 9

Be sure avoid set phrases, when you write;
The usual way of speech is more polite.
How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A style too coarse takes from a handsome face,
And makes us with an uglier in its place.

But since (though chastity be not your care),
You from your husband still would hide th' affair,
Write to no stranger till his truth be try'd,
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose;
Who, rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd!
Such treachery can never be surpass'd,
For those discoveries sure as lightning blast.
Might I advise, fraud should with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.

But since your letters may be brought to light,
What if in several hands you learn'd to write!
My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,
And this advice so necessary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
First rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you subscribe a female name.

Now greater things to tell, my Muse prepare,
And clap on all the fail the bark can bear.
Let no rude passions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the finest face:
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.

When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain saw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek; she flung it quite aside:
"Nor is thy music so much worth," she cry'd.
Look in your glass when you with anger glow,
And you'll confess, you scarce yourselves can know.
Nor with excessive pride insult the sight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more detestable than pride.
How have I seen some airs disgust create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate!
Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles, be paid,
And when your lover bows, incline your head.
So Love preluding, plays at first with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy mistress charms;
Let sad Tecmessa weep in Ajax' arms.
Let mourning beauties sullen heroes move,
We cheerful men like gaiety in love.

Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Troy, wastes all the night.
Had they not both borne children (to be plain),
I ne'er could think they'd with their husbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
"My life, my soul;" or speak endearing words.

Why from comparisons should I refrain,
Or fear small things by greater to explain?

Observe what conduct prudent generals use,
And how their several officers they choose;
To one a charge of infantry commit,
Another for the horse is thought more fit.
So you your several lovers should select,
And, as you find them qualified, direct.
The wealthy lover store of gold should send;
The lawyer should, in courts, your cause defend.
We, who write verse, with verse alone should bribe;
Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
By us, your fame shall through the world be blaz'd;
So Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From east to west, Lycoris' praises ring;
Nor are Corinna's silent, whom we sing.
No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere:
Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But thuns the bar; and books and shades requires,
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With ease we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our softer studies with our souls combine,
And both to tenderness our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the Poet's prayer,
The God that fills him, and the Muse revere;
Something divine is in us, and from heaven
Th' inspiring spirit can alone can be given.
'Tis sin, a price from poets to exact;
But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight,
Left you too soon your new admirer fright.

As skilful riders rein with different force,
A new-back'd courser, and a well-train'd horse;
Do you, by different management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
With kind caresses oft indulge the boy,
And all the harvest of his heat enjoy.
Alone, thus blest'd, of rivals most beware;
Nor love nor empire can a rival bear.
Men more discreetly love, when more mature,
And many things, which youth disdains, endure:
No windows break, nor houses set on fire,
Nor tear their own, or mistress's attire.
In youth, the boiling blood gives fury-vent,
But men in years more calmly wrongs resent.
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies;
Then swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.

Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How surely to enslave ourselves we show!
To trust a traitor, you'll no scruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your sake.

Who yields too soon, will soon her lover lose;
Would you retain him long, then long refuse.
Oft at your door make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and intreat.
When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore;
Ships, by fair winds, are sometimes run ashore.
Hence springs the coldness of a marry'd life,
The husband, when he pleases, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry,
"Here's no admittance, Sir; I must deny."

The very husband, so repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far with foils you've fought; those laid aside,
I now sharp weapons for the sex provide;
No doubt, against myself to see them try'd.

When first a lover you design to charm,
Beware, lest jealousies his soul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, small doubts create,
And let him fear some rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which else would languish, and too soon grow old.
Then strains the courser, to outstrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive;
I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.
Yet one precaution to this rule belongs;
Let us at most suspect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretend your husband's spies beset the door:
Though free as Thais, still affect a fright,
For seeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in through your window steal,
Though he might enter at the door as well;
And sometimes let your maid surprise pretend,
And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.
Yet ever and anon dispel his fear,
And let him taste of happiness sincere;
Left, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue,
He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forget to tell how you may try
Both to evade the husband, and the spy.

That wives should of their husbands stand in awe,
Agrees with justice, modesty, and law:
But that a mistress may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper, I am sure, denies:
For such fair nymphs these precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Though stuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you shall elude his care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,
Can he observe what letters then you write?
Or, can his caution against such provide,
Which, in her breast, your confidant may hide?
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe?
Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
And writing on her skin, your mind express.
New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,
Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen:
Fair will the paper shew, nor can be read,
Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.

Acquiesce was, with all his care, betray'd;
And in his tower of brass a grandfire made.
Can spies avail, when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport?
Or, can you be to Isis' fane pursued,
Or Cybele's, whose rites all men exclude?
Though watchful servants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing room.
Or when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sick-bed a friend?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not, there are more ways besides the door.

Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follower
treat;

When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat;
Or to prevent too sudden a surprise,
Prepare a sleeping draught to seal his eyes:
Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
An inclination for his person feign;
With faint resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.

But what need all these various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry Jove with offerings is pleas'd.
With presents, fools and wife alike are caught,
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with such men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with cause complain'd
Of jealousy occasion'd by a friend:
Believe me, apprehensions of that kind
Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
Trust not too far your she-companion's truth,
Lest she sometimes should intercept the youth:
The very confidant that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover in your stead;
Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
For such I've known supply her lady's place.

But whither do I run with heedless rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound instructed by the hare?
But, all self-ends and interest set apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art:
Defenceless and unarm'd, expose my life,
And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain;
Full of himself, he your design will aid,
To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade.
With dying eyes his face and form survey,
Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay.
Now drop a tear your sorrows to assuage,
Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage:
Such proofs as these will all distrust remove,
And make him pity your excessive love.
Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
"How can I let this poor fond creature die?"
But chiefly one, such fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires,
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.

Lightwrongs, be sure, you still with mildness bear,
Nor straight fly out, when you a rival fear:
Let not your passion o'er your sense prevail,
Nor credit lightly every idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a sad example be
Of what effects credulity.

Near where his purple head Hymettus shows,
And flowering hills, a sacred fountain flows;
With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade,
There rosemary and bay their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine.

The tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,
 And cyprus and garden-pines abound:
 While through the boughs soft winds of Zephyr pass,
 Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass.
 Hither would Cephalus retreat to rest,
 When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress;
 And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,
 "Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay."
 But some tale-bearing, too officious friend,
 By chance o'erheard him, as he thus complain'd;
 Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
 Repeating word for word what she had heard.
 Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
 With jealousy surpris'd, and fainting fears,
 Her rosy colour fled her lovely face,
 And agonies, like death, supply'd the place:
 Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
 When first the vine the winter's blast receives,
 Of ripen'd quinces, such the yellow hue,
 Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.
 Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore,
 Nor her own faultless face to wound forbore,
 Now all dishevell'd, to the wood she flies,
 With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
 Thither arriv'd, she leaves below her friends,
 And all alone the shady hill ascends.
 What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
 What rage thus fatally to lie conceal'd?
 Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought),
 She now shall in the very fact be caught.
 Anon, thy heart repents its rash designs,
 And now to go, and now to stay inclines;
 Thus love with doubts perplexes till thy mind,
 And makes thee seek what thou must dread to find.
 But still thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
 And more suspicious still the place appears;
 But more than all, excessive love deceives,
 Which all it fears, too easily believes.

And now a chiliness runs through every vein,
 Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
 'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to shun
 The scorching ardour of the mid-day sun:
 With water first he sprinkled o'er his face,
 Which glow'd with heat, then sought his usual place.
 Procris, with anxious, but with silent care,
 View'd him extended, with his bosom bare;
 And heard him soon th' accusom'd words repeat,
 "Come, Zephyr; Aura, come: allay this heat:"
 Soon as she found her error, from the word,
 Her colour and her temper were restor'd.
 With joy she rose to clasp him in her arms,
 But Cephalus, the rustling noise alarms;
 Some beast he thinks he in the bushes hears,
 And strait his arrows and his bow prepares.
 "Hold, hold, unhappy youth!"—I call in vain,
 With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain.
 "Me, me (she cries) thou'lt wounded with thy dart!"
 "But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart."
 "Yet lighter on my ashes earth will lie,
 "Since, though untimely, I unriv'd die:
 "Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
 "Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath."
 Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
 And wash'd, with streaming tears, the wound he made;
 At length the springs of life their currents leave,
 And her last gasp her husband's lips receive.

Now, to pursue our voyage we provide,
 Till safe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now should teach
 What rules to treats and entertainments reach.
 Come not the first, invited to a feast;
 Rather come last, as a more grateful guest.
 For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
 Meets with the surest welcome when arriv'd.
 Besides, complexions of a coarser kind
 From candle-light no small advantage find.
 During the time you eat observe some grace,
 Nor let your unwip'd hands besmear your face;
 Nor yet too squeamishly your meat avoid,
 Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.
 Of all extremes in either kind beware,
 And still before your belly's full forbear.

No glutton-nymph, however fair, can wound,
 Though more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own, I think, of wine the moderate use
 More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse;
 It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,
 And wine and love have always been allies.
 But carefully from all intemperance keep,
 Nor drink till you see double, lisp, or sleep.
 For in such sleeps brutalities are done,
 Which, tho' you loathe, you have no power to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph from table led,
 Should next be taught how to behave in bed,
 But modesty forbids: nor more, my Muse
 With weary wings the labour'd flight pursues;
 Her purple swans unyok'd the chariot leave,
 And needful rest (their journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial care, my art I show,
 And equal arms on either sex bestow:
 While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
 Ovid must own their master is in love.

OF PLEASING.

AN EPISTLE TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

'TIS strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass,
 That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
 So Horace sings—and sure as strange is this,
 That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.
 The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
 Are with their persons and their parts content.
 Nor is that all, so odd a thing is man,
 He most would be what least he should or can.
 Hence, homely faces still are foremost seen,
 And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien;
 Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
 And fools are still most forward to advise;
 Th' untrusting wretch to secrecy pretends,
 Whispering his nothing round to all as friends.
 Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
 And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art.
 Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails,
 And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
 Thus man perverse against plain nature strives,
 And to be artfully absurd contrives.

Plantus will dance, Lufcus at ogling aims,
Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,
Though at a distance utter'd, threatens death,
Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws;
Nor mends his manners, tho' you hold your nose.
Thersites, who seems born to give offence,
From uncouth form, and frontless impudence,
Assumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,
Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin.
Raucus harangues with a diffusive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
But, that forsaken, we like comets err:
Toss'd thro' the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
And all her boasted fire is lost in smoke.

Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or ease,
Men most affect in general to please;
Of this affection vanity's the source,
And vanity alone obstructs its course;
That telescope of fools, through which they spy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,
Pursue the path for which he was design'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind;
Scarce one but to some merit might pretend,
Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaff.
If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient drink and live:
When Murus comes, we cry, "Beware the pill;"
And with the tradesman were a tradesman still.
If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior write,
We study them with profit and delight:
But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the time.
All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
"Affect not any thing in Nature's spite."
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? For ill-refembling human-kind.
"None are, for being what they are, in fault,
"But for not being what they would be thought."

Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleasing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who seem
By Nature form'd for love, and for esteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
And really are what others but profess.
I'll not offend you, while myself I please;
I loathe to flatter, though I love to praise.
But when such early worth so bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years;
I can't so stupidly affected prove,
Not to confess it in the man I love.
Though now I aim not at that known applause
You've won in arms, and in your country's cause;
Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,
But the companion praise, and boast the friend.
But you may think, and some, less partial, say
That I presume too much in this essay.
How should I show what pleases? How explain
A rule, to which I never could attain?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I have read, or heard, a learned person once
(Concern'd to find his only son a dunce)
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatise by,
Till time should make it proper to apply.
Simon, at length, the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the fire prepares the book to impart,
Which was yclept, Of Memory the Art.
But ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For, now he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the story that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my case: like most of theirs who teach;
I ill may practise what I well may preach.
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the line, and measure out the ways.
The Mulcibers, who in the Minorities sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then shew us what are bad by what they write.

A L E T T E R

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM, 1729.

"Albi, sermonum nostrorum candide judex."

SINCEREST critic of my prose or rhyme,
Tell how thy pleasing Stowe employs thy time,
Say, Cobham, what amuses thy retreat?
Or stratagems of war, or schemes of state?
Dost thou recal to mind with joy, or grief,
Great Marlborough's actions; that immortal chief,
Whose slightest trophy rais'd in each campaign,
More than suffic'd to signalize a reign?
Does thy remembrance rising warm thy heart
With glory past, where thou thyself hadst part?
Or dost thou grieve indignant now to see
The fruitless end of all thy victory;
To see th' audacious foe, so late subdued,
Dispute those terms for which so long they sued,
As if Britannia now were sunk so low,
To beg that peace she wanted to bestow?
Be far that guilt! be never known that shame!
That England should retract her rightful claim,
Or, ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the lustre of her sword.
Or dost thou give the winds afar to blow
Each vexing thought, and heart-devouring woe,

And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes;
 'To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains,
 'To raise the creeping rills from humble beds,
 And force the latent springs to lift their heads,
 On watery columns, capitals to rear,
 But catch the morning breeze from fragrant meads?
 Or shun the noontide ray in wholesome shades?
 Or slowly walk along the mazy wood,
 'To meditate on all that's wife and good?
 For nature, bountiful, in thee has join'd
 A person pleasing with a worthy mind;
 Not given thee form alone, but means, and art,
 'To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.
 Poor were the praise in fortune to excel,
 Yet want the power to use that fortune well.
 While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
 At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd;
 Graceful in form, and winning in address;
 While well you think, what aptly you express;
 With health, with honour, with a fair estate,
 A table free, and eloquently neat,
 What can be added more to mortal bliss?
 What can he want who stands possessor of this?
 What can the fondest wishing mother more
 Of heaven attentive for her son implore?
 And yet a happiness remains unknown,
 Or to philosophy reveal'd alone;
 A precept, which, unpractis'd, renders vain.
 Thy flowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain.
 Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
 Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
 Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
 (Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest?)
 Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife,
 Still think the present day the last of life;
 Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
 To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
 Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
 With her enlivening and unlook'd-for light,
 How grateful will appear her dawning rays!
 As favours unexpected doubly please.
 Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,
 Content may keep his life, or calmly lose:
 All proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,
 When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.
 Come, see thy friend, retir'd without regret,
 Forgetting care, or striving to forget;
 In easy contemplation soothing time
 With morals much, and now and then with rhyme:
 Not so robust in body, as in mind,
 And always undejected, though declin'd;
 Not wondering at the world's wicked ways,
 Compar'd with those of our fore-father's days;
 For virtue now is neither more or less,
 And vice is only varied in the dress.
 Believe it, men have ever been the same,
 And all the golden age is but a dream.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS ON

MISS TEMPLE,

AFTERWARDS LADY OF SIR THO. LYTTLETON.

LEAVE, leave the drawing-room,
 Where flowers of beauty us'd to bloom;
 The nymph that's fated to o'ercome,
 Now triumphs at the wells.
 Her shape, and air, and eyes,
 Her face, the gay, the grave, the wife,
 The beau, in spite of box and dice,
 Acknowledge, all exels.

Cease, cease, to ask her name,
 The crowned Muse's noblest theme,
 Whose glory by immortal fame
 Shall only founded be.
 But if you long to know,
 Then look round yonder dazzling row;
 Who most does like an angel show,
 You may be sure 'tis she.

See near those sacred springs,
 Which cure to fell diseases brings,
 (As ancient fame of Ida sings)
 Three goddesses appear!
 Wealth, glory, two possess;
 The third with charming beauty blest,
 So fair, that heaven and earth confest
 She conquer'd every where.

Like her, this charmer now
 Makes every love-sick gazer bow;
 Nay, even old age her power allow,
 And banish'd flames recall.
 Wealth can no trophy rear,
 Nor glory now the garland wear:
 To beauty every Paris here
 Devotes the golden ball.

EPIGRAM

ON THE

SICKNESS OF MADAM MOHUN.

AND

MR. CONGREVE.

ONE fatal day, a sympathetic fire
 Seiz'd him that writ, and her that did inspire.
 Mohun, the Muses theme, their master Congreve,
 Beauty and wit, had like to've lain in one grave.

O D E.

I.

DAUGHTER of Memory, immortal Muse,
Calliope; what poet wilt thou choose,
Of Anna's name to sing?
To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;
Whom raise sublime on thy æthereal wing,
And consecrate with dews of thy Castalian spring?

II.

Without thy aid, the most aspiring mind
Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to rise in vain:
Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's praise.
Thy aid obtain'd, ev'n I, the humblest swain,
May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the starry orb is hung,
And next Alcides' guardian arm,
That harp to which thy Orpheus sung,
Whowoods, and rocks, and winds, could charm;
That harp which on Cyllene's shady hill,
When first the vocal shell was found,
With more than mortal skill
Inventer Hermes taught to sound:
Hermes on bright Latona's son,
By sweet persuasion won,
The wondrous work bestow'd;
Latona's son, to thine
Indulgent, gave the gift divine:
A god the gift, a god th' invention show'd.

I.

To that high-sounding lyre I tune my strains;
A lower note his lofty song disdains
Who sings of Anna's name.
The lyre is struck! the sounds I hear!
O Muse, propitious to my prayer!
O well-known sounds! O Melody, the same
That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Mæonian flame.

II.

Nor are these sounds to British bards unknown,
Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone:
Witness sweet Spenser's lays;
And witness that immortal song,
As Spenser sweet, as Milton strong,
Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood could raise,
And mighty William sing with well proportion'd praise.

III.

Rise, fair Augusta, lift thy head,
With golden towers thy front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
With cheerful ray the ruddy morn.
Thy lovely form, and fresh-reviving state,
In crystal flood of Thames survey;
Then blest thy better fate,
Blest Anna's most auspicious sway.
While distant realms and neighbouring lands,
Arm'd troops and hostile bands
On every side molest,
Thy happier clime is free,
Fair Capital of Liberty!
And plenty knows, and days of halcyon rest.

I.

As Britain's isle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,
Unshaken fees against her silver shores
His foaming billows beat;
So Britain's Queen, amidst the jars
And tumults of a world in wars,
Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,
Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of fate.

II.

But greatest souls, though blest with sweet repose,
Are soonest touch'd with sense of others woes,
Thus Anna's mighty mind,
To mercy and soft pity prone,
And mov'd with sorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,
To wake for common good, and succour human kind.

III.

Fly, tyranny; no more be known
Within Europa's blissful bound;
Far as th' uninhabitable zone
Fly every hospitable ground.
To horrid Zembla's frozen realms repair,
There with the baleful beldam, Night,
Unpeopled empire share,
And rob those lands of legal right.
For now is come the promis'd hour,
When Justice shall have power;
Justice to earth restor'd!
Again Astrea reigns!
Anna her equal scale maintains,
And Marlborough wields her sure-deciding sword.

I.

Now, couldst thou soar, my Muse, to sing the man
In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swan
Her towering pinions spread;
Thou should'st of Marlborough sing, whose hand
Unerring from his Queen's command,
Far as the seven-mouth'd Ister's secret head,
To save th' Imperial state, her hardy Britons led.

II.

Nor there thy song should end; tho' all the Nine
Might well their harps and heavenly voices join
To sing that glorious day,
When bold Bavaria fled the field,
And veteran Gauls, unus'd to yield,
On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay;
And spoils and trophies won, perplex'd the victor's way.

III.

But could thy voice of Blenheim sing,
And with success that song pursue;
What art could aid thy wearied wing
To keep the the victor still in view
For as the sun ne'er stops his radiant sight,
Nor sets but with impartial ray,
To all who want his light
Alternately transfers the day:
So in the glorious round of fame,
Great Marlborough, still the same,
Incessant runs his course:
To climes remote and near
His conquering arms by turns appear,
And universal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muse,
For O! what notes, what numbers could'st thou
choose,

Though in all numbers skill'd,
To sing the hero's matchless deed,
Which Belgia sav'd, and Brabant freed;
To sing Ramillia's day! to which must yield
Cannæ's illustrious fight, and fam'd Pharfalla's field?

II.

In the short corse of a diurnal sun,
Behold the work of many ages done!
What verse such worth can raise?
Lustre and life, the poet's art
To middle virtue may impart;
But deeds sublime, exalted high like these,
Transcend his utmost flight, and mock his distant
praise.

III.

Still would the willing Muse aspire,
With transport still her strains prolong;
But fear unstrings the trembling lyre,
And admiration stops her song.
Go on, great chief, in Anna's cause proceed;
Nor sheath the terrors of thy sword,
Till Europe thou hast freed,
And universal peace restor'd.
This mighty work when thou shalt end,
Equal rewards attend,
Of value far above
Thy trophies and thy spoils;
Reward ev'n worthy of thy toils,
The Queen's just favour, and thy Country's love.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF GODOLPHIN,
LORD HIGH TREASURER OF GREATBRITAIN
PINDARIC ODE.

"—*Quemvis mediâ erue turbâ :*
"*Aut ob avaritiam, aut miserâ ambitione laborat.*
"*Hunc capit argenti splendor—*
"*Hic mutat merces surgente â sole, ad eum quo*
"*Vespertina tepet regio: quin par mala præceps*
"*Fortur—*
"*Ommes hi metuunt verjus, odere poetâs."*

HOR. L. i. Sat. 4.

I.

TO hazardous attempts and hardy toils
Ambition some excites;
And some desire of martial spoils
To bloody fields invites;
Others insatiate thirst of gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,
To pass the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and seas, and air;
Pressing the doubtful voyage till India's shore
Her spicy bosom bares, and spreads her shining ore.

II.

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,
Can stop th' invader's force;
Nor swelling seas, nor threatening skies,
Prevent the pirate's course:

Their lives to selfish ends decreed,
Through blood or rapine they proceed;
No anxious thoughts of ill repute
Suspend th' impetuous and unjust pursuit:
But power and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their fellow-creatures fears they raise, or urge their
hate.

III.

But not for these his ivory lyre
Will tuneful Phœbus string,
Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir,
Th' immortal epode sing.
Thy springs, Castalia, turn their streams aside
From rapine, avarice, and pride;
Nor do thy greens, shady Aonia, grow
To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

I.

How just, most mighty Jove, yet how severe,
Is thy supreme decree,
That impious men shall joyless hear
The Muse's harmony!
Their sacred songs, (the recompense
Of virtue and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raise,
And worthy deeds at once excite and praise,
To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monstrous Typhæus thus new terrors fill,
He, who assail'd the skies,
And now beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful Ætna lies.
Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,
He bellows in th' abyfs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the seas, and far Campania's shore;
While all his hundred mouths at once respire
Volumes of curling smoke, and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From heaven alone all good proceeds;
To heavenly minds belong
All power and love, Godolphin, of good deeds,
And sense of sacred song!
And thus most pleasing are the Muse's lays
To them who merit most her praise;
Wherefore, for thee her ivory lyre she strings,
And soars with rapture while she sings.

I.

Whether affairs of most important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And Anna's cause and Europe's fate
Thy serious thoughts demand;
Whether thy days and nights are spent
In cares, on public good intent;
Or whether leisure hours invite
To manly sports, or to refin'd delight:
In courts residing, or to plains retir'd,
Where generous deeds contest, with emulation fir'd!

II.

Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy name,
As once she Theron sung,
While with the deathless worthy's fame
Olympian Pifa rung:
Nor less sublime is now her choice,
Nor less inspir'd by thee her voice,

And now she loves aloft to sound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd ;
Varying anon her theme, she takes delight
The swift-heel'd horse to praise, and sing his rapid
flight.

III.

And see ! the air-born racers start,
Impatient of the rein ;
Faster they run than flies the Scythian dart,
Nor, passing, print the plain !
The winds themselves, who with their swiftneſs vie,
In vain their airy pinions ply ;
So far in matchleſs ſpeed thy courſers paſs
Th' æthereal authors of their race.

I.

And now awhile the well-ſtrain'd courſers breathe ;
And now my Muſe, prepare
Of olive-leaves a twiſted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
Pallas, in care of human-kind,
The fruitful olive firſt deſign'd ;
Deep in the glebe her ſpear ſhe lanc'd,
When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd :
The Gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all, with one conſent, approv'd the beauteous
birth.

II.

This done, earth-ſhaking Neptune next eſſay'd,
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid ;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Againſt the ſounding beach ; the ſtroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open brok
The central earth, whence, iwiſt as light,
Forth ruſh'd the firſt-born horſe. Stupendous fight !
Neptune for human good the beaſt ordains,
Whom ſoon he tam'd to uſe, and taught to bear the
reins.

III.

Thus gods contend'd (noble ſtrife,
Worthy the heavenly mind !)
Who moſt ſhould do to ſoften anxious life,
And moſt endear mankind.
Thus thou, Godolphin, doſt with Marlborough ſtrive,
From whoſe joint toils we reſt derive :
Triumph in wars abroad his arm aſſures,
Sweet Peace at home thy care ſecures,

AN IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A T A L E.

TO thee, dear Dick, this tale I ſend,
Both as a critick and a friend.
I tell it with ſome variation
(Not altogether a tranſlation)
From La Fontaine ; an author, Dick,
Whoſe Muſe would touch thee to the quick.
The ſubject is of that ſame kind,
To which thy heart ſeems moſt inclin'd :
How verſe may alter it, God knows ;
Thou lov'ſt it well, I'm ſure, in proſe.

VOL. IV.

So without preface, or pretence,
To hold thee longer in ſuſpence,
I ſhall proceed, as I am able,
To the recital of my fable.

A goblin of the merry kind,
More black of hue, than curſt of mind,
To help a lover in diſtreſs,
Contriv'd a charm with ſuch ſucceſs,
That in ſhort ſpace the cruel dame
Relented, and return'd his flame.
The bargain, made betwixt them both,
Was bound by honour and by oath :
The lover laid down his ſalvation,
And Satan ſtak'd his reputation.
The latter promis'd on his part
(To ſerve his friend, and ſhew his art),
That madam ſhould by twelve o'clock,
Though hitherto as hard as rock,
Become as gentle as a glove,
And kiſs and coo like any dove.
In ſhort, the woman ſhould be his,
That is upon condition—Viz.
That he the lover, after taſting
What one would wiſh were everlaſting,
Should, in return for ſuch enjoyment,
Supply the fiend with freſh employment :
“ That's all, quoth Peg ; my poor requeſt
“ Is, only, never to have reſt.
“ You thought, 'tis like, with reaſon too,
“ That I ſhould have been ſerv'd, not you :
“ But what ? upon my friend impoſe !
“ No—though a devil, none of thoſe.
“ Your buſineſs then, pray underſtand me,
“ Is nothing more but to command me.
“ Of one thing only let me warn ye :
“ Which ſomewhat nearly may concern ye :
“ As ſoon as e'er one work is done,
“ Strait name a new one ; and ſo on :
“ Let each to other quick ſucceed,
“ Or elſe—you know how 'tis agreed—
“ For if through any hums or haws
“ There haps an intervening pauſe,
“ In which for want of freſh commands,
“ Your ſlave obſequious idle ſtands,
“ Nor ſoul nor body ever more
“ Shall ſerve the nymph whom you adore ;
“ But both be laid at Satan's feet,
“ To be diſpos'd as he thinks meet.”

At once the lover all approves ;
For who can hesitate that loves ?
And thus he argues in his thought :
“ Why, after all, I venture nought ;
“ What myſtery is in commanding ?
“ Does that require much underſtanding ?
“ Indeed, wer't my part to obey,
“ He'd go the better of the lay :
“ But he muſt do what I think fit—
“ Pshaw, pshaw, young Belzebub is bit.”
Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
Adjusts, and combs, and courts the fair :
The ſpell takes place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the night
In ſweet embraces, balmy kiſſes,
And riots in the bliſs of bliſſes.

R r r

"O joy," cried he, "that has no equal!"
 But hold—no raptures—mark the sequel.
 For now when near the morning's dawn,
 The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
 His eyes a silky slumber seiz'd,
 Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:
 But that officious Dæmon near,
 Now buzz'd for business in his ear:
 In haste, he names a thousand things;
 The goblin plies his wicker wings,
 And in a trice returns to ask
 Another and another task.
 Now palaces are built and towers,
 The work of ages in few hours.
 Then storms are in an instant rais'd,
 Which the next moment are appeas'd.
 Now showers of gold and gems are rain'd,
 As if each India had been drain'd:
 And he, in one astonish'd view,
 Sees both Goleonda and Peru.
 These things, and stranger things than these,
 Were done with equal speed and ease.
 And now to Rome poor Pug he'll send;
 And Pug soon reach'd his journey's end,
 And soon return'd with such a pack
 Of bulls and pardons at his back,
 That now, the Squire (who had some hope
 In holy water and the pope)
 Was out of heart, and at a stand
 What next to wish, and what command;
 Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
 And black despair succeeds brown study.
 In this distress the woeful youth
 Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,
 Begging her counsel, for whose sake
 Both soul and body were at stake.
 "And is this all?" replied the fair:
 "Let me alone to cure this care."
 "When next your Dæmon shall appear,
 "Pray give him—look, what I hold here,
 "And bid him labour, soon or late,
 "To lay these ringlets lank and strait."
 Then, something scarcely to be seen,
 Her finger and her thumb between
 She held, and sweetly smiling, cry'd,
 "Your Goblin's skill shall now be try'd."
 She said; and gave—what shall I call
 That thing so shining, crisp, and small,
 Which round his finger strove to twine?
 A tendril of the Cyprian vine?
 Or sprig from Cytherea's grove;
 Shade of the labyrinth of love?
 With awe, he now takes from her hand
 That fleece-like flower of fairy land:
 Left precious, whilom, was the fleece
 Which drew the Argonauts from Greece;
 Or that, which modern ages see
 The spur and prize of chivalry,
 Whose curls of kindred texture grace
 Heroes and kings of Spanish race.
 The spark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,
 He issues, thus, his strict command:
 "This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
 "Render direct, and perpendicular;
 "But so direct, that in no sort
 "It ever may in rings retort.
 "See me no more till this be done;

"Hence, to thy task—avaunt, be gone."

Away the fiend like lightning flies,
 And all his wit to work applies:
 Anvils and presses he employs,
 And dins whole hell with hammering noise.
 In vain: he to no terms can bring
 One twirl of that reluctant thing;
 Th' elastic fibre mocks his pains,
 And its first spiral form retains.
 New stratagems the sprite contrives,
 And down the depths of sea he dives:
 "This sprunt its pertainess sure will lose,
 "When laid (said he) to soak in ooze."
 Poor foolish fiend! he little knew
 Whence Venus and her garden grew.
 Old Ocean, with paternal waves
 The child of his own bed receives;
 Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
 And in more vigorous curls reverts.
 So when to earth Alcides flung
 The huge Antæus, whence he sprung,
 From every fall fresh strength he gain'd,
 And with new life the fight maintain'd.
 The baffled Goblin grows perplex'd,
 Nor knows what slight to practise next:
 The more he tries, the more he fails;
 Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails.
 But all concur his shame to show,
 And more exasperate the foe.

And now he pensive turns and sad,
 And looks like melancholic mad.
 He rolls his eyes now off, now on
 That wonderful phenomenon.
 Sometimes he twits and twirls it round,
 Then, pausing, meditates profound:
 No end he sees of his surprise,
 Nor what it should be can devise:
 For never was yet wool or feather,
 That could stand buff against all weather;
 And unrelax'd, like this, resist
 Both wind and rain, and snow and mist.
 What stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
 What spinster which could spin such thread,
 He nothing knew; but, to his cost,
 Knew all his fame and labour lost.
 Subdued, abash'd, he gave it o'er;
 'Tis said, he blush'd; 'tis sure, he swore
 Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
 Could conquer that Superb Mustach.
 Defeated thus, thus discontent,
 Back to the man the Dæmon went:
 "I grant," quoth he, "our contract null,
 "And give you a discharge in full.
 "But tell me now, in name of wonder,
 "(Since I so candidly knock under)
 "What is this thing? where could it grow?
 "Pray take it—'tis in statu quo.
 "Much good may't do you; for my part,
 "I wash my hands of't from my heart."
 "In truth, Sir Goblin or Sir Fairy,"
 Replies the lad, "you're too soon weary.
 "What, leave this trifling task undone?
 "And think't thou this the only one?
 "Alas! were this subdued, thou'dst find
 "Millions of more such still behind;
 "Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
 "Both you and all your whole fraternity."

THE
PEASANT IN SEARCH OF HIS HEIFER.

A TALE AFTER M. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT so befel: a silly swain

Had sought his heifer long in vain;
For wanton he had frisking stray'd,
And left the lawn, to seek the shade.
Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
Then to the wood in haste he hies;
Where, singling out the fairest tree
He climbs, in hopes to hear or see.

Anon, there chanc'd that way to pass
A jolly lad and buxom lass:

The place was apt, the pastime pleasant;
Occasion with her forelock present;
The girl agog, the gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But so the turn'd, or so was laid,
That she some certain charm's display'd,
Which with such wonder struck his sight
(With wonder, much; more with delight)
That loud he cry'd in rapture, "What?
"What see I, gods! What see I not!"
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis guess'd,
'Twas more than well could be express'd.

The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Straight stopp'd him short in mid career;
And louder cry'd, "Ho! honest friend,
"That of thy seeing see'st no end;
"Dost see the heifer that I seek?
"If dost, pray be so kind to speak."

HOMER'S HYMN

TO VENUS.

SING, Muse, the force and all-informing fire,
Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire:
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
And tame the stubborn race of men to love.
The wilder herds, and ravenous beasts of prey,
Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway.
Thro' pathless air, and boundless ocean's space,
She rules the feather'd kind and finny rack;
Whole nature on her sole support depends,
And far as life exists, her care extends.

Of all the numerous host of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love.
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her heart,
A virgin unbeguill'd by Cupid's art:
In shining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights;
With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,
And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd;
Taught artists first the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with brags to arm, and form the fenceful
shield:

She first taught modest maids in early bloom,
To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom.
Diana next the Paphian queen defies:
Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies:

She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and cheerful
horn,
Or silver-sounding voice, to wake the morn,
To wound the mountain boar, or rouse the woodland
deer;

To draw the bow, or dart the pointed spear.
Sometimes, of gloomy groves she likes the shades,
And there of virgin-nymphs the chorus leads;
And sometimes seeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves society where virtue reigns.

The third celestial power averse to love
Is virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove;
Whom Neptune sought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd;
And both with fruitless labour long pursu'd.
For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
And bound her purpose with a solemn oath,
A virgin life inviolate to lead;
She swore, and Jove assenting, bow'd his head.
But since her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rights, and blessings of a bride,
The bounteous Jove with gifts that want supply'd.
High on a throne she sits amidst the skies,
And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice;
For holy rights to Vesta first are paid,
And on her altar first-fruit offerings laid;
So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.

These are the powers above, and only these,
Whom Love and Cytherea's art displease;
Of other beings, none in earth or skies
Her force resists, or influence denies.
With ease her charms the thunderer can bind,
And captivate with love th' almighty mind:
Ev'n he, whose dread commands the gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns superior sway.
Enslav'd to mortal beauties by her power,
He oft descends, his creatures to adore;
While to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
Some well-dissembled shape the god belies.
Juno, his wife and sister, both in place
And beauty first among th' æthereal race;
Whom, all transcending, in superior worth,
Wife Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth:
And Jove, by never-erring counsel sway'd,
The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove at length, with just resentment fir'd,
The laughing queen herself with love inspir'd.
Swift through her veins the sweet contagion ran,
And kindled in her breast desire of mortal man;
That she, like other deities, might prove
The pains and pleasures of inferior love;
And not insultingly the gods deride,
Whose sons were human by the mother's side:
Thus, Jove ordain'd, she now for man should burn,
And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn.

Amongst the springs which flow from Ida's head,
His lowing herds the young Anchises fed;
Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madness, soon as seen:
To Cyprus straight the wounded goddess flies,
Where Paphian temples in her honour rise,
And altars smoke with daily sacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, she to her shrine repair'd,
Where entering quick, the shining gates she barr'd:
The ready Graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair,
Her flowing hair around her shoulders spreads,
And all adown ambrosial odour sheds.

Last, in transparent robes her limbs they fold,
 Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold;
 And, thus attir'd, her chariot she ascends,
 And, Cyprus left, her flight to Troy she bends.
 On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat,
 Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat;
 And ever as the walk'd through lawn or wood,
 Pronisuous herds of beasts admiring stood;
 Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,
 And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.
 Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,
 And the swift panther stops to gaze with fixed delight.
 For every glance she gives soft fire imparts,
 Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts,
 Inflam'd with love, all single out their mates,
 And to their shady dens each pair retreats.
 Meantime the tent she spies to much desir'd,
 Where her Anchises was alone retir'd;
 Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow-swains,
 Who fed their flocks beneath, and sought the plains;
 In pleasing solitude the youth she found,
 Intent upon his lyre's harmonious sound.
 Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,
 In form and dress, a huntress of the wood;
 For, had he seen the goddess undisguis'd,
 The youth with awe and fear had been surpris'd,
 Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
 To see a nymph so bright, and so attir'd:
 For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,
 As if with radiant flames she were array'd;
 Her hair in part disclos'd, and part conceal'd,
 In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held;
 With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
 And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast;
 Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,
 And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.

Thus while Anchises gaz'd, through every vein
 A thrilling joy he felt, and pleasing pain:
 At length he spake—"All hail, celestial fair!
 "Who humbly dost to visit earth repair.
 "Whoe'er thou art, descended from above,
 "Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love;
 "All hail! all honour shall to thee be paid;
 "Or art thou * Themis? or the blue-ey'd maid?
 "Or art thou fairest of the Graces three,
 "Who with the gods share immortality?
 "Or else, some nymph, the guardian of these woods,
 "These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods;
 "Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous field,
 "I to thy honour will an altar build,
 "Where holy offerings I'll each hour prepare,
 "O prove but thou propitious to my prayer!
 "Grant me among the Trojan race to prove
 "A patriot worthy of my country's love;
 "Bless'd in myself, I beg I next may be
 "Bless'd in my children and posterity:
 "Happy in health, long let me see the sun,
 "And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."
 He said.—Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd,
 "Delight of human kind, thy sex's pride!
 "Honour'd Aachises, you behold in me
 "No goddess bless'd with immortality;
 "But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
 "Otreus my father (you have heard the name).

* The Goddess of Equity and Right. † Pallas.

"Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
 "And all her towns and fortresses commands.
 "When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,
 "There was I nurs'd, and there your language
 taught;
 "Then wonder not, if, thus instructed young,
 "I, like my own, can speak the Trojan tongue.
 "In me, one of Diana's nymphs behold;
 "Why thus arriv'd, I shall the cause unfold,
 "As late our sports we practis'd on the plain,
 "I and my fellow-nymphs of Cynthia's train,
 "Dancing in choirs, and with garlands crown'd,
 "And by admiring crowds encompass'd round,
 "Lo! hovering e'er my head I saw the god
 "Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod;
 "Sudden he seiz'd, then bore me from their sight,
 "Cutting through liquid air his rapid flight:
 "O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd,
 "O'er hills and vallies, and o'er deserts waste;
 "O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens,
 "And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens.
 "Through all which pathless way our speed was such,
 "We stop't not once the face of earth to touch.
 "Meantime he told me, while through air we fled,
 "That Jove ordain'd I should Anchises wed,
 "And with illustrious offspring bless his bed.
 "This said, and pointing to me your abode,
 "To heaven again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd God.
 "Thus of necessity, to you I come,
 "Unknown, and lost, far from my native home.
 "But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
 "By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
 "By your good parents (for no bad could e'er
 "Produce a son so graceful, good, and fair),
 "That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
 "But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;
 "Inviolat and guiltless of your bed,
 "Let me be to your house and mother led.
 "Me to your father and your brothers show,
 "And our alliance first let them allow:
 "Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
 "And no unequal match I may be found.
 "Equality to them my birth may claim,
 "Worthy a daughter's or a sister's name,
 "Though for your wife of too inferior fame.
 "Next, let ambassadors to Phrygia haste,
 "To tell my father of my fortunes past,
 "And ease my mother in that anxious state
 "Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
 "They in return, shall presents bring from thence
 "Of rich attire, and sums of gold immense:
 "You in peculiar shall with gifts be grac'd,
 "In price and beauty far above the rest.
 "This done, perform the rights of nuptial love,
 "Grateful to men below, and gods above."
 She said, and from her eyes shot subtle fires,
 Which to his heart insinuate desires.
 Resistless love invading thus his breast,
 Th' panting youth the smiling queen address'd.
 "Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
 "And Otreus you report your father's name:
 "And since th' immortal Hermes from above,
 "To execute the dread commands of Jove,
 "Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,
 "A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead:

" Know, now, that neither gods nor men have
pow'r

" One minute to defer the happy hour ;
" This instant will I seize upon thy charms,
" Mix with thy soul, and melt within thy arms :
" Tho' Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
" Stood ready to transfix my panting heart ;
" Tho' death, tho' hell, in consequence attend,
" Thou shalt with me the genial bed ascend."

He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous hand ;
The goddess smil'd, nor did th' attempt withstand :
But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
Where soft and silken coverlets were spread,
And over all a counterpane was plac'd,
Thick strown with furs of many a savage beast,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil ;
And still remain'd the trophies of his toil.

Now to ascend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haste disrobes the fair.

Her sparkling necklace first he laid aside ;
Her bracelets next, and braided hair untied :
And now, his busy hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waist ;
Her radiant robe, at last, aside was thrown,
Whose rosy hue with dazzling lustre shone.

The Queen of Love the youth thus disarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her vestments laid.
Anchises now (so Jove and fate ordain'd)
The sweet extreme of ecstacy attain'd ;
And mortal he, was like th' immortals blest'd,
Not conscious of the goddess he possess'd.

But when the swains their flocks and herds had
fed,

And from the flow'ry field returning, led
Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed ;
In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound,
The wary goddesses her Anchises bound :
Then gently rising from his side and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.

And now her fair crown'd head aloft she rears,
Nor more a mortal, but herself appears :
Her face refulgent, and majestic mien,
Confess'd the goddesses, love's and beauty's queen.

Then thus aloud she calls. " Anchises, wake ;
" Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake :
" Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
" Behold me well—say, if I seem the same."

At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,
And, starting from his bed, Anchises woke :
But when he Venus view'd without disguise,
Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes ;
Awd and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,
In winged words he thus the queen address'd.

" When first, O goddesses, I thy form beheld,
" Whose charms so far humanity excell'd ;
" To thy celestial pow'r my vows I paid,
" And with humility implor'd thy aid :
" But thou, for secret cause to me unknown,
" Didst thy divine immortal state disown.
" But now, I beg thee by the filial love
" Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,
" Compassion on my human state to show ;
" Nor let me lead a life infirm below :
" Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
" Nor let me share of men the common fate :

" Since never man with length of life was blest,
" Who in delights of love a deity possess'd."
To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd ;
" Be bold, Anchises ; in my love confide :
" Nor me, nor other god, thou needst to fear,
" For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
" Know, from our loves thou shalt a son obtain,
" Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign ;
" From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,
" And whose posterity shall know no end.
" To him thou shalt the name Æneas give ;
" As one, for whose conception I must grieve,
" Oft as I think he to exist began
" From my conjunction with a mortal man."

But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
To a superior race of men gives birth ;
Producing heroes of th' æthereal kind,
And next resembling gods in form and mind.

From thence great Jove to azure skies convey'd,
To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede.
Where by th' immortals honour'd, (strange to see !)
The youth enjoys a blest'd eternity.
In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,
And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
Long did the king, his fire, his absence mourn,
Doubtful by whom, or where, the boy was borne :
Till Jove, at length, in pity of his grief,
Dispatch'd Argicides to his relief ;
And more, with gifts to pacify his mind,
He sent him horses of a deathless kind,
Whose feet outstript, in speed the rapid wind :

Charging withal swift Hermes to relate
The youth's advancement to a heav'nly state ;
Where all his hours are past in circling joy,
Which age can ne'er decay, not death destroy.
Now, when this embassy the king receives,
No more for absent Ganymede he grieves ;
The pleasing news his aged heart revives,
And with delight his swift-heel'd steeds he drives.

" But when the gold-enthron'd Aurora made
" Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,
" (Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
" Resembling gods in face and form divine)
" For him she strait the Thunderer address'd,
" That with perpetual life he might be blest'd :
" Jove hear'd her pray'r, and granted her request.
" But ah ! how rash was she, how indiscreet !
" The most material blessing to omit ;
" Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
" That length of days might be with strength sup-
plied ;

" And to her lover's endless life, engage
" An endless youth, incapable of age.
" But hear what fate befell this heav'nly pair,
" In gold enthron'd, the brightest child of air.
" Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess'd,
" Is by Aurora with delight carest'd ;
" Dear to her arms, he in her court resides,
" Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmost
tides.

" But when the saw grey hairs begin to spread,
" Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,
" The goddess cold in her embraces grew,
" His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew ;
" Yet still a kind of nursing care she show'd,
" And fond ambrosial, and rich clothes bestow'd :

" But when of age he felt the sad extreme,
 " And ev'ry nerve was shrunk, and limb was lame,
 " Lock'd in a room her useless spouse she left,
 " Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft.
 " On terms like these, I never can desire
 " Thou shouldst to immortality aspire.
 " Couldst thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
 " Thy strength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain,
 " Couldst thou for ever thus my husband prove,
 " I might live happy in thy endless love;
 " Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day,
 " When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay.
 " But thou, alas! too soon and sure must bend
 " Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
 " Inexorable age! whose wretched state
 " All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.
 " Now, know, I also must my portion share,
 " And for thy sake reproach and shame must bear.
 " For I, who heretofore in chains of love
 " Could captivate the minds of gods above,
 " And force them, by my all-subduing charms,
 " To sigh and languish in a woman's arms:
 " Must now no more that pow'r superior boast,
 " Nor tax with weakness the celestial host;
 " Since I myself this dear amends have made,
 " And am at last by my own arts betray'd.
 " Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
 " This hour, by thee, I have a son conceiv'd;
 " Whom hid beneath my zone, I must conceal,
 " Till time his being and my shame reveal.
 " Him shall the nymphs who these fair woods
 " adorn,
 " In their deep bosoms nurse, as soon as born;
 " They nor of mortal nor immortal feed
 " Are said to spring, yet on ambrosia feed,
 " And long they live, and oft in chorus join
 " With gods and goddesses in dance divine.
 " These the Sileni court; these Hermes loves,
 " And their embraces seeks in shady groves.
 " Their origin and birth these nymphs deduce
 " From common parent earth's prolific juice;

" With lofty firs which grace the mountain's
 " brow,
 " Or ample-spreading oaks at once they grow;
 " All have their trees allotted to their care,
 " Whose growth, duration, and decrease they
 " share.
 " But holy are these groves by mortals held,
 " And therefore by the ax are never fell'd.
 " But when the fate of some fair tree draws nigh,
 " It first appears to droop, and then grows dry;
 " The bark to crack and perish next is seen,
 " And last the boughs it sheds, no longer green:
 " And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
 " And live and die coeval with their trees.
 " These gentle nymphs, by my persuasion won,
 " Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my son;
 " And when his cheeks with youth's first blushes
 " glow,
 " To thee the sacred maids the boy shall show.
 " More to instruct thee, when five years shall end,
 " I will again to visit thee descend,
 " Bringing thy beauteous son to charm thy sight,
 " Whose godlike form shall fill thee with delight;
 " Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
 " And will that with him thou to Troy repair:
 " There, if inquiry shall be made, to know
 " To whom thou dost so bright an offspring owe;
 " Be sure, thou nothing of the truth detect,
 " But ready answer make as I direct.
 " Say of a sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
 " And Calycopsis call his mother's name.
 " For shouldst thou boast the truth, and madly own
 " That thou in bliss hadst Cytherea known,
 " Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
 " And with avenging thunder strike thee dead.
 " Now all is told thee, and just caution giv'n,
 " Be secret thou, and dread the wrath of heav'n."
 " She said, and sudden soar'd above his sight,
 " Cutting through liquid air her heav'nward flight.
 " All hail, bright Cyprion queen! thee first I praise,
 " Then to some other pow'r transfer my lays.

POEMS BY ELIJAH FENTON.

A W I S H

TO THE NEW YEAR, 1705.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
 Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,
 But joys and griefs alike, once hurried o'er,
 No longer now deserve a smile or tear;
 Close the fantastic scenes—but grace
 With brightest aspects thy fore-face,
 While Time's new offspring hasten to appear.
 With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
 Command the circling seasons to advance,
 And form their renovated dance,
 With flowing pleasures fraught, and blest'd by
 friendly powers,

Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know
 A mortal's trifling cares below;
 My race of life began with thee.
 Thus far from great misfortunes free,
 Contented, I my lot endure,
 Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,
 Nor spurn at common ills in vain,
 Which folly cannot shun, nor wise reflection cure.

But, oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
 I would foreknow my future doom.
 Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
 Events that yet in embryo lie,
 For me, in Time's mysterious womb?
 Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear
 A thousand accidents severe;
 I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
 If love rejected adds not to its weight,
 To finish me in woes, and crush me down with fate!

But if the goddess, in whose charming eyes,
More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If she must with a less propitious look
Forbid my humble sacrifice,
Or blast me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou seest in store,
Cut short my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
Here let me lay my my burden down,
And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

AN ODE TO THE SUN,

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1707.

"*Augur, & fulgente decorus arcu*
"*Phœbus acceptusque novem Camœnis,*
"*Qui salutari levat arte fessos*
"*Corporis artus;*
"*Alterum in lustrum meliusque semper*
"*Proroget ævum.*"

HOR.

I.

BEGIN, celestial source of light,
To gild the new-revolving sphere;
And from the pregnant womb of night,
Urge on to birth the infant year.
Rich with auspicious lustre rise,
Thou fairest regent of the skies,
Conspicuous with thy silver bow!
To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove
To rule the radiant orbs above,
To Gloriana this below.

II.

With joy renew thy destin'd race,
And let the mighty months begin:
Let no ill omen cloud thy face,
Through all thy circle smile serene.
While the stern ministers of fate
Watchful o'er pale Lutetia wait,
To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head;
The Hours, thy offspring heavenly fair,
Their whitest wings should ever wear,
And gentle joys on Albion shed.

III.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,
And the long honours of her race began,
Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,
They from thy stores in happy order ran.
Heroes elected to the list of fame
Fix'd the sure columns of her rising state;
Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name
Render'd the glories of her reign complete,
Each year advanc'd a rival to the rest,
In comely spoil of war, and great achievements
drest.

I.

Say, Phœbus, for thy searching eye
Saw Rome the darling child of fate,
When nothing equal here could vie
In strength with her imperious state;
Say, if high virtues there did reign

Exalted in a nobler strain,
Than in fair Albion thou hast seen;
Or can her demi-gods compare
Their trophies for successful war,
To those that rise for Albion's Queen!

II.

When Albion first majestic shew'd
High o'er the circling seas her head,
Her the great Father smiling view'd,
And thus to bright Victoria said:
Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,
On which, fair nymph, you fix'd my reign,
'This isle to you shall sacred be;
Her hand shall hold the rightful scale,
And crowns be vanquish'd, or prevail,
As Gloriana shall decree.

III.

Victoria, triumph in thy great increase!
With joy the Julian stem the Tyber claims;
Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confess;
The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames.
Roll, sovereign of the streams! thy rapid tide,
And bid thy brother floods revere the Queen,
Whose voice the hero's happy hand employ'd
To save the Danube, and subdue the Seine;
And, boldly just to Gloriana's fame,
Exalt thy silver urn, and duteous homage claim:

I.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,
On earth, great God of day, look down:
Let Windsor entertain thy sight,
Clad in fair emblems of renown:
And whilst in radiant pomp appear
The names to bright Victoria dear,
Intent the long procession view:
Confess none worthier ever wore
Her favours, or was deck'd with more,
Than she confers on Churchill's brow.

II.

But oh! withdraw thy piercing rays,
The nymph anew begins to moan,
Viewing the much-lamented space,
Where late her warlike William shone:
There fix'd by her officious hand,
His sword and sceptre of command,
To deathless fame adopted, rest;
Nor wants there to complete her woe,
Plac'd with respectful love below,
The star that beam'd on Gloucester's breast.

III.

O Phœbus! all thy saving power employ,
Long let our vows avert the distant woe,
Ere Gloriana re-ascends the sky,
And leaves a land of orphans here below!
But when (so Heaven ordains!) her smiling ray
Distinguish'd o'er the balance shall preside,
Whilst future kings her ancient sceptre sway,
May her mild influence all their councils guide;
To Albion ever constant in her love,
Of sovereigns here the best, the brightest star above.

I.

For lawless power, reclaim'd to right,
And virtue rais'd by pious arms,
Let Albion be thy fair delight,
And shield her safe from threaten'd harms;
With flowers and fruit her bosom fill,
Let laurel rise on every hill,

Fresh as the first on Daphne's brow:
Instruct her tuneful sons to sing,
And make each vale with Pæans ring,
To Blenheim and Ramilia due.

II.

Secure of bright eternal fame,
With happy wing the Theban swan
Towering from Pisa's sacred stream,
Inspir'd by thee, the song began:
Through darkness of unclouded night,
When he harmless took his flight,
The gods constrin'd the sounding spheres:
Still Envy darts her rage in vain,
The lustre of his worth to stain,
He growing whiter with his years.

III.

But, Phœbus, god of numbers, high to raise
The honour of thy art, and heavenly lyre,
What Muse is destin'd to our sovereign's praise,
Worthy her acts, and thy informing fire?
To him for whom this springing laurel grows,
Eternal on the topmost heights of fame,
Be kind, and all thy Helicon disclose;
And all intent on Gloriana's name,
Let silence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,
As when to victor Jove thou sung'st the giants war.

I.

In fure records each shining deed,
When faithful Clio sets to view,
Posterity will doubting read,
And scarce believe her annals true:
The Muses toil with art to raise
Fictitious monuments of praise,
When other actions they rehearse:
But half of Gloriana's reign,
That so the rest may credit gain,
Should pass unregistr'd in verse.

II.

High on its own establish'd base
Prevailing virtue's pleas'd to rise;
Divinely deck'd with native grace,
Rich in itself with solid joys;
Ere Gloriana on the throne,
Quitting for Albion's rest her own,
In types of regal power was seen:
With fair pre-eminence confest,
It triumph'd in a private breast,
And made the Princess more than Queen.

III.

O Phœbus! would thy godhead not refuse
This humble incense, on thy altar laid;
Would thy propitious ear attend the Muse,
That suppliant now invokes thy certain aid;
With Mantuan force I'd mount a stronger gale,
And sing the parent of her land, who strove
To exceed the transports of her people's zeal,
With acts of mercy, and majestic love;
By fate, to fix Britannia's empire, given
The guardian power of earth, and public care of
heaven.

I.

Then, Churchill, should the Muse record
The conquests by thy sword achiev'd;
Quiet to Belgian states restor'd,
And Austrian crowns by thee retriev'd,
Imperious Leopold confess'd
His hoary majesty distress'd;

To arms, to arms, Bavaria calls,
Nor with less terror shook his throne,
Than when the rising crescent shone
Malignant o'er his shatter'd walls.

II.

The warrior led the Britons forth
On foreign fields to dare their fate,
Distinguish'd souls of shining worth,
In war unknowing to retreat:
Thou, Phœbus, saw'st the hero's face,
When Mars had breath'd a purple grace,
And mighty fury fill'd his breast:
How like thyself, when to destroy
The Greeks thou didst thy darts employ,
Fierce with thy golden quiver dress'd!

III.

Sudden, whilst banish'd from his native land,
Red with dishonest wounds, Bavaria mourn'd,
The chief, at Gloriana's high command,
Like a rous'd lion to the Maes return'd;
With vengeful speed the British sword he drew,
Unus'd to grieve his host with long delay;
Whilst wing'd with fear the force of Gallia flew;
As when the morning star restores the day,
The wandering ghosts of twenty thousand slain
Fleet sullen to the shades from Blenheim's mournful
plain.

I.

Britannia, wipe thy dusty brow,
And put the Bourbon laurels on;
To thee deliver'd nations bow,
And bless the spoils thy wars have won.
For thee Bellona points her spear,
And whilst lamenting mothers fear,
On high her signal torch displays;
But when thy sword is sheath'd, again
Obsequious she receives thy chain,
And smooths her violence of face.

II.

Parent of arms! for ever stand
With large increase of fame rever'd,
Whilst arches to thy saving hand
On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.
Eugene, inspir'd to war by thee,
Ausonia's weeping states to free,
Swift on th' Imperial eagle flies;
Whilst, bleeding, from his azure bed
Th' asserted Iber lifts his head,
And safe his Austrian lord enjoys.

III.

Io Britannia! fix'd on foreign wars,
Guileless of civil rage extend thy name:
The waves of utmost ocean, and the stars,
Are bounds but equal to thy sovereign's fame.
With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars,
Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear,
Whilst Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implores;
So Earth, transfix'd by fierce Minerva's spear,
A gentler birth obedient did disclose,
And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose.

I.

When with establish'd freedom bless'd,
The globe to great Alcides bow'd,
Whose happy power reliev'd th' oppress'd
From lawless chains, and check'd the proud;
Mature in fame, the grateful gods

Receiv'd him to their bright abodes:
Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys;
Garlands the willing Muses wove,
And each with emulation strove
T' adorn the Churchill of the Skies.

II.

For Albion's chief, ye sacred nine!
Your harps with generous ardour string,
With Fame's immortal trumpet join,
And safe beneath his laurel sing:
When clad in vines the Seine shall glide,
And duteous in a smoother tide,
To British seas her tribute yield;
Wakeful at Honour's shrine attend,
And long with living beams defend
From night, the warrior's votive shield.

III.

And, Woodstock, let his dome exalt thy fame,
Great o'er thy Norman ruins be restor'd;
Thou that with pride dost Edward's cradle claim,
Receive an equal hero for thy lord:
Whilst every column to record their toils
Eternal monuments of conquest wears,
And all thy walls are dress'd with mingled spoils,
Gather'd on fam'd Ramillia and Poitiers,
High on thy tower the grateful flag display,
Due to thy Queen's reward, and Blenheim's glorious
day.

* The Black Prince.

FLORELIO; A PASTORAL,

Lamenting the Death of the late

MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

ASK not the cause why all the tuneful swains,
Who us'd to fill the vales with tender strains,
In deep despair neglect the warbling reed,
And all their bleating flocks refuse to feed.
Ask not why greens and flowers so late appear
To clothe the glebe, and deck the springing year;
Why founts the lawn with loud fountains and cries,
And swollen with tears to floods the rivalets rise:
The Fair Florelia now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

For thee, lov'd youth! on every vale and lawn,
The nymphs and all thy fellow shepherds moan.
The little birds now cease to sing and love,
Silent they sit, and droop in every grove:
No mounting lark now warbles on the wing,
Nor linnets chirp to cheer the fullen spring:
Only the melancholy turtles coo,
And Philomel by night repeats her woe.
O, charmer of the shades! the tale prolong,
Nor let the morning interrupt thy song:
Or softly tune thy tender notes to mine,
Forgetting Tereus, make my sorrows thine.

VOL. IV.

Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

Say, all ye shades, where late he us'd to rest,
If e'er your beds with lovelier swain were prest;
Say, all ye silver streams, if e'er ye bore
The image of so fair a face before.
But now, ye streams, assist me whilst I mourn,
For never must the lovely swain return;
And, as these flowing tears increase your tide,
O, murmur for the shepherd as ye glide:
Be sure, ye rocks, while I my grief disclose,
Let your sad echoes lengthen out my woes:
Ye breezes, bear the plaintive accent on,
And, whispering, tell the floods Florelia's gone;
For ever gone, and left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

Ripe strawberries for thee, and peaches grew,
Sweet to the taste, and tempting red to view.
For thee the rose put sweeter purple on,
Preventing, by her haste, the summer-sun.
But now the flowers all pale and blighted lie,
And in cold sweats of sickly mildew die.
Nor can the bees suck from the shrivel'd blooms
Æthereal sweets, to store their golden combs.
Or on thy lips they would their labour leave,
And sweeter odours from thy mouth receive:
Sweet as the breath of Flora, when she lies
In jasmine inades, and for young Zephyr sighs.
But now those lips are cold; relentless death
Hath chill'd thy charms, and stopt thy balmy
breath.

Those eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,
And kindled in the coldest nymphs desire,
Robb'd of their beams, in everlasting night
Are clos'd, and give us woes as once delight:
And thou, dear youth, hast left the lonely plain,
And art the grief, who wert the grace, of every British swain.

As in his bower the dying shepherd lay,
The shepherd yet so young, and once so gay!
The nymphs that swim the stream, and range the
wood,

And haunt the flowery meads, around him stood.
There tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,
And as he gasp'd, they gave a sad farewell.
Softly, they cry'd, as sleeping flowers are clos'd
By night, be thy dear eyes by death compos'd:
A gentle fall may thy young beauties have,
And golden slumbers wait thee in the grave:
Yearly thy hearse with garlands we'll adorn,
And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn;
Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,
Nor less wert thou belov'd by every swain.
Come, shepherds, come, perform the funeral due,
For he was ever good and kind to you:
On every smoothest beech, in every grove,
In weeping characters record your love.
And as in memory of Adonis slain,
When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,
His river, to record the guilty day,
With freshly bleeding purple stains the sea:
So thou, dear Cam, contribute to our woe,
And bid thy stream in plaintive murmurs flow:
Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,
And with thy tears supply the frugal urn.

S f f

The swains their sheep, the nymphs shall leave the lawn,

And yearly on their banks renew their moan :
His mother, while they there lament, shall be
The queen of love, the lov'd Adonis he :
On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,
And he too like Adonis in his fate !
For fresh in fragrant youth he left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks preside,
Dress their gay beauties by the crystal tide,
Nor fly the wintry winds, nor scorching sun,
Now he, for whom they strove to charm, is gone.
Oft' they beneath their reedy coverts sigh'd,
And look'd and long'd, and for Florelia dy'd.
Of him they sang, and with soft ditties strove
To sooth the pleasing agonies of love.
But now they roam, distracted with despair,
And cypress, twin'd with mournful willows, wear.
Thus, hand-in-hand, around his grave they go,
And saffron-buds and fading lilies strow,
With sprigs of myrtle mix'd, and scattering cry,
So sweet and soft the shepherd was ! so soon decreed to die !

There, fresh in dear remembrance of their woes,
His name the young anemones disclose :
Nor strange they should a double grief avow,
Then Venus wept, and Pastorella now.
Breathe soft, ye winds ! long let them paint the plain,
Unhurt, untouch'd by every passing swain.
And when, ye nymphs, to make the garlands gay,
With which ye crown the Mistress of the May,
Ye shall these flowers to bind her temples take,
O pluck them gently for Florelia's sake !
And when through Woodstock's green retreats ye stray,

Or Althrop's flowery vales invite to play ;
O'er which young Pastorella's beauties bring
Elysium early, and improve the spring :
When evening gales attentive silence keep,
And heaven its balmy dew begins to weep,
By the soft fall of every warbling stream,
Sigh your sad airs, and bless the shepherd's name :
There to the tender lute attune your woe,
While hyacinths and myrtles round you grow.
So may Sylvanus ever tend your bowers,
And Zephyr brush the mildew from the flowers !
Bid all the swans from Cam and Isis hate,
In the melodious choir to breathe their last.
O Colin, Colin, could I there complain
Like thee, when young Philides was slain !
Thou sweet frequenter of the Muses' stream !
Why have I not thy voice, or thou my theme ?
Though weak my voice, though lowly be my lays,
They shall be sacred to the shepherd's praise ;
To him my voice, to him my lays belong,
And bright Myrtilla now must live unsung :
Even she, whose artless beauty bless'd me more
Than ever swain was bless'd by nymph before ;
While every tender sigh to seal our bliss
Brought a kind vow, and every vow a kiss :
Fair, chaste, and kind, yet now no more can move,
So much my grief is stronger than my love :
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

As when some cruel hind has borne away
The turtle's nest, and made the young his prey,
Sad in her native grove she sits alone,
There hangs her wings, and murmurs out her moan ;
So the bright shepherdess, who bore the boy,
Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie ;
Nor can the fair the weighty woe sustain,
But bends, like roses crush'd with falling rain ;
Nor from the silent earth her eyes removes,
That, weeping, languish like a dying dove's.
Not such her look (severe reverse of fate)
When little Loves in every dimple fate ;
And all the Smiles delighted to resort
On the calm heaven of her soft cheeks to sport :
Soft as the clouds mild April evenings wear,
Which drop fresh flowrets on the youthful year.
The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,
Nor poppy-garlands give the nymph repose :
Through prickly brakes, and unfrequented groves,
O'er hills and dales, and craggy cliffs, she roves.
And when she spies, beneath some silent shade,
The daisies press'd, where late his limbs were laid,
To the cold print there close she joins her face,
And all with gushing tears bedews the grass.
There with loud plaints she wounds the pitying skies,
And, oh ! return, my lovely youth, the cries ;
Return, Florelia, with thy wonted charms
Fill the soft circle of my longing arms—
Cease, fair affliction, cease ! the lovely boy
In Death's cold arms must pale and breathless lie.
The Fates can never change their first decree,
Or sure they would have chang'd this one for thee.
Pan for his Syrinx makes eternal moan,
Ceres her daughter lost, and thou thy son.
Thy son for ever now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

Adieu, ye mossy caves, and shady groves,
Once happy scenes of our successful loves :
Ye hungry herds, and bleating flocks, adieu !
Flints be your beds, and browse the bitter yew.
Two lambs alone shall be my charge to feed,
For yearly on his grave two lambs shall bleed.
This pledge of lasting love, dear shade, receive ;
'Tis all, alas, a shepherd's love can give !
But grief from its own power will set me free,
Will send me soon a willing ghost to thee :
Cropt in the flowery spring of youth, I'll go
With hasty joy to wait thy shade below :
In ever-fragrant meads, and jasmine-bowers,
We'll dwell, and all Elysium shall be ours.
Where citron groves æthereal odours breathe,
And streams of flowing crystal purrl beneath ;
Where all are ever young, and heavenly fair,
As here above thy sister Graces are.

AN ODE.

I.

WHAT art thou, Life, whose stay we court ?
What is thy rival Death we fear ?
Since we're but fickle Fortune's sport,
Why should we wist'ring inhabit here,
And think the race we find so rough too short ?

II.

While in the womb we forming lie,
While yet the lamp of life displays
A doubtful dawn with feeble rays,
New issuing from non-entity;
The shell of flesh pollutes with sin
Its gem, the soul, just enter'd in;
And, by transmitted vice defil'd,
The fiend commences with the child.

III.

In this dark region future fates are bred,
And mines of secret ruin laid:
Hot fevers here long kindling lie,
Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,
And lash on lingering destiny:
Where'er excess has fir'd our riper age,
Here brood in infancy the gout and stone,
Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.
E'en with our nourishment we death receive,
For here our guiltless mothers give
Poison for food when first we live.
Hence noisome humours * sweat through every pore,
And blot us with an undistinguish'd fore:
Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire disease
Forbear on faultless forms to seize;
But vindicates the good, the gay,
The wife, the young, its common prey.
Had all, conjoin'd in one, had power to save,
The Muses had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.

IV.

The spark of pure æthereal light
That actuates this fleeting frame,
Darts through the cloud of flesh a sickly flame,
And seems a glow-worm in a winter-night.
But man would yet look wondrous wise,
And equal chains of thought devise;
Intends his mind on mighty schemes,
Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims;
And diagrams he draws, to explain
The learn'd chimeras of his brain;
And, with imaginary wisdom proud,
Thinks on the goddess while he clips the cloud.

V.

Through Error's mazy grove, with fruitless toil,
Perplex'd with puzzling doubts we roam;
False images our sight beguile.
But still we stumble through the gloom,
And science seek, which still deludes the mind.
Yet, more enamour'd with the race,
With disproportion'd speed we urge the chace:
In vain! the various prey no bounds restrain;
Fleeting it only leaves, to increase our pain,
A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

VI.

Yet, gracious God! presumptuous man
With random guesses makes pretence
To sound thy searchless providence
From which he first began:
Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,
And circumscribe, with fancy'd laws, thy power.
Thy will the rolling orbs obey,
The moon, presiding o'er the sea;
Governs the waves with equal sway:
But man perverse, and lawless still,

* The small-pox.

Boldly runs counter to thy will
Thy patient thunder he defies;
Lays down false principles, and moves
By what his vicious choice approves;
And, when he's vainly wicked, thinks he's wise.

VII.

Return, return, too long misde!
With filial fear adore thy God:
Ere the vast deep of heaven was spread,
Or body first in space abode,
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.
Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne,
Sung to th' incomprehensible Three-One:
Yet then his clemency did please
With lower forms to augment his train,
And made thee, wretched creature, Man,
Probationer of happiness.

VIII.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here,
We momentary bubbles ride,
Till, crush'd by the tempestuous tide,
Sunk in the parent flood we disappear:
We, who so gaudy on the waters shone,
Proud, like the showery bow, with beauties not our
own.

IX.

But, at the signal given, this earth and sea
Shall set their sleeping vassals free;
And the belov'd of God,
The Faithful, and the Just,
Like Aaron's chosen rod,
Though dry, shall blossom in the dust:
Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,
The skeletons shall brighten into saints,
And, from mortality refin'd, shall rise
To meet their Saviour coming in the skies:
Instructed then by intuition, we
Shall the vain efforts of our wisdom see;
Shall then impartially confess
Our demonstration was but guess;
That Knowledge, which from human reason flows,
Unless Religion guide its course,
And Faith her steady mounds oppose,
Is Ignorance at best, and often worse.

PART OF THE

FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH

PARAPHRASED.

NOW has th' Almighty Father, seated high
In ambient glories, from th' eternal throne
Vouchsaf'd compassion; and th' afflictive power
Has broke, whose iron sceptre long had bruise'd
The groaning nations. Now returning Peace,
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white, the blissful land
Deigns to re-visit; whilst beneath her steps
The soil, with civil slaughter oft' manur'd,
Pours forth abundant olives. Their high tops
The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall.

S f f 2

Whose steel from the tall monarch of the grove
Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore
The scions blooming in the parent shade.

When vehicled in flame, thou slow didst pass
Prone through the gates of night, the dreary realms
With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old
(Gigantic forms, with human blood besmear'd)
Rose from their thrones; for thrones they still possess,
Their penance and their guilt: Art thou, they cry,
O emulous of our crimes, here doom'd to reign
Associate of our woe? Nor com'st thou girt
With livery'd slaves, or bands of warrior knights,
Which erst before thee stood, a flattering crowd,
Observant of thy brow; nor hireling quires
Attenuating to the harp their warbled airs,
Thy panegyric chaunt; but, hush'd in death,
Like us thou ly'st unwept; a corse obscene
With dust, and preying worms, bare and despoil'd
Of ill-got pomp. We hail thee our compeer!

How art thou with diminish'd glory fall'n
From thy proud zenith, swift as meteors glide
Aloof a summer-eve! Of all the stars
Titled the first and fairest, thou didst hope
To share divinity, or haply more,
Elated as supreme when o'er the North
Thy bloody banners stream'd, to rightful kings
Portending ruinous downfall; wondrous low,
Opprobrious and detested art thou thrown,
Disrob'd of all thy splendors: round thee stand
The swarming populace, and with fix'd regard
Eyeing thee pale and breathless, spend their rage
In taunting speech, and jovial ask their friends,
Is this the Mighty, whose imperious yoke
We bore reluctant, who to desert wilds
And haunts of savages transform'd the marts,
And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall
Or exile on the peerage? How becalm'd
The tyrant lies, whose nostrils us'd to breathe
Tempests of wrath, and shook establish'd thrones!

In solemn state the bones of pious kings,
Gather'd to their great fire's, are safe repos'd
Beneath the weeping vault: but thou, a branch
Blasted and curs'd by Heaven, to dogs and fowls
Art doom'd a banquet; mingling some remains
With criminals unabsolv'd; on all thy race
Transmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy domes
Thy children skulk erroneous and forlorn,
Fearing perdition, and for mercy sue
With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy seed
The sceptre Heaven resumes, by thee usurp'd
By guile and force, and sway'd with lawless rage.

VERSES ON THE UNION.

THE Gaul, intent on universal sway,
Sees his own subjects with constraint obey;
And they who moist his rising beams ador'd,
Weep in their chains, and with another lord.
But, if the Muse not uninspir'd preface,
Justice shall triumph o'er oppressive rage:
His power shall be reclaim'd to rightful laws,
And all, like Savoy, shall desert his cause.

So when to distant vales an eagle steers,
His fierceness not disarm'd by length of years;
From his stretch'd wing he fees the feathers fly,
Which bore him to his empire of the sky.

Unlike, great Queen, thy steps to deathless
fame;

O best, O greatest of thy royal name!
Thy Britons, fam'd for arts, in battle brave,
Have nothing now to censure, or to crave:
Ev'n Vice and factious Zeal are held in awe,
Thy court a temple, and thy life a law.

When edg'd with terrors, by thy vengeful hand
The sword is drawn to gore a guilty land;
Thy mercy cures the wound thy justice gave,
For 'tis thy lov'd prerogative to save:
And Victory, to grace thy triumph, brings
Palms in her hand, with healing in her wings.

But as mild heaven on Eden's op'ning gems
Besow'd the balmy dews, and brightest beams:
So, whilst remotest climes thy influence share,
Britain's the darling object of thy care:
By thy wise councils, and refitless might,
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
Before thou bid'st the distant battles cease,
Thy piety cements domestic peace;
Impatient of delay to fix the state,
Thy dove brings olive ere the waves abate.

Hail, happy sister-lands! for ever prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love;
Kindled from heaven, be your auspicious flame
As lasting, and as bright, as Anna's fame!
And thou, fair northern nymphs, partake our
toil,

With us divide the danger, and the spoil:
When thy brave sons, the friends of Mars avow'd,
In steel around our Albion standards crowd;
What wonders in the war shall now be shown
By her who single shook the Gallic throne!

The day draws nigh, in which the warrior-
queen

Shall wave her union-crosses over the Seine:
Rous'd with heroic warmth unselt before,
Her lions with redoubled fury roar;
And urging on to fame, with joy behold
The woody walks in which they rang'd of old.

O Louis, long the terror of thy arms
Has aw'd the continent with dire alarms;
Exulting in thy pride, with hope to see
Empires and states derive their power from
thee;

From Britain's equal hand the scale to wrest,
And reign without a rival o'er the west:
But now the laurels, by thy rapine torn
From Belgian groves, in early triumphs borne;
Wither'd and leafless in thy winter stand,
Expos'd a prey to every hostile hand:
By strange extremes of destiny decreed
To flourish, and to fall with equal speed.

So the young gourd, around the prophet's
head

With swift increase her fragrant honours spread;
Beneath the growing shade secure he sate,
To see the towers of Ninus bow to fate:
But, curs'd by Heaven, the greens began to
fade,

And, sickening, sudden as they rose, decay'd.

CUPID AND HYMEN.

CUPID resign'd to Sylvia's care
 His bow and quiver stor'd with darts;
 Commissioning the matchless fair
 To fill his shrine with bleeding hearts.
 His empire thus secur'd, he flies
 To sport amid th' Idalian grove;
 Whose feather'd choirs proclaim'd the joys,
 And blest'd the pleasing power of love.
 The god their grateful songs engage,
 To spread his nets which Venus wrought:
 Whilst Hymen held the golden cage,
 To keep secure the game they caught.
 The warblers, brisk with genial flame,
 Swift from the myrtle shades repair;
 A willing captive each became,
 And sweeter carol'd in the snare.
 When Hymen had receiv'd the prey,
 To Cytherea's fane they flew;
 Regardless, while they wing'd their way,
 How fullen all the songsters grew.
 Alas! no sprightly note is heard,
 But each with silent grief consumes;
 Though to celestial food prefer'd,
 They pining drop their painted plumes.
 Cupid, afflicted at the change,
 To beg her aid to Venus run;
 She heard the tale, nor thought it strange,
 But, smiling, thus advis'd her son:
 Pleasure grows languid with restraint,
 'Tis Nature's privilege to roam:
 If you'd not have your linnets faint,
 Leave Hymen with his cage at home.

OLIVIA.

I

OLIVIA's lewd, but looks devout,
 And scripture-proofs she throws about,
 When first you try to win her:
 Pull your fob of guineas out;
 Fee Jenny first, and never doubt
 To find the saint a sinner.

II

Baxter by day is her delight:
 No chocolate must come in sight
 Before two morning chapters:
 But, lest the spleen should spoil her quite,
 She takes a civil friend at night
 To raise her holy raptures.

III

Thus oft' we see a glow-worm gay,
 At large her fiery tale display,
 Encourag'd by the dark:
 And yet the fullen thing all day
 Snug in the lonely thicket lay,
 And hid the native spark.

TO A LADY

SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

I.

SO smooth and clear the fountain was,
 In which his face Narcissus spy'd,
 When, gazing in that liquid glass,
 He for himself despair'd and dy'd:
 Nor, Chloris, can you safer see
 Your own perfections here than he.

II.

The lark before the mirror plays,
 Which some deceitful swain has set,
 Pleas'd with herself she fondly stays
 To die deluded in the net.
 Love may such frauds for you prepare,
 Yourself the captive, and the snare.

III.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review
 Those graces opening in their bloom,
 Think how disease and age pursue,
 Your riper glories to consume.
 Then sighing you would wish your glass
 Could shew to Chloris what she was.

IV.

Let Pride no more give Nature law,
 But free the youth your power enslaves:
 Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw,
 Reflected on the crystal waves;
 Yet priz'd not all her charms above
 The pleasure of Endymion's love.

V.

No longer let your glass supply
 Top just an emblem of your breast;
 Where oft' to my deluded eye
 Love's image has appear'd impress'd:
 But play'd so lightly on your mind,
 It left no lasting print behind.

TO THE SAME,

READING THE ART OF LOVE.

WHILST Ovid here reveals the various arts,
 Both how to polish and direct their darts,
 Let meaner beauties by his rule improve,
 And read these lines to gain success in love:
 But Heaven alone, that multiplies our race,
 Has power t' increase the conquests of your face.
 The Spring, before he paints the rising flowers,
 Receives mild beams, and soft descending showers;
 But love blooms ever fresh beneath your charms,
 Though neither pity weeps, nor kindness warms.
 The chiefs who doubt success, assert their claim
 By stratagems, and poorly steal a name:
 The generous * Son of Jove, in open fight,
 Made bleeding Victory proclaim his right:
 Like him resolute, when you take the field,
 Love sounds the signal, and the world must yield.

* Alexander.

THE FAIR NUN, A TALE.

" — *Ire per ignes,
" Et gladios ausim. Neque ad hoc tamen ignibus ullis,
" Aut gladiis opus est; opus est mihi cruce.* —
OVID. Met. Lib. viii.

WE sage Cartesians, who profess
Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,
Assert that souls a tip-toe stand
On what we call the Pineal Gland;
As weather-cocks on spires are plac'd,
To turn the quicker with each blast.

This granted, can you think it strange,
We all should be so prone to change;
Ev'n from the go-cart till we wear
A fatten cap i' th' elbow chair?
The follies that the child began,
Custom makes current in the man;
And firm by livery and seisin
Holds the fee-simple of his reason.

But still the gusts of love we find
Blow strongest on a woman's mind;
Nor need I learnedly pursue
The latent cause, th' effect is true,
For proof of which, in manner ample,
I mean to give you one example.

Upon a time (for so my nurse,
Heaven rest her bones! began discourse),
A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,
Began to languish with the spleen:
She who had shone at balls and play
In gold brocade extremely gay,
All on a sudden grew precise,
Declaim'd against the growth of vice,
A very prude in half a year,
And most believ'd she was sincere:
Necklace of pearl no more she wears,
That's sanctified to count her prayers:
Venus, and all her naked Loves,
The reformatory nymph removes;
And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs,
Was plac'd in their respective quarters.
Nor yet content, she could not bear
The rankness of the public air,
'Twas so infected with the vice.
Of luscious songs, and lovers' sighs:
So most devoutly would be gone,
And straight profess herself a Nun.

A youth of breeding and address,
And call him Thyrsis if you please,
Who had some wealth to recompense
His slender dividend of sense;
Yet could with little thought and care
Write tender things to please the fair;
And then successively did grow
From a half-wit, a finish'd beau!
(For sops thus naturally rise,
As maggots turn to butterflies.)
This spark, as story tells, before
Had held with madam an amour,
Which he resolving to pursue,
Exactly took the proper cue,
And on the wings of love he flies
To Laby Abbess, in disguise,

And tells her he had brought th' advowson
Of soul and body to dispose on.
Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
In petticoats, without a beard,
Fond of a profelyte, and fees,
Admits the fox among the geese.

Here duty, wealth, and honour prove,
Though three to one, too weak for love;
And to describe the war throughout,
Would make a glorious piece no doubt,
Where moral virtues might be slain,
And rise, and fight, and fall again:
Love should a bloody myrtle wear,
And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,
The Nun should charge.—But I forbear.

All human joys, though sweet in tasting,
Are seldom (more's the pity) lasting:
The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,
Which others thought th' effects of zeal;
But she, poor she, began to doubt,
(Best knowing what she'd been about)
The marriage earnest-penny lay,
And burnt her pocket, as we say.
She now invokes, to ease her soul,
The dagger and the poison'd bowl;
And self-condemn'd for breach of vow,
To lose her life and honour too,
Talk'd in as tragical a strain, as
Your craz'd Monimias and Roxanas.

But as she in her cell lay sighing,
Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
The fiend (who never wants address
To succour damsels in distress)
Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
The fatal cause for which she griev'd;
But promis'd her *en cavalier*,
She should be freed from all her fear,
And with her Thyrsis lead a life
Devoid of all domestic strife,
If she would sign a certain scrawl—
Aye, that she would if that was all.
She sign'd, and he engag'd to do
Whatever she pleas'd to fet him to.

The critics must excuse me now,
They both were freed, no matter how
For when we epic writers use
Machines to disengage the Muse,
We're clean acquit of all demands,
The matter's left in abler hands;
And if they cannot loose the knot,
Should we be censur'd? I think not.

The scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For pomp and pleasures who but they,
Who might do every thing but pray?
Madam in her gilt chariot flummied,
And Pug brought every thing she wanted;
A slave devoted to her will:
But women will be wavering still.
Ev'n vice without variety

Their squeamish appetites will cloy:
And having stolen from Lady Abbess
One of our merry modern Rabbits,
She found a trick she thought would pass,
And prove the devil but an ass.

His next attendance happen'd right
Amidst a moonless stormy night,

When madam and her spouse together
 Guess'd at his coming by the weather.
 He came: To-night, says he, I drudge
 To fetch a heriot for a judge,
 A gouty nine-i'th' hundred knave;
 But, madam, do you want your slave?
 I need not presently be gone,
 Because the doctors have not done.
 A rosy vicar and a quack
 Repuls'd me in my last attack:
 But all in vain, for mine he is;
 A fig for both the faculties.

The dame produc'd a single hair,
 But whence it came I cannot swear;
 Yet this I will affirm is true;
 It curl'd like any bottle screw.
 Sir Nic, quoth she, you know us all,
 We ladies are fantastical:
 You see this hair—Yes, madam—Pray
 In presence of my husband stay,
 And make it straight: or else you grant
 Our solemn league and covenant
 Is void in law.—It is, I own it:
 And so he sets to work upon it.

He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,
 If wetting would not do the feat:
 And 'twas, in truth, a proper motion,
 But still it kept th' elastic motion.
 Well! more ways may be found than one
 To kill a witch who will not drown.

If I, quoth he, conceive its nature,
 This hair has flourish'd nigh the water:
 'Tis crisp'd with cold, perhaps, and then
 The fire will make it straight again.
 In haste he to the fire applies it,
 And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
 Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before!
 The more it warms, it twirls the more.
 He stamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd;
 The husband and the lady laugh'd.

Howe'er he fancied sure enough
 He should not find it hammer-proof.
 No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,
 At forging thunder-bolts or armour,
 Than Satan was; but all in vain:
 Again he beats.—It curls again!
 At length he bellow'd in a rage,
 This hair will take me up an age.
 This take an age! the husband swore,
 Z—ds! Betty has five hundred more.
 More! take your bond, quoth Pug; adieu,
 'Tis loss of time to ply for you.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE.

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-11.

BOLD is the Muse to leave her humble cell,
 And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well:
 Thee! who to Britain still preserv'st the crown,
 And mak'st her rival Athens in renown.
 Could Sophocles behold in mournful state
 The weeping Graces on Imoinda wait;

Or hear thy Isabella's moving moan,
 Distress'd and lost for vices not her own;
 If envy could permit, he'd sure agree,
 To write by nature were to copy thee:
 So full, so fair, thy images are shown,
 He by thy pencil might improve his own.

There was an age (its memory will last!)
 Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste,
 In which the fable Muse with hopes and fears
 Fill'd every breast, and every eye with tears.
 But where's that art which all our passions rais'd,
 And mov'd the springs of Nature as it pleas'd?
 Our poets only practise on the pit
 With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
 Howe'er 'tis well the present times can boast
 The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost.
 Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand
 Among the chosen classics of our land:
 And whilst our sons are by tradition taught
 How Barry spok'd what thou and Otway wrote,
 They'll think it praise to relish and repeat,
 And own thy works inimitably great.

Shakespeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind
 (The universal mirror of mankind)
 Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
 But sometimes stoop'd to please a barbarous age:
 When his immortal bays began to grow,
 Rude was the language, and the humour low:
 He, like the God of Day, was always bright,
 But rolling in its course, his orb of light
 Was sully'd, and obscur'd, though soaring high,
 With spots contracted from the nether sky.
 But whither is the adventurous Muse betray'd?
 Forgive her rashness, venerable shade!
 May spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,
 And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:
 Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
 Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

Some scions shot from this immortal root,
 Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit:
 Johnson the tribute of my verse might claim,
 Had he not strove to blemish Shakespeare's name.
 But, like the radiant twins that gild the sphere,
 Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear:
 The first a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
 Had been by superfluity destroy'd,
 But that his friend, judiciously severe,
 Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care;
 On various sounding harps the Muses play'd;
 And sung, and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.

Few moderns in the lists with these may stand,
 For in those days were giants in the land:
 Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
 And bow with filial awe to Shakespeare's fame;
 The second honours are a glorious name.
 Achilles dead, they found no equal lord
 To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.

An age most odious and accur'd ensu'd,
 Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood;
 Whose fall when first the tragic virgin saw,
 She fled and left her province to the law.
 Her merry sister still pursu'd the game,
 Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.
 She first reform'd the muscles of her face,
 And learnt the solemn screw for signs of grace;

Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
By humming to a tabor and a drone;
Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white:
Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next
Assum'd a cloak, and quibbled o'er a text.

But when, by miracles of mercy shewn,
Much-suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne;
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She straight pull'd off her fatin cap and band;
Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,
With pointed wit, and energy of sense:
Etherege and Sedley join'd him in her cause,
And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd, applause.

Restor'd with less success, the Tragic Muse
Had quite forgot her style by long disuse;
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime;
Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste,
And sneering sham'd her into sense at last.
But now relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;
And with her minstrelsy may still remain,
Till Southerne court her to be great again.
Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,
Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud;
Once more may reinstate her on the stage,
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.

Arts have their empires, and, like other states,
Their rise and fall are govern'd by the fates:
They, when their period's measur'd out by time,
Transplant their laurels to another clime.
The Grecian Muse once fill'd with loud alarms
The court of heaven, and clad the gods in arms;
The trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd
The Doric reed, and sung beneath the shade;
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the swains
To observe the seasons, and manure the plains;
Sometimes in warbled hymns she paid her vow,
Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow;
Sometimes on flowery beds she lay supine,
And gave her thoughts a loose to love and wine;
Or, in her sable stole and buskins dress'd,
Shew'd vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppress'd.

The nymph still fair, however past her bloom,
From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome:
Whilst wars abroad, and civil discord reign'd,
Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd;
That interval employ'd her timely care
To study, and refine the language there.
She views with anguish on the Roman stage
The Grecian beauties weep, the warriors rage:
But most those scenes delight th' immortal maid,
Whilst Scipio had revis'd, and Rofcius play'd.
Thence to the pleadings of the gown she goes
(For Themis then could speak in polish'd prose):
Chaam'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng,
She blest'd the Syren-power of Tully's tongue.
But when, Octavius, thy successful sword
Was sheath'd, and universal peace restor'd,
Fond of a monarch, to the court she came,
And chose a numerous choir to chant his fame.
First from the green retreats and lowly plains,
Her Virgil soar'd sublime in epic strains;

His theme so glorious, and his flight so true,
She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;
Taught Horace then to touch the Lesbian lyre,
And Sappho's sweetness join'd with Pindar's fire.
By Cæsar's bounty all the tuneful train
Enjoy'd, and sung of Saturn's golden reign;
No genius then was left to live on praise,
Or curs'd the barren ornament of bays;
On all her sons he cast a kind regard,
Nor could they write so fast as he reward.
The Muse, industrious to record his name
In the bright annals of eternal fame,
Profuse of favours, lavish'd all her store,
And for one reign made many ages poor.

Now from the rugged North unnumber'd swarms
Invade the Latian coasts with barbarous arms;
A race unpolish'd, but inur'd to toil,
Rough as their heaven, and barren as their soil.
These locusts every springing art destroy'd,
And soft Humanity before them dy'd.
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful strife
With Nature's scenes, nor gave the canvas life:
Nor sculpture exercis'd her skill, beneath
Her forming hand to make the marble breathe:
Struck with despair, they stood devoid of thought,
Less lively than the works themselves had wrought.
On those twin-sisters such disasters came,
Though colours and proportions are the same
In every age and clime; their beauties known
To every language, and confin'd by none.
But fate less freedom to the Muse affords,
And checks her genius with the choice of words:
To paint her thoughts, the diction must be found
Of easy grandeur, and harmonious sound.
Thus when she rais'd her voice divinely great
To sing the founder of the Roman state;
The language was adapted to the song,
Sweet and sublime, with native beauty strong:
But when the Goths insulting troops appear'd,
Such dissonance the trembling virgin heard!
Chang'd to a swan, from Tyber's troubled streams
She wing'd her flight, and fought the silver Thames.

Long in the melancholy grove she staid,
And taught the pensive Druids in the shade;
In solemn and instructive notes they sung
From whence the beauteous frame of nature sprung,
Who polish'd all the radiant orbs above,
And in bright order made the planets move;
Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
And comets roll unbounded through the sky;
Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to flow,
And rais'd the rocks, and spread the lawns below;
Whence the gay spring exults in flowery pride,
And autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;
Whence summer suns imbrown the labouring swains,
And shivering winter pines in icy chains:
And prais'd the Power Supreme, nor dar'd advance
So vain a theory as that of Chance.

But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,
She chang'd her hand, and chose a softer air,
And Love and Beauty next became her care.
Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford
A Venus and a Helen to record;
A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,
Who match'd the goddesses, and the queen excell'd.

T' immortalize their loves the long essay'd,
 But still the tongue her generous toil betray'd.
 Chaucer had all that beauty could inspire,
 And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm desire:
 Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most;
 Because the thoughts are in the language lost.
 Even Spenser's pearls in muddy waters lie,
 Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye:
 Rich was their imagery, till Time defac'd
 The curious works; but Waller came at last.
 Waller, the Muse with heavenly verse supplies,
 Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes;
 "All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
 "Attend his passion, and approve his song."
 But when this Orpheus sunk, and hoary age
 Suppress'd the lover's and the poet's rage,
 To Granville his melodious lute she gave,
 Granville, whose faithful verse is beauty's slave;
 Accept this gift, my favourite youth! he cry'd,
 To found a brighter theme, and sing of Hyde;
 Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praise proclaim,
 And match Carlisle's and Saccharissa's fame.

O! would he now forsake the myrtle grove,
 And sing of arms, as late he sung of love!
 His colours and his hand alone should paint
 In Britain's queen the warrior and the saint;
 In whom conspire, to form her truly great,
 Wisdom with power, and piety with state.
 Whilft from her throne the streams of justice flow,
 Strong and serene, to bless the land below;
 O'er distant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
 And the wild rage of tyranny control.
 Her power to quell, and pity to redress,
 The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine confess;
 Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head
 To see fresh olive spring, and plenty spread;
 And whilft they sound their great deliverer's fame,
 The Seine retires, and sickens at her name.
 O Granville! all these glorious scenes display,
 Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway;
 And make her memory rever'd by all,
 When triumphs are forgot, and mouldering arches fall.

Pardon me, friend! I own my muse too free,
 To write so long on such a theme to thee:
 To play the critic here—with equal right
 Bid her pretend to teach Aræll to fight;
 Instruct th' unerring sun to guide the year,
 And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer;
 Give Harcourt eloquence t' adorn the seal,
 Maxims of state to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;
 Try to correct what Orrery shall write,
 And make harmonious St. John more polite;
 Teach law to Ila for the crown's support,
 And Jersey how to serve and grace a court;
 Dictate soft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
 When Venus and her Loves around him stand;
 In sage debates to Rochester impart
 A searching head, and ever faithful heart;
 Make Talbot's finish'd virtue more complete,
 High without pride, and amiably great,
 Where Nature all her powers with fortune join'd,
 At once to please and benefit mankind.

When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
 My fancy free, and all my hours my own;
 I lov'd along the laureat grove to stray,
 The paths were pleasant, and the prospect gay:
 Vol. IV.

But now my genius sinks, and hardly knows
 To make a couplet tinkle in the close.
 Yet when you next to Medway shall repair,
 And quit the town to breathe a purer air;
 Retiring from the crowd to steal the sweets
 Of easy life in Twyfsden's calm retreats
 (As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come,
 And in Campania scorn'd the pomp of Rome);
 Where Lambard, form'd for business, and to please,
 By sharing, will improve your happiness;
 In both their souls imperial reason sways,
 In both the patriot and the friend displays;
 Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and
 praise.

With bright ideas there inspir'd anew,
 By them excited, and inform'd by you,
 I may with happier skill essay to sing
 Sublimer notes, and strike a bolder string.
 Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,
 No oracles of old the Sibyl gave,
 But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,
 Her fury soon confess'd the coming god;
 Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,
 And wondrous visions fill'd her labouring soul.

A LETTER

TO THE

KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

"———*Habet Bibliopola Tryphon.*"

MART. Lib. IV.

SIR Knight, who know with equal skill

To make a poem and a pill,
 'Twas my misfortune t'other night,
 To be tormented with a spright.
 On either side his head the hair
 Seem'd bushing out, the top was bare;
 His garb antique, but on his face
 There reign'd a sweet majestic grace;
 Of comely port, and in his hand
 He decent wav'd a laurel-wand.
 On the left foot (by which I found
 His name was on the stage renown'd)
 A sock of curious shape he wore,
 With myrtle foliage flourish'd o'er;
 A purple buskin grac'd the right,
 And strong he step'd, yet lovely light.

Thy friendly care, he cry'd, I crave
 To give me quiet in my grave:
 Tryphon constrains me from the dead,
 A wizard whom I hate and dread;
 By him to dangle on a post,
 I'm conjur'd up—"Alas, poor Ghost!"
 A pendulum I there am made,
 To move the leaden wheels of trade.
 And while each little author struts
 In calves-skin gilt, adorn'd with cuts;
 I, vouching, pass 'em off as dear
 As any staple-clasick ware.
 Peers, parsons, cits, a motley tribe,
 Flock there to purchase, and subscribe;

T t t

While Tryphon, as the gudgeons bite,
Chuckles to see them grow polite.

For ends thus infamously low,
It sure wou'd seem as a-propos,
For Dennis at his door to stand,
With a good broomstick in his hand.
Then, should the chaps find ought amiss,
Or blame the price, the tragic Swift
Might have his better parts employ'd,
To criticise them back and side.

Or is there none of all his race,
Whose features would a sign-board grace?
Oft' in the wizard's cell I've seen
A forrel man, of awkward mien,
Prying with busy leer about,
As if he were the devil's scout.
I ne'er was vers'd in modish vice,
But sure those whoreson gloating eyes
Have travell'd much on love affairs,
Between the key-hole and the stairs.
O cheat the gibbet of a sign,
And with his head commute for mine.

When first I heard his damn'd intent,
To Tryphon's bed by night I went;
Where he lay blest with dreams of gain,
Furs, scarlet and a golden chain.
I rous'd the wretch, and weeping said,
O! take my wit, and spare my head,
Urge not the wagsto sneer, and jape us,
Just as of old they us'd Priapus.
But as a whelp starts up with fear
When a bee's humming at his ear:
With upper lip elate, he grins,
Whilst round the little teaser spins;
But when aloof in air it soars,
He straight forgets th' alarm, and snores:
So did his fellow-creature slight
The fleeting vision of the night.
My prayers were lost, though while I stay'd
I smelt they strong impressions made.

There is a Knight, who takes the field
With Saxon pen, and sable shield;
Who doubtless can relieve my ghost,
And disenchant me from the post.
Then I could rest as still as those
Whom he has drudg'd to sure repose;
As if he traded in the whole,
And with the body kill'd the soul.
To him for aid with speed repair—
“But soft! I scent the morning air:”
Be mindful of my piteous plight,
And to my cause engage the Knight.

Now, gentle Sir, give ear to me,
For I prescribe without a fee;
From Curll's remove the seat of war,
Encamp on t'other side the Bar:
Level your eye at Tryphon's shop,
Another epic at him pop;
What though without report it move,
Like the sure darts of death or love?
I know your powder is so strong,
No mortal sign can stand you long.

But if by magic this oppose
The volley of your verse and prose;
I'll be your 'squire, and firm ally,
Write, crimp, and coax him up to buy;

Not all the necromancer's art
Will save it then, beshrew his heart!
What can support a shop, or sign,
When two such perilous wits combine?

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.
IN MILTON'S STYLE.

“———To th' Orphean lyre,
“He sung of Chaos and eternal night;
“Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
“The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
“Though hard, and rare.”

PARADISE LOST, B. iii.

WHEN speeding sea-ward, to the fleet we came
That anchor'd nigh the coast, we launch'd our
ship

Into the sacred deep: the mast up-rear'd
Bore every sail expanded; whilst aboard
We stow'd devoted victims, and ascen'd
The vessel, inly griev'd, and silent showers
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind
Circe the fair, of human race divine,
Propitious sent; to ply the struggling oar
Small need remain'd, the freshening gale suffic'd
Each belling canvas. On with speed we fare
Prosperous: and when the sun careering prone
Sunk to the western isles, and dewy shade
Sabled the pole, we tilting o'er the waves
On ocean's utmost bound, approach the realms
Unblest'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell;
(A lamentable race!) of heavenly light
Unvisited, and the sun's glad some ray.
Mooring the vessel on that dreary beach
We take the destin'd sheep, and slow sojourn
Along the marsh, till the fated place
We found, which Circe will'd we should explore.
Eurylochus and Perimedes guard
The holy offerings; I meantime unsheath
My faulchion, and prepare t'intrench the ground
A cubit square, and their oblations pour
To reconcile the shades; infusing milk
With honey temper'd sweet, and bowls of must
Pure from the mellowest grape, with added store
Of water; and with flower of wheat bestrow
The mix'd ingredients: to the feeble ghosts
Then vow'd, if Heaven to my dear native land
Should favour my return, a barren cow
Of stateliest growth: and to th' oraculous * seer
A ram of sable fleece, the leading pride
Of all my flocks. These solemn rites perform'd
And vows prefer'd, the destin'd sheep I slew:
Forth gush'd the vital purple, and surcharg'd
The hollow'd trench; when lo! from the dun verge
Of Erebus, the ghosts promiscuous troop
Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature
Cropt in their spring, who wandering pensive wall'd
The shortness of their date: trembling, and hoar

* Tiresias.

With age, some slowly pace; others more fierce
 Array'd in arms, ensanguin'd o'er with wounds
 Receiv'd in battle, clamorous approach
 To drink the reeking gore. Shuddering and pale
 I stood astounded, but with quick dispatch
 Bade burn the sacrifice, a grateful steam
 To Proserpine, who there with Dis divides
 The regency of night: sudden I wav'd
 My glittering falchion, from the sanguine pool
 Driving th' unbod'd host that round me swarm'd;
 Nor deign'd to let them slip, before I saw
 Th' oraculous seer. Foremost of all the crowd
 Elpenor came, whose unregarded corse
 We left behind in Circe's sumptuous dome,
 Unwept, unbury'd, eager to pursue
 Our voyage: Straight to tender pity mov'd,
 With words dissolv'd in tears I cry'd, Relate,
 Elpenor, how these rueful shades you reach'd
 Sooner than I full-fail'd. He thus reply'd
 In accents of much dolour: Me, O King!
 The minister of adverse fate malign'd,
 Unweeting of mishap; and wrought my doom,
 Drench'd with excess of wine: prone from the top
 Of Circe's tower I fell, and the neck-bones
 Disjointed dy'd. But to your pious care
 Suppliant, I beg by those endearing names
 Of parent, wife, and son (though distant, dear
 To your remembrance), when you re-ascend
 To Circe's blissful isle, to my remains
 Discharge funeral rites; nor let me lie
 Unwept, unbury'd there, lest Heaven avenge
 The dire neglect. While the devouring flames
 Consume my earthy, on the flagrant pile
 My armour cast complete; then raise a tomb
 For my memorial on the foaming strand;
 And on it place that oar which erst I ply'd
 With my associates. Penfive I rejoin,
 Poor Shade! I'll pay the decent rights you crave.

While with the friendly phantom I maintain'd
 Such melancholy parley, with brandish'd steel
 Guarding the goary pool, I through th' obscure
 My * Mother view'd: her lineage she deriv'd
 From Maia's wingy son, and ceas'd to breathe
 This vital air, since I my legion led
 To war on Ilium. From my pitying eyes
 Abundant sorrow stream'd; but though regret
 With'd my resolution, from the pool
 I made the dear maternal form recede,
 Till I should learn from the grave Theban seer
 The sum of fate. The sage at length advanc'd
 Bearing a golden scepter, and began:

Son of Laertes, what misfortunes dire
 Compel your progress from th' all-cheering sun,
 And heavenly azure, in this feat of woe
 To roam among the dead? But from the pool
 Withdraw, and sheath your falchion, while I taste
 That bloody beverage, then the Fates decreed
 Instant I'll utter. Sudden I withdrew,
 Sheathing my falchion whilst he drank the gore;
 Then thus the seer pronounc'd the Fates decree.

What means may best besit your wish'd return,
 Illustrious Greek! you'd know. The sovereign
 power
 Whose strong earth-shaking mace the floods reverse,
 Invidious waits a time to wreak revenge

* Anticlea,

For Polypheme, his son; whose visual orb
 You late eclips'd with ever-during shade.
 Howe'er you safe may voyage, and avoid
 Disasters various, if your mates refrain
 From sacrilegious spoil, when safe they tread
 Trinacria's herby soil: for there the flocks
 And herds of Phœbus o'er the verdurous lawn
 Browse fattening pasture (he the world's great eye
 Views all below his orient beam, nor aught
 Can thun his wakeful ear); with evil hand
 If them they seize, unerring I foretell
 An hideous wreck. Unequal to the storm
 Your ship, deep in the nether waves ingulf'd,
 Shall perish with her crew: you shall regain
 The dry, without surviving friend to cheer
 Your pilgrim-steps: however late and hard,
 You shall revisit your lov'd natal shore,
 Transported in a vessel not your own.
 Much of domestic damage, and misrule,
 Will sadden your return; for in your court
 Suitors voluptuous swarm: with amorous wiles
 Studious to win your consort, and seduce
 Her from chaste fealty to joys impure,
 In bridal pomp; vain efforts! but they soon
 By stratagem, or our puissant arm,
 To ruin are fore-doom'd. Then to a race
 Remote from ocean, who with favoury salt
 Ne'er season their repast, nor vessel view'd
 Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,
 And all her tackle trim, with speed repair
 Carrying a taper oar; way-faring thus,
 One journeying obvious will misname that oar
 A corn van; fix it there, and victims slay
 To Neptune reverent; from the fleece fold
 A ram select; and from the beeves and swine,
 The choicest male entire, of either herd.
 Thence homeward haste, and hecatombs prepare
 For the bright order of the gods, who reign
 Spher'd in empyreal splendors. White with years,
 The balm of life evaporating flow,
 At length, when Neptune points the dart of
 death*,

Without a pang you'll die, and leave your land
 With fair abundance blest'd. In these fix'd laws
 Of fate repose affiance, and beware.

I thus reply'd: In this authentic will
 Of fate, O Seer! I acquiesce; but lo!
 Penfive and silent, by the goary pool,
 Abides my mother's shade; nor me vouchsafes
 Language or look benign: Oh! tell me how
 She here may recognize me. He rejoind;
 Whatever ghost by your permission slips
 That sacred purple, will to all your quest
 Without deceit reply; the rest withdraw
 At your stern interdict. This said, the seer
 To the high capital of Dis retir'd.
 Meantime I firm abode, till the dear shade
 Had sip'd the sacred purple; then her son
 Instant she knew, and wailing thus began:

My son! how reach'd you these Tartarean bounds,
 Corporeal? Many a river interfus'd,
 And gulphs unvoyageable, from access
 Debar each living wight; besides th' expanse
 Of ocean wide to fail. Are you from Troy
 With your associate peers but now return'd,
 Erroneous from your wife and kingdom still?

* He was killed with the bone of a sea-turtle.

I thus: By strong necessity constrain'd,
 Down to these nether realms I have presum'd
 A earthly guest, to hear my doom disclos'd
 By sage Tiresias; for since I led
 Auxiliary bands, with Agamemnon leagu'd
 To war on Ilium, traversing the main
 Through various perils, I have voyag'd far
 Estrang'd from Greece. But say by what disease,
 By slow consumption through the gates of death
 Prone did you pass; or by Diana's dart
 Transfix'd, a sudden fate? My hoary fire!
 Survives he? Is my blooming son possess'd
 Of my domain, or groans it now beneath
 Usurping powers, who lord it uncontroll'd,
 Thoughtless of my return? My comfort dear!
 Abides she with my son, of all his rights
 A guardian regent; or, no longer mine,
 Hath she been won to plight connubial vows?
 The venerable shade thus answer'd mild:
 Still in your regal dome your spouse abides
 Disconsolate, with ever-flowing eyes
 Wailing your absence; and your son possess'd
 Of principality, with his compeers,
 Bounteous of soul, free intercourse maintains
 Of social love. Beneath a sylvan lodge,
 Far from the cheerful steps of men, your fire
 Lives inconsolable; on gorgeous beds,
 With rich embroidery spread, and purple palls,
 No more indulging sweet repose; but clad
 In coarse attire, couch'd with his village hinds
 On the warm hearth he sleeps, when winter reigns
 Inclement, till the circling months return
 New-robb'd in flowering verdure: then, the vines
 High interwove a green pavilion form,
 Where pillow'd on the leaves he mourns for you
 Nocturnal; to th' unfriendly damp of age
 Adding corrosive anguish and despair.
 So perish'd I with slow-consuming pile!
 Me nor the silver-shafted goddess slew,
 Nor racking malady; but anxious love
 Of my Ulysses on my vitals prey'd,
 And sunk my age with sorrow to the grave.
 She ceas'd: I thrice with filial fondness strove
 To embrace the much-lov'd form, and thrice it fled,
 Delusive as a dream. Anew with grief
 Heart-chill'd, I spake: Why, mother, will you fly
 Your son's incircling arms? O here permit
 My dutious love, and let our sorrows flow
 Mingling in one full stream! Or has the queen
 Whose frown the Shades revere, to work me woe,
 A guiltful image form'd? She thus replies:
 Of all mankind, O most to grief inur'd!
 Deem not that aught of guile by phantoms vain
 Is here intended, but the essence pure
 Of separate souls is of all living touch
 Impassive: here no gross material frame
 We wear, with flesh incumber'd, nerves and bones;
 They're calcin'd on the pile: but when we cease
 To draw the breath of life, the soul on wing
 Fleets like a dream, from elemental dross
 Disparted and refin'd. Now to the realms
 Illumin'd with the sun's enlivening beam,
 Hence journeying upward, to your consort dear
 Disclose the secrets of our state below.
 Thus we alternate, till a beauteous train
 Of nobles near advance their steps, enlarg'd
 By radiant Proserpine, daughters and wives

To kings and heroes old: the goary pool
 The fair assembly thick surround, to sip
 The tasteful liquid: I the fates of each
 Desirous to hear storied, wave my sword
 In airy circles, while they singly fate
 Their appetites; then curious ask of each
 Fier ancestry, which all in order told.

Tyro first audience claim'd, the daughter fair
 Of great Salmoncus; she with Cretheus shar'd
 Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom
 Enamour'd of Enipeus, inly pin'd:
 Enipeus, swift from whose reclining urn
 Rolls a delicious flood. His lovely form
 Neptune assum'd, and the bright nymph beguill'd
 Wandering love-penive near his amber stream:
 Them plunging in the slopy flood receiv'd
 Redounding; and to screen his amorous theft,
 On either side the parting waves up-rear'd
 A crystal mound. Potent of rapturous joy,
 And fated, thus he spake: Hail, royal fair!
 Thy womb shall teem with twins (a god's embrace
 Is ever fruitful), and those pledges dear
 Of our sweet casual bliss nurture and tend
 With a fond mother's care: hence homeward speed,
 And from all human ken our amorous act
 Conceal: so Neptune bids thee now farewell.
 He ceas'd, and diving sudden was ingulph'd
 Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair sons
 Th' appointed months discharg'd, by supreme Jove
 Both scepter'd. Pelias first; his empire wide
 Stretch'd o'er Iolcos, whose irreligious vales
 His grazing folds o'erfleece'd: her younger birth,
 Neleus, was honour'd through the sandy realm
 Of Pylos. She by Crethus then espous'd,
 A fair increase, Æson and Phereas, bore;
 And great Amythaon, who with fiery steeds
 Off'd disarray'd the foes in battle rang'd.

The daughter of Asopus next I view'd,
 Antiope, boastful that she, by Jove
 Impregnate, had the fam'd Amphion borne,
 And Zethus, founder of imperial Thebes,
 Stately with seven large gates, and bulwark'd
 strong

Against invading powers. Alcmena fair
 Anasphyron's consort, then advanc'd to view;
 To heaven's supreme who bore Alcides, bold
 And lion-hearted. Next that lovely shade
 Stood Megara, of Creon's royal race,
 By great Alcides spous'd. To her succeeds
 The sheeny form of Epicaste, woo'd
 By Oedipus her son, to whom she deign'd
 Spousal embraces, thoughtless of misdeed,
 He having too (ill-star'd!) destroy'd his fire,
 His lineage with incestuous mixture soil'd,
 Blinded by destiny; but the just gods
 Disclos'd th' unnatural scene. In Thebes he sway'd,
 With various ills by Heaven's afflicting rod
 Discomfited; but she through fell despair,
 Self-strangled, from the stings of mortal life
 Fleed to the shades, and her surviving son
 With delegated furies fierce pursued.

An amiable image next appear'd;
 Bright Chloris, of Amphion's lofty stem
 The youngest bud: in sweet attractive pomp,
 On her the Graces ever waiting smit
 The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes
 Homag'd with fealty: from their wedded love

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Sprung Nestor, Chromius, and the boastful power
Of Periclymenus; besides a nymph,
Pero, of form divine: her virgin vows
By many a prince was fought, but Neleus deign'd
To none her bed, but him whose prowess'd arm
Should force from Phylace a furious herd
Of wild Theſſalian bees, t' avenge the dower
Which Iphiclus detain'd. This bold emprise
A ſeer accepted; but, in combat foil'd,
In thrall for twelve revolving moons he lay,
Deep in a dungeon cloſe immur'd, till found
Divine of fate, by ſolving problems quaint
Which Iphiclus propos'd, who ſtraight diſmiſs'd
The captive; ſo was Jove's high will complete.

Then Leda, ſpous'd by Tyndarus, I ſaw,
Mother of the fam'd twins, Caſtor expert
To tame the ſteed, and Pollux far renown'd
On liſted fields for conflict; who from Jove
Receiv'd a grateful boon like gods to live,
Mounting alternate to this upper orb.

Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife
Of great Aldeus, who, in love compr'eſs'd
By Neptune, bore (ſo ſhe the fact avow'd)
Otus and Ephialtes, whom the Fates
Cut ſhort in early prime: their infant years
Nurtur'd by Earth, enormous both attain'd
Gigantic ſtature, and for manly grace
Were next Orion rank'd; for in the courſe
Of nine ſwift circling years, nine cubits broad
Their ſhoulders meaur'd, and nine ells their height.
Improvident of ſoul, they vainly dar'd
The gods to war, and on Olympus hoar
Rear'd Offa, and on Offa Pelion pil'd,
Torn from the baſe with all its woods; by ſcale
T' aſſault heaven's battlements; and had their date
To manhood been prolong'd, had ſure achiev'd
Their ruinous aim: but by the ſilver dart
Of Phoebus ſheer tranſfix'd, ere ſpringing down
Shaded their roſy youth, they both expir'd.

Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came,
And Ariadne, who them both ſurpaſs'd
In goddeſs-like demeanour; from her ſire
Minos, the rigid arbiter of right,
Theſeus of old convey'd her, with intent
At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign:
But ſtern Diana, by the guiſeful plea
Of Bacchus won, diſſever'd ſoon their joys,
And cauſ'd the lovely nymph to fall forlorn
In Dia, with circumſuſus ſeas in-girt,
Of nuptial rights defrauded. Next advance
Mæra and Clymene, a beauteous pair;
And Eriphyle, whoſe once radiant charms
A cloud of ſorrow dimm'd; for ſhe, devoid
Of duteous love, for gold betray'd her lord.

Here let me ceaſe narration, nor relate
What other objects fair, daughters and wives
Of heroes old, I ſaw; for now the night
In clouded majeſty has journey'd far,
Admoniſhing to reſt, which with my mates,
Or here with you, my wearied nature craves;
Meantime aſſanc'd in the gods and you,
To ſpeed my voyage to my native realm.
He ceaſ'd: a while th' attentive audience fate
In ſilent rapture; his perſuaſive tongue,
Melliſuous, ſo with eloquence had charm'd

Their ſtill inſatiate ears; at length thus ſpoke
The queen Arete, graceful and humane.

Think ye, Phæacians, that the godlike form,
The port, the wiſdom of this wanderer claim
Aught of regard? Peculiar him my gueſt
I ſtyle; but ſince the honour he vouchſafes,
Delighted ye partake, give not too ſoon
Him ſignal of departure, but prepare
With no penurious hand proportion'd gifts,
Vyeing in bounteous deeds, ſince Heaven hath
ſhower'd

Your peerage with abundant favours boon.

Up roſe Echeneus then, whoſe wavy locks
Silver'd with age, adorn'd his reverend brow,
Fraught with matureſt counſel, and began
Addreſſing his compeers: Rightful and wiſe
The queen's propoſal is, let none demur
Obedience to her will: Alcinous beſt
By fair enſample may preſcribe the rule.

Alcinous from his bed of ſtate reply'd,
With aſpect bland: While here I live enthron'd,
Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand
Sways the Phæacian ſceptre, will I cheer
Th' erroneous and afflicted, with meet acts
Of regal bounty; but our princely gueſt
Muſt, though impatient, for a time defer
His voyage, that with due munificence
Our gifts may be prepar'd: let all accord
Benevolent, and free to furniſh ſtores
Worthy acceptance; me you ſhall confeſs
The firſt in bounty, as the firſt in power.

He ended, and Ulyſſes answer'd blithe:
O thou, by kingly virtues juſtly rais'd
To this imperial eminence! By thee
Were I detain'd, till the revolving ſun
Completes his annual circle, in thy will
I acquieſce obedient, till meet ſtores
For my return be rais'd: then at my realm,
With royal largeſſes arriving grac'd,
And gay retinue, ſtraight the wondering Greeks
Will dear reſpect and prompter homage yield.

To whom Alcinous: Your diſtinguiſh'd worth
Too plain is character'd in all your port,
To doubt you of thoſe vagrant clans, who roam
Fallacious, and with copious legend take
The credulous ear; you, with ſevereſt truth,
Rob'd in rich eloquence, inſtruct and pleaſe,
When (like ſome bard, vers'd in heroic theme
Attemper'd to the lyre) you ſweetly tell
Whate'er in Grecian ſtory was of old
Recorded eminent, or when you ſpeak
Your own diſaſtrous fate. But now proceed,
Say, affable, if while you low ſojourn'd
In groſs Tartarean gloom, the mighty ſhades
Of thoſe brave warring Greeks appear'd, who fell
By doom of battle; for the lingering night
Hath yet much ſpace to meaſure, and the hour
Of ſleep is far to come: I can attend
With raviſhment, to hear the pleaſing tale
Fruitful of wonders, till the roſeate morn
Purples the Eaſt. Ulyſſes thus reply'd:

Due time, O king, for converſe and repoſe
Is ſtill remaining; nor will I reſuſe
With coy denial, what the ſacred ear
Of majeſty with audience deigns to grace.
Hear next how my aſſociate warriors fell,

O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions and oppress'd
In their own realms by feminine deceit,
To them more fatal than the prowess'd foe.

When, by imperious Proserpine recall'd,
The lady-train dispers'd, the pensive form
Of Agamemnon came, with those begirt,
Whom, in one common fate involv'd, of life
Ægythus had bereav'd. Sipping the gore,
He recogniz'd me instant, and outstretch'd
His unsubstantial arms, exhausted now
Of all their vital vigour; with shrill plaints,
Piercing the doleful region far: mine eyes,
Sore wounded with the piteous object dear,
Effus'd a flood of tears, while thus I spake:

O king of hosts! O ever honour'd son
Of Atreus! say to what severe decree
Of destiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath,
Tempesting th' ocean, did you there expire
Whelm'd in the watery abyfs? Or fell you arm'd,
Making fierce inroad on some hostile coast,
To ravage herds and flocks; or in assault
Of some imperial fortress, thence to win
Rich spoils and beauteous captives, were you slain
Defeated of your seizure? He replied:

I perish'd not, my friend, by Neptune's wrath,
Whelm'd in the ocean wave; nor dy'd in arms
Heroic deeds attempting: but receiv'd
From base Ægythus, and my baser queen,
Irreparable doom, whilst I partook
Refreshment, and at supper jovial fate,
Slain like an ox that's butcher'd at the crib,
A death most lamentable! Round me lay
An hideous carnage of my breathless friends,
Like beasts new slaughter'd for the bridal board
Of some luxurious noble, or devote
To solemn festival. On well-fought fields
You various scenes of slaughter have survey'd,
And in fierce tournament; yet had it quell'd
Your best of man to view us on the floor
Rolling in death, with viands round us spread,
And ponderous vases bruis'd, while human gore
Flooded the pavement wide. With shrilling cries
Cassandra pierc'd my ear, whom at my side
False Clytemnestra slew: t' avenge her wrong,
I with a dying grasp my fabre seiz'd,
But the curs'd assassin withdrew, nor clos'd
My lips and eyes. O woman! woman! none
Of Nature's savage train have less remorse
In perpetrating crimes: to kill her mate,
What beast was e'er a complice? I return'd
Hopeful in affluence of domestic joy
To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,
And court-retinue; but my traitress wife
On female honour hath diffus'd a stain
Indelible; and her pernicious arts,
Recorded for reproach on all the sex,
Shall wound soft innocence with touch of blame.

I answer'd, O ye powers! by women's wiles
Jove works sure bane to all th' imperial race
Of Atreus still: for Helen's vagrant lust
Greece mourns her states dispeopled; and you fell
By your adulterers! Plaintive he reply'd.

By my disasters warn'd, to woman's faith
Unbosom nought momentous; though the peal
Your ear (by nature importune to know),
Unlock not all your secrets. But your wife,

Of prudent meek deport, no train of ills
Will meditate for you by force or guile:
Her, when we led th' embattled Greeks to Troy,
We left in blooming beauty fresh; your son
Then hanging on her breast; who now to man
Full grown, with men associates; your approach
With rapture he will meet, and glad his fire
With filial duty dear; a bliss to me
Not deign'd! my son I saw not ere I fell
A victim to my wife: then, timely warn'd,
Trust not to woman's ken the time prefix'd
For your return to Greece. But say sincere,
Aught have you heard where my Orestes bides,
In rich Orchomenus, or sandy Pyle;
Or with my brother lives he more secure
In spacious Sparta? for of this dark realm
He's not inhabitant. I thus rejoind:

Vain is your quest, Atrides; whether fate
Permits your son to draw the breath of heaven,
Friendly to life; or whether in these shades
He roams a ghost, I know not; nor with speech
False or ambiguous will beguile your ear.

While mournful thus we talk'd, suffus'd with
tears

Of tender sympathy, young Peleus came,
With his associates most in life below'd,
Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious son
Of Nestor, great in arms; with them (conjoin'd
In amicable converse, e'en by death
Uncancel'd) walk'd the tall illustrious shade
Of Ajax, with attractive grace adorn'd,
And prowess; paragon'd for both to none
But great Achilles: me the goddess-born
Ey'd curious, and at length thus sad began:

What cause, Ulysses, moves thy mind, expert
Of warlike machinations; what emprise
Hath aught of such importance, as to tempt
This dire descent, where we in dolorous night,
Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd to abide?

O peerless chief, I cried, of all the Greeks
The foremost name! I hither am constrain'd,
From the wise Theban oracle to hear
Best means reveal'd how to revisit safe
My native realm; by rigid fate repell'd,
I'm exil'd yet, with troops of various ills
Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth
Ever propitious, crown their favourite chief
With choicer blessings than the eye of time
Yet saw conferr'd, or future shall behold:
On earth you equal honours with the gods
From us receiv'd; nor by the stroke of fate
Sink with diminish'd lustre, but supreme
Reign o'er the shades. He solemn sad replied:

Reign here supreme! deem not thy eloquence
Can aught console my doom: rather on earth
A village slave I'd be, than titled here
Imperial and august. But say me true,
Or did my fon illustrate his descent
First in the files of war; or fled he pale
A recreant from the fight? do all our tribes
In Phthia still revere my father's throne;
Or lives he now of regal power despoil'd,
A weak condemn'd old man, wanting my arm
To hold his sceptre firm? that arm, which erst

Antiochus,

Warring for Greece bestrew'd the Phrygian plains
With many a prowess'd knight! Would Heaven re-
store

The same puissant form, I'd soon avenge
His injur'd age, and re-assert his claim.

He ceasing, I reply'd: Of Peleus' state
Fame hath to me been silent; but attend
While I th' achievements of thy glorious son
Blazon, as truth shall dictate. Him to Troy
From Scyros o'er th' Aegean sea I bore,
To join th' embattled Greeks: whene'er we sat
In council, to mature some high design,
First of the peerage with persuasive speech
His sentence he disclos'd, by all confest'd
The third from Nestor. But whene'er he mov'd
In battalious array, and the shrill clang
Of onset sounded, he, with haughty strides
Advancing in the van, the foremost chief,
Pierc'd through the adverse legions, nor was deem'd
Not equal to the best. Each hardy deed,
Which in his country's cause the youth atchiev'd,
Were long to tell; but by his javelin dy'd
Eurypylos, of all th' auxiliary bands
Fam'd after Memnon first; with many a peer
Of Pergamenian race, around him strown.

When in the wooden horse by Epeus form'd
Selected heroes lay, aghast and pale
The rest, shuddering with fear, let round big drops
Roll from their drooping eyes, he sole abode
Undaunted, undismay'd; no chilling doubt
Frosted his damask cheek, nor filent tear
Cours'd from its crystal sluice, but grasping fierce
His spear and faulchion, for the combat grew
Impatient, menacing decisive rout
To Troy's opponent powers; and when the height
Of Ilion had receiv'd the final stroke
From Grecian valour, with barbaric spoil,
To his high fame proportion'd, he return'd,
Unmark'd with hostile wound, though round him

Mars

With tenfold rage oft' made the battle burn.

I ended: joy ineffable possess'd
The great paternal shade; his steps he rais'd
With more majestic portance o'er the mead
Verdant with asphodel, elate to hear
His son's exploits emblazon'd fair by Fame.

The rest, a pensive circle, round await
Reciting various dooms, to mortal ear
Calamitous and sad! From these apart
The Telamonian hero, whom I foil'd
In conteit for Achilles' arms, abode
Sullen with treasur'd wrath; the fatal strife
By Thetis was propos'd, and every judge
Indict'd by Pallas, to my claim declar'd
The prize of right. O! why was I constrain'd
By honour to prevail, and cause to die
Ajax, the chief with manly grace adorn'd,
And prowess; paragon'd for both, to none
But the great son of Peleus! Him with speech
Lenient of wrath I thus accosted mild:
Ajax, let this oblivious gloom deface
The memory of those arms, which Heaven decreed
Pernicious to the Greeks, who lost in thee
Their power of strong defence: to mourn thy fall
The voice of Grief along the tented shore
Was heard, as loud as when the flower of war,

Divine Achilles, dy'd: nor deem that aught
Of human interpos'd to urge thy doom,
But ireful Jove, to punish all our host,
Cut off its darling hope. O royal shade!
Approach, and affable to me vouchsafe
Mild audience, calming thy tempestuous rage.

Vain was my suit! for with th' unbody'd troop
Of spectres, fleeting to th' interior shade
Of Erebus, he to my friendly speech
Disdain'd reply; yet to that dark recess
Had I pursu'd his flight, he must have borne
Unwilling correspondence, forc'd by fate,
Impassion'd as he was; but I refrain'd,
For other visions drew my curious eye.

Intent I saw with golden sceptre grave
Minos, the son of Jove, to the pale ghosts
Dispensing equity; with faded looks
They through the wide Plutonian hall appear'd
Frequent and full, and argued each his cause
At that tribunal, trembling whilst he weigh'd
Their pleaded reason. Of portentous size
Orion next I view'd; a brazen mace
Invincible he bore, in fierce pursuit
Of those huge mountain savages he slew,
While habitant of earth, whose grisly forms
He urg'd in chace the flowery mead along.

Nor observ'd lay stretch'd upon the marle
Tityus, earth-born, whose body long and large
Cover'd nine acres: there two vultures sat,
Of appetite insatiate, and with beaks
For ravine bent, unintermitting goar'd
His liver, powerless he to put to flight
The fierce devourers! to this penance judg'd
For rape intended on Latona fair,
The paramour of Jove, as she sojourn'd
To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns;
Delicious landscape!—In a limpid lake
Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides:
Chin-deep he stands, yet with afflictive drought
Incessant pines, while ever as he bows
To sip refreshment, from his parching thirst
The guileful water glides. Around the pool
Fruit-trees of various kinds umbrageous spread
Their pamper'd boughs: the racy olive green,
The ripe pomegranate, big with vinous pulp,
The luscious fig sky-dy'd, the tasteful pear
Vermillion'd half, and apples mellowing sweet
In burnish'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,
Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope
Of food ambrosial:—when he tries to seize
The copious fruitage fair, a sudden gust
Whirls it aloof amid th' incumbent gloom.

Then Sisyphus, the nearest mate in woe,
Drew my regard; he, with distended nerves,
A ponderous stone rolls up a rugged rock;
Urg'd up the steep cliff slow with hand and foot
It mounts, but bordering on the cloudy peak,
Precipitous adown the slopy side
The rapid orb devolving back renews
Eternal toil, which he, with dust besmear'd,
And dew'd with smothering sweat, incessant plies.

I last the visionary semblance view'd
Of Hercules, a shadowy form; for he,
The real son of Jove, in heaven's high court
Abides, associate with the gods, and shares
Celestial banquets; where, with soft disport

Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome
Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang
Surrounding ghosts, like fowl, the region wing
Vexatious, while the threatening image stands,
Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow
In act to let th' aerial arrow fly.
Athwart his breast a military zone
Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold
Grim woodland savages, with various scenes
Of war, fierce-jousting knights, and havoc dire,
With matchless art pourtray'd: me straight he knew,
And, piteous of my state, address'd me thus:

O exercis'd in grief, illustrious son
Of good Laertes, fam'd for wartlike wiles!
Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd
Ethereal draught) beneath unnumber'd toils
To groan oppress'd: ev'n I, the seed of Jove,
Combated various ills, and was adjudg'd
By an inferior wretch (what could he more?)
To drag to light the triple-crested dog
That guards hell's massy portal: I achiev'd
The task injoin'd, through the propitious aid
Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchsaf'd
Their friendly guidance: then without reply,
To Pluto's court majestic he retir'd.

Meantime for others of heroic note
I waited, in the lists of ancient fame
Inroll'd illustrious; and had haply seen
Great Theseus, and Pirithous his compeer,
The race of gods; but at the hideous scream
Of spectres issuing from the dark profound
I wax'd infirm of purpose, sore dismay'd
Left Proserpine should send Medusa, curl'd
With snaky locks, to fix me in her realm
Stiff with Gorgonian horror: to the ship
Retreating speedy thence, I bade my mates
To shove from shore: joyous they straight began
To stem the tide, and brush'd the whitening seas,
Till the fresh gales reliev'd the labouring oar.

THE

WIDOW'S WILE.

A TALE.

HAVE you not seen (to stare the case)
Two wasps lie struggling in a glass?
With the rich flavour of Tokay
Allur'd, about the brim they play;
They light, they murmur, then begin
To lick, and so at length slip in;
Embracing close the couple lies,
Together dip, together rise;
You'd swear they love, and yet they strive
Which shall be sunk, and which survive.

Such feign'd amours, and real hate,
Attend the matrimonial state;
When sacred vows are bought and sold,
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.

A nymph there was, who 'tis aver'd
By fame) was born without a beard:

A certain sign, the learn'd declare,
That (guarded with uncommon care)
Her virtue might remain at ten
Impregnable to boys or men.
But from that æra we'll proceed,
To find her in a widow's weed;
Which, all love's chronicles agree,
She wore just turn'd of twenty-three;
For an old sot the call'd her mate,
For jewels, pin-money, and plate.
The dame, possess'd of wealth and ease,
Had no more appetites to please;
That which provokes wild girls to wed,
Fie!—It ne'er enter'd in her head.

Yet some prolific planet smil'd,
And gave the pair a chopping child;
Intituled by the law to claim
Her husband's chattels, and his name:
But was so like his mother! She
The Queen of Love, her Cupid he.

This matron fair for spouse deceas'd
Had sorrow'd sore, a week at least;
And seem'd to grudge the worms that prey,
Which had lain dead full many a day.
From plays and balls she now refrain'd,
To a dark room by custom chain'd;
And not a male for love or gold,
But the dear hopes of two years old.

The maids, so long in prison pent,
Ask leave to air; she gives consent
(For health is riches to the poor):
But Tom must stay to guard the door.
In reading Sherlock she'd employ
Her solitude, and tend the boy.

When madam sees the coast is clear,
Her spirits mantle and career,
Diffusing ardour through her mien;
Pity they should condense to spleen!
But now by honour she's confin'd,
Who flutter'd once as free as wind:
And on a masquerading morn
By fix securely could return;
Having to seal him safe till nine,
With opium drug'd her spouse's wine.
This the gay world no worse would hold,
Than had she only chang'd his gold:
The species answer'd all demands,
And only pass'd through other hands.
But honour now prescribes the law,
The tyrant keeps her will in awe;
For charity forbid to roam,
And not a chitterling at home.
What! a large stomach, and no meat!
In pity, Love, provide a treat;
Can widows feed on dreams and wishes,
Like hags on visionary dishes?
Impossible! Through walls of stone
Hunger will break, to suck a bone.
Want, oft in times of old, we read,
Made mothers on their infants feed;
And now constrain'd this matron mild
To grow hard-hearted to her child.
Her darling child she pinch'd; he squall'd;
In haste the favourite footman's call'd,
To pacify the peevish chit;
For who but he could do the feat?

He smarting sore, refus'd to play;
But bade man Thomas beat mamma.
She, laughing, soon avow'd her flame
By various signs that want a name.
The lacquey saw, with trembling joy,
Gay humour dancing in her eye;
And straight with equal fury fir'd
Began th' attack; the dame retir'd;
And haply falling as she fled,
He beat her till she lay for dead;
But (with new vigour for the strife)
Soon with a sigh return'd to life.

Think ye she'd e'er forgive her son,
For whar the naughty man had done?
She did; yet, spited with his pain,
He found th' alarm to charge again.
But, 'quire, consult your potent ally,
Whether he's yet prepar'd to rally——
Yes; blood is hot on either side;
Another combat must be try'd.
She knew the foe could do no more,
Than at the first attack she bore;
So at his little mal'ice smil'd,
And cry'd, Come on!—To please the child.

A - L A - M O D E.

MY better self, my heaven, my joy!
While thus imparadis'd I lie,
Transported in thy circling arms
With fresh variety of charms;
From fate I scarce can think to crave
A bliss, but what in thee I have.
Twelve months, my dear, have past, since thou
Didst plight to me thy virgin vow;
Twelve months in rapture spent, for they
Seem shorter than St. Lucy's day:
A bright example we shall prove
Of lasting matrimonial love.

Meanwhile, I beg the gods to grant
(The only favour that I want)
That I may not survive, to see
My happiness expire with thee.
O! should I lose my dearest dear,
By thee, and all that's good, I swear,
I'd give myself the fatal blow,
And wait thee to the world below.

When Wheedle thus to spouse in bed
Spoke the best things he e'er had read;
Madam surpris'd (you must suppose it)
Had lock'd a Templar in the closet;
A youth of pregnant parts, and worth,
To play at picquet, and so forth——
This wag, when he had heard the whole,
Demurely to the curtain stole,
And peeping in, with solemn tone
Cry'd out, O man! thy days are done:
The gods are fearful of the worst,
And send me, Death, to fetch thee first;
To save their favourite from self-murder,
Lo! thus I execute their order.
Hold, Sir! for second thoughts are best,
The husband cry'd; 'tis my request

Vol. IV.

With pleasure to prolong my life.—
Your meaning?—Pray, Sir, take my wife.

SAPPHO to PHAON,

A LOVE EPISTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

WHAT, after all my art, will you demand,
Before the whole is read, the writer's hand?
And could you guess from whom this letter came
Before you saw it sign'd with Sappho's name?
Don't wonder, since I'm form'd for lyrics, why
The strain is turn'd to plaintive elegy;
I mourn my slighted love; alas! my lute,
And sprightly odes, would ill with forrow suit.
I'm scorch'd, I burn, like fields of corn on fire,
When winds to fan the furious blaze conspire.
To flaming Ætna Phaon's pleas'd to roam,
But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.
No more my thoughts in even numbers flow,
Verse best befits a mind, devoid of woe.
No more I court the nymphs I once carest,
But Phaon rules unrival'd in my breast.
Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy;
A fatal face to me, too cruel boy!
Enslav'd to those enchanting looks, that wear
The blush of Bacchus and Apollo's air;
Assume the garb of either god, in thee
We every grace of either god may see;
Yet they confess'd the power of female charms,
In Daphne's flight and Ariadne's arms;
Though neither nymph was fam'd for wit, to move
With melting airs the rigid soul to love.
To me the Muse vouchsafes celestial fire,
And my soft numbers glow with warm desire;
Alcæus and myself alike the crown'd,
For softness I, and he for strength renown'd.
Beauty, 'tis true, penurious fate denies,
But wit my want of beauty well supplies:
My shape, I own, is short, but yet my name
Is far diffus'd, and fills the voice of fame.
If I'm not fair, young Perseus did adore
The swarthy graces of the royal * Moor:
The milk-white doves with mottled mates are join'd;
And the gay parrot to the turtle's kind:
But if you'll fly from Love's connubial rites
Till one as charming as yourself invites,
None of our sex can ever bless your bed;
Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.

Yet, when you read my verse, you lik'd each
line,

And swore no numbers were so sweet as mine;
I sang (that pleasing image still is plain,
Such tender things we lovers long retain!)
And ever when the warbling notes I rais'd,
You with fierce kisses stifled what you prais'd.
Some winning grace in every act you found,
But in full tides of ecstacy were drown'd;

* Andromeda,

U u u

When murmuring in the melting joys of love,
Round yours my curling limbs began to move:
But now the bright Sicilian maids adore
The youth, who seem'd so fond of me before:
Send back, send back my fugitive! for he
Will vow to you the vows he made to me:
That smooth deceiving tongue of his can charm
The coyest ear, the roughest pride disarm.

O, aid thy poetess, great Queen of Love,
Auspicious to my growing passion prove!
Fortune was cruel to my tender age,
And still pursues with unrelenting rage.
Of parents, whilst a child, I was bereft,
To the wide world an helpless orphan left:
My brother in a strumpet's vile embrace
Lavish'd a large estate to buy disgrace,
And doom'd to traffick on the main is tost,
Winning with danger what with shame he lost;
And vows revenge on me, who dar'd to blame
His conduct, and was careful of his fame:
And then (as if the woes I bore beside
Were yet too light) my little daughter dyd.
But after all these pangs of sorrow past,
A worse came on, for Phaon came at last!
No gems, nor rich embroider'd silks, I wear;
No more in artful curls I comb my hair;
No golden threads the wavy locks inwreath,
Nor Syrian oils diffusive odours breathe:
Why should I put such gay allurements on,
Now he, the darling of my soul, is gone?
Soft is my breast, and keen the killing dart,
And he who gave the wound deserves my heart:
My fate is fix'd, for sure the fates decreed
That he should wound, and Sappho's bosom bleed.
By the smooth blandishments of verse betray'd,
In vain I call my reason to my aid;
The Muse is faithless to the fair at best,
But fatal in a love-sick lady's breast.

Yet is it strange so sweet a youth should dart
Flames so resistless to a woman's heart?
Him had Aurora seen, he soon had seiz'd
Her soul, and Cephalus no more had pleas'd:
Chaste Cynthia, did she once behold his charms,
For Phaon's would forsake Endymion's arms;
Venus would bear him to her bower above,
But there she dreads a rival in his love.
O fair perfection thou, nor youth, nor boy,
Fix'd in the bright meridian point for joy!
Come, on my panting breast thy head recline,
Thy love I ask not, only suffer mine:
While this I ask (but ask I fear in vain)
See how my falling tears the letter stain.

At least, why would you not vouchsafe to shew
A kind regret, and say, "My dear, adieu!"
Nor parting kiss I gave, nor tender tear,
My ruin flew on swifter wings than fear:
My wrongs, too safely treasur'd in my mind,
Are all the pledges Phaon left behind;
Nor could I make my last desire to thee,
Sometimes to cast a pitying thought on me.
But, gods! when first the killing news I heard,
What pale amazement in my looks appear'd!
Awhile o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,
My tongue forbore to speak, my eyes to flow.
But when my sense was waken'd to despair,
I beat my tender breast, and tore my hair:

As a distracted mother weeps forlorn,
When to the grave her fondling babe is born.
Meanwhile my cruel brother, for relief,
With scorn insults me, and derides my grief:
Poor soul! he cries, I doubt the grows sincere;
Her daughter is return'd to life I fear.
Mindless of fame, I to the world reveal
The love so long I labour'd to conceal.
Thou, thou art fame, and all the world, to me;
All day I dote, and dream all night of thee:
Though Phaon fly to regions far remote,
By Sleep his image to my bed is brought:
Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,
Anon I think my arms incircle thine:
Then the warm wishes of my soul I speak,
Which from my tongue in dying murmurs break:
Heavens! with thy balmy lips my lips are prest:
And then! ah then!—I blush to write the rest.
Thus in my dreams the bright ideal play,
And gild the glowing scenes of fancy gay:
With life alone my lingering love must end,
On thee my love, my life, my all depend.

But at the dawning day my pleasures fleet,
And I (too soon!) perceive the dear deceit:
In caves and groves I seek to calm my grief;
The caves and groves afford me no relief.
Frantic I rove, disorder'd with despair,
And to the winds unbind my scatter'd hair.
I find the Shades, which to our joys were kind,
But my false Phaon there no more I find:
With him the caves were cool, the grove was green;
But now his absence withers all the scene:
There weeping, I the grassy couch survey,
Where side by side we once together lay:
I fall where thy forsaken print appears,
And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.
The birds and trees to grief assistance bring,
These drop their leaves, and they forbear to sing:
Poor Philomel, of all the quire, alone
For mangled lutes warbles out her moan;
Her moan for him trills sweetly through the grove,
While Sappho sings of ill-requited love.

To this dear solitude the Naiads bring
Their fruitful urns, to form a silver spring:
The trees that on the shady margin grow
Are green above, the banks are green below:
Here while by sorrow lull'd asleep I lay,
Thus said the guardian nymph, or seem'd to say:
Fly, Sappho, fly; to cure this deep despair,
To the Leucadian rock in haste repair;
High on whose hoary top an awful fane,
To Phœbus rear'd, surveys the subject main.
This desperate cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,
For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride;
Into the waves, as holy rites require,
Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeless fire:
Her frozen breast a sudden flame subdued,
And she who fled the youth, the youth pursued.
Like him, to give thy raging passion ease,
Precipitate thyself into the seas.

This said, she disappear'd. I deadly wan
Rose up, and gushing tears unbounded ran:
I fly, ye nymphs, I fly; though fear assail
The woman, yet the lover must prevail.
In death what terrors can deserve my care?
The pangs of death are gentler than despair.

Ye winds, and Cupid thou, to meet my fall,
Your downy pinions spread! my weight is small.
Thus rescued, to the god of verse I'll bow,
Hang up my lute, and thus inscribe my vow:
To Phæbus grateful Sappho gave this lute;
The gift did both the god and giver suit.

But, Phaon, why should I this toil endure,
When thy return would soon complete the cure?
Thy beauty, and its balmy power, would be
A Phæbus and Leucadian rock to me.
O harder than the rock to which I go,
And deaser than the waves that war below!
Think yet, oh think! shall future ages tell
That I to Phaon's scorn a victim fell?
Or hadst thou rather see this tender breast
Bruis'd on the cliff, than close to Phaon's prest?
This breast, which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,
You made me once believe you did admire?
O could it now supply me with address
To plead my cause, and court thee with success!
But mighty woes my genius quite control,
And damp the rising vigour of my soul:
No more, ye Lesbian nymphs, desire a song,
Mute is my voice, my lute is all unstrung.
My Phaon's fled, who made my fancy shine,
(Ah! yet I scarce forbear to call him—mine.)
Phaon is fled! but bring the youth again,
Inspiring ardors will revive my vein.
But why, alas! this unavailing prayer?
Vain are my vows, and fleet with common air:
My vows the winds disperse, and make their sport,
But ne'er will waft him to the Lesbian port.
Yet if you purpose to return, 'tis wrong
To let your mistress languish here so long:
Venus for your fair voyage will compose
The sea, for from the sea the goddess rose:
Cupid, assisted with propitious gales,
Will hand the rudder, and direct the sails.
But, if relentless to my prayer you prove,
If still, unkind without a cause, you'll rove,
And ne'er to Sappho's longing eyes restore
That object, which her hourly vows implore;
'Twill be compassion now to avow your hate;
Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate!
Then, steel'd with resolution by despair,
For cure I'll to the kinder seas repair:
That last relief for love-sick minds I'll try;
Phæbus may grant what Phaon could deny.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ancients have left us little farther account of Phaon, than that he was an old mariner, whom Venus transformed into a very beautiful youth, whom Sappho, and several other Lesbian ladies, fell passionately in love with; and therefore I thought it might be pardonable to vary the circumstances of his story, and to add what I thought proper in the following epistle.

PHAON TO SAPPHO.

I SOON perceiv'd from whence your letter came,
Before I saw it sign'd with Sappho's name:
Such tender thoughts in such a flowing verse,
Did Phæbus to the flying nymph rehearse;
Yet Fate was deaf to all his powerful charms,
And tore the beauteous Daphne from his arms:
With such concern your passion I survey,
As when I view a vessel toss'd at sea;
I beg each friendly power the storm may cease,
And every warring wave be lull'd in peace.
What can I more than wish? for who can free
The wretched from the woe the gods decree?
With generous pity I'll repay your flame;
Pity! 'tis what deserves a softer name:
Which yet, I fear, of equal use would prove
To sooth a tempest, as abate your love.

How can my art your fierce disease subdue?
I want, alas! a greater cure than you:
Benumb'd in death the cold physician lies,
While for his help the feverish patient cries:
Call me not cruel, but reproach my fate,
And, listening while my woes I here relate,
Let your soft bosom heave with tender sighs,
Let melting sorrow languish in your eyes;
Piteous deplore a wretch constrain'd to rove
Whose crime and punishment is slighted love;
Fix'd for his guilt, to every coming age,
A monument of Cytherea's rage.

At Melea born, my race unknown to fame,
With oars I ply'd; Colymbus was my name;
A name that from the diving birds I bore,
Which seek their fishy food along the shore.
One summer-even in port I left my sail,
And with my partners fought a neighbouring vale;
What time the rural nymphs repair'd to pay
Their floral honours to the Queen of May.
At first their various charms my choice confuse,
For what is choice where each is fit to choose?
But love or fate at length my bosom fir'd
With a bright maid in myrtle-green attir'd;
A shepherdess she was, and on the lawn
Sate to the setting-sun from dewy dawn;
Yet fairer than the nymphs who guard the stream
In pearly caves, and shun the burning beams.
I whisper love; she flies; I still pursue,
To press her to the joy she never knew:
And while I speak, the virgin blushes spread
Her damask beauty with a warmer red.
I vow'd unshaken faith, invoking loud
Venus, to attest the solemn faith I vow'd;
Invoking all the radiant lights above,
(But most the lamp that lights the realm of love)
No more to guide me with their friendly rays,
But leave my ship to perish on the seas,
If the dear charmer ever chanc'd to find
My heart disloyal, or my look unkind.

A maid will listen when her lover swears,
And think his faith more real than her fears.
The careful shepherdess secur'd her flocks
From the devouring wolf, and wily fox,
Yet sell herself an undefended prey
To one more cruel, and more false than they.

The nuptial joys we there consummate soon,
Safe in the friendly silence of the moon;
And till the birds proclaim'd the dawning day,
Beneath a shade of flowers in transport lay:
I rose, and softly sighing, view'd her o'er;
How chang'd, I thought, from what she was before!
Yet still repeated (eager to be gone)
My former pledges, with a fainter tone,
And promis'd quick return: the penfive fair
Went with reluctance to her fleecy care;
While I resolv'd to quit my native shore,
Never to see the late-lov'd Malea more.

Fresh on the waves the morning breezes play,
To bear my vessel and my vows away;
With prosperous speed I fly before the wind,
And leave the length of Leshos all behind:
Far distant from my Malean love at last,
(Secure with twenty leagues between us cast)
I furl my sails, and on the Sigrian shore,
Adopting that my seat, the vessel moor.
Sigrium, from whose aerial height I spy
The distant fields that bore imperial Troy:
Which, still accurs'd for Helen's broken vow,
Procure thin crops, ungrateful to the plough.
I gaze, revolving in my guilty mind,
What future vengeance will my falsehood find,
When kings, and empires, no forgiveness gain'd
For violated rites, and faith prophan'd!

Sea-faring on that coast I led my life,
A commoner of love, without a wife,
Content with casual joys; and vainly thought
Venus forgave the perjurd, or forgot.
And now my sixtieth year began to shed
An undistinguish'd winter o'er my head;
When, bent for Tenedos, a country dame
(I thought her such) for speedy passage came.
A palsy shook her limbs; a shrivel'd skin
But ill conceal'd the skeleton within;
A monument of time: with equal grace
Her garb had poverty to suit her face.
Extorting first my price, I spread my sail,
And steer my course before a merry gale;
Which haply turn'd her tatter'd veil aside,
When in her lap a golden vase I spy'd;
Around so rich with orient gems enchas'd,
A flamy lustre o'er the gold they cast.
With eager eyes I view the tempting bane,
And sailing now secure amid the main,
With felon force I seiz'd the seeming crone,
To plunge her in, and make the prize my own.
To Venus straight the chang'd divine to view!
The laughing Loves around their mother flew:
Who, circled with a pomp of Graces, stood.
Such as she first ascended from the flood.
I bow'd, ador'd.—With terror in her voice,
Thy violence (she cry'd) shall win the prize:
Renew thy wrinkled form, be young and fair;
But soon thy heart shall own the purchase dear.
Nor is revenge forgot, though long delay'd,
For vows attested in the Malean shade.—
Wrapt in a purple cloud, she cut the skies,
And looking down, still threaten'd with her eyes.

My fear at length dispell'd (the sight of gold
Can make an avaricious coward bold),
I seiz'd the glittering spoil, in hope to find
A case so rich with richer treasures lin'd.

The lid remov'd, the vacant space inclos'd
An essence, with celestial art compos'd;
Which cures old age, and makes the thrivel'd cheek
Blushy as Bacchus, and as Hebe sleek:
Strength to the nerves the neckar'd sweets supply,
And eagle-radiance to the faded eye.
Nor sharp disease, nor want, nor age, have power
T' invade that vigour, and that bloom deflower.

Th' effect I found, for, when return'd to land,
Some drops I sprinkled on my sun-burnt hand;
Where'er they fell, surprising to the sight,
The freckled brown imbib'd a milky white:
So look the panther's varied sides; and so
The pheasant's wing, bedropt with flakes of snow.
I wet the whole, the same celestial hue
Tinctur'd the whole, meander'd o'er with blue.
Struck with amazement here, I pause a space;
Next with the liquid sweets anoint my face:
My neck and hoary locks I then bedew,
And in the waves my changing visage view.
Straight with my charms the watry mirror glows,
Those fatal charms that ruin'd your repose
Still doubting, up I start, and fear to find
Some young Adonis gazing o'er behind.
My waist, and all my limbs, I last besmeard,
And soon a glossy youth all o'er appear'd.

Long wrapt in silent wonder, on the strand,
I like a statue of Apollo stand:
Like his, with oval grace my front is spread;
Like his, my lips and cheeks are rosy red;
Like his my limbs are shap'd; in every part
So just, they mock the sculptor's mimic art:
And golden curls adown my shoulders flow;
Nor wants there aught, except the lyre and bow.
Restor'd to youth, triumphant I repair
'To court; to captivate th' admiring fair:
My faultless form the Lesbian nymphs adore,
Avow their flames, weep, sigh, protest, implore.
There feel I first the penance of my sin;
All spring without, and winter all within!
From me the sense of gay desire is fled,
And all their charms are cordial to the dead.
Or, if within my breast there chance to rise
The sweet remembrance of the genial joys;
Sudden it leaves me, like a transient gleam,
That gilds the surface of a freezing stream.
Meantime with various pangs my heart is torn,
Hate strives with Pity, Shame contends with Scorn;
Confus'd with grief, I quit the court, to range
In savage wilds; and curse my penal change.
The Phenix so, restor'd with rich perfumes,
Displays the florid pride of all his plumes;
Then flies to live amid th' Arabian grove,
In barren solitude, a foe to love.
But in the calm recess of woods and plains,
The viper Envy revel'd in my veins;
And ever when the male carefss'd his bride,
Sighing with rage, I turn'd my eyes aside.
In river, mead, and grove, such objects rose,
T' avenge the goddesses, and awake iny woes:
Fish, beast, and bird, in river, mead, and grove,
Bless'd and rever'd the blissful powers of Love.

What can I do for ease? O, whither fly?
Resume my fatal form, ye gods, I cry:
Wither this beauteous bloom, so tempting gay;
And let me live transform'd to weak, and gray!

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By change of clime, my sorrows to beguile,
I leave, for Sicily, my native isle:
Vain hope! for who can leave himself behind,
And live a thoughtless exile from the mind?
Arriving there, amidst a flowery plain
That join'd the shore, I view'd a virgin-train,
Who in soft ditties sung of Acis' flame,
And strew'd with annual wreaths his amber stream.
Me soon they saw, and fir'd with pious joy,
He comes, the godlike Acis comes, they cry:
Fair pride of Neptune's court! indulge our prayer;
Approach, you've now no Polypheme to fear.
Accept our rites: to bind thy brow, we bring
These earliest honours of the rosy spring:
So may thy Galatea still be kind,
As we thy smiling power propitious find!
But if—(they read their error in my blush;
For shame, and rage, and scorn, alternate flush.)
But if of earthy race, yet kinder prove;
Refuse all other rites but those of love.
That hated word new—stabs my rankling wound;
Like a stuck deer I startle at the sound:
Thence to the woods with furious speed repair,
And leave them all abandon'd to despair.

So frighted by the swains, to reach the brake
Glides from a sunny bank the glittering snake;
And whilst, reviv'd in youth, his wavy train
Floats in large spires, and burns along the plain;
He darts malignance from his scornful eye,
And the young flowers with livid hisses die.

Let my sad fate your soft compassion move,
Convinc'd that Phaon would, but cannot love:
To torture and distract my soul, are join'd
Unfading youth, and impotence of mind.
The white and red that flatter on my skin,
Hide hell; the grinning furies howl within;
Pride, Envy, Rage, and Hate, inhabit there,
And the black child of Guilt, extreme Despair:
Nor of less terror to the perjurd prove
The frowns of Venus, than the bolts of Jove.

When Orpheus in the woods began to play,
Sooth'd with his airs, the leopards round him lay:
Their glaring eyes with lessen'd fury burn'd;
But when the lyre was mute, their rage return'd:
So would thy muse and lute a while control
My woes, and tune the discord of my soul:
In sweet suspense each savage thought restrain'd;
And then, the love I never felt I feign'd:
O Sappho, now that muse and lute employ;
Invoke the golden goddesses from the sky:
From the Leucadian rock ne'er hope redress,
In love, Apollo boasts no sure success:
Let him preside o'er oracles and arts;
Venus alone hath balm for bleeding hearts.
O, let the warbled hymn * delight her ear;
Can she when Sappho sings refuse to hear?
Thrice let the warbled hymn repeat thy pain,
While flowers and burning gums perfume her fane.
And when, descending to the plaintive sound,
She comes confess'd with all her Graces round,
O, plead my cause! in that auspicious hour,
Propitiate with thy vows the vengeful power.
Nor cease thy suit, till with a smiling air
She cries, I give my Phaon to thy prayer;

* Alluding to her Ode to Venus.

And, from his crime absolv'd, with all his charms
He long shall live, and die in Sappho's arms.—
Then swift, and gentle as her gentlest dove,
I'll seek thy breast, and equal all thy love:
Hymen shall clap his purple wings, and spread
Incessant raptures o'er the nuptial bed.
And while in pomp at Cytherea's shrine,
With choral song and dance, our vows we join;
Her flaming altar with religious fear
I'll touch, and, prostrate on the marble, swear
That zeal and love for ever shall divide
My heart, between the goddesses and the bride.

A T A L E,

Devised in the pleasant Manere of

GENTIL MAISTER JOEFFREY CHAUCER,

WHYLOM in Kent there dwelt a clerke,
Who wyth grete cheer, and litil werke,
Upswalen was with venere:
For meagre Lent ne recked he,
Ne saintes daies had in remembrance,
Mo will had he to daliaunce.
To serchen out a bellamie,
He had a sharp and licorous eie;
But it wold bett abide a leke,
Or onion, than the sight of Greke;
Wherefore, God yeve him shame, Boccace
Serv'd him for Basil and Ignace,
His vermeil cheke that shon wyth mirth,
Spake him the blitheest priest on yearth;
At chyrch, to shew his lilled hond,
Full fetoufly he prank'd his bond;
Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,
And Isaac Wever was he nempt.

Thilke clerke, echaufed in the groyne,
For a young damosell did pyne,
Born in East-Cheap; who, by my fay,
Yypert was as a popinjay:
Ne wit ne wordes did she waunt,
Wele cond she many a romaunt;
Ore masecadine, or spiced ale,
She carrold foote as nightingale:
And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne,
Withouten speche; a speciall signe
She lack'd fomdele of what ech dame
Holds dere as life, yet dredes to name:
So was eftfoons by Isaac won
To blisful consummation.

Here mought I now tellen the festes,
Who yave the bryde, how bibb'd the ghestes;
But withouten such gawdes, I trow
Myne legend is prolix ynow.
Ryghte wele areeds Dan Prior's song,
A tale shold never be too long;
And sikerly in fayre Englonde
None bett doeth taling underfond.

She now, algates full sad to chaunge
The citee for her hulbond's graunge,

To Kent mote ; for she wele did knowe
 'Twas vaine ayenst the streme to rowe.
 Sa wend they on one steed yfere,
 Ech cleping toder life and dere ;
 Heven shilde hem fro myne Bromley hofst,
 Or many a groat theyr meel woll cost.

Deem next ye maistress Wever sene
 Yclad in sable bombasine ;
 The frankeleins wyves accost her blythe,
 Curteis to guilen hem of tythe ;
 And yeve honour parochiall
 In pew, and eke at festivall.

Worship and wealth her husband hath ;
 Ne poor in aught, save werks and faith :
 Kepes bull, bore, stallion, to dispence
 Large pennorths of benevolence.

His berne ycrammed was, and store
 Of poultrie cackled at the dore ;
 His wyf grete joie to fede hem toke,
 And was astonied at the cocke ;
 That, in his portance debonair,
 On everich henn bestow'd a share
 Of plesauce, yet no genitours
 She saw, to thrill his paramours :
 Ottisithes she mokel mus'd thereon,
 Yet nist she howgates it was don.

One night, ere they to slepen went,
 Her Isaac in her arms she hent,
 As was her usage ; and did saie,
 Of charite I mote thee praie,
 To techen myne unconnyng wit]
 One thing it comprehendeth niet :
 And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,
 If in myne quest thou falsen me.

Our Chaunticlere loves everich hen,
 Ne sewer kepes our yerd then ten ;
 Yet romps he ore beth grete and small,
 Ne ken I what he swinks wythall.
 But on ech leg a wepon is,
 Ypersent, and full starke I wys ;
 Doth he with hem at Pertelote play ?
 In sooth theres werk inough for tway.

Qd. Isaac, certes by Saint Poule,
 Myne lief thou art a simple soule ;
 Foules fro the egle to the wren,
 Bin harness'd othergise than men :
 For the males engins of delite
 Ferre in theyr entrails are empight ;
 Els, par mischaunce, theyr merriment
 Among the breers mought fore be shent.
 Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce
 Love of venereal jouissance :
 And in one month, the trouth to sayne,
 Swink mo than manhode in yeres twaine.

O Benedicite ! qd. she,
 If kepyng hote so kindlych be,
 He in thyne boweles trusts thyne gere,
 And eke the skrippe that daungleth here.

Ne dame, he answer'd, mote that bene ;
 For as I hope to be a dene,
 Thilke Falstaffe-bellie rownd and big,
 Was built for corny ale and pig :
 Ne in it is a chynk for these,
 Ne for a wheat-straw, and tway pease.

Pardie, qd. she, syth theres nat room,
 Swete Nykin ! chase hem in myne woom.

T O

MR. POPE.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM IN
 HOMER.

WHEN Phæbus, and the nine harmonious Maids,
 Of old assembled in the Thespian shades,
 What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
 Besits these harps to sound, and thee to hear ?
 Reply'd the god, Your loftiest notes employ
 To sing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy.
 The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse,
 Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse.
 He answer'd with a frown ; I now reveal
 A truth that Envy bids me not conceal.
 Retiring frequent to his laureat vale,
 I warbled to the lyre that favourite tale,
 Which, unobserv'd, a wandering Greek and blind,
 Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind ;
 And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
 From me the god of wit usurp'd the bays.

But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
 Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name ;
 Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,
 And the White Isle with female power is blest,
 Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
 And the translator's palm to me transfer ;
 With less regret my claim I now decline,
 The world will think this English Iliad mine.

T H E

PLATONIC SPELL.

WHENE'ER I wed, young Strephon cry'd,
 Ye powers that o'er the noose preside,
 Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour give,
 Or let me still a rover live :

But if all these no nymph can share,
 Let mine, ye powers ! be doubly fair.
 Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
 Whilst nigh celestial Cupid stood ;
 And, tapping him, said, Youth be wise,
 And let a child for once advise.
 A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
 Humour and riches, rarely meet :
 But if a beauty you'd obtain,
 Court some bright Phillis of the brain ;
 The dear idea long enjoy,
 Clean is the bliss, and ne'er will cloy.

* This Poem, with some variations, may be
 found in Stepney, Vol. XVII. under the title of
 "The Spell."

But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair;
Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, in song, and sonnet,
Their beauty's but a spell, to bring
A lover to the enchanted ring.
Ere the sack-poffet is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem'd to suck her springing soul;
These, and the rest you doated on,
Are nauseous or insipid grown;
The spell dissolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

MARULLUS TO NEÆRA,

IMITATED.

ROB'D like Diana, ready for the chase,
Her mind as spotless, and as fair her face,
Young Sylvia stray'd beneath the dewy dawn
To course th' imperial stag o'er Windfor lawn.
There Cupid view'd her spreading o'er the plain,
The first and fairest of the rural train;
And, by a small mistake, the power of love,
Thought her the virgin-goddess of the grove:
Soon aw'd with innocence, t' evade her sight
He fled, and dropp'd his quiver in the flight:
Though pleas'd, she blush'd, and, with a glowing
smile,

Pursu'd the god, and seiz'd the golden spoil.

The nymph, resistless in her native charms,
Now reigns, possess'd of Cupid's dreaded arms;
And, wing'd with lightning from her radiant eyes,
Unerring in its speed each arrow flies.
No more his deity is held divine,
No more we kneel at Cytherea's shrine;
Their various powers, complete in Sylvia, prove
Her title to command the realms of love.

K I S S E S.

TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS.

B A S I U M I.

WHEN Venus, in the sweet Idalian shade,
A violet couch for young Ascanius made,
Their opening gems th' obedient roses bow'd,
And veil'd his beauties with a damask cloud;

While the bright goddess, with a gentle shower
Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the blissful bower.

Of sight insatiate, she devours his charms,
Till her soft breast rekindling ardour warms;
New joys tumultuous in her bosom roll,
And all Adonis rusheth on her soul:
Transported with each dear resembling grace,
She cries, Adonis!—sure I see thy face!
Then stoops to clasp the beauteous form, but fear'd
He'd wake too soon, and with a sigh forbears;
Yet, fix'd in silent rapture, stands to gaze,
Kissing each flowering bud that round her plays:
Swell'd with her touch, each animated rose
Expands, and straight with warmer purple glows;
Where infant kisses bloom, a balmy store!
Redoubling all the bliss she felt before.

Sudden her swans career along the skies,
And o'er the globe the fair celestial flies;
Then, as where Ceres past, the teeming plain
Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,
So fruitful kisses fell where Venus flew,
And by the power of genial magic grew;
A plenteous harvest! which she deign'd t' impart,
To sooth an agonizing love-sick heart.

All hail, ye roseate kisses! who remove
Our cares, and cool the calentures of love.
Lo! I your poet, in melodious lays,
Bless your kind power, enamour'd of your praise;
Lays! form'd to last, till barbarous time invades
The Muses' hill, and withers all their shades.
Sprung from the * guardian of the Roman name,
In Roman numbers live, secure of fame.

B A S I U M II.

AS the young enamour'd vine
Round her elm delights to twine,
As the clasping ivy throws
Round her oak her wanton boughs,
So close, expanding all thy charms,
Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms!
Closer, my Chloris, could it be,
Would my fond arms incircle thee.

The jovial friend shall tempt in vain
With humour, wit, and brisk champagne;
In vain shall Nature call for sleep,
We'll Love's eternal vigils keep:
Thus, thus for ever let us lie,
Dissolving in excess of joy,
Till fate shall with a single dart
Transfix the pair it cannot part.

Thus join'd, we'll fleet like Venus' doves,
And seek the blest Elysian groves;
Where Spring in rosy triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains:
There lovers of heroic name
Revive their long-extinguish'd flame,
And o'er the fragrant vale advance
In shining pomp to form the dance,

* Venus.

Or sing of love and gay desire,
Responsive to the warbling lyre;
Reclining soft in blissful bowers,
Purpled sweet with springing flowers;
And cover'd with a filken shade,
Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made:
Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,
The musk rose scents the verdant gloom;
Through which the whispering zephyrs fly,
Softer than a virgin's sigh.

When we approach those blest retreats,
Th' assembly straight will leave their seats,
Admiring much the matchless pair,
So fond the youth, the nymph so fair!
Daughters and mistresses to Jove,
By Homer fam'd of old for love,
In homage to the British Grace,
Will give pre-eminence of place.
Helen herself will soon agree
To rise, and yield her rank to thee.

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

THOMAS LAMBARDE, ESQ.

*"Omnia me tua delectant; sed maxime, maxema cum
fides in amicitia, consilium, gravitas, constantia;
tum lepot, humanitas, litera."*

CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

SLOW though I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
Yet should the Muse some happy song inspire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That favourite verse to Lambard I decree:
Such may the Muse inspire, and it prove
A pledge and monument of lasting love!
Meantime intent the fairest plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind;
Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,
By Ortery's indulgence wrapt in ease;
Whom all the rival Muses strive to grace
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.
Now Truth's bright charms employ my serious
thought,

In flowing eloquence by Tully taught:
Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,
And studious wander in the Grecian grove;
While wonder and delight the soul engage
To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page;
Where Science in attractive fable lies,
And veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
Transported thence, the flowery heights I gain
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,
Whose wings the Muse in better ages prun'd,
And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.

As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid;
As weary'd hinds accuse the lingering sun,
And heirs impatient with for twenty-one:
So dull to Horace did the moments glide,
Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd
To combat vice, and follies to expose,
In easy numbers near ally'd to prose:
Guilt blush'd and trembled when she heard him
sing,

He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sing,
With such a graceful negligence express,
Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test:
But he, who blindly led by whimsy strays,
And from gross images would merit praise,
When Nature sets the noblest stores in view,
Affects to polish copper in Peru:
So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
The softness of their waves offends the taste;
But when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain,
In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,
Revive the fainting flowers, and swell the meagre
grain.

Be this their care, who, studious of renown,
Toil up th' Aonian steep to reach the crown;
Suffice it me, that (having spent my prime
In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,
And prize ideas clad in honest prose.
Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,
Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;
And Death perhaps, to spoil poetic sport,
Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short:
His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
For the smooth cadence of a golden line:
Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man
To run the trifling race the boy began,
Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see
My circle end in second infancy.

I might ere long an awkward humour have,
To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
Or round my room alternate take a course,
Now mount my hobby, then the Muses' horse:
Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
With sage decorum in my easy chair;
Grave as Libanius, slumbering o'er the laws,
Whilst gold and party zeal decide the cause.

A nobler task our ripper age affords
Than scanning syllables, and weighing words.
To make his hours in even measures flow,
Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow;
Still equal in himself, and free to taste
The Now, without repining at the Past;
Nor the vain presence of the spleen to employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
To live tenacious of the golden mean,
In all events of various fate serene;
With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay:
These arts, my Lambard! useful in their end,
Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise,
In the calm walks of Truth his bloom enjoys;

Epist. i. Lib. i.

With books and patrimonial plenty blest,
 Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast!
 Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
 Nor the gay servitude of courts enthral,
 Unknowing how to mask concerted guile
 With a false cringe, or undermining smile;
 His manners pure, from affectation free,
 And prudence shines through clear simplicity.
 Though no rich labours of the Persian loom,
 Nor the nice sculptor's art adorn his room,
 Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,
 And innocence the want of down supplies;
 Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
 Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
 Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
 Himself unseen he sees the labouring crowd,
 Where all industrious to their ruin run,
 Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.
 Some by the sordid thirst of gain controll'd,
 Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold,
 Preserve the precious bane with anxious care
 In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir:
 Others devour Ambition's glittering bait,
 To sweat in purple, and repine in state;
 Devote their powers to every wild extreme
 For the short pageant of a pompous dream:
 Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
 The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,
 But in a public sphere those virtues fade,
 Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade:
 So while the Night her ebony sceptre sways,
 Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant * displays;
 But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,
 Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.
 Fantastic joys in distant views appear,
 And tempt the man to make the rash career.
 Fame, Power, and Wealth, which glitter at the goal,
 Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul;
 For these are ease and innocence resign'd,
 For these he strips; farewell the tranquil mind!
 Headstrong he urges on till vigour fails,
 And gray experience (but too late!) prevails:
 But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,
 When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool;
 When joy and blushing youth forsake his face,
 Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace;
 No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,
 Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain;
 To him what healing balm can art apply,
 Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die?
 In that last scene, by Fate in fables dress'd,
 Thy power, triumphant Virtue! is confess'd;
 Thy vestal flames diffuse celestial light
 Through Death's dark vale, and vanquish total night;
 Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,
 When the gay toys of flattering Fortune fail.
 Such, happy Twicken! (ever be thy name
 Mourn'd by the Muse, and fair in deathless fame!)
 While the bright effluence of her glory shone,
 Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own:
 So cassia bruise'd exhales her rich perfumes,
 And incense in a fragrant cloud presumes.
 Most spoil the boon that Nature's pleas'd t' impart,
 By too much varnish, or by want of art;

Vol. IV.

By solid science all her gifts are grac'd,
 Like gems new polish'd, and with gold encas'd.
 Votes to th' unletter'd 'squire the laws allow,
 As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough:
 But arts, address, and force of genius, join
 To make a Hammer in the senate shine.
 Yet one presiding power in every breast
 Receives a stronger sanction than the rest;
 And they who study and discern it well,
 Act unrestrain'd, without design excel,
 But court contempt, and err without redress,
 Missing the master-talent they possess.
 Whiston perhaps in Euclid may succeed,
 But shall I trust him to reform my creed?
 In sweet assemblage every blooming grace
 Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's face;
 With which her faultless shape and air agree,
 But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee;
 And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,
 Left Envy should be dumb, she lends her tongue.
 By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
 Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
 Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite!)
 He fish!—because the man attempts to write:
 Oh, if the water-nymphs were kind to none
 But those the Muses bathe in Helicon:
 In what far distant age would Belgia raise
 One happy wit to net the British seas!

Nature permits her various gifts to fall
 On various climes, nor smiles alike on all:
 The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
 And flowers spontaneous crown the smiling year;
 But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
 To raise the jasmine, or the coy jonquil?
 Who finds the peach among the savage flocks,
 Or in bleak Sythia seeks the blushing rose?
 Her golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
 And there the vine her racy purple yields.
 High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,
 Proud to survey the seas her power defends;
 Her sovereign title to the flag she proves,
 Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.

These instances, which true in fact we find,
 Apply we to the culture of the mind.
 This soil, in early youth improv'd with care,
 The seeds of gentle science best will bear;
 That with more particles of flame inspir'd,
 With glittering arms and thirst of fame is fir'd;
 Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
 But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
 If these from Nature's genial bent depart,
 In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part;
 Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall,
 Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball;
 Should the rough homicide unsheath his pen,
 And in heroics only murder men;
 Should the soft sop forsake the lady's charms,
 To face the foe with inoffensive arms;
 Each would variety of acts afford,
 Fit for some new Cervantes to record.

Whither, you cry, tends all this dry discourse?
 To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.
 I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay
 To frisk my fancy with; but, sooth to say!
 From her Apollo now the Muse elopes,
 And trades in syllogisms more than tropes.
 Faith, Sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear;

X x x

* The nurse-tree.

When a friend reads, in honour you must hear:
For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue:
Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,
And council-proof, will never baulk a theme.
So Burgees on his Tripod rav'd the more,
When round him half the faints began to snore.

To lead us safe through Error's thorny maze,
Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays;
But that bright daughter of eternal day
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.
Though no lethargic fumes the brain invest,
And opiate all her active powers to rest;
Though on that magazine no fevers seize,
To calcine all her beautiful images:
Yet banish'd from the realms by right her own,
Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne:
Or, to known good preferring specious ill,
Reason becomes a cully to the will:
Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,
Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to shew the way;
And in life's voyage like the pilot fares
Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,
To steer by meteors, which at random fly,
Preluding to a tempest in the sky.
Vain of his skill, and led by various views,
Each to his end a different path pursues;
And seldom is one wretch so humble known
To think his friend's a better than his own:
The boldest they, who least partake the light,
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.
Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
But what became our choice we call our fate.
Villain, said Zeno to his pilfering slave,
What frugal Nature needs, I freely gave;
With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,
What could provoke thee now to prove unjust?
Sir, blame the stars, felonious culprit cry'd:
We'll by the statute of the stars be try'd.
If their strong influence all our actions urge,
Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge:
The beadle must obey the Fates' decree,
As powerful Destiny prevail'd with thee.

This heathen logic seems to bear too hard
On me, and many a harmless modern bard:
The critics hence may think themselves decreed
To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
Foes to the tribe from whence they trace their clan,
As monkeys draw their pedigree from man;
To which (though by the breed our kind's disgrac'd)
We grant superior elegance of taste:
But in their own defence the wits observe
That, by impulse from heaven, they write and starve;
Their patron-planet, with resistless power,
Irradiates every poet's natal hour;
Engendering in his head a solar heat,
For which the college has no sure receipt,
Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw,
And leave the rats to revel in the straw.

Nothing so much intoxicates the brain
As Flattery's smooth insinuating bane:
She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,
While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart;
And Reason oft submits when both invade,
Without assaulted, and within betray'd.
When Flattery's magic mists suffice the sight,
The don is active, and the boor polite;

Her mirror shews perfection through the whole,
And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;
Each character in gay confusion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave and wise:
Nor fail her fulsome arts to sooth our pride,
Though praise to venom turns if wrong apply'd.
Me thus the whisperers while I write to you:
"Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review!
"Then every Muse invoke thy voice to raise,
"Arms and the man to sing in lofty lays:
"Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
"Such as the son of Thetis * sung at Troy;
"When his high-sounding lyre his valour rais'd,
"To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
"Like him, the Briton, warm at honour's call,
"At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
"By France the genius of the fight confest,
"For which our patron faint adorns his breast."—

Is this my friend, who sits in full content,
Jovial, and joking with the men of Kent,
And never any scene of slaughter saw,
But those who fell by physic or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd?
O often prov'd, and ever found sincere!
Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,
On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,
Which only can belong to great Argyl.

But most among the brethren of the bays,
The dear enchantress all her charms displays,
In the fly commerce of alternate praise.
If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a sight,
And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explode:
Though every stanza glitters thick with stars,
And goddesses descend in ivory cars:
Is it for me to prove in every part
The piece irregular by laws of art?
His genius looks but awkward, yet his fate
May raise him to be premier bard of state;
I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
Reverse his judgment, and applaud his shame;
Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,
'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!

He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
And courteous, with increase the debt repays:
Boileau's a mushroom if compar'd to me,
And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee!
Both ravish'd, sing Te Phœbum for success;
Rise swift, ye laurels! boy! bespeak the press.—
Thus on imaginary praise we feed;
Each writes till all refuse to print or read:
From the records of fame condemn'd to pass
To † Brisquet's calendar, a rubrick ass.

Few, wondrous few! are eagle-eyed to find
A plain disease, or blemish in the mind:
Few can, though wisdom should their health insure,
Dispassionate and cool attend a cure.
In youth diffus'd t' obey the needful rein,
Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
We fate the kind desire of every sense,
And lull our age in thoughtless indolence.

* Iliad ix.

† Brisquet, Jester to Francis I. of France, kept a
calendar of fools.

Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
 Though, to supply the vacancy of wit,
 Folly and Pride, impatient of control,
 The sister-twins of Sloth, possess the soul.
 By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
 Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn,
 I scarcely think his picture would have power
 To make him fight the champions of the tower ;
 Though lions there are tolerably tame,
 And civil as the court from which they came.
 But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,
 Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts ;
 Imagines he alone is amply fit
 To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit :
 Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
 Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
 And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,
 Th' aerial songster's listening to the lays,
 By silent ecstacy confess her praise.
 At length, to rival her enchanting note,
 The peacock strains the discord of his throat,
 In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove ;
 But the nice audience hoot him through the grove.
 Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,
 Lowering his crest, he creeps to Juno's fane ;
 To his protectress there reveals the case ;
 And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus reply'd the radiant goddess, known
 By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone :
 My favourite bird ! of all the feather'd kind,
 Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd ;
 The towering eagles to the realms of light
 By their strong pounces claim a regal right ;
 The swan, contented with an humbler fate,
 Low on the fishy river rows in state :
 Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
 And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck ;
 But the poor nightingale in mean attire,
 Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.
 These various bounties were dispos'd above,
 And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove :
 Discern thy talent, and his laws adore ;
 Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more,

TO THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

FROM this auspicious day three kingdoms date

The fairest favours of indulgent Fate :
 From this the months in radiant circles run,
 As stars receive their lustre from the sun.

To you the sceptres of all Europe bend,
 The victor thosè revere, and these the friend ;
 Your silken reins the willing nations crave,
 For 'tis your lov'd prerogative to save.
 Mild amidst triumphs, victory bestows
 On you renown, and freedom on your foes ;
 Observant of your will, the goddess brings
 Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.

But, as the brightest beams and gentlest showers
 Were once reserv'd for Eden's opening flowers ;
 So, though remoter realms your influence share,
 Britannia boasts to be your darling care.

By your great wisdom and resistless might,
 Abroad we conquer, and at home unite :
 Nature had join'd the Lunds ; but you alone
 Make their affections and their councils one ;
 You speak—the jarring principles remove,
 And, close combin'd, the sister-nations prove
 Rivals alone in loyalty and love.

What power would now forbid the warrior-queen
 To wave the red-cross banners o'er the Seine ?
 Others for titles urge the soldier's toil,
 Or meanly seek the foe, to seize the spoil :
 But you for right your pious arms employ,
 And conquer to restore, and not destroy ;
 Vouchsafing audience to your suppliant foes,
 You long to give the labouring world repose ;
 Concurring justice waits from you the word,
 Pleas'd, when you fix the scales, to sheath the sword.

From this propitious omen we preface
 Unnumber'd blessings to the coming age ;
 Establish'd Faith, the daughter of the skies,
 Shall see new temples by your bounty rise ;
 Commerce beneath the southern stars shall thrive,
 Intestine feuds expire, and arts revive ;
 Safe in their shades the Muses shall remain,
 And sing the milder glories of your reign.

So, whilst offended Heaven exerts its power,
 Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar,
 But, when our incense reconciles the skies,
 Again the radiant beams begin to rise ;
 Soft Zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,
 And fragrant flowers perfume the dawning day ;
 The groves around rejoice with echoing strains,
 And golden Plenty covers all the plains.

A N O D E

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD GOWER.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

I.

O'ER Winter's long inclement sway,
 At length the lusty Spring prevails ;
 And, swift to meet the smiling May,
 Is wafted by the western gales.
 Around him dance the rosy hours,
 And damasking the ground with flowers,
 With ambient sweets perfume the morn ;
 With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
 A sudden youth the groves enjoy ;
 Where Philomel laments forlorn.

II.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
 To hail the coming god prepares ;
 And tempts me to resume the lyre,
 Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
 Yet once more, O ye Muses ! deign,
 For me, the meanest of your train,
 Unblam'd to approach your blest retreat ;
 Where Horace wantons at your spring,
 And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,
 Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

III.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides
 Slow through the vale in silver volumes play ;

Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,
 Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
 Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
 Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,
 To swell the notes I feebly raise:
 So with inspiring ardors warm'd,
 May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
 To listen to my lays.

I.

Beneath the Pole on hills of snow,
 Like Thracian Mars, the undaunted Swede
 To dint of sword defies the foe;
 In sight unknowing to recede:
 From Volga's banks, th' imperious Czar
 Leads forth his furry troops to war;
 Fond of the softer southern sky:
 The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast;
 But soon the miscreant moony host
 Before the victor-crofs shall fly.

II.

But here no clarion's thrilling note
 The Muse's green retreat can pierce;
 The grove, from noisy camps remote,
 Is only vocal with my verse:
 Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
 Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
 Drop freedom, health, and gay desires:
 While the bright Seine, to exalt the soul,
 With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
 And wit and social mirth inspires.

III.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,
 (The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
 Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
 Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain:
 There secret in her sapphire cell
 He with the Nais wont to dwell;
 Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove:
 And where her mazy waters flow,
 He gave the mantling vine, to grow
 A trophy to his love.

I.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,
 With blind opinion for his guide;
 And, rebel to her rightful sway,
 Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?
 Fool! Time no change of motion knows;
 With equal speed the torrent flows,
 To sweep Fame, Power, and Wealth away:
 The past is all by Death possess'd;
 And frugal Fate that guards the rest,
 By giving, bids him live to-day.

II.

O Gower! through all that destin'd space
 What breath the powers allot to me
 Shall sing the virtues of thy race
 United, and complete in thee.
 O flower of ancient English faith,
 Pursue th' unbeaten patriot-path,
 In which confirm'd thy father shone;
 The light his fair example gives,
 Already from thy dawn receives
 A lustre equal to its own.
 Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
 Not envy rusts, nor rolling years consume;

Loud pœans echoing round the roof are heard,
 And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
 There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
 With Falkland seated near his side,
 Fix'd by the Muse the temple grace;
 Prophetic of thy happier fame,
 She, to receive thy radiant name,
 Selects a whiter space.

THE DREAM,

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS, BOOK III.
 ELEGY III.

TO green retreats, that shade the Muses' stream,
 My fancy lately bore me in a dream;
 Fir'd with ambitious zeal, my harp I strung,
 And Blenheim's field, and fam'd Ramillia sung:
 Fast by that spring, where Spenser sat of old,
 And great exploits in lofty numbers told.
 Phœbus in his Castalian grotto laid,
 O'er which a laurel cast her silken shade,
 Spy'd me, and hastily when first he spy'd,
 Thus, leaning on his golden lyre, he cry'd:

What strange ambition has misplac'd thee there?
 Forbear to sing of arms, alas forbear!
 Form'd in a gentle mould, henceforth employ
 Thy pen to paint the softer scenes of joy.
 Thy works may thus the myrtle garland wear,
 Prefer'd to grace the toilets of the fair:
 When their lov'd youths at night too long delay,
 In reading thee they'll pass the hours away:
 And, when they'd make their melting wishes known,
 Repeat thy passion to reveal their own.
 Then haste, the safer shallows to regain,
 Nor dare the stormy dangers of the main.

Ceasing with this reproof, the friendly god
 A mossy path, but lightly beaten, show'd:
 A cave there was, which Nature's hand alone
 Had arch'd with greens of various kinds o'ergrown;
 With timbrels all the vaulted roofs were grac'd,
 And earthen gods on either side were plac'd.
 Silenus, and the Muses' virgin-train,
 Stood here, with Pan the poet of the plain:
 Elsewhere the doves of Cytherea's team
 Were seen to sip the sweet Castalian stream.

Nine lovely nymphs a several talk pursu'd,
 For ivy one was sent to search the wood;
 This to soft numbers join'd harmonious airs,
 And fragrant rosy wreaths a third prepares.
 Me thus the bright Calliope address'd
 (Her name the brightness of her form confess'd):
 The silver swans of Venus wait to bear
 Thee safe in pomp along the liquid air.
 Pleas'd with thy peaceful province, straight recal
 Thy rash design to sing the wounded Gaul:
 Harsh sounds the trumpet in the Muses' grove,
 But sweet the lute, the lute is fit for love.
 No more rehearse the Danube's purple stream,
 Let love for ever be the tender theme,
 And in thy verse reveal the moving art,
 To melt an haughty nymph's relentless heart.

The goddess ceasing, to confirm me more,
 My face with hallow'd drops she sprinkled o'er,

Fetch'd from the fountain, by whose flowery side
Soft Waller sung of Sacharissa's pride.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY
MARGARET CAVENDISH HAR-
LEY.

WITH THE POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

LET others boast the pine Aonian maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades;
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearse,
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse.
In vain! Nor Phœbus, nor the boasted Nine,
Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine:
None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

When Waller, kindling with celestial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wondering age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possessor,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast:
But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureat realms he urg'd his toil.
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender powers of love:
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.

As angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light;
The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray:
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound;
With varied notes the curious ear to please,
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease,
Maker, and model, of melodious verse!
Accept these votive honours at thy hearse,
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise!
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.

In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley! view
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you.
To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,
In Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of withering Time,
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime;
Still kindling rapture, see! she moves in state;
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight
In purest minds may stain the virgin-white;
How bright, and chaste, the poet and his theme;
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.
A sainted virtue to the spheres may sing
Those strains, that ravish'd here the martyr-king.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease
Politely form'd, to profit and to please,
To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame;
And, what he could not praise, forgot to name:
Thus Eden's rose without a thorn display'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.
Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd;

Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life,
The swains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their passion to resound:
Fancy pursu'd the paths where beauty led,
To please the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the Zephyrs sigh'd;
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair
Breath'd in a flower, or sparkled in a star.
Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flowers
Where spring resides in soft Elysian bowers;
While these the bowers adorn, and they the sphere,
Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear.
Yet, in the present age, her radiant name
Must take a dimmer interval of fame;
When you to full meridian lustre rise,
With Morton's shape, and Gloriana's eyes;
With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mien;
And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene:
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd,
To language, mode, and manners more refin'd!
That angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd morn awakes the May,
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow:
Her Titian-tints the painter-nymph resumes;
The canvas warm with roseate beauty blooms;
Inspir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and softens with your smile;
Proud to receive the form, by fate design'd
The fairest model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear the Muse's heavenly voice!
The waving woods and echoing hills rejoice:
Attend, ye gales! to Margaretta's praise,
And all ye listening Loves record the lays!
So Philomela charms th' Italian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign;
The first, the brightest of the starry train.

What favourite youth assign the Fates to rise,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains
Trophies, atchiev'd on Gallia's viny plains;
Or smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays,
The Patriot's olive, and the Poet's bays:
Adorn, ye fates! the favourite youth assign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind:
In merit make him great, as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good;
His breast the guardian ark of heaven-born law,
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd;
Nor fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd.
In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
Wise, brave, and studious to support the state,
With candour firm; without ambition bold;
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold.
That Heaven may judge the choicest blessings due,
And give the various good compris'd in you.

PROLOGUE
TO SOUTHERNE'S SPARTAN DAME.
WHEN realms are ravag'd with invasive foes,
Each bosom with heroic ardour glows;

Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
 Disdain to rust with batter'd invalids;
 But active in the foremost ranks appear,
 And leave your smock-fac'd beaux to guard the rear.
 So, to repel the Vandals of the stage,
 Our veteran bard resumes his tragic rage:
 He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
 And calls for Englishmen to judge the field:
 Thus arm'd, to rescue Nature from disgrace,
 Messieurs! lay down your minstrels and grimace:
 The brawnier youths of Troy the combat fear'd,
 When old Entellus in the lists appear'd.
 Yet what avails the champion's giant size,
 When pigmies are made umpires of the prize?
 Your fathers (men of sense, and honest bowlers)
 Disdain'd the mummery of foreign strollers:
 By their examples would you form your taste,
 The present age might emulate the past.
 We hop'd that art and genius had secur'd you;
 But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you:
 The Muses blush'd, to see their friends exalting
 Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting:
 So charm'd you were, you ceas'd a-while to dote
 On nonsense, gargled in an ewnuch's throat:
 All pleas'd to hear the chattering monsters speak,
 As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek.
 Such light ragoûts and mushrooms may be good,
 To whet your appetites for wholesome food:
 But the bold Briton ne'er in earnest dines
 Without substantial haunches and furlouns.
 In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour;
 Crestly was lott by kickshaws and soup-meagre.
 Instead of light desserts and luscious froth,
 Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth;
 To which, as well as all his former feasts,
 The ladies are the chief-invited guests.
 Crown'd with a kind of Glastonbury bays,
 That bloom amid the winter of his days,
 He comes, ambitious in his green decline
 To consecrate his wreath at beauty's shrine.
 His Oroonoko never fail'd to engage
 The radiant circles of the former age:
 Each bosom heav'd, all eyes were seen to flow,
 And sympathize with Isabella's woe:
 But Fate reserv'd, to crown his elder fame,
 The brightest audience for the Spartan Dame.

ON THE
 FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.*

WELCOME, thou friendly earnest of four-
 score,

Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power
 T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
 Thou that dost Æsculapius deride,
 And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride;
 Thou that art us'd t' attend the royal throne,
 And under-prop the head that bears the crown;
 Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,
 And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of state;
 Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
 And warn'st the judges how they tread awry;
 Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
 Emphatically urge the pains below;

* The compilers having omitted some pretty verses,
 I have put them in here.

DR. JOHNSON.

Thou art ever half the city's grace,
 And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace;
 Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies knee,
 To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;
 Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free;
 Whence comes this unsought honour unto me?
 Whence does this mighty condescension flow?
 To visit my poor tabernacle, O——!

As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
 At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed;
 Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
 Jove bid him ask, and granted his request;
 So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
 Begot on Venus by the God of Wine)
 My humble suit!—And either give me store
 To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

IMITATED.

FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE VERSES.*

SINCE the hills all around us do penance in snow,
 And winter's cold blasts have benumb'd us be-
 low;
 Since the rivers chain'd up flow with the same speed
 As criminals move tow'rd's the Psalm they can't
 read;

* Which were thus dedicated, by Mr. Fenton, to
 Lionel Earl of Dorset and Middlesex:

“ My Lord, I hope, on your return from having
 been admired in foreign Courts to adorn our own,
 you will not be surpris'd with a privilege the Poets as-
 sume, of being troublesome to persons of your rank.
 But they have more particularly applied themselves to
 your Lordship's family, in which a continued race of
 Genius has both advanced their art, and encouraged
 its professors. We owe the rise of our English Tra-
 geedy to one of your Lordship's ancestors, who fix'd us
 second to the Greek stage before Shakespeare wrote
 And, my Lord, your father came the nearest of all
 the moderns to Horace, in the sweetness and gallantry
 of his Lyricks, and equalled him in Satire. Thus the
 stream flows pure in its descent, to receive a farther in-
 crease from your Lordship. We read of a Sappho and
 a Mæcenas, who us'd to soften the troublesome humours
 of state by conversing with the Muses; and cherish'd
 those arts of which they themselves were masters:
 yet as single instances of this kind are not frequent, so
 the vein is very seldom found to have continued a second
 generation. But, in your Lordship's line, Nature
 seems industrious to preserve the genius of Poetry, by
 successively uniting delicacy of taste, and brightness of
 wit, with the greatest abilities for council and action.
 Thus she reconciles the Seasons in her most generous pro-
 ductions, by allowing them to bear fruit and blossoms
 together, and both in perfection. These shining qua-
 lities made your Father the delight and wonder of his
 age; and had he not surpris'd himself in your Lordship,
 he had been the envy of ours. The praises which he
 received from the most refined wits of our nation have
 proved real prophecies of you; and it is with pleasure
 we foresee that posterity, to deserve the highest charac-
 ters, will form themselves on the model of your family,
 and copy from my Lords of Dorset as the finest origi-
 nals. But, my Lord, I am afraid I shall forfeit all

Throw whole oaks at a time, nay, whole groves on the fire,

To keep out the cold, and new vigour inspire;
Ne'er waste the dull time in impertinent thinking,
But urge and pursue the grand business of drinking.
Come, pierce your old hogheads, ne'er stint us in sherry,

For this is the season to drink and be merry;
That, reviv'd by good liquor and billets together,
We may brave the loud storms, and defy the cold weather.

We'll have no more of business; but, friend, as you love us,

Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us.
Whilst your appetite's strong, and good-humour remains,

An active brisk blood does enliven your veins,
Improve the sweet minutes in scenes of delight,
Let your friend have the day, and your mistress the night:

In the dark you may try whether Phyllis is kind,
The night for intriguing was ever design'd;
Though she runs from your arms, and retires to a shade,

Some friendly kind sign will betray the coy maid:
All trembling you'll find then the poor bathful sinner,
Such a trespass is venial in any beginner;
But remember this counsel, when once you have met her,

Get a ring from the fair-one, or something that's better!

CATULLUS, EPIG. V.

TRANSLATED.

LET's live, my dear, like lovers too,
Nor heed what old men say or do.
The falling sun will surely rise,
And dart new glories through the skies.
But when we fall, alas! our light
Will set in everlasting night.
Come then, let mirth and amorous play
Be all the business of the day.
Give me this kiss—and this—and this!
A hundred thousand more.—Let's kiss
Till we ourselves cannot express,
Nor any lurking spy confess,
The boundless measure of our happiness.

hopes of your patronage, by violating your modesty; and therefore I only beg leave to add, that as the Cabinet and the Field have been happily supplied, to render her Majesty's reign, at least, a rival to her virgin predecessor's; so, to complete the parallel, it was necessary that you, my Lord, like another Sidney, should arise, to receive the softer arts into your protection; to excite the young writers of this age to attempt those actions in verse, which will shine so fairly distinguished in our British story.—My Lord, I am your Lordship's most humble, and most obedient servant,

E. FENTON."

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man who all his days does pass
In the paternal cottage of his race;
Where first his trembling infant steps he try'd,
Which now supports his age, and once his youth employ'd.

This was the cottage his forefathers knew,
It saw his birth, shall see his burial too;
Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate
Are things experience never taught him yet.
Him to strange lands no rambling humour bore,
Nor breath'd he ever any air but of his native shore.
Free from all anxious interests of trade,
No storms at sea have e'er disturb'd his head:
He never battle's wild confusions saw,
Nor heard the worse confusions of the law.
A stranger to the town and town-employs,
Their dark and crowded streets, their stink and noise;

He a more calm and brighter sky enjoys.
Nor does the year by change of seasons know,
The year his fruit's returning seasons show;
Quarters and months in Nature's face he sees,
In flowers the Spring, and Autumn on his trees.
The whole day's shadows, in his homestead drawn,
Point out the hourly courses of the sun.
Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,
Whose tender sets his infancy beheld.
Of distant India, Erythraean shores,
Benacus' lake, Verona's neighbouring towers,
(Alike unseen) from common fame has heard,
Alike believes them, and with like regard.
Yet, firm and strong, his grandchildren admire
The health and vigour of their brawny fire.
The spacious globe let those that will survey,
This good old man, content at home to stay,
More happy years shall know, more leagues and countries they.

MARTIAL.

LIB. X. EPIG. XLVII.

WOULD you, my friend, in little room express
The just description of true happiness;
First set me down a competent estate,
But rais'd and left me by a parent's sweat;
('Tis pleasure to improve, but toil to get:)
Not large, but always large enough to yield
A cheerful fire, and no ungrateful field.
Averse to law-suits, let me peace enjoy,
And rarely pester'd with a town-employ.
Smooth be my thoughts, my mind serene and clear,
A healthful body with such limbs I'd bear
As should be graceful, well-proportion'd, just,
And neither weak nor boorishly robust.
Nor fool, nor knave, but innocently wise;
Some friends indulge me, let a few suffice:
But suited to my humour and degree,
Not nice, but easily pleas'd, and fit for me;
So let my board and entertainments be.
With wholesome homely food, not serv'd in state,
What tastes as well in pewter as in plate.

Mirth and a glass my cheerful evenings share,
At equal distance from debauch and care.
To bed retiring, let me find it blest
With a kind modest spouse and downy rest :
Pleas'd always with the lot my fates assign,
Let me no change desire, no change decline ;
With every turn of Providence comply,
Not tir'd with life, nor yet afraid to die.

H O R A C E,

BOOK III. ODE III.

AN honest mind, to Virtue's precepts true,
Contemns the fury of a lawless crew :
Firm as a rock he to his purpose stands,
And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his com-
mands.

Him loudest storms can't from his centre move,
He braves the almighty thunder ev'n of Jove.
If all the heavenly orbs, confus'dly hurl'd,
Should dash in pieces, and should crush the world ;
Undaunted he the mighty crash would hear,
Nor in his breast admit a thought of fear.

Pollux and wandering Hercules of old
Were by such acts among the Gods enroll'd.
Augustus thus the shining powers possess'd,
By all th' immortal deities caref'd ;
He shares with them in their ethereal feasts,
And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly guests.
This was the path the frisking tigers trod,
Dragging the car that bore their jolly God,
Who fix'd in heaven his crown and his abode.
Romulus by Mars thro' this blest path was shown,
And 'scap'd the woes of gloomy Acheron.
In Virtue's rugged road he took his way,
And gain'd the mansions of eternal day ;
For him ev'n Juno's self pronounc'd a word,
Grateful to all th' ethereal council-board.

O Ilion ! Ilion ! I with transport view
The fall of all thy wicked perjurd crew ;
Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge
To that curst shepherd, that incestuous judge ;
Nay, ev'n Laomedon his Gods betray'd,
And basely broke the solemn oath he made.
But now the painted strumpet and her guest
No more are in their pomp and jewels drest ;
No more is Hector licens'd to destroy,
To slay the Greeks, and save his perjurd Troy.
Priam is now become an empty ghost,
Doom'd with his house to tread the burning coast.
The God of Battle now has ceas'd to roar,
And I, the Queen of Heaven, pursue my hate no
more.

I now the Trojan priestess's son will give
Back to his warlike fire, and let him live
In lucid bowers, and give him leave to use
Ambrosia and the nectar's heavenly juice ;
To be enroll'd in these serene abodes,
And wear the easy order of the Gods.
In this blest state I grant him to remain,
While Troy from Rome's divided by the main ;

While savage beasts insult the Trojan tombs,
And in their caves unlade their pregnant wombs.
Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in every land,
And let the Capitol triumphant stand,
And all the tributary world command.
Let awful Rome, with seven resplendent heads,
Still keep her conquest o'er the varquish'd Medes.
With conquering terror let her arms extend
Her mighty name to shores without an end ;
Where mid-land seas divide the fruitful soil
From Europe to the swelling waves of Nile.
Let them be greater by despising gold,
Than digging it from forth its native mould,
To be the wicked instrument of ill.
Let sword and ruin every country fill,
That strives to stop the progress of her arms ;
Not only those that sultry Sirius warms ;
But where the fields in endless winter lie,
Whose frosts and snows the sun's bright rays defy.
But yet on this condition I decree
The warlike Romans happy destiny ;
That, when they universal rule enjoy,
They not presume to raise their ancient Troy :
For then all ugly omens shall return,
And Troy be built but once again to burn ;
Ev'n I myself a second war will move,
Ev'n I the sister and the wife of Jove.
If Phœbus' harp should thrice erect a wall,
And all of brass, yet thrice the work should fall,
Sack'd by my favourite Greeks ; and thrice again
The Trojan wives should drag a captive chain,
And mourn their children and their husbands slain.
But whither would'st thou, soaring Muse, al-
spire !

To tell the counsels of the heavenly choir ?
Alas ! thou canst not strain thy weakly strings,
To sing in humble notes such mighty things :
No more the secrets of the Gods relate,
Thy tongue's too feeble for a task so great.

THE ROSE.

SEE, Sylvia, see, this new-blown rose,
The image of thy blush,
Mark how it smiles upon the bush,
And triumphs as it grows.
" Oh, pluck it not ! we'll come anon,"
Thou say'st. Alas ! 'twill then be gone.
Now its purple beauty's spread,
Soon it will droop and fall,
And soon it will not be at all ;
No fine things draw a length of thread.
Then tell me, seems it not to say,
Come on, and crop me whilst you may ?

E P I G R A M,

OUT OF MARTIAL.

MILO's from home ; and, Milo being gone,
His lands bore nothing, but his wife a son :
Why the so fruitful, and so bare the field ?
The lands lay fallow, but the wife was till'd.

TO A
YOUNG LADY,
WITH
FENTON'S MISCELLANIES.

BY
WALTER HARTE*, M.A.

THESE various strains, where every talent charms,
Where humour pleases, or where passion warms;
(Strains, where the tender and sublime conspire,
A Sappho's sweetness, and a Homer's fire)

* Son of the Rev. Walter Harte, who died at Kentbury in Bucks, Feb. 10, 1736, aged 89, and who had been fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, prebend of Wells, and canon of Bristol, but resigned at the Revolution. The son first distinguished himself by a volume of "Poems on several Occasions, 1727," 8vo. inscribed to the Earl of Peterborough, and written before he was nineteen. These were followed by his "Essay on Reason, 1727," folio, a very fine poem, which was much laboured, and went through Mr. Pope's hands. In a letter to Mr. Pattison (printed in the Memoirs of that writer, prefixed to his Poems, 1728) Mr. Harte very frankly gives his sentiments on a projected new version of Ovid's Epistles, and says, "I have studied his manner much, and have often endeavoured to make a sort of mixed writing from him and Statius." He took the degree of M. A. January 20, 1730; and published that year "An Essay on Satire, particularly the Dunciad," 8vo. He published also two Sermons, one called, "The Union and Harmony of Reason, Morality, and Revealed Religion," preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, Feb. 27, 1736-7, which went through at least five editions; the other, a Fast Sermon, preached at the same place, Jan. 9, 1739-40. He was afterwards vice-principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, a tutor of great reputation there, and was much patronised by Mr. Pope and Mr. Lyttelton, who recommended him to Lord Chesterfield as a fit preceptor to his natural son Mr. Stanhope, with whom he travelled from 1746 till 1750. Mr. Harte is described by the noble Lord as "a man of consummate erudition;" but was ill qualified to polish the manners of his pupil. He was awkward in his person and address, had an unhappy impediment in his speech, and a total want of ear; yet he so well performed his office, that Lord Chesterfield rewarded him with a canonry of Windsor, "procured with great difficulty;" a difficulty which certainly arose from his college connections; as St. Mary Hall, of which Dr. King was principal, was at that time noted for Jacobitism. The materials of his History of Gustavus Adolphus, 1759, two volumes 4to. are excellent; but he has married his book by a strange as-

Vol. IV.

Attend their doom, and wait, with glad surprise,
Th' impartial justice of Cleora's eyes.

'Tis hard to say, what mysteries of fate,
What turns of fortune on good writers wait.
The party slave will wound them as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
Nay, ev'n the bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
Bless'd in each strain, in every art renown'd;
Mild by pride, and taught to sin by power,
Still search around for those they may devour;
Like savage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who crush all might that can invade their own.
Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare,
So ruin bards—as beaux deceive the fair:
On the pleas'd ear, their soft deceits employ;
Smiling they wound and praise but to destroy.
These are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
And can the best of poets hope for praise?

How small a part of human blessings share
The wife, the good, the noble, and the fair!
Short is the date unhappy wit can boast,
A blaze of glory in a moment lost.
Fortune, still envious of the great man's praise,
Curses the coxcomb with a length of days.
So (Hector dead) amid the female choir,
Unmanly Paris tun'd the silver lyre.

Attend, ye Britons, in so just a cause.
'Tis sure a scandal to withhold applause;
Nor let posterity reviling say,
Thus unregarded Fenton pass'd away!
Yet if the Muse may faith and merit claim
(A Muse too just to bribe with venal fame),
Soon shalt thou shine "in majesty avow'd,
"As thy own goddess breaking through a
cloud*."

Fame like a nation-debt, though long delay'd,
With mighty interest must at last be paid.

fect style, "full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, and allisms but Anglicisms." He dedicated it to his patron, who says, "I was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon me, and yet have left enough to satisfy a reasonable man." The success of the History being unequal to his hopes, his health was sensibly affected by it. He published however an improved edition of it in 8vo. in 1763; but continued at Bath dejected and dispirited, between real and imaginary distempers, till in November, 1766, he had a stroke of the palsy, which deprived him of the use of his right leg, affected his speech, and in some degree his head. In October, 1768, he had entirely lost the use of his left side; and in that melancholy condition lived till 1773. He published a Treatise on Agriculture in 1764, "in good and elegant English, and scattered such grace upon his subject, that in prose he came very near Virgil's Georgics in verse." His "Essay on Painting," his "Essay on Reason," and his "Vision of Death," appeared in "The Amaranth, 1767," the "great poetical work" alluded to by Lord Chesterfield in his "Letters to his Son," Lett. 341, 377. N.

* Fenton's Epistle to Southey, N.

XXX

Like Vinci's strokes, thy verses we behold,
Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,
And the soft sorrow steals from every eye.
Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll,
Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.
There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
With stories quaint, and gentle roundelay.

Muse! at that name each thought of pride recal,

Ah, think how soon the wife and glorious fall.
What though the Sisters every grace impart,
To smooth thy verse, and captivate the heart!

• *Leonardi da Vinci. M.*

What though your charms, my fair Cleora, shine,
Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine:
Yet shall the verses and the charms decay,
The boast of youth, the blessing of a day!
Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage
Of wasting Envy, and devouring Age:
One mingled heap of ruin now we see;
† Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus shall be!

† *Evidently borrowed from Pope's "Essay on Criticism," 485.*

"And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be."

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME



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